



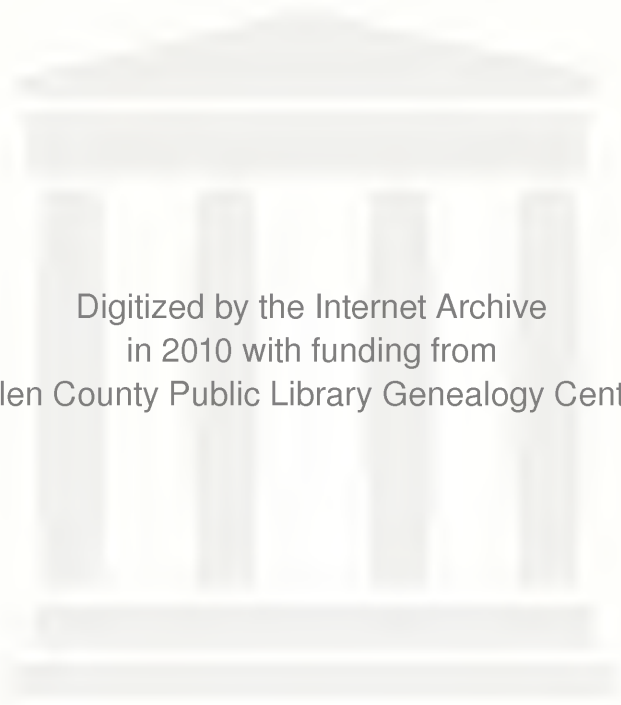
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"The term of Rebel is no certain mark of disgrace. All the great assertors of liberty, the saviors of their Country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called Rebels."

CHARLES J. FOX.

A REBEL OF '61.

BY

JOS. R. STONEBRAKER

Company C, First Maryland Cavalry, Maryland Line, Army of Northern Virginia.

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO., PRINTERS,
NEW YORK AND ALBANY.

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JOS. R. STONEBRAKER.

Mother's nephew

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PREFACE.

I have written these Reminiscences that my children may know the part I took in the War between the States, humble though it was.

I am not one of those who half apologize by saying, "We fought for what we believed to be right." I think we fought for what was right — self-government.

My view of the conflict was not so much to protect the right of property in the slaves as it was to maintain the great principle that the Creator was greater than the creature — the States made the Government, and not the Government made the States.

It is now more than thirty years since the conflict ended, and I have never had a regret for any part I took in the strife.

J. R. S.

Baltimore, *April 2, 1897.*

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* The writer wishes to call especial attention to the War scenes of this Volume on pages 74, 100, sketched by that clever artist Mr. Allen C. Redwood, who was a peerless Soldier of the Maryland Battalion, and familiar with the scenes that he has portrayed.



Bradley T. Johnson
Colo Comdr Maryland Line 1863
Brig Genl Johnson's Cav Regt 1864

INTRODUCTORY.

When the writer of these Reminiscences sent them to me a short time ago for my perusal of the War portion, I was so well pleased with it, that I insisted, and prevailed on him to print it.

I wanted this done, first, because it is the record of the honorable service of a gallant young Marylander, and second, because it is a graphic description of the motives which stirred the chivalry of Maryland, in that glowing epoch, and their experiences in the bivouac, and in battle, in camp and on the march.

Several diaries were kept by the boys in the ranks. I know of but one by a commissioned officer. But a pocket diary carried over the heart after a long day's fight, or a march, received the impressions of the writer, as he lay tired and hungry by the fire — impressions hot with enthusiasm and radiant with the joy of battle.

I wish more of them could be published, for they will help to do justice to the motives and the conduct of those Marylanders who left their homes to dare and die for the sake of a great principle, and to help their friends.

I repeat and reiterate and emphasize the fact, that the Maryland Confederate was the most chivalric, the most sentimental, the most devoted knight, that ever rode to battle, and to death, since Peter led the chivalry of Christendom to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

Not twenty men in the Maryland Line had any interest in Slavery as a property interest. In fact they did not care one way or the other.

They detested the abolitionists, who for a generation had been stirring up "battle and murder and sudden death" through midnight insurrection, and arson, and rape, and had been killing Marylanders, who pursued their property into the northern States.

The murder of Kennedy and Gorsuch at Christiana in Pennsylvania, where they were set upon by a mob, when in pursuit of runaway negroes, and the foray of John Brown in Virginia, had burnt a deep brand into the hearts of the boys of those days, and when the "Black Republicans" were marching into Virginia, to do what John Brown failed so ignominiously to do, they fired up, as the author of this diary shows, and with the blessing of their mothers, hot, loving and tender, they crossed the Potomac, at every point between pickets, from Oakland to Point Lookout, by the ford, and ferry, and joined their friends and neighbors.

As I look back after all these years, the thing grows on me and amazes me more and more—such an outpouring of devotion and love never has been seen in all the tide of time.

The women, everywhere from Cumberland to Snow Hill, sent their sons, their brothers, their lovers, "across the river" and they had no interest in the issue, visible, tangible.

There was no reason in it, except that it was right, when friends and neighbors were attacked, to run to their rescue; it was the part of duty, of manliness, of justice, of honor, and with wrenched and breaking hearts, but with nerves of steel, and faces firm and fixed, many mothers sent their first born off, in the watches of the night, to do his duty to Kin and Country.

How many tears, how many sobs, how many heart throbs, who shall dare estimate! No one can tell. And this extraordinary enthusiasm, this ardent zeal swept like an electric storm over the State. It was confined to no section and no class.

The women along Mason and Dixon's line were as enthusiastic as they were in St. Mary's, and in the humblest tenements of the eighth ward, as they were around the Monument, for to the eternal honor of the Maryland Line it will be recorded, that its ranks included representatives of every historic Maryland family, which had made its mark since the landing on St. Clement's Isle on Lady's day, 1632, through the Rebellion of 1775-1781 and the War of 1812, and that with Mexico, who marched, and rode, and slept, and fought, and died, side by side, with the sons of fathers, who swung the sledge, or drove the plane.

The Maryland Line represented the whole State, all her society from heart to circumference, and no man can ever say that any part ever shrank from duty, danger or death.

Good Knights and true
 as ever drew
 Their swords with Knightly Rowland,
 Or died by Sobieski's side
 For love of martyred Poland,
 Or knelt with Cromwell's Ironsides,
 Or sang with brave Gustavus.
 Or on the field of Austerlitz
 Pour'd out their dying "Aves."

This young country lad tells the story, how his red blood boiled, and how he left home to stand by kin, in Virginia.

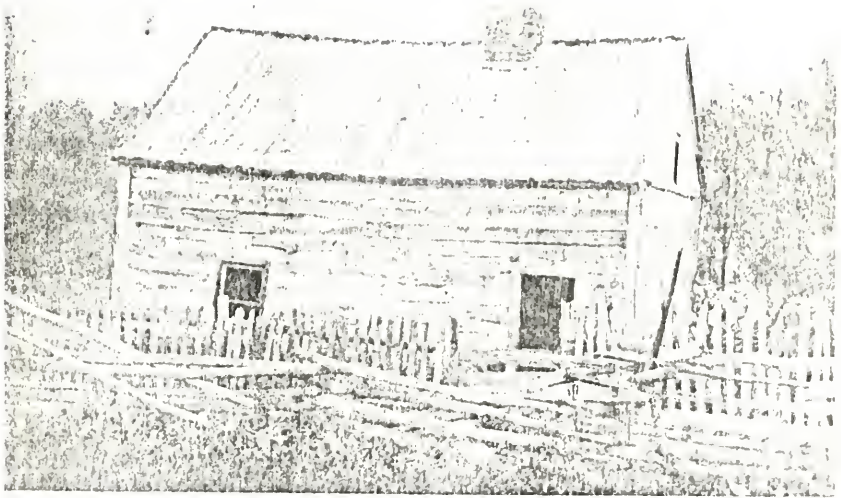
I hope this publication will lead to others, as valuable, and as interesting. I ought to say that the author is typical of the Maryland Confederate in another way. Returning home to start his life work, he has now — not yet a middle-aged man — made his mark in business, and won a first place in the respect and regard of the community in which he lives.

I therefore present him as a typical Maryland Confederate, one of "we few — we happy few, we band of brothers."

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

The Woodlands, Amelia Court House, Va.,

May the 7th, 1868.



LOG CABIN BUILT BY ALEXANDER SCHAEFFER, 1738.

SCHAFFER'S.

In 1710 thirty-three families of Germans arrived in New York, and settled in Schoharie Valley. Because of some unjust treatment by the landed proprietors, about sixty families, in a body left the State in disgust, and journeyed by way of Philadelphia, and the Susquehanna river to Pennsylvania, and located on the Tulpehocken Creek in 1723, which is now part of Lebanon County.

Among these emigrants was Johan Nicholas Schläffer, who arrived in New York in 1710, but it is not known whether he was the father of Frederick and Michael, who were on the committee, that erected the first Church that was built in Lebanon Valley in 1727.

However, there were several families of the same name, among the early settlers, along the Tulpehocken, and they were all leading lights among the community. We find in about 1738, Alexander Schaeffer, building a log cabin on the Suabian Hills, who in 1758 laid out Schaefferstown.

Henry Schaeffer* was a captain in Colonel Greenawalt's Regiment which took a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary War. He had with him a faithful body servant, and when about to engage the enemy for the first time, Hans implored the captain in the most tender manner: "Mine Herr, do not risk your life, by going into action, but let me take your place." But the roar of the musketry and the zip, zip of the bullets were so demoralizing to Hans, that he beat a hasty retreat, and took shelter behind a tree, where he was found shortly afterwards, in no frame of mind to lead a company, and no doubt thankful that the Captain had not accepted his offer.

After the War the Captain became an associate Judge, which position he held until his death, which occurred in 1806.

In 1800 we find Henry Schaeffer's name signed to a lottery ticket, No. 1547, for the sum of one hundred dollars, the pro-

* Alex. Schaeffer's son — Ancient Landmarks Lebanon Co., Rev. Croll.

ceeds to be used in "defraying the expenses of erecting the Churches lately built by the German Reformed Congregations respectively, in the borough of Lebanon, and the town of Heidelberg, in the county of Dauphin."

Again we find Rev. F. D. Schaeffer, a noted divine, who was in some way connected with the first Reformed Church built in Harrisburg, but in about 1788 took up his residence in or near Carlisle, and preached stately for the Lutheran Congregation at Harrisburg.

In 1772 John Schäffer,* with his wife and two sons, emigrated from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, near where Schaefferstown, now stands, to western Maryland, which was a part of Frederick County.

He located on the Antietam Creek, where he secured a large tract of land, built a grist mill and distillery, and named the place Roxbury. Here he greatly added to his already large wealth, which he invested in land and slaves.

He died in 1783, leaving a widow and seven children, four of them boys, which he named as follows: John John, John Henry, John George and John Leonard. The records of the German Reformed Church of Schaefferstown, show conclusively that he was very friendly if not otherwise related to the founder of that town.

Under the old English law, John John,* being the eldest male child, inherited the whole of his father's estate, but being endowed with that spirit of justice and generosity rarely found, he divided the estate into eight equal parts, gave his mother a share, and the balance he distributed among his brothers and sisters.

He kept the old homestead for his share of the estate, and operated the mill and distillery, and prospered. He was noted for his integrity and kindness of heart, which brought him a large circle of friends.

His first wife was Elizabeth Hess, from where Keedysville now stands, and who died within one year after their marriage. A short time after her death, he mounted his horse and rode to Schaefferstown, the place of his birth, for a short visit. While

* John, the head of the Maryland branch, always used the German umlaut over the ü, instead of the diphthong ie, as did the founder of Schaefferstown.

† See Appendix No. 1 and No. 2.



ROXBURY, JOHN SCHAFER'S HOMESTEAD, ERECTED 1782.

here he met, wooed and married Angelica Troutman, and with the horse that her father gave her as a bridal present, they journeyed on horseback, some two hundred miles south through the Cumberland Valley, to the groom's home. His return with a new wife, in less than a month, from the time he left home, was a great surprise to his friends.

They raised four sons and two daughters. Jonathan was the hero of the family, being with the Maryland militia, when they showed their heels to the English, at the battle of Bladensburg, in 1814.

He no doubt consoled himself with the thought, that "he who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day." However, the thought of that eventful day was a source of much mortification to his father, for the mere mention of the fact would put him in a bad humor.

His third wife was Catharine Miller, from Middleburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. She was a great tease and often related to me the story of the battle, and when great grandfather was present, took great delight in saying, "Yes, Jonathan ran at the first fire and never stopped until he reached home," when the old gentleman would go storming out of the house.

She was an invalid for years before she died, but was a very bright woman and kept herself posted on the current events of the day, especially in politics. Being a staunch whig, she was a great admirer of Henry Clay, and delighted in calling me a "red mouth locofoco."

When the American "Know-Nothing" party made its appearance in the early fifties, she was an ardent supporter of its principles, and was never better pleased than when in debate with the gentleman of the "Manor," who often called to have a friendly "set-to" with "Aunt Kitty. They generally left feeling that they had met a foeman worthy of their steel.

The War of 1812 greatly inflated prices, causing an era of speculation, as all Wars usually do, when an intimate friend of his purchased the Tilghman property, and induced him to endorse a long time note for seventy-five thousand dollars, as part payment.

Liquidation set in at the close of the War, and values commenced to seek their normal condition. Finally, land that had

sold for one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, declined to one-half of that figure, when his friend failed to meet the note which he had endorsed as an accommodation, which gave him no end of trouble, and eventually the loss of the old homestead.

He believed that the States which formed the general Government were Sovereign and Independent, and therefore was a Jeffersonian Republican-Democrat, as was all his "kith and kin," and worked and voted for the party, until after the marriage to his third wife, who influenced him to vote for Henry Clay.

She, by her strong will and persuasive arguments, kept him to her way of thinking, or rather voting as she wished, up to the time of her death, which occurred a few years prior to his. He cast his last vote in 1860 for John C. Breckenridge, and died in April, 1861, at the age of 97.

Catharine, his eldest daughter, married John Rentch, who died early in life, leaving a number of small children. She was a lovely character, the best known and most respected widow in Washington county. She was a friend to all the ministers of the Gospel, especially those of the Reformed Church, of which she was a member.

She was noted for her horsemanship, and for twenty years, could be seen almost daily, on the back of her faithful sorrel pacer Salem, named after General Putnam's horse that safely carried him down the precipice, out of the reach of the English Dragoons, while his one hundred and fifty men took to the swamp.

She kept a diary and rarely failed to make an entry in it each day. She lived the greater portion of her life on Ringgold Manor, near where the Mount Moriah Church now stands, and died in 1889 at the age of 94 years, and was buried in the old graveyard at Shepherdstown, West Virginia.

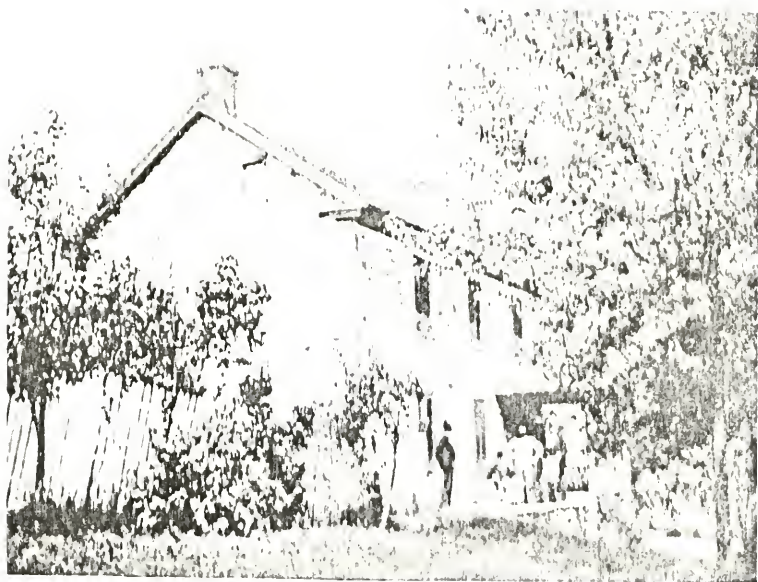
STONEBRAKER'S.

Stonebraker is an Anglo-Saxon name, and there is a tradition that the family originally came from Stone-henge, Wiltshire, England. Here it was that the Saxon name was anglicized. Whether the origin of the family name had any connection with that old Saxon Temple on Salisbury Plains, whose age and purpose will always remain an unfathomable mystery, is not known.



JOHN JOHN SCHAPER AND CATHARINE,
HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

Catharine married John Ren
and was the mother of
Angelica Rentch Stonebraker,
uncle Henry Stonebraker's
wife.



108. STONEBRAKER'S HOMESTEAD, BUILT 1781.

The home of my
mother Elizabeth Stonebraker
Schnebly -
Jos. Stonebraker the father of
Elizabeth Ann Stonebraker
Schnebly, my mother. The above
is the birth place of my mother

Anna Schnebly Kiedor



HENRY STONEBRAKER.

Mother's oldest brother.

The writer does not vouch for the above, but gives it for what it is worth. However, he made great efforts to trace the early history of the family, but nothing is positively known of its advent into America.

Shortly before the close of the Revolutionary War, Michael Stonebraker located on the Potomac river, near where Bakersville now stands, and in 1792 became possessed of a large tract of land, where he raised four sons and four daughters.

His eldest son, Joseph, the father of Henry, lived a long and honorable life, and died on his farm, adjoining the old homestead, in 1865, at the age of 83 years. His wife was Anna Landis, who died in 1871, at the age of 73, and both are buried in the old graveyard at Bakersville, about one mile from their home.

*Joseph Stonebraker & Anna Landis Stonebraker
his & grand parents -*

The most important event of his life was after the battle of Bladensburg, when he as a soldier started for the seat of War, but when they reached Boonsboro, they learned that peace had been declared, and with joy returned to the bosom of his young wife.

HAPPINESS WITHOUT CONTENTMENT.

Henry Stonebraker and Angelic E. Rentch were married in November, 1837, at the bride's home at Mount Moriah, and immediately after the ceremony, in a two-horse carriage, began their bridal tour, and at the end of two days reached Baltimore.

Washington's Monument was one of the city's attractions, but great was their surprise to find it located on a hill some distance from the city, the surrounding country densely covered with heavy timber.

At that time the monument had been completed about eight years and the population of Baltimore was less than 40,000 souls, and a visit to the spot at this time will show the wisdom of the location.

They settled down to the stern realities of life by leasing the Rowland farm near Downsville, Washington County, Maryland. Here they spent several very happy and prosperous years, but the conquering spirit of the Saxon was not entirely extinct in Henry, and in the spring of 1840, he took his wife and eighteen months' old baby girl, and started for the great West, with

bright anticipations, little dreaming of the hardships and failure that they were to encounter.

They traveled in a two-horse, covered wagon, such as was used in those days by persons emigrating West. They passed over the old National pike that runs through Hagerstown and Cumberland, and when they reached Wheeling, Va., they embarked on a steamboat, sailing down the Ohio River to St. Louis, where they disembarked, traveling overland to Shelby County, Missouri, being more than three weeks on the road.

In these days of Royal Blue and Limited Express trains, one can scarcely imagine what privations the travelers suffered before reaching their destination. Even then their real labor just began. The section where they located was a typical Western spot. Land had to be cleared, house and outbuildings to be erected, all of which took time and energy to accomplish, and during this period twin baby girls were born.

About this time there appeared at their home a person who had been raised in the same neighborhood in Maryland that father came from, and after much persuasion, induced him to form a copartnership, when they erected a grist mill and distillery. This party had been living West for some years, and had failed in business, and by some dishonest method, obligated the new firm for his old debts without father's knowledge or consent. This act caused father to lose everything he had — they even took the colored girl that mother had taken West as her maid.

The perils and hardships of the pioneer's life were such that it nerved the women to cheerfully undertake that which would now seem to be almost improbable.

In November, 1842, mother, with three little girls, two of them were twins but eight months old, without any assistance, started on a journey to visit her parents who resided in Maryland.

The trip was a long and tedious one, and to make matters worse, the weather became so cold that the river froze over, detaining the boat some miles below Wheeling.

Here they remained about ten days, hoping the river would open up, but as the weather showed no signs of moderating, she hired a sled and proceeded to Wheeling, where she secured pas-



ANGELICA E STONEBRAKER.

Catharine Rentsch is the mother
of Angelica Stonebraker - See page 114



MOUNT MORIAH, CATHARINE RENTSCH'S HOMESTEAD.

*Where Angela ca Rentsch's Stonebraker
was born -*

sage on the four-horse stage coach to Hagerstown. The sympathy of her fellow travelers did much to lighten her burden, and cheer her on the way.

She remained with her friends until the following spring, when she returned to her new home over the same route, but was fortunate in having a friend of the family who was going West as a traveling companion most of the way.

THE FATHER OF WATERS.

In 1845 father moved his family to LaGrange, Lewis County, a small town situated on the banks of the Mississippi river, and opened a hotel, which he kept for several years.

It was here I first saw a steamboat. Fritz, an old family hand, often took me in his arms to the river bank, to see the boats pass up and down stream, and taught me the difference between a stern and side-wheel steamer.

Political parties have their strong adherents in the sparsely populated sections, as well as in the older settlements. In fact the people take more interest, and go farther to a meeting of this kind in the new, than they do in the older sections. Instead of mass-meetings, as we now have, they called them barbecues, where the whole population would gather, to hear the speeches, meet friends and have a good time.

Such a meeting took place when I was a little tacker, father taking the whole family. Some time during the day, while chasing "chip-munks," I wandered off in the woods and got lost. Two men who were riding through that section, found and took me to the meeting place, but my absence had been discovered, and a searching party was forming to look me up. It was fortunate that I was found, for had I remained in the woods all night, the wolves would have made short work of me, as the country was infested with that ferocious, and detested animal.

In April, 1847, father with his family, removed to his native State, taking the only route then traveled. One day while on the boat, some one created a panic among the passengers by reporting the vessel to be sinking. A stranger with a high silk hat took me on the upper deck. I was too young to be alarmed, but was delighted with the sight of a brush fire on the prairie. It is needless to say the report was false.

When we reached Maryland, we went to Grandmother Rentch's home for a short time. While here we had a fire that nearly proved disastrous to our six months' old baby.

How plainly now I can hear the cry of fire, fire, and see old Great Grandfather Schäfer, staggering up the stairs, trembling with fear and excitement.

ANTIETAM VALLEY.

The Antietam Creek rises in the hills of Pennsylvania, and like a great serpent, slowly winds through one of the most beautiful valleys of Western Maryland, emptying into the Potomac River, southeast of the now historic Sharpsburg.

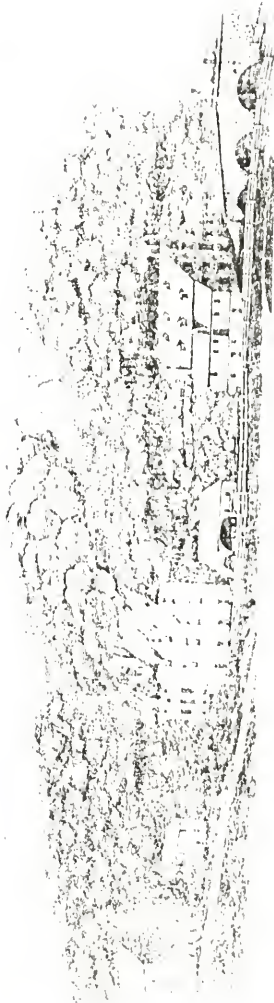
A more beautiful, and self-satisfying scene is nowhere to be found, as you stand in the midst of this valley, in the month of June, the air laden with the perfume of new mown hay, and fragrant blossoms, looking out upon the green waving sea, of heading wheat, or behold the vast fields of Indian corn, whose broad green blades, and yellow brown tassels, swing to and fro in September's autumn breeze. While to the West, and the East, like eternal sentinels, guarding happy rural homes, from storms and cyclones, stand the North and South Mountains, whose sides are forever enveloped in that hazy blue, of which the eye never tires, and "Black Rock," like a frowning fortress, looms up in the distance.

FUNKSTOWN.

In the heart of this valley, nestling in the bend of the Antietam creek, is the picturesque village of Funkstown, which in its early history, was known as Jerusalem Town.

On the opposite side of the creek, ascending from its banks, is a timber covered ridge, fragrant with memories of the past. It was here in April, 1755, that General Braddock cut an opening in the timber through which his soldiers passed on their way to Fort Duquesne, and disaster. In July, 1863, the same woods sheltered from the noon day's heat, Lee's weary, ragged, but defiant Rebels, on their retreat to the Potomac, after their defeat at Gettysburg. And a few days later, General Meade with his legions, occupied and entrenched a portion of this same ridge, while facing General Lee's army.

Schäfer
John Schäfer ←
John John Schäfer



ANTIETAM WOOLEN MILL DESTROYED 1862. AND GRIST MILL NEAR THE BRIDGE

When in 1776 Washington County was divided from Frederick, Funk, the founder of Funkstown, conceived the idea of making it the county seat. He informed the founder of Hagerstown of his intentions, and while he planned to extend the town, west beyond the creek, selecting a beautiful site on the crest of Braddock's ridge, overlooking the ancient village of Jerusalem, for the Court House, Hager mounted his horse, rode to Annapolis and secured the prize for his town.

In 1790, John Henry Schäfer* located in the town, built a grist mill and became the president of the Antietam Woolen Manufacturing Company. He eventually became the owner of the enterprise, which he greatly enlarged, and in 1829 was making ingrain carpets. A few years later he made further additions, and brought from London an Englishman who put up a loom to weave brussels carpets. He wove a number of rugs, some of the patterns — the Rose of England, and the Thistle of Scotland — were much admired.

They had a roll of brussels carpet on the loom when the factory took fire and was destroyed in 1834 — being a total loss as the insurance policy had expired a week before, and through carelessness had not been renewed.

Daily about the mill were seen long lines of Conestoga wagons, drawn by six and eight horses, some unloading wheat, while others were loading flour which they carried to Baltimore and Washington markets. Railroads were unknown, and stage coaches had not yet reached that point, as Mrs. Schäfer in her coach and four drove to Baltimore — a two days' journey.

ANTIETAM CANAL COMPANY.

Schäfer's energy and enterprise greatly stimulated the citizens, and it became a thriving town. About 1808 a charter was secured from the State for the Antietam Canal Company, who proposed to make the creek navigable to the Potomac river, by means of slack water.

In 1812 the company built two locks, and connected the two dams by digging a canal some eight hundred feet long. The boat which was about one hundred feet long, gondola shape, sharp at both ends, without deck, was loaded with one

* See Appendix No. 1 and No. 2.

hundred and twenty-five barrels of flour, passed safely through the canal and into the lock, but was wrecked while passing into the lower dam, and the cargo became a complete loss.

This accident so discouraged the company that the project was abandoned and Schäfer afterwards utilized the canal by building a saw and cement mill over the locks.

Finally Schäfer erected a large barn on Funk's Court House site, and planted an orchard on the slope below. Instead of the noisy advocate, trying to persuade twelve well meaning men, to render an unjust verdict against their neighbor, the low of the cattle in the yard, and the sound of the flail on the floor was heard.

Here, too, lived Ira Hill, the Yankee pedagogue, who, during his idle hours, wandered along the streams and through the forests, looking for relics of the Aborigines. While here he wrote "Antiquities of America Explained," in which he proves to his own satisfaction, that the American Indians descended from the Jews and Tyrians.

RACE OF MILLERS.

For three generations the Schäfers were millers and dealt in grain, and to-day where ever you find a grist-mill that was built, owned or operated by one of the name, close by you will find the ruins of a distillery. The only exception being John Henry, who was a temperance man, as the following story clearly demonstrates.

There were so many mills on the Antietam Creek that they dammed up the water on each other, causing no end of disputes, and in very many cases, the courts were called upon to settle the question just how far one man could back the water on his neighbor's wheel.

John Henry had one of these protracted suits, and after the court had decided the question, the officials were present to direct where the hole should be drilled, in the rock above the dam, at the edge of the water, into which an iron pin was driven, as a water mark.

After the pin had been set, a two gallon jug of whisky that some one had provided, was brought forward to celebrate the event. Of course Schäfer was expected to lead off with the first



BELOW THE DAM, WHERE THE PIN WAS PLACED.

"swig." He took the jug, and held it high above his head, and let it drop on the pin with a crash, then politely tipped his hat, and bid the disappointed and muttering crowd good day.

OLD ENGLISH CHAPEL.

The first Church erected in the town, was an Episcopal Chapel, which was known as the old English Church, and was struck by lightning and destroyed.

The stone from its walls was used to build the fence that now stands between the old Sager and Stover property, and is the lot upon which the Church stood.

Some years afterwards old "Daddy Moyer," plowed over the graves and raised corn and potatoes. It is not generally known that the lot was ever a grave-yard, and beneath the growing crops, rest the remains of some of the town's early settlers.

Some years afterwards, on the same block, but facing the old grave-yard stood the Union Church, which was jointly used by the Reformed and Lutheran congregations.

By its side, was a long two story log building — the Village school house. The lower story was the school master's dwelling, the upper story the school rooms, and at one end was attached the "Fuunks-town Library," which was collected mainly through the efforts of a Mr. Curtis, a Yankee school master, who taught school there in 1832.

About the year 59 the school house caught fire, when both it and the Church were entirely destroyed.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Near this old English Church, at the foot of the hill, towards the creek stood a very old log cabin, which once was occupied by Mrs. Smith and her faithful dog. She, when a mother of eight daughters and two sons, was carried away by the Indians.

One day while she was in the woods just across the Antietam, gathering fagots, a strolling band of Indians came along, and took her with them.

Her captors kept her for some time, in fact so long that her husband had given her up for dead, and was looking around for another help-mate.

She watched long and anxiously for an opportunity to escape, when one night while the Indians were asleep, she stole away

and hiding by day and traveling by night, she finally reached her husband's home on the evening of the day, when he was to lead the young and beautiful Polly Hess to the altar.

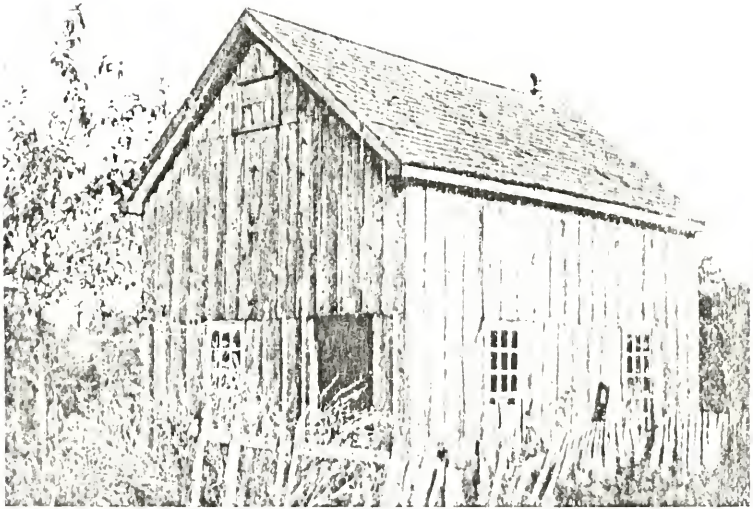
Polly's disappointment must have been very great, for she never married — yet she did not die with a broken heart. For years afterwards she was a well known character, and spent her declining years in Hagerstown, and was on the best of terms with the Eisenminger's, who were descendants of Mrs. Smith.

CORK.

A portion of the town, just east of where the National pike makes a turn, and the houses along the road which leads to Beaver Creek, was known as "Cork," so named because a lot of shanties were erected and occupied by the Irish, who were employed in great numbers, when the National road was under construction.

On the night before Saint Patrick's day in 1822, some wag hung a stuffed "Paddy," on a sign post of a hotel near where the Irish lived. This so enraged the inhabitants of "Cork," that they refused to go to work, but formed in a body, at the head of which was a fife and drum, and marched through town, caught several of its citizens, which they nearly beat to death, and threatened to destroy the village.

Here it was that Uncle Tom, South and Davey Clagett, distinguished themselves, by putting a portion of the mob to flight. Uncle Tom, was a powerful man, with no end of grit, and for that reason he was waited upon by the leaders of the mob, and asked when he would be ready to take his share of the thrashing. He replied "just give me fifteen minutes," to which they agreed. He in the meantime provided himself with a mowing scythe, and when they called again, he lost no time in joining issue with them, and was soon in their midst, his broad sword gleaming in the sun, as he smote his enemies to the right and the left. His onslaught, backed up by Davey was so vigorous, that the mob soon discovered that the shillalah was no match against such a Goliath, armed with a razor edged weapon and took to their heels, leaving behind the drum and several of their comrades badly wounded.



SHANTY, IN CORK.

The persons who made the effigy used a dye stick for the arms, which convinced the mob that some of the factory hands had something to do with its construction.

Later in the day the number of the mob increased, and their rage being greatly inflamed by the use of too much liquor, marched to the factory with the avowed purpose of tearing the building from its foundation.

Upon reaching the place they found that their visit had been anticipated, as the doors of the building were barricaded and men stationed at each window, armed with stones and clubs, awaiting an attack.

Just as the storming party had formed and was ready to move forward to the assault, Captain Geo. W. Barr, from Hagerstown, appeared with his company of dragoons, and reinforced the Yager riflemen — a town organization — when the rioters were put to flight.

It was a notable day in the town's history, and for years afterwards was a subject frequently discussed by the participants to the crowds that nightly congregated around the stores and hotels.

Mr. Thomas Kennedy, a member of the Legislature from Hagerstown, wrote a short but humorous poem, commemorating the event, and I regret very much that I was unable to find a copy to insert here.

ANCIENT CUSTOM.

The bell on the old Union Church was cast in England, and had a very fine tone. It was destroyed when the Church burned down, and quite a number of finger rings, were made from its metal as relics.

It was the custom, when any one in the community died, for the Sexton to ring the bell three times. The older the person, the longer the bell was rung.

The belfry was of peculiar construction, and if the bell rope was pulled a little too hard, the bell would upset and get caught in the top of the belfry, when some one would have to climb the steeple and set it right.

When the writer was a mere youth, the sexton was a very nervous man, and never could ring the bell without an acci-

dent. The result was that he was often called upon to perform that part of the sexton's duty, much to his delight.

When old Doctor Dorsey died, who was the most celebrated physician of Western Maryland — although his calomel treatment was severely condemned by many — I was called upon to ring the bell as a mark of respect to his memory, and rang it so long that many of the citizens called to learn what extremely old person had died.

Mrs. A. R. Johnson, a granddaughter of John Henry Schäfer, and to whom the writer is greatly indebted for much information about the family, tells the following story:

"When a death occurred, the Church bell was tolled, and the age of the deceased announced by the strokes of the bell. A stroke for each year. The town hearse was a large coffin painted black, on four wheels with a raised seat for the driver, and drawn by a diminutive, emaciated horse, which at last succumbed to long service. On the evening of his demise, as the peaceful inhabitants of the quiet village were retiring for the night, they were startled by the prolonged tolling of the Church bell. The sexton hastened to the undertaker, to learn who had usurped his exclusive office. The undertaker could not inform him, and both he and the sexton were superstitious, and in the meantime the bell ceased its sounds, when superstition brooded over the village.

"At length it leaked out that some boys, who thought old Shoemaker (the defunct horse) deserved some recognition for his long and weary service, had crept into the Church and announced his departure. The gloom of superstition was lifted by many smiles, and some hearty laughs, and Shoemaker's memory was embalmed."

SCRATCH.

The Pews of the old Union Church, resembled box stalls, being enclosed on all sides with high partitions, that reached almost to the back part of the head, and a panel door which closed by a spring latch, with a bang. The main aisle divided the congregation, the men sat on one side and the ladies on the other.

A black velvet bag on the end of a long pole, was used to collect the pennies, and was passed up the pew before the occupants, then raised over their heads to the seat behind.

It took a good eye and steady hand to avoid accidents to the head-gear of the ladies, although sun-bonnets, or pokes, were the prevailing fashion. If the pole was in the hands of a malicious deacon, the heads of mischievous boys were not free from knocks.

The front box, directly opposite the altar, was occupied by the elders, and was known as the elder's Pew, who generally were venerable members of the congregation.

One of the elders, for years had an exceptionally bald head, over which the flies skirmished to the delight of the boys. Shortly after his marriage to a young girl, as wife number two, he appeared among his fellow elders in a dark brown "Scratch," to the surprise of the congregation.

It will never be known whether it was an accident or no, but when the pole passed over the elder's Pew, the bag and "Scratch" became entangled, when a bald head disappeared behind the back, and reappeared again with a full suit of hair. The situation was very embarrassing to him, but it affected the risibles of the beholders.

"Ask nothing but what is right — submit to nothing wrong," was Andrew Jackson's great political maxim. In 1828 he was elected President, and early in the following year he made his way via the Ohio river to Wheeling, and thence over what is now the old National road to Washington City. He passed through Funkstown, standing in an open carriage, bowing graciously to the citizens, who considered it an event well worth remembering.

The town at one time boasted of a Beneficial Association, but it did not thrive very long. One of its early members became sick and remained on the relief list so long that he bankrupted the treasury, when the association went out of existence.

MILITARY.

The Yager Riflemen, Capt. Geo. W. Boerstler commanding, was the first military organization of which we have any record. Its Captain was the town's physician, who took great pride in

his Company, as well as the town, whose name did not always appear very euphonious to strangers.

One Sunday morning, the old Stage Coach drew up before the Town Hotel, when about a dozen passengers alighted and took a drink. Their conversation showed that many were newly elected members to Congress, on their way to the Capital.

A few drinks put them in good humor, when they commenced to guy some of the by-standers about the name of the town and its enterprises. The Doctor who was standing near by, with face flushed by indignation, stepped up to the crowd and said, "Gentlemen, you have been asking a great many nonsensical questions; let me inform you that this little town was reared by industry, and supported by the economy of its citizens, and I am surprised that they allow a lot of Sunday toppers to pass through unmolested." They lost but little time in shaking the dust of the town from their feet.

Shortly after the Irish riot, Henry I. Schäfer, organized the Kentucky Riflemen, so named because their uniform was modeled after the style of Daniel Boone's dress. This company succeeded the Yagers, with Schäfer as Captain.

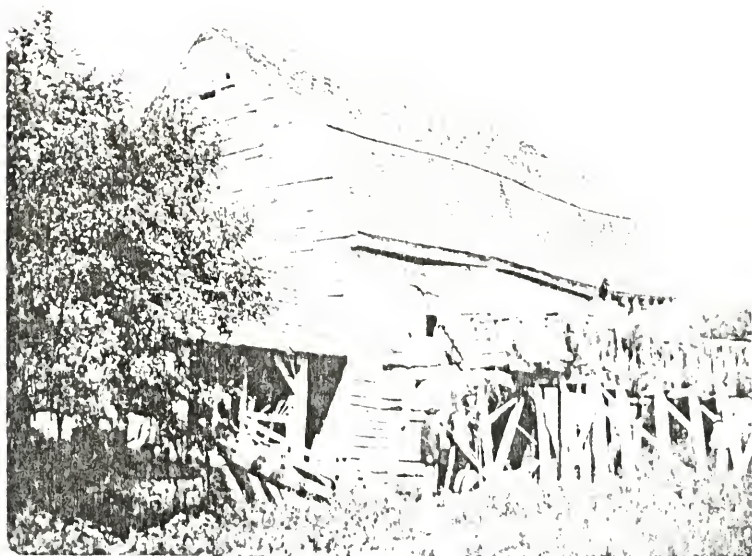
Last but not least the Washington Riflemen, Peter L. Huyette, Captain, was the crack company of the section. Huyette was one of the town's merchants, and on muster days, his house was wide open to the members of his company. He was a large pompous man with a voice like a fog horn, and his gay uniform was the admiration of the boys.

HAUNTED HILL.

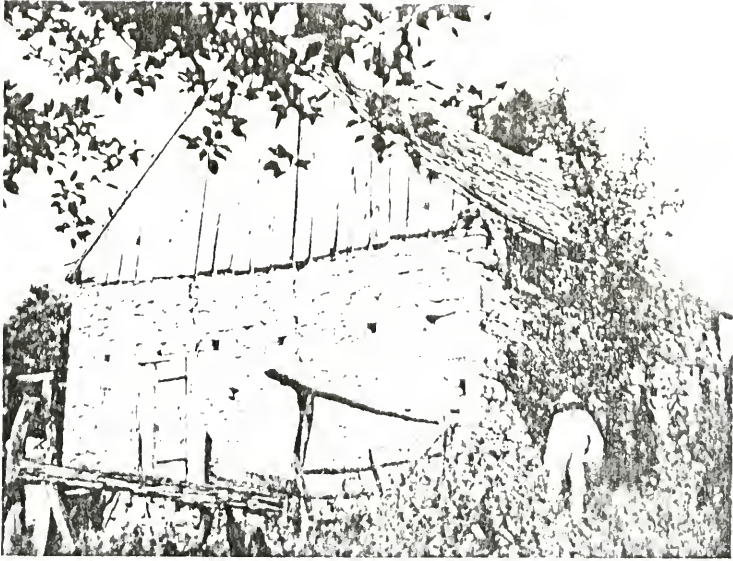
This is the picture of an old grist-mill that was once operated by Samuel Shafer,* one of the third generation. It was situated on Marsh Run, half way between Bakersville and Mount Moriah. John Rentch, who married Catharine Shafer, in connection with his farm owned a large tract of timber, which he utilized by manufacturing barrels and sold them to the surrounding mills and distilleries.

After his death the widow continued the business, with Jesse Banks, as head cooper and general manager. Jesse was a hard

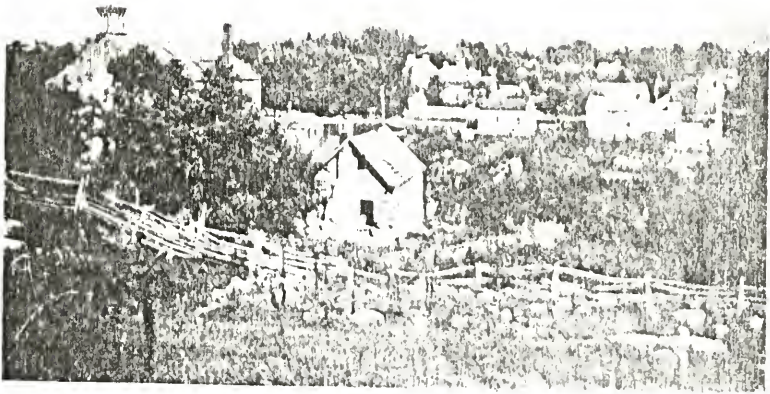
*The third generation Anglicized the name by dropping the c and discarding the German umlaut.



OLD GRIST AND SAW MILL, AT MARSH RUN, OPERATED BY
SAMUEL SHAFER.



OLD DISTILLERY, AT MARSH RUN.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF FUNKSTOWN.

working young man, with an impediment in his speech, and occasionally took too much of old "John Barleycorn."

It was several miles between the mill and the shop, with a very steep hill about midway, upon which the negroes believed a black headless dog could be seen at mid-night, and whoever the dog barked at, would die before the end of the year.

On Saturday afternoons Jesse generally repaired to the mill to make a report of his week's delivery and get settlement. Here at the distillery, he often met some convivial friends, that were sure to prolong his stay until late at night.

Then it was that Jesse always declared when he reached the foot of the haunted hill the headless dog would jump the fence and follow closely at his heels until they reached a certain tree on the side of the road, when he would suddenly disappear.

OUR EASTERN HOME.

Here almost beneath the shadow of "Black Rock," we made our eastern home. Funkstown is located on the old National pike, two miles south of Hagerstown, and laid out in the bend of the Antietam Creek, which forms a perfect horse-shoe. All the rear or outside lots, northwest and south run to the edge of the creek.

It had a population of about eight hundred people. Its early push and energy had departed before our advent, but there still lingered some evidences of its former sporting elements. Here resided several wealthy families who indulged themselves in almost all manner of sports. They fought chickens, raced horses, and followed the hounds. Although the heads of these families were too old to longer indulge themselves, yet their example was still followed by others, with an occasional bear bait and shooting match.

I saw many of these sports against my mother's wish, and was severely punished when it was discovered that I had disobeyed her commands.

Game cocks of equal weight were matched. Their spurs were cut off, steel gaffs were tied to their legs, and then pitted against each other. The cock that killed his antagonist was declared

the winner. As a rule they fought until they died, and if by chance one turned tail and ran, he was considered a "dung-hill." It was a barbarous but fascinating sport.

BEAR BAIT.

The bear fight was arranged by driving a stake into the ground and to this the bear was chained, when the spectators formed in a circle around him. Dogs were then put inside of the ring and made to fight, but bruin was always victorious.

We occupied the Bell property. A large white house, with two huge pillars, supporting a porch from the attic, giving it a Colonial appearance.

The house stood on the banks of the Antietam near the old Grist Mill at the head of the island. It was here I spent my boyhood days. What grand days they were too, now that I look back upon them. Fishing and swimming were my chief delight.

The mill had been gutted of its machinery, and father used the second floor as a work shop. What terrors some of its dark places had for my youthful imagination, stimulated by the tales of my colored playmates.

How lasting such impressions seem to be, for when in dream-land now I often see the old mill and flee from some imaginary phantom of my youth.

On the other side of the creek was the ruins of a powder mill, that furnished ammunition for the provincial army during the Revolutionary War. Often while standing on its ruins catching black clubs for eel bait, I pictured in my mind the flying timbers and mangled forms that the accident must have caused when the works blew up.

SPRING TIME.

I went to school during the week, but on Saturdays I did small chores about the place. These duties I did with as much grace as boys usually do, until the blue birds began to sing, when I would steal off with my fishing pole and stay away all day, giving my mother many uneasy moments, as she feared that I would be drowned.



ANTIETAM CREEK, AND ISLAND.

When punished, I would promise not to do so any more, but such promises were worthless, for as early in the spring and late in the fall as the fish would bite, I could not resist the temptation. At the first opportunity I would be off with my pole and repeat the same old story.

Bob, our old roan horse, was a sly fox. He would untie any knot that I could make in his halter, get in the corn barrel, and I was often punished for his theft.

He knew I was afraid of him, and when in pasture would not let me catch him, but when hooked to the wagon, he was as gentle as a lamb.

When but ten years old, with "Bob." hitched to a little yellow wheel and green bed wagon, I made many trips to Frick's foundry, near Waynesboro, Pa. During all our companionship he only ran away once, and he was the greatest sufferer, having his legs badly skinned.

PIERCE AND KING.

In the fall of 1852 I took part in a political demonstration for the first time. It was the campaign in which Pierce, Democrat, defeated Gen. Scott, Whig, for the Presidency.

I carried a flag made by my sisters. It was rather crude and made of cambric. They could not get bright red for the stripes but used dark red. The Whig boys twitted me by saying that the stripes were colored by polkberry juice. However we elected our president, and I was as proud of my flag as if it had been made of the finest silk.

The Democratic farmers of our election district hitched up their teams of four and six horses, some with bells, while others had their's decorated with fall flowers, now called the chrysanthemum.

The wagons were loaded with men, boys and girls of the town and driven to Hagerstown, the county seat, where a similar delegation from each election district of the county had assembled. They were then marshaled into line, paraded through the principal streets, after which we were taken to a vacant lot, and a lunch of cold meats and bread were served from long tables.

COW BOY.

Nearly every family in town had a cow, and in the summer they were pastured, with the farmers, who lived near the village, charging the owners one dollar per month for the privilege. It was the duty of each boy of the family to drive the cows to the pasture fields in the morning, and take them home in the evening.

The families that did not have boys employed some one to drive their cow, paying one cent a day for such service. I always had a neighbor's cow to take care of, and on Saturday night when paid in copper cents for my week's work, I was very happy, and felt rich, with the big cart-wheel pennies in my pocket.

Mother required us to go to Sunday School and Church regularly. I was so young that I do not remember just when I first commenced to go to either, but I am happy now to state that it was always a pleasant duty. I learned the XXIII Psalm before I could read.

My Sunday School teacher was one of those nice, amiable young women, that can be found in almost every town. She encouraged her class of boys to commit to memory verses from the Bible, and the one that did the best was rewarded with a book. She tried to make a preacher out of me, but when father was approached for his consent, he threw cold water on the project. He evidently knew his boy much better than the teacher.

One of my uncles, a farmer who lived near Sharpsburg, had a boy about my age. I often spent some time with them, on a visit. On Sunday he took us to town to Church, where the Rev. Robt. Douglas officiated, and the one who could remember the most of the sermon received a penny.

At times in every community there are some persons so unfortunate as to imagine that life is not worth living, and end their existence by violence.

In the beautiful month of May, a young farmer living a short distance from town, walked to the Antietam creek, carefully laid his hat on the bank and threw himself into Clagett's mill-dam.



PICKANINIES.

He had the reputation of being a good swimmer, and there were some present who expressed doubts of him suiciding, but I noticed as they fished him out, that his suspender was twisted around his arm.

HARVEST TIME.

Before machinery had revolutionized the manner of the farmers housing their crops, and the short time in which wheat had to be cut when ready for the sickle, caused such a demand for labor that it depopulated the towns of all able-bodied men and boys. The fields were vast, wages good, and the people happy.

The grain in our section ripened some weeks before the Pennsylvania fields, and many persons journeyed from that state to our valley to help to harvest the crop. In squads, many came from the mountainous portions of Huntingdon and Bedford counties, and were called "backwoodsmen."

A cradle was used, and each one represented three hands. The farmer that employed fewer than five had a small crop.

It was a pleasant sight to see twenty or more cradlers in line mowing down the golden grain, all keeping time to the leader's stroke, and the gleaners in their wake, binding the swath into sheaves.

The boy who followed with the water wagon and "fire-water" was always in demand. How eager we looked for the "ten o'clock bite" and the sound of the dinner horn. For the work was hard and appetites good. When the harvest was over, such a feast. Tubs of lemonade and tables loaded with ginger bread and other good things, the thought of which always makes me wish to be a boy again.

CORN HUSKING.

Often in the fall of the year many farmers made corn husking a social feature. The cornstalk was topped and bladed, instead of cut close to the ground, which is now done. The ears were plucked from the stalk, hauled to the barn, and put in a long row. Some afternoon was selected and the neighbors were invited to the shucking. When the company had assembled, two men were appointed as captains, they in turn chose

sides, divided the corn in half, when the battle began. The negroes were always among the shuckers, and did much to enliven the occasion with their quaint songs.

“Shuck de corn and skin de nubbin, O! Ho, Ho,”
and
“Raccoon tail am ringed all round, and de Possum tail am
bare,
“Old Brer Fox, may fool Bull-Frog, but he didn’t kotch de
Hare.”

When the battle was over, the victorious side elevated their Captain on their shoulders and paraded to the house, where we partook of a sumptuous feast, such only as a farmer’s wife can prepare, after which the young people made a night of it with their rural pastimes:

“Come all young men, in your wickéd ways,
Come sow your wild oats, in your youthful days,
That you may be happy, That you may be happy,
When you grow old.”

TEMPTATION.

Thoreau, says: “It appears that apples made a part of the food of that unknown primitive people whose traces have lately been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome, so old that they had no metallic implements.”

Whether our first parents were tempted by the apple or no, I never could pass an apple tree, full of ripe, luscious fruit, in an ordinary frame of mind.

On my way to school I had to pass a row of trees red with fruit

“Every twig, apples big,”

jealously guarded by the owner against the predatory habits of the small boy, but it was my special delight to outwit the old man and fill my pockets with the forbidden fruit.

Near where we lived was a group of the “Southern Rambo.” Upon one of the trees hung a hornet’s nest big as a half bushel measure. I used to visit this group of trees ostensibly to stone

the hornets but really to gorge myself with the fruit. Alas, that variety of apples has become extinct.

At grandfather's, during the long winter nights, what pitchers of cider and baskets of apples were consumed. In the cellar were huge bins, each variety separated by partitions. With that native thrift, peculiar to the German race, we boys, when sent to the cellar for apples and cider, were instructed to get only the "specks."

To me this was worse than foolishness and on the sly would slip a few of the finest in my pockets, and only ate the specked through compulsion.

The bins were so full of fruit, that the apples commenced to decay faster than they could be used, and the result was that the family ate rotten apples the whole winter through.

CHOLERA'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.

In 1832 Cholera prevailed in France, and within the year caused one hundred and twenty thousand deaths, seven thousand of which occurred in Paris, in the space of eighteen days. In the spring and summer of that year it made its appearance in England, and extended into Ireland—from Liverpool, Cork, Limerick, and Dublin. Five vessels filled with immigrants sailed for Quebec, Canada, and they together lost one hundred and seventy-nine passengers by cholera during the voyage.

On the 7th of June the St. Lawrence steamer, *Voyageur*, took a load of these immigrants and their baggage from the vessel, which were quarantined two miles below the city, and landed some in Quebec, but took the majority to Montreal. The first case of cholera occurred in an immigrant boarding house in Quebec, on the 8th. The same boat landed persons, dead and dying of cholera, at Montreal, a distance of 200 miles, in thirty hours.

Over this long distance, thickly inhabited on both sides of the St. Lawrence river, cholera made a single leap without infecting a single village or house between the two cities, with the following exceptions: A man picked up a mattress thrown from the *Voyageur*; he and his wife died from cholera. Another man fishing on the river was requested to bury a dead man from

the *Voyageur*, he and his wife and nephew died from cholera. The scourge continued west along the Great Lakes, and in September it reached our military post, where Chicago now stands, almost depopulating the section through which it passed.

In 1853 the Asiatic cholera reached our Atlantic coast from Europe for the third time. As heretofore it moved into the interior of the States by the navigable water courses.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, that runs along the Potomac river from Washington, D. C., to Cumberland, conveyed the disease to the western part of the State. In August of this year, two citizens of Funkstown, James Fleming and Jonathan Shilling, Jr., who had been employed on the canal near Williamsport, Md., came home and were stricken down with cholera; and after a few hours illness died; Fleming died one day and Shilling the next. This greatly alarmed the citizens of the town. Quite a number took the disease and many died before the scourge was stamped out. Father closed up the house and took the family to grandfather's farm, where we remained until late in the fall.

Cholera, like war, while full of horrors, has its amusing incidents. Dr. Clagett was the town physician, and a number of the citizens in a body called on the doctor for advice, when he made them a speech from the second-story window of his house, telling them to use brandy freely as a preventive. From his appearance he, no doubt, had been taking his own prescription quite freely.

Uncle Tom. South (Geo. Alfred Townsend's Nick Hammer), thought to make himself proof against the disease; and having no very great prejudice against the remedy, took too many large doses and slipped off the bed on the floor, where "Granny," his wife, found him; and thinking him to be dying with the cholera, alarmed the town with her cries. A more careful diagnosis of the case being made, the true state of his condition was discovered, much to her relief.

Father finally purchased the house in which we were living, and it was much out of repair. He being quite a mechanic, spent much of his time in building fences, and making other necessary repairs. He had a fondness for lattice fence, and my little back ached many a night from holding the hammer, while



HENRY STONEBRAKER'S FUNKSTOWN HOME, 1847.

he drove the nails through the pine laths. When the fences were done, they had to be whitewashed, and I did my share of this work. He planted several hundred young fruit trees, and the following summer proving to be a very dry season, when I had to carry water from the creek and give each tree two buckets of water a day—one in the morning and another in the evening. This was a herculean task for a boy of my age, and I had many a good cry before the day was over.

In a few years we had our home in fine shape, young orchard, grape arbors, and a yard full of flowers; the most attractive place in the village, when father sold it and formed a co-partnership with Mr. J. C. Hoffman, and opened a general merchandise store on the main street of the town. I was put in the store to do the small errands about the place, such as are usually performed by a boy.

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Some time after the panic of '57, Hoffman went out of the firm, father continuing. The change made it necessary to supply his late partner's place with a clerk, and Geo. S. Miller, of Hagerstown, was selected. Miller was a small, dudish young fellow, who cared more for fine clothes than work, so my duties increased in the rough line. For some reason Miller did not suit the town, or the place was too small to hold him, as he only remained with us a few months.

David Over had been coming through our section with a two-horse wagon, buying old rags for some Pennsylvania paper mill. He was a small, energetic, talkative individual, father taking a great fancy to him, and when Miller left, Over was engaged to take his place. Davy's appearance showed his poverty, and for a time we got on well together. He did his share of rough work and allowed me to wait on some of the big customers once in a while. But it was not long before Davy improved his personal appearance; fine clothes and rough work don't go well together, and as he was the head clerk, all the drudgery fell to me, causing no little friction, and at times open rebellion on my part. Davy finally developed a fondness for the social cup, losing father's confidence, and was discharged. Some years afterwards he met with an accident that injured one of his arms so much that it had to be amputated. He refused to be put

under the influence of chloroform, and stood the operation without flinching, but the accident cost him his life.

In certain seasons there are hours between customers in a little country store, and I employed much of my idle time in reading. Jones' Wild Western Scenes made its appearance about this time, and was the first book I ever read. How much I admired the cunning of "Sneak" and laughed at "Joe's" stupidity, in putting asafetida on the soles of his boots while hunting for wolves. This was the beginning of my fondness for books.

Business had been growing from bad to worse ever since the panic, when father closed out his store at auction, leaving him in straightened circumstances.

JOHN BROWN.

One day in June, 1859, while sitting under the trees in front of South's Hotel, a tall, muscular stranger, with a long, full beard, drove up to the tavern and had his horse fed. The wagon was filled with what we supposed to be fork handles, and we wondered what use the old man made of them, and where he was going.

The following October, after Brown had failed to incite the negroes to insurrection, we learned that the mysterious stranger was John Brown, already notorious as a partisan leader against slavery in Kansas. He had rented a small farm on the Maryland side of the Potomac river, near Harper's Ferry, Va. Here it was that he had stored and fashioned those handles into pikes, with the intention of putting them in the hands of the slaves, to be used against their masters.

One night Brown and his party crossed over the river into Harper's Ferry, took possession of the United States arsenal, made prisoners of many of the citizens, stopped the railway trains, cut the telegraph wires, and held the town until the afternoon of the second day, when the regular troops, under Capt. Rob. E. Lee, stormed and captured the engine house, in which he had taken refuge.

The above incident suggested to Geo. Alfred Townsend to write his poem, "Legend of Funkstown," from which these few verses are selected:

“ Nick Hammer sat in Funkstown
 Before his tavern door—
The same old blue-stone tavern
 The wagoners knew of yore,
When the Conestoga Schooners
 Came staggering under their load,
And the lines of slow pack-horses
 Stamped over the National road.

One day in June two wagons
 Came over Antietam bridge
And a tall old man behind them
 Strode up the turnpike ridge,
His beard was long and grizzled,
 His face was gnarled and long,
His voice was keen and nasal,
 And his mouth and eye were strong.

One wagon was full of boxes
 And the other full of poles,
As the weaver's wife discovered
 While the weaver took the tolls.
Two young men drove the horses,
 And neither the people knew;
But young Nick asked a question
 And the old man looked him through.”

Brown and his co-conspirators were turned over to the State of Virginia, taken to Charlestown, tried, convicted and hanged for their crime against the State.

John Smith, a poor wretch, paid the penalty with his life for murdering a young girl. The execution took place in Hagerstown, on a vacant lot near the county jail, and a great crowd of men, women and boys witnessed the tragedy. I had a position within fifty feet of the gibbet. The prisoner had completely lost his nerve, and two men assisted him to ascend the scaffold. As he stood on the trap, his body was convulsed with fear, and he cried like a baby as the black cap was drawn over his head and the noose adjusted about his neck. As I now recall that

painful scene, I am forcibly reminded of that similarity of morbid curiosity, as described in the Crucifixion, by the writer of Barabbas: "Fearful and unnatural as it seems, it is nevertheless true, that in all ages the living have found a peculiar and awful satisfaction in watching the agonies of the dying."

In May, 1860, the convention of the Republican party met at Chicago and nominated Mr. Lincoln as its candidate for the presidency. Lincoln was on record as saying, "The Union could not permanently endure, half slave and half free." This was enough to show how he felt toward the South.

In April, 1860, the Democratic convention met at Charleston, South Carolina, and disagreeing on lines of party policy for the coming campaign, adjourned and met again in Baltimore in June, and again failing to agree, separated and made their respective nominations apart.

Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, was nominated by the northern wing of the party. He was the author of the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty"—giving the people of the territories the right to determine whether slavery should exist or not, completely ignoring Congress in the matter.

John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was nominated by the southern wing, or States-Rights party. They contended that the territories were open to all the citizens of all the States, and that it was the duty of the General Government to protect both persons and property (slaves), while such territory was under its control, but admitting the right of the people in forming a State, out of such territory, to determine if slavery should exist or not.

In May, 1860, the "Union" party met in Baltimore and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, as their candidate for the presidency. They ignored the territorial question entirely—declared that they would stand by the "Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."

The question whether Congress had the power to legislate slavery into, or exclude it from, the territories belonging to the United States, had been a subject of angry discussion and sectional strife for more than a quarter of a century. The split in the Democratic party on the territorial question secured the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Southern States seceded from the Union, and our Civil War began.

On April the 13th ('61) Fort Sumter was bombarded and surrendered to the Confederates. Two days later President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion. Two days after this event Virginia passed the ordinance of secession.

Early on the morning of the 19th of April, just as I was opening the office, the United States soldiers, that had been guarding the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, passed hurriedly through the town, going northward, having set fire to the Government property before they left.

After the bombardment of Sumter, it was either Union or Rebel, and much bad blood was displayed by both parties, and this bitter feeling continued to exist long after the war closed.

The village of Funkstown had been overwhelmingly Democratic for years, and in the election just closed, the majority of the party being "States Rights," voted for Breckenridge. The Whigs and what was left of the old "Know-Nothing" party cast their vote for Bell—not a single vote being cast for Lincoln. As a rule the Democrats sided with the South.

John Betts kept one of the hotels and was a rank secessionist. He had a pole erected in front of his house from which floated the Palmetto flag, causing much angry discussion.

BRAVE BUT TOOTHLESS.

Hanson Beachley, who clerked in Davis' store just below Bett's Hotel, was a Unionist. He paraded around the streets with an old flint-lock musket, boasting that he was ready to go and help to defend the Capital from the Rebels, but later, when Maryland refused to furnish her quota of volunteers, and the conscript officer made his appearance, Beachley was one of the first to get exempt from military service—excuse, false teeth.

This was so good that young Kerfoot, the town rhymer, immortalized Beachley's patriotism:

"Where's your Hanson Beachley, the man that was so brave,
He swore he'd fight the Rebels, this Union he would save,
But where is he now, in the time he's needed most,
He pulls out his false teeth, and looks like a ghost."

Early in the summer of '61 a brigade of Federal soldiers from Rhode Island passed through the town and went into camp in Hunter's field. Col. Burnside was in command of one of the regiments. This was the first large body of troops I had ever seen, and they impressed me greatly. I thought all the men in the United States north of Mason and Dixon's line were in that body of troops until I ascertained their number. They were in camp but a short time, when they came to town in small squads and amused themselves by making the prominent Southern sympathizers hang the American flag from their houses.

Father was Post-master at this time, and I assisted in the office and made up the mail, which was carried daily by a four-horse stage coach between Hagerstown and Frederick. The camp nearby greatly increased the office work, notwithstanding that some of our Union friends reported us to be Rebels, and intimated that we would destroy the letters instead of mailing them. The camp broke up just before the first battle of " Bull Run."

TOW BOY.

Some time before the War, an uncle, Daniel S. Rentch, of Shepardstown, Virginia, had been operating several boats on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

After Virginia seceded, to prevent the boats from being confiscated he transferred them to his brother-in-law, John Eckert Knode, who had always been a Whig, and was now considered a Union man.

Knode was married to father's sister, and in the following fall he and father put the boat " Ellen Rentch " in order, purchased wheat from the farmers, taking the first load from near the old Buchanan place, south of Downsville, and freighted it to Georgetown, District of Columbia.

It might as well be recorded here that Knode was a farmer, and resided on the old Michael Stonebraker's homestead, adjoining Bakersville, near the Potomac river.

Being a Whig, he may have been a " Union man," but he had married a Stonebraker, and all the world knew where they stood as long as their tongues could wag.

*John Knode married
mother's sister, Hester Stonebraker
1839.*



MICHAEL STONEBRAKER'S HOMESTEAD, BUILT 1804.

Michael Stonebraker was father of
Joseph Stonebraker who was the
father of Elizabeth Ann Stonebrak
Schnebly my mother -
Lena S. Keady

Michael Stonebraker was my
great grandfather -
Lena -

However, in the following winter, some of his enemies—and they were not Southerners, either—set fire to his barn, destroyed all his crops, many of his horses and cattle, and all his farming implements. It cost something in those days to be joined to a Southern woman in wedlock.

They employed Captain Wade to steer the boat. He was an industrious but a very stubborn man; this latter trait proved to be very unfortunate for them, as we shall hereafter see.

The farmers hauled the wheat to the landing in wagons, and I helped to carry, weigh and empty it into the boat. When the boat was loaded, we started on our journey, I driving the team which consisted of three horses, and they pulled the loaded boat at the rate of two miles an hour. Fourteen to sixteen hours was a day's work; to accomplish this, we had to be up early in the morning and go late into the night.

I soon discovered it to be a very disagreeable occupation. The men that followed the canal for a living did not hesitate to steal anything they could get their hands on, and the one who could use the foulest language was considered the most accomplished boatman.

When near our destination the boat sprung a leak, but we kept her afloat by pumping until we reached the two-mile level, had the water drawn off and corked up the leak, the cargo being but little damaged.

It was Sunday when we reached Georgetown. As the dome of the Capitol looked as though it was but a short distance away, I hurried up the avenue only to find that it was miles instead of blocks before reaching that majestic pile of marble. While here I went to the theatre for the first time. They were playing the "Colleen Bawn." What a grand and imposing sight for a country boy.

We made several trips from various points along the canal before cold weather closed navigation. The next spring we took the boat on the Virginia side, two miles above Dam Number 4, which was in big slack water. We received the farmers' wheat at Harrison's Landing, and took them on our return trips groceries, etc.

Father had been informed that some of the Unionists had threatened to give him trouble if he continued to trade with the

people. We finished loading the boat about five o'clock, but father had left some time before to attend to some business, expecting to meet us the next morning further down the river. Before leaving he instructed Wade to take the boat over on the Maryland side of the river, as soon as she was loaded. This Wade failed to do for no other reason than to have his own way. Some time during the night a squad of Yankee soldiers, led by a citizen, came and ordered us to get up and put on our clothes, go back into Maryland, and not come to Virginia until the War was over.

After we left they untied the boat, pushed her out into the current, when she floated down the river and over Dam Number 4 and broke in half. Part of the wreck drifted down the stream and lodged against an island, just opposite where father had agreed to meet us. I shall never forget his distress and the sight of the big tears that rolled down his cheeks when we explained to him how it occurred. The money loss to him was about \$4,500.00.

POLITICAL PRISONER.

Hagerstown is the county seat of Washington County. For some days Prof. Light had been advertised to make an ascension in a balloon from the public square (August 9, 1862). Boy like, I was anxious to see the air ship make the trip, and on the afternoon of that day I went to town for that purpose.

The town had been occupied by Federal soldiers for some time, and was under martial law, and governed by a provost-martial. I had been in town but a short time when I was arrested by a soldier and taken before the "provo." He said that I had been reported to him as being a rebel sympathizer, and must take the oath of allegiance. The oath at that time was known as "iron clad," and no one who had friends South, or sympathized with them, could possibly subscribe to it without mental reservation or perjury.

Many of our citizens, with Southern proclivities, had been arrested and required to take the oath or go to jail. I told the marshal that I was but a boy, not yet out of my teens, that I could not help being born and raised in the South, that it was only natural that my feelings were in that direction, but at the same



SOLOMON J. KELLER,
POLITICAL PRISONER, 1862.

time I had never committed any overt act against the Government, and thought it both unfair and unreasonable to be required to take the oath. He said "take the oath or go to jail," so to the jail under an escort of a body of soldiers I went. While on the way, one of my fellow townsmen followed on behind crying "hang him." It was he that had put the soldiers on my track. Some months prior to this event, in a street fight, I gave this same fellow a sound thrashing. Now he had a coward's revenge. When I reached the jail, I found Jos. E. Williams and S. J. Keller, citizens from my town, who had been incarcerated a few days before, besides many more from all over the county. In fact the jail was so full that many of us were huddled together in the yard, where I slept the first night, with the cellar door for my bed and the Heavens for my covering. It rained during the night, much to my discomfort.

The next day my parents called to see me, and brought some bedding, which made me more comfortable. Our jail companions in the yard were negroes, horse thieves and deserters from the Federal Army.

August the 18th, 1862, in company with five others, I was marched to the Cumberland Valley Depot, under a guard of soldiers, and sent to Harrisburg, Pa. Here, by permission of the officer who had us in charge, we dined at the United States Hotel. This was the first time I had ever been on the cars, or dined at a large hotel. Judge Mason had much fun at my expense, and said I ought to thank Uncle Sam for giving me a free ride.

After dinner we were put on the cars, reached Baltimore about dark, and marched to the Central Police Station on Saratoga street near north. Here we were confined in a dirty little cell hardly big enough for two. Judge John T. Mason, ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, who was one of our party, protested so vigorously and sent out so many notes to his friends surreptitiously that we were finally removed to another room up stairs, with a cot for each person.

The next day, about noon, two hacks drove to the station, with a policeman on each hack as a guard. Three of our party got in each carriage and drove to a restaurant on German street near Sharp and got something to eat. After which we were

driven to Fort McHenry, which is situated on a point of land between the harbor and the Patapsco. It was successfully defended against the British fleet in 1814, and Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner" while a prisoner on a British vessel but a short distance down the bay.

Upon our arrival at the fort, we were taken before General Morris, the commandant. He being busy, we were allowed to stroll through the grounds, admiring their beauty. I was especially delighted and watched the soldiers fishing and crabbing from the wharf, congratulating myself upon the change from the dirty jaiyard to this delightful place; but alas for human hopes so soon to be blasted. The Captain of the prison took and put us in a building which had been used for a horse stable, but now the guard house. It was filthy with dirt and alive with vermin. The stalls where the horses once stood were shieved off in bunks for the men who slept there without bedding, unless they provided blankets for themselves. We found in this den of misery about twenty prisoners, a few Confederate soldiers, the balance citizens from Baltimore. We were fed by the Government; our breakfast consisted of a tin cup of black coffee and a few crackers, called "hard tack," boiled beef and soup well seasoned with flies for dinner, supper being the same as breakfast. We were much depressed the first few days, but it is wonderful how soon one can become reconciled to almost anything. In a few days kind friends from the city sent us mattresses and blankets, improving our condition and reviving our spirits.

The Confederate soldiers enlivened our prison with their War songs and stories. In a few days I was taken before General Morris, a rough, uncouth Irish soldier, who said you take the oath and I will let you out. I declined and went back to the stable.

August 27th, 1862, a sergeant and six soldiers halted in front of our prison, when Williams, Keller and three others, including myself, were put under guard of this squad and marched out Fort avenue to Light street and thence into the city. Soon as we got well into its limits a crowd of men and boys, both black and white, followed after us, the crowd increasing as we proceeded towards the center, and the sergeant becoming alarmed, and

fearing that there might be an attempt made to take us from him, called lustily for the police.

When we reached the corner of Holliday and North streets we were taken into General Wool's headquarters. He was a little, old, gray-headed, withered-looking man, 73 years old and weighing about 90 pounds. He was of the old school, gentlemanly and mild-mannered in deportment. Williams acted as our spokesman and gave him a history of our arrest. He said that our imprisonment was certainly illegal, and had he been in the city when we first arrived, he would have released us, "but you now must take the oath, so I can have some excuse when the administration at Washington wants to know why I set you free." We declined and were marched back to the fort.

During the months of our incarceration, many persons were put in our prison — political prisoners, Confederate soldiers, blockade runners and horse thieves. Political prisoners predominated; these embraced all persons who had Southern proclivities.

Very few remained with us long; there was a constant coming and going. The Confederates were either exchanged or transferred to some other prison; the political prisoners, after a few days' confinement, generally took the oath. Some declared they would subscribe to anything rather than remain in this "hell-hole;" they contended that no moral law could bind a person to respect an oath that you were forced to take — the very fact that force being used justified one in taking it with mental reservation.

It took me a long time before I could make up my mind to take this view of the matter. A Mr. Sullivan from the city had been one of the inmates of our room, and after his release, sent to our party a lot of pipes and tobacco; I took a smoke which made me so sick that I remained in bed two days, and now at the age of more than fifty years, I consider that it was the most fortunate spell of sickness I ever had, as it no doubt saved me from acquiring that senseless habit of smoking.

The prisoners passed their time in reading and various other ways — many gambled from morning until night, and often fought over the game. Shortly after the battle of Antietam was fought, many sick and wounded Confederates were sent to

the fort, and a number put into our room. This increased our misery; one soldier, with a wound in the head, being delirious with fever, roamed all around our room, crying in a mournful voice, "Joe, Loy is here." This poor fellow died from sheer neglect. The Confederates were destitute of shoes and clothing and many were so sick that they could scarcely walk. The ladies from Baltimore — among which was a Mrs. Egerton, whom I shall always remember with much pleasure, and I am sure many others from all over the South-land remember her acts with gratitude — distributed clothing among the soldiers and brought many nice things to eat. The Federals had a convalescent camp in the fort-yard. They became jealous of the attentions the ladies paid to the Confederates, and stoned their carriages from the grounds.

The Rev. Rob. Douglas, whose home was on the banks of the Potomac river, opposite Shepherdstown, Va.— the same person that Uncle Henry Reel took me to hear preach when but a small boy—shortly after the battle of Antietam, was arrested and confined in several prisons, finally reaching Fort McHenry.

He had been with us about a week, when, on Sunday evening (November 2, 1862), he, by request, preached to us, his subject being "The duty of children to their parents, and man's duty to God as a parent." The Doctor was a remarkable looking man and an eloquent speaker. He stood six feet two in height, form erect as an Indian, black eyes, clean cut, ruddy features, his long white hair brushed behind his ears, almost reaching his shoulders.

He stood in the middle of our pen, one foot resting on a bench before him, with no light save the reflection of the lamp from the outside, and as his Irish blood warmed to the surroundings, his clear, musical voice penetrated beyond our prison walls, attracting the attention of the guards, who suddenly became silent and listened attentively. He gave me a Testament, which I read through, still have and greatly prize.

Where Sparrows Point Steel Works are now located was a woods. As the early frost turned the leaves their autumn color, it made my heart sad, as I thought of home and its glorious forests, and longed to be free.

*Henry Reel was I dae
Hunter's father and married
mother's sister Barbara Stonebraker*

Judge Mason had been released for some days; he took a great interest in us and endeavored to secure our release without taking the "iron-clad oath." He and Mr. B. F. Newcomer drew up a paper which Keller and I agreed to sign; they took us before Gen. Morris and submitted it to him for approval; he said: "I consider it an insult to bring such a paper for my inspection; if I had my way with these people, I would choke the oath down their throats or send them to Botany Bay and keep them there until the War is over."

Keller and I had long debated whether we should take the oath and leave our "den of misery." We finally concluded to swallow the pill. Williams could not make up his mind to do what we were about to do; an intimacy had formed between Williams and myself; I bade him good-bye with a full heart.

When we reached Gen. Wool's headquarters, we complied with his terms, just what they were I do not now remember, but it was the objectionable oath. Keller said, "General, our taking the oath, does not change our sentiments." "Oh," replied the General, "I don't expect it will; if it does, we have changed a great many in the past few months." To me, it seemed the height of foolishness to force a person to do an act against his will and expect him to respect it. I certainly had no such intention.

We remained in Baltimore a few days taking in the sights and went to the fort to see Williams, before leaving for home. We proceeded to Frederick by the B. & O. R. R., and from there took the old four-horse stage coach, reaching home the evening of November the 11th, 1862, to the surprise and joy of our friends.

As the War progressed, the Federal authorities at Washington issued permits to persons whose loyalty was unquestioned, to established stores south of the Potomac, and trade with the Southern people who lived within the Federal lines. Such a store had been located in Shepherdstown, Va., in the winter of 1862, and managed by H. N. Bankard, of Baltimore. He employed Daniel S. Rentch to assist him. Early in the year of '63 uncle wrote for me to come and help them about the store. The store was located on the main street, one door from where uncle lived, and with whom I boarded. Bankard slept in the

Daniel S. Rentch married Mother's sister Savilla Stonebraker - Daniel Rentch is Eleanor Byer's father

store, but took his meals at the same place where I did. One night about two o'clock I was aroused out of my sleep by a most unearthly noise—by some one beating on a tin pan and crying, "Rentch! Rentch! the Rebels have robbed the store."

Upon investigation, we found that a squad of Blackford's mounted scouts had induced Bankard to open the store door, when they walked in and helped themselves while one of their number stood guard over him.

Shortly before they had secured what plunder they wanted, Bankard slipped into a side room at the rear of the warehouse, where a window opened into the back yard. Fortunately for him, one of the 14x16 panes was broken, over which paper had been pasted, and through this he jumped head first into the yard and thence to the kitchen of our house, where he secured the tin pan with which he roused the household.

They took about two thousand dollars worth of the stock, when the parties who owned the store sent William E. Woody, from Baltimore, to look after their interest, and I lost my position.

In less than two months they made another raid on the store, when, after helping themselves, they made Bankard go through the same performance at the point of the pistol, and it was thereafter known as "Bankard's hole." This last raid ended the project.

WANDERING.

During the dreary and monotonous days that I spent in Fort McHenry as a political prisoner, I formed an attachment for one of my fellow sufferers which ripened into friendship as the years increased.

Although some years my senior, we were much together enjoying the beautiful scenery of the garden spot of the State, as we wandered along the banks of the Antietam and over the hills and through its fields and forests.

One of our favorite walks took us by a fine spring, which flowed from beneath a green slope and emptied into the creek at one of its bends.



JOS. E. WILLIAMS.
POLITICAL PRISONER, 1862.

At this picturesque spot, under the shade of a noble elm, we often rested and were delighted with the melodious notes of the birds as they sang to their mates during nesting time.

The wild grape had a peculiar fascination for me. How I loved to draw near a dense clump of trees made more so by this clinging vine, when the air was freighted with the aroma of its bloom. No perfume could equal its fragrance, not even the delicate odor of the palmetto, in which the bees hum the whole day long. When fall had stripped the vine of its leaves and the frost had mellowed the wild flavor of its fruit, I was a frequent visitor, to the dismay of the birds.

A visit to the spring a short time since showed that the woodman's axe had destroyed much of the timber and changed the whole face of nature. The elm had lost its vigor, and, like an old man, commenced to decay at the top. Time had thinned it of so many of its branches that it no longer shaded the green slope from the July rays of the noonday sun.

"The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, down by the spreading beech,
Is very low, but once so high that we could scarcely reach,
On stooping down to get a drink, dear Tom. I started so,
To see how greatly I had changed since twenty years ago.

"Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name;
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom., as you did mine the same:
Some heartless wretch had pealed the bark, 'twas dying, sure
but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago."

RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought on the first, second and third days of July, 1863. General Lee retired from the field on the night of the fourth, moving towards Williamsport, where he intended to cross the Potomac. General Hill's corps preceded everything through the mountain pass at Monterey; the main portion of the wagon trains and ambulances followed under the special charge of General Imboden. To General Stuart was

assigned the duty of protecting the flank of this train. He moved his column by Emmetsburg and thence through Harbaugh's Valley via Zion Church. Here he divided his command in order to make the passage of the mountain more certain. Chambliss' brigade, under his immediate command, moved to the right, towards Leitersburg, while Col. Ferguson, with Jenkin's brigade, passed to the left towards Smithsburg. Before reaching the west entrance of this pass, General Stuart found that it was held by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, so he dismounted a portion of his command and fought from crag to crag before they were dislodged. He forced the passage of the mountain late in the afternoon and moved to Hagerstown.

General Kilpatrick retired to Boonsboro, where he and General Buford arranged a plan to renew the fight the next day (6). Kilpatrick was to move against Stuart at Hagerstown, while Buford was to attack and capture the trains, which had assembled at Williamsport, the late rains having made the ford impassable at that point.

Gen. Jeb. Stuart, in his report, says:

"Having heard from the commanding general about daylight the next morning, and being satisfied that all of Kilpatrick's force had gone to Boonsboro, I immediately, notwithstanding the march of a greater portion of both the preceding nights, set out for Boonsboro. Having reached Cavetown, I directed Gen. Jones to proceed on the Boonsboro road a few miles, and thence proceed to Funkstown, which point I desired him to hold, covering the eastern front of Hagerstown. Chambliss' brigade proceeded direct from Leitersburg to Hagerstown, and Robertson's took the same route, both together a very small command. Diverging from Jones' line of march at Cavetown, I proceeded with Jenkin's brigade by way of Chewsville toward Hagerstown. Upon arriving at the former place, it was ascertained that the enemy was nearing Hagerstown with a large force of cavalry from the direction of Boonsboro, and Col. Chambliss needed reinforcements. Jenkin's brigade was pushed forward, and arriving before Hagerstown, found the enemy in possession; made an attack in flank by this road, Jones coming up further to the left and opening with a few shots of artillery. A small body of infantry, under Brigadier Gen. Iverson, also

held the north edge of the town, aided by the cavalry of Robertson and Chambliss. Our operations here were much embarrassed by our great difficulty in preventing this later force from mistaking us for the enemy, several shots striking very near our column. I felt sure that the enemy's designs were directed against Williamsport, where I was informed by Gen. Jones our wagons were congregated in a narrow space at the foot of a hill near the river, which was too much swollen to admit their passage to the south bank. I therefore urged on all sides the most vigorous attack, to save our trains at Williamsport. Our force was perceptibly much smaller than the enemy's, but by a bold front and determined attack, with a reliance on that help which has never failed me, I hoped to raise the siege of Williamsport, if, as I believed, that was the real object of the enemy's designs.

"Hagerstown is six miles from Williamsport, the country between being almost entirely cleared, but intersected by innumerable fences and ditches. The two places are connected by a lane, a perfectly straight macadamized road.

"The enemy's skirmishers fought dismounted from street to street, and some time elapsed before the town was entirely clear, the enemy taking the road first towards Sharpsburg, but afterwards turning to the Williamsport road. Just as the town was cleared I heard the sound of artillery at Williamsport.

"The cavalry, except two brigades with Gen. Fitz. Lee, was now pretty well concentrated at Hagerstown, and one column, under Col. Chambliss, was pushed directly down the road after the enemy, while Robertson's two regiments and Jenkin's brigade kept to the left of the road, moving in a parallel direction to Chambliss. A portion of Stuart's Horse Artillery also accompanied the movement. The Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry participating with marked gallantry. The column on the flank was now hurried up to attack the enemy, but the obstacles, such as post-and-rail fences, delayed its progress so long that the enemy had time to rally along a crest of rocks and fences, from which he opened with artillery, raking the road. Jenkin's brigade was ordered to dismount and deploy over the difficult ground. This was done with marked effect and boldness. Lt. Col. Witcher, as usual, distinguishing himself by his courage and

conduct. The enemy thus dislodged, was closely pressed by the mounted cavalry, but made one effort at counter charge, which was gallantly met and repulsed by Col. James B. Gordon, commanding a fragment of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, that officer exhibiting under my eye individual prowess, deserving special commendation. The repulse was soon after converted into a rout by Col. Lomax's regiment, the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, of Jones' brigade, which now took the road under the gallant leadership of its colonel, and with drawn sabers charged down the turnpike under a fearful fire of artillery.

"The enemy was now very near Williamsport, and the determined and vigorous attack in his rear soon compelled him to raise the siege of the place and leave by the Downsville road."

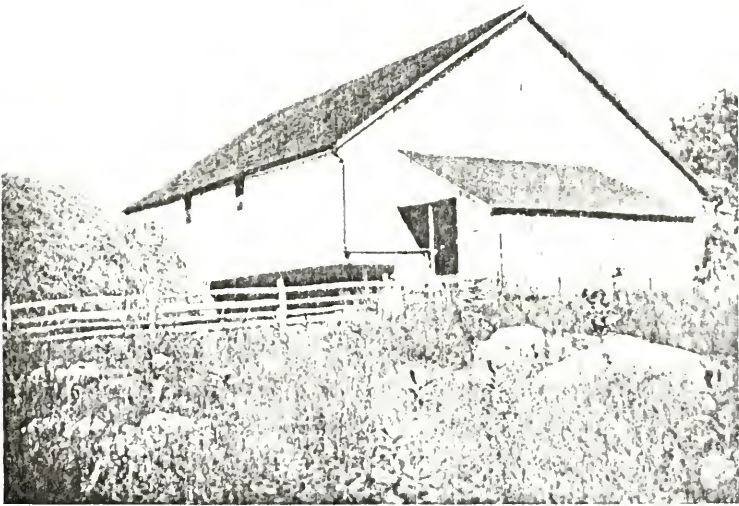
In this engagement Gen. Stuart lost 254 officers and men, exclusive of Jenkins' brigade, from which no report was received.

Kilpatrick and Buford lost 401, and Gen. Buford says in his report: "While our hottest contest was in progress, Gen. Kilpatrick's guns were heard in the direction of Hagerstown. * * * Just before dark, Kilpatrick's troops gave way, passing to my rear by the right, and were closely followed by the enemy. * * * The expedition had for its object the destruction of the enemy's trains, supposed to be at Williamsport. This, I regret to say, was not accomplished. The enemy was too strong for me, but he was severely punished for his obstinacy."

The next day, the 6th, the United States Cavalry, under the command of Lt. Col. Noland, advanced against Funkstown and drove the Confederates into town. Lt. Col. Thos. Marshall, with Companies F and G of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, attacked and drove them several miles down the pike, killing and capturing 59 of their number.

General Stuart, now being sorely pressed by greatly superior numbers, asked for infantry to support his artillery. General Longstreet sent him two brigades — Semmes', under Col. Bryan, and Anderson's, under Col. W. W. White.

I have detailed the movements of General Stuart from Gettysburg thus far in order to give a description of the engagement which took place on July the 10th, 1863, as the



HAUCK'S BARN, RIGHT OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

BATTLE OF FUNKSTOWN.

On Friday morning, four guns of Company A, First North Carolina Artillery, under Capt. Manly, were placed on the crest of the hill in Gilbert's field, directly east of the town. Two brigades of infantry from Longstreet's Corps supported this battery, Semmes' brigade being placed on the north side and Anderson's on the south side of the turnpike that leads from Funkstown to Beaver Creek. On the flank of each of these brigades dismounted cavalry was placed—the right resting on the National pike near the Antietam, just north of Hauck's large stone barn, and Chew's battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery supported these troops. The left rested on the road that leads to Smithburg, and near the old Kemp house. Sharpshooters being posted in the large stone barn belonging to John W. Stonebraker and the line of battle being in the shape of a crescent.

Early in the morning, the first division of Major Gen. Pleasanton's Cavalry, three brigades commanded by Brig. Gen. Buford were dismounted and formed in line as follows: The reserve brigade, under Gen. Merritt, being on the right, the first, under Col. Gamble in the center, and on both sides of the National pike, the second under Col. Devin, on the left. This line was supported by two sections of Tidball's Light Horse Artillery. They advanced up the Boonsboro pike, driving the Confederate skirmishers before them and made a vigorous attack on Stuart's right, but were repulsed in fine style. Lt. Col. Witcher's dismounted cavalry, who were posted behind a stone fence, south of the town, on the Hauck farm, sustained the brunt of this assault. These troops behaved gallantly and held their ground with unflinching tenacity.

Directly in front of Manly's battery, some eight hundred yards distant, was a piece of heavy timber, known as Stover's woods, the reserve brigade of Buford's right, in its advance, swung around and occupied a portion of this timber.

Major General Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, says: "The enemy was posted near Funkstown, and the corps moved up and took position after crossing Beaver Creek. The Vermont brigade, Grant's, of the Second Division, were deployed as skirmishers, covering a front of over two miles, and during the afternoon repulsed three successive attacks made in line of battle."

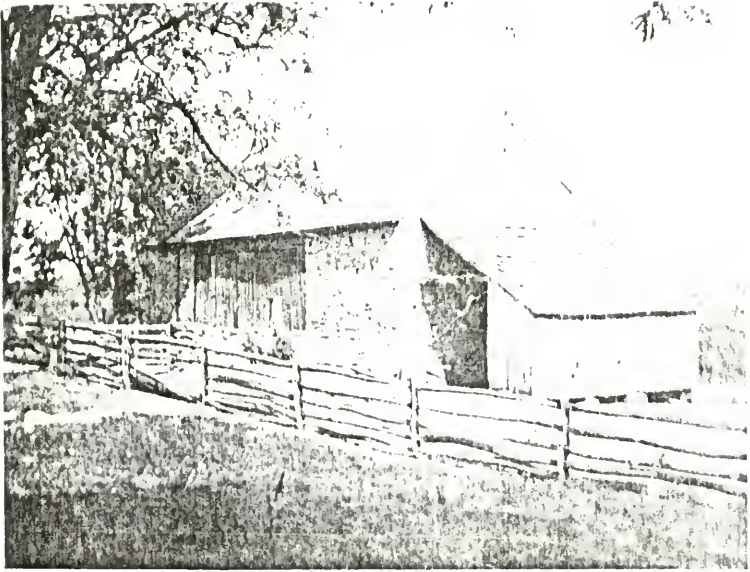
The left of the Vermont brigade occupied a portion of Stover's woods, its line running in a northwesterly direction through Stockslager's and Baker's land, its right resting on the road east of Stonebraker's barn. The Third New York battery, under Capt. Harn, and Company C, First Rhode Island battery, under Capt. Waterman, supported this line of infantry.

From this woods sharpshooters had been advanced in force to Stover's barn, which was about four hundred yards from the Confederate line. Colonel White, with Anderson's brigade, pushed forward and drove the Federals out and from behind the barn and through two open fields to the edge of the woods. Just as they reached the fence of the second field, Manly's battery exploded several shells among them, killing and wounding six of their number. It is bad enough to have to face the determined fire of the enemy, without having death lurking in your rear. This accident was caused by a defective fuse in the Confederate shells, and somewhat disconcerted and checked their advance, but they soon rallied, climbed a post and rail fence, and pushed half way across a newly plowed corn field to within two hundred yards of the woods in which Grant's and Buford's men were sheltered behind trees and large rocks. Here they met with a more determined resistance and sustained their heaviest loss. General Fitz. Lee, seeing no advantage to be gained by a further advance, ordered them to desist and return to their original position.

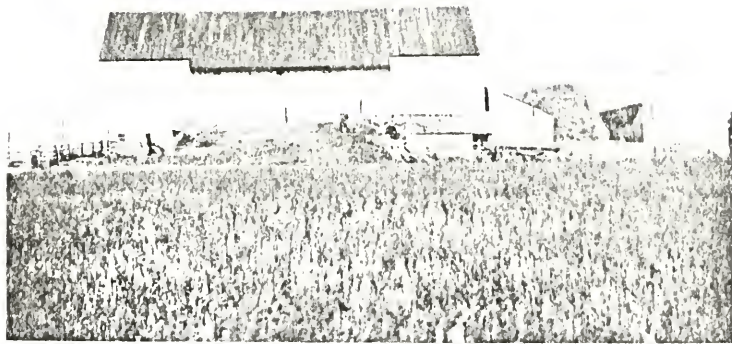
Manly's battery went into action about six a. m., and continued engaged until late in the afternoon. He shelled Stover's woods at a furious rate and fought Tidball's battery with effect, compelling them to change their position several times during the engagement. While the fight was raging on the right and center, a portion of Gen. Fitz. Lee's brigade under Capt. Wooldrige, was hotly engaged on the left with Grant's right, finally compelling them to seek shelter in Stonebraker's woods, better known as "The Cedars."

The killed and wounded on both sides in this engagement was 479, as follows: Vermont brigade, Federal, 97; Buford's, Federal, 99. On the Confederate side, Anderson's, 127, and Stuart's, 156.

The advance of the Federals met with such a stubborn resistance at the hands of the Confederates that they withdrew from



STOVER'S BARN, CENTER OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE.



STONEBRAKER'S BARN, LEFT OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

the woods and fell back to the "Hoop-pole" woods during the night.

From the garret of Mrs. Keller's house I saw a portion of this fight. The wounded were brought into town, and Mrs. Chaney's large dwelling was taken for a hospital. The surgeons had a table in the yard under some trees, and amputated arms and legs like sawing limbs from a tree. It was a horrible sight.

Major McDaniel, of Georgia, was among the wounded. He was brought to Mrs. Keller's on a mattress and laid on the pavement. He had a fearful looking wound in his abdomen, the entrails protruding to an alarming extent. As I stood looking, with pitying eye, a surgeon came and examined the wound. McDaniel had an impediment in his speech and asked the Doctor to tell him the truth, did he think the wound was mortal?

The Doctor said he didn't know, but he thought it was. McDaniel then said, "Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori." A brave and patriotic sentiment, but I could not help but think it was sweeter to live.

He was taken into the house and placed on a table, when an army surgeon tried to push the entrails back into the wound with his fingers; this he could not do. Doctor Boteler, our town physician, who was about half drunk, being in the room and seeing the difficulty, said, "Damn it, Doctor, dilate the wound." This was done and the wound was dressed. Major McDaniel not only got well, but survived the War, and afterwards was elected Governor of the State of Georgia.

As fast as the wounded were dressed, they were carried into the house and laid on the floor in rows. The citizens administered to their wants; many died and their cries and suffering were distressing to behold. Simon Knode, an old Methodist deacon, added very much to the confusion as he prayed and sang to the dying.

That night, standing near Mrs. Keller's house, I could hear the cries of the wounded that had been left on the battlefield to die.

On Sunday, after the battle, some of our citizens buried the Confederate dead that had been left in the corn field just where they had died. They were in such a decomposed state that we

could not move them, but dug holes just where they laid and rolled them in and covered them over with earth. It was a very disagreeable undertaking.

While the Confederates were in town, father had General Stuart to breakfast. After the meal was over, the General stood on the porch in the rain with uncovered head, viewing his troops as they passed down the National pike. Father got an umbrella and attempted to protect the General from the rain. He pushed it aside, saying that he would not be seen with that over him when his men were marching through the rain.

While General Stuart engaged the Federals east of Funkstown, General Lee's Infantry and Artillery took up a strong position one and a half miles west of Funkstown and two miles south of Hagerstown. The left wing of his line of battle commenced in a piece of woods on the Stockslager farm, near the Downsville pike, just south of where the Williamsport road crosses, and due east through Stover's land to and across the Sharpsburg pike into a piece of timber on the Eyerly farm. Here it turned and run south past the St. James College, the right resting on the Potomac, below Downsville, near Falling Waters, where a pontoon bridge had been constructed.

This line was about nine miles long, and the troops had securely entrenched themselves and now awaited the Federal attack. Longstreet's corps was on the left, Ewell's in the center, and A. P. Hill held the right.

General Stuart having succeeded in masking Gen. Lee's main line until the entrenchments were completed, withdrew his cavalry from east of Funkstown, on the morning of the 12th and massed them on the left of the main body, facing north, the line extending west, the left resting on or near Conococheague.

General Meade now advanced his line of battle to a position parallel with that of the Confederates'. His right resting on the Antietam Creek, facing Hagerstown, and running west through the Watts farm, to and across the National pike at the top of the big hill just south of the Toll gate, through Grosh's land and thence in a southwesterly direction to the west of Jones's Cross Roads, the left resting between Fair-Play and Bakersville. The First corps occupied the right, then came the Sixth, Eleventh, Second, Third and Twelfth, the later being the left wing.

Buford's Cavalry covered the flank of the Twelfth corps and was posted near Grime's Mill. Kilpatrick, with his command, was posted on the right, in and about Hagerstown.

Soon as the Federals got into line they commenced to entrench their position. On July the 11th, General Lee issued to his army General Order No. 76, which shows that he expected and was ready for Meade's attack. That he had every confidence in his ability to meet such an attack, his letter the next day to President Davis plainly indicates. But now seeing that Meade did not mean to attack until reinforced, and the waters in the river having receded, he recrossed the Potomac on the night of the 13th.

“GENERAL ORDERS

“NO. 76.

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

“*July the 11th, 1863.*

“After long and trying marches, endured with fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated the country of our enemies and recalled to the defense of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours.

“You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

“Once more you are called upon to meet the army from which you have won on so many fields a name that will never die.

“Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you and again do our wives and sisters, fathers, mothers and helpless children, lean for defense on your strong and brave hearts.

“Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having — the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and the security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the inestimable blessings for which we contend, and, invoking the assistance of that Divine Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth

in confidence to secure the peace and safety of the country. Soldiers, your old enemy is before you! Win from him honors worthy of your righteous cause — worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

“ R. E. LEE, *General.*”

On the next day, the 12th, he wrote to President Davis the following letter:

“ The army is in good condition, and occupies a strong position covering the Potomac, from Williamsport to Falling Waters. The enemy seems to be collecting his forces in the Valley of the Antietam, his main body stretching from Boonsboro to Sharpsburg. But for the power he possesses of accumulating troops, I should await his attack, excepting that in our restricted limits, the means of obtaining subsistence are becoming precarious.

“ Should the river continue to subside, our communication with the south bank will be open to-morrow. Had the late unexpected rise not occurred, there would have been no cause for anxiety, as it would have been in my power to recross the Potomac on my first reaching it without molestation.”

BORDER STATE.

It is a trite saying, when speaking of a positive character, that he has the courage of his convictions. How little does the present generation know what that meant, to the Southern sympathizer, who lived in the Border States during the dark days of '61 to '65.

In those trying times, the writer's family almost suffered martyrdom, because of their convictions, and strange as it may seem, the greater the persecution, the firmer the faith. So it has been in all ages, and so it will continue until the end of time. The mighty oak of the forest is stronger after each storm, and all true men and women hold more tenaciously to their faith and friends when persecuted.

If the Unionist was not the most vindictive, he at least appeared to be, for he more frequently took advantage of the opportunity to annoy his neighbor by having the Federal troops oftener and longer among us.

Father's house was ransacked time and again, looking for that which he never had, a "Rebel Flag;" his horses and wagon taken and never returned; his property taken and never paid for; mother and sisters often insulted, and once after dark driven from their home, are some of the many trials we had to endure. The chief offenders were men, who had enlisted in the Federal army from our town and section.

BRUTAL TREATMENT.

On Sunday, July the 26th, 1863, while taking dinner at Mr. Samuel Emmert's, two miles south of our village, two soldiers, members of Cole's Cavalry, forcibly and with much abuse, marched me to Hagerstown. I was taken before the Provost Marshal, who ordered me to be confined in a room above his office. Here I found father and several of our neighbors, Wm. Harper being one of the number.

Father was much depressed and would not accompany us in the evening, when we were marched under guard to another part of the town for supper—coffee and dry bread. At night we slept on the bare floor. I was young and could stand almost anything, but father had a tough night of it, much to my sorrow.

The next morning we breakfasted at the same place, receiving the same kind of grub, father going with us.

Harper was a rough diamond, but true as steel to his convictions and friends. He was noted for his dry wit and flow of spirits. During the day their wives called with heavy hearts and tearful eyes. Harper greeted them with smiles and said to mother, "your husband is a very poor bed fellow. I awoke last night to find that he had robbed me of all the feathers and covering, leaving me the bare floor only." Soon his pleasantry dried their eyes.

Later in the day we were taken before the Provost Marshal and asked what we had done. Not having been informed of the cause of our arrest, we could only say we were entirely ignorant of having committed any offense. He said, "Well, you can go home."

When confined in Fort McHenry, as a political prisoner, one of the inmates of our room was a very old man, beyond 70,

named Ramsburg, from Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. He was released from prison some weeks before I was.

One day, while in a field near his home, he noticed a squad of Federal Cavalrymen approaching. The remembrance of his former treatment caused him to flee to the house and secrete himself in the cellar, unobserved as he thought, but he was discovered and shot to death in the presence of his aged wife.

The soldier charged with brutally murdering the old man was one of the two cavalrymen who marched me past my home with drawn pistols in their hands and foul oaths in their mouths.

The early part of July, 1864, while in the field helping my brother-in-law to harvest his wheat, the farmers were seized with a panic, by a report that the Rebel's had crossed the Potomac, and were taking all the horses that they could lay their hands upon. A number of panic-stricken men passed the field in which we were at work, going towards the Mountain with their horses in great haste.

Hamilton being much alarmed, quickly unhitched the team from the reaper, and got the balance of his stock together. I, by his request, took them to the Blue Ridge, some eight miles distant, without changing my clothes. When I reached Wolfsville, a little town in the heart of the mountain, I joined quite a number of refugees that had assembled there from all parts of the County. We grazed and bought hay for our horses, and slept in the barns during the night; but some of the party were always detailed to do picket duty both day and night. I finally put my horses in the care of another person and walked home, when I learned that General Early had crossed the Potomac July the 6th with his Army at Shepherdstown, passed through the South Mountain to the north of Harpers Ferry, and on the 9th met and defeated the Federals at Monocacy, three miles south of Frederick, advanced against the defenses of Washington, but finding them too strong to attack with his small force, withdrew and recrossed the Potomac river at Leesburg, Va.

July the 24th General Early, having fought and defeated Generals Crook and Averill at Kernstown, again moved towards the Potomac, which he crossed August 6th, and took up a position between Sharpsburg and Hagerstown.

This move of Gen. Early's was to cover the retreat of a retaliatory expedition that had been sent into Pennsylvania, with instructions to levy a contribution upon the City of Chambersburg, and in case of a refusal, McCausland was to burn the town, which they did July the 30th.

General Grant had instructed Hunter, who was operating in the Valley of Virginia, before Early had driven him out, to make "all the Valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a desert as high up as possible." It was Hunter's acts of brutality, that exceeded even Grant's barbarous order, that provoked the burning of Chambersburg.

OFF FOR DIXIE.

The time had now arrived for me to consummate a determination, long since formed, to cast my lot with the Southern people. Knowing that my parents were opposed to such a move, because of my youth, and to prevent a scene, I went to my room at the usual hour and waited until the family had retired.

I threw myself on the bed, and before I knew it, was fast asleep but awoke just as the clock was striking three. With my boots in my hand I silently left the house.

Oh, how dark and silent was the night; so dark, that for fear, the Katydid's had ceased to chirp; so still, that it recalled to my mind Byron's lines on death:

"The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress."

I started down the main street, but my foot-falls resounded so that I retraced my steps and took one of the back streets, for fear of running into a Federal picket post.

I hurried across the old stone bridge, and up and over the same hill that Braddock's troops had climbed more than a century before.

I met the Confederate's out-post about a mile north of Williamsport, which point I reached at sunrise, and waded the Potomac river.

At noon I overtook the rear guard of Gen. Early's Infantry, moving southward, when I joined and entered into conversation with a ragged and weary-looking veteran, who, upon learning

my purpose, said: "You take the advice of an old soldier, and go back to your home."

No doubt my youthful appearance had excited his pity, but his advice did not dampen my ardor, for I pushed on through Martinsburg and halted for the night just south of Darkesville, being both tired and homesick, having walked 26 miles since leaving home.

Here one of Gen. John C. Breckenridge's couriers shared his blanket with me. The General occupied a tent nearby; his imposing presence and soldierly bearing excited my admiration. The fact that he had been the presidential candidate of the "States-Rights" party in 1860 greatly increased my interest.

I met a young man, who had lately left his home in Baltimore; we journeyed together by leaving the pike and taking the road that ran parallel but farther to the west. We thought our chances would be better to get something to eat by getting away from the main thoroughfare, as we had to depend upon the kindness of the citizens to supply our wants. We reached Winchester late in the day and parted company. My object now was to find Dr. Stonebraker an Uncle, whom I knew was in the Army. I learned he was encamped near Bunker Hill, but Winchester being under martial law, it was much easier to get in than out—a pass was required, and by the time I overcame the difficulty, it was nearly dark; but so anxious was I to reach Uncle's camp, nothing but force could prevent me from immediately retracing my steps. I had proceeded about three miles when it became so dark, and being very tired, that I laid down on the porch of a deserted house and went to sleep. I awoke during the night, being quite chilly; for the first time I realized the great mistake I had made by not bringing a blanket from home, and no longer wondered at the old Veteran's advice.

When I reached the camp, Uncle gave me a warm reception, which was very agreeable in my worn-out condition. He was Quartermaster of the "Stonewall" Brigade with the rank of Captain; had charge of ten four-horse teams, two orderlies and a negro boy as cook.

It was arranged that I should remain with him until I could equip myself to enter the Cavalry service, as only those who furnished their own horses were admitted to that branch.

CAPT. A. S. STONEBRAKER
A. Q. M., STONEWALL BRIGADE.

Captain A. S. Stonebraker was
Mother's brother and we called
him Uncle Abe.

Lora S. Keedy

In a few days I secured a horse, but he was nearly broken down, yet I hoped by care and plenty of feed to get him in condition for service. For over a month the opposing Generals manoeuvred for position from Strasburg to Charlestown, each expecting to secure some advantage by a false move of his adversary. These movements kept the train in almost constant motion. I made several attempts to reach Shepherdstown, and when near Leetown I came upon General Bradley T. Johnson's picket post. After being with them a short time, one of the soldiers asked me to go with him, as Gen. Johnson wanted to see me. After a few moments of conversation, I learned that one of his men had suspected me of being a Yankee spy.

My horse had been sick with the distemper for some time, and the hard riding I was compelled to do completely broke him down. I left him on the road, put the saddle on my back and walked until I found the train.

Captain Stonebraker offered to make me a loan of Confederate money, to be paid when the war was over, which I accepted and paid six hundred dollars for a horse, fifteen dollars for a second-hand gum blanket and five dollars for a pair of spurs.

Col. A. R. Boteler, the Captain and I made another effort, but failed to reach Shepherdstown, as the Yankees were there in force. On our return to camp, the Colonel became very nervous for fear of being captured by the enemy, as we were on the flank of our army.

The Captain's Headquarters was a rendezvous for Shepherdstown people. Colonel Boteler was a frequent visitor and a man of brilliant parts; we enjoyed his talks very much. His was one of the three prominent citizens' houses near Shepherdstown that Hunter had selected and burned. Hunter's officer turned out the lady occupants, refusing them permission to save anything from the flames.

Col. Boteler and Chas. J. Faulkner lived in the same Congressional district and often were opposing candidates for Congressional honors. His description of their joint debates in those campaigns and Stephen A. Douglas' great speeches in the U. S. Senate, when the Southern members withdrew from the National halls of legislation, in the early days of '61, were very entertaining.

When the train was not in motion I did writing for the Captain, hunted, read and foraged. Squirrels were very plenty near one of our camps. The Captain had a double-barreled shot gun, but no ammunition. Powder could be had from musket cartridges, but how to procure shot was the question. Our blacksmith came to my assistance by punching a small hole through a bar of iron, then heated the bar red hot, laid bullets on the holes and let the melted lead drop in cold water. The lead formed in all shapes and sizes and the squirrel that was hit by this Confederate shot met a mangled death.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Early's army now held a position fronting Winchester, he having failed to bring on an engagement because of Sheridan's extreme caution, and General Lee being hard pressed by Grant, Kershaw's division was detached and sent to Richmond on Sept. 14th. A few days later Early sent a portion of his command to Martinsburg to destroy the railroad. Sheridan becoming aware of these movements, hoping to defeat that part of the army remaining, attacked it on the morning of the 19th, but he was repulsed and driven back some distance in the direction of Berryville. In the meantime the detached portion came up, the fight raging all along the line and, at times, it seemed as if Sheridan's great army was about to yield to the fierce onsets of Early's troops. Late in the afternoon the Cavalry under Gen. Fitz Lee, which held the left, were badly defeated and stampeded. Sheridan taking advantage of the situation, massed his infantry on our center and moved forward with flags flying, while our artillery plowed lanes through their ranks. On they came and simply overwhelmed our thin line by numbers. I watched the battle with much interest, riding from point to point, making a very narrow escape, as a shell struck and exploded near enough to cover me with dirt.

Our wagon trains, which had been parked south of Winchester, on both sides of the Valley pike, now moved off with some haste, and as the Federals exploded a shell now and then among them, almost caused a stampede. The army fell back during the night and occupied the entrenchments at Fisher's Hill, which had been constructed by them a few weeks previous. I became

separated from the train, when Docter Magill and I bunked together in a fence corner about midnight.

FISHER'S HILL.

I found the train encamped south of Fisher's Hill, near Tom's Brook, where we remained for several days. On the afternoon of the 22d day of September, I rode to Three Top Mountain, upon which our signal corps was stationed, and had a fine view of the Federal army as they skirmished with our troops. The officer at the station said to me that he thought that Sheridan was massing troops on our left, under cover of the timber. Shortly after returning to the train, straggling squads of horsemen came by hurriedly and reported that our Cavalry, which held the left of the line, had been defeated and were in full retreat up the back road. The Captain ordered the teams hooked up and sent me to ascertain the truth of the report.

I had not gone far before I met our troops in full retreat and many of them in a semi-panic condition. When I returned the trains were moving up the Valley pike in the utmost confusion.

Some of the stragglers from the army mixed among the teamsters, and the reports that they circulated only increased the excitement and alarm. Finally some of the drivers became panic-stricken and dashed off at full speed; others caught the contagion, when a disgraceful stampede began without any reason.

Their terror would have been very amusing had not their mad run up the Valley been attended with such disastrous results to some of the wagons and accidents to themselves.

I saw one poor fellow, who had both legs broken, and another dead, both caused by being run over. Broken down wagons were abandoned all along the road, from which the soldiers helped themselves. I came across some army clothing, secured 17 gray jackets and a lot of shirts, which I turned over to the Captain.

We retreated all night, reaching Mount Jackson about daylight with our entire brigade train, which we parked a few miles south of the town, where we remained all day while our army was in line of battle at Rude's Hill, a few miles north of us.

At sunrise on the 24th the train was put in motion, but Dr. Magill and I rode to the front, and saw the Federal infantry advance through Mount Jackson and form into line of battle. They posted their artillery on a hill to the west of the town. A puff of smoke would flash from and hang over the gun for a moment, then the screech of the shell and the report from the gun would reach us almost simultaneously. Shells fell uncomfortably near, but we shifted our position to get out of their range, and watched them shell our troops as they slowly fell back. We now passed through the garden spot of the Valley, nature was smiling with abundance, orchards laden with fruit, fields full of corn and sugar cane. From the latter a syrup was made called sorghum.

The retrograde was continued all day; halted the train about dark but did not unhook the teams; put the train in motion at midnight, reaching Port Republic at sunrise the 25th; crossed the south fork of the Shenandoah river, and passed over the Mountain through Brown's Gap into eastern Virginia. This Mountain is divided at Harper's Ferry where the Potomac passes through. That portion of the range which extends north into Maryland and Pennsylvania is called South Mountain, while the branch that runs south is known as the Blue Ridge, and divides the Valley from eastern Virginia. When I reached the top of the ridge a view from both sides met my gaze, and great was the contrast—to the east all was serene, the peaceful look of all nature made a beautiful region more beautiful, while to the west all was confusion, death and destruction, war in all its horrors, immense trains of wagons moving rapidly up the mountain, droves of cattle and sheep with panting sides were hurried along by their anxious drivers, as a shell now and then struck too close for comfort; just beyond Port Republic, our troops in line of battle, slowly falling back, but nobly disputing every inch of ground given up.

As soon as all the trains had crossed the river our army followed and took up a strong position at the foot of the mountain, which ended the retreat.

We parked the train on the eastern side, where our teamsters found Apple Jack in abundance, which they used freely. I made some purchases for the mess—butter \$7, and soap \$2 per pound, washing \$1.50 per piece. I was my own washerwoman.

After Early's defeat at Winchester, Kershaw's division, which was en route for Richmond, was ordered to return to the Valley and rejoin Early and check Sheridan's advance. Part of this division reached us late in the afternoon of the 26th, the balance early the following morning, when Early began a forward movement. Sheridan declined battle and slowly retreated down the Valley, burning everything in the way of grain in his route, and did not stop until he reached the north branch of Cedar Creek.

About midnight the train was put in motion, recrossed the mountain, forded the river at sunrise and parked the train northwest of Waynesboro, where we remained two days. On this march we passed a great many dead horses and some unburied Federals—the result of a fight the day before. The next move took us through Fisherville, Staunton and down the Valley pike, where we parked the train in a piece of woods nine miles south of Staunton, near an old stone church; here we remained six days.

Rev. Mr. Bowman was the pastor of Augusta Church, who informed me that it was one of the oldest churches now standing in Virginia, having been erected in 1740. The early worshippers took their rifles to defend themselves against the Indians just where the breastworks, that surrounded the Church in those days, could now be plainly traced.

The devastation of the Valley has been complete. Rev. Bowman says that on the night of the 29th of September he counted twenty fires south of him, all burning at the same time; a neighbor, who was on a higher point, counted 48. We broke camp on the 7th of October, moved slowly down the pike, passed through Harrisonburg, and parked the train north of Lacy's Springs. The next day we continued down the Valley, encamped southeast of New Market, where we remained three days. Our next move was through New Market, forded the north branch of the Shenandoah, passed through and parked the train north of Mount Jackson 12th.

The outrages and cruelties which marked the path of Sheridan's army down the Valley were truly appalling. Aug. 26th Gen. Grant wrote to Sheridan: "Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off all stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If this war is to

continue another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste."

When Sheridan received this letter, it is said he boasted that when he was through with the Valley a crow could not pass over it unless he carried his rations. How terribly he executed his threat his letters to Grant will show. Sept. 29th he writes: "This morning I sent Merritt's and Custer's divisions via Piedmont to burn grain, etc., pursuant to your instructions. The destruction of the grain and forage, from here to Staunton, will be a terrible blow to them. In moving back to this point (Woodstock), the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made untenable for a Rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat, hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley. A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I cannot now make. Lieut. John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all houses within an area of five miles were burned."

In devastating the country, Sheridan's cavalry was scattered over a vast section of territory. That our cavalry followed these incendiaries and shot some of them, when caught in the act of firing houses which were only occupied by innocent women and children, will not be denied, but that Lieut. Meigs was murdered is not true.

While Sheridan's army was in the neighborhood of Harrisonburg three of our cavalry scouts got in his rear; they encountered Lieut. Meigs with two soldiers. These parties came upon each other unexpectedly, and a fight ensued. Meigs was ordered to surrender, but like a brave man he replied by shooting and wounding his opponent, who in return fired and killed Meigs. One of the men with Meigs was captured, the other escaped. This, then, is the "atrocious act" that gave Sheridan the excuse to exceed even Hunter's barbarities.

We remained in the Mount Jackson camp for more than a week. Captain Estell, the brigade ordnance officer, always ac-

accompanied our train and pitched his tent near the Captain's. His orderly was a young man about my age; we became warm friends and were much together. We made it a point to attend Church at every opportunity; the chaplains of the army generally officiated when near a town.

The Captain had many hunts for birds but met with poor success, not having a dog. Near the camp was a young one for which the owner wanted fifteen dollars. I induced him to go with me to the camp, when the Captain purchased him.

On the morning of the 19th of October we heard canonading in the direction of Fisher's Hill, which continued nearly all day. Finally a message came from Col. Allen, saying that our army had gained a great victory, ordering the trains moved to Strasburg, where the battle had been fought. We put the train in motion about sunset and proceeded to Woodstock, when we met a great many stragglers from the army, who reported that the morning's victory was more than offset by the evening's defeat. The train was halted and turned southward, moved all night, reaching Rude's Hill at sunrise the next morning, where we halted for a short time, but continued up the Valley until we reached New Market and parked the train southwest of the town (Oct. 21).

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Our army reached Fisher's Hill on the 13th of October, 1864, and took up their old position. Sheridan's troops occupied a position on the north bank of Cedar Creek, which they had fortified, and it was too strong for Early to attack with his small force.

There was some skirmishing at Hupp's Hill for several days, and Early watched Sheridan, hoping that he would either come out and attack or move back from his strong position, but Sheridan did not seem disposed to do either.

Early now planned to surprise him by moving against and attacking his rear and left wing. On the afternoon of the 18th he called together his division commanders and communicated to them his plan of attack, which was to be carried into effect the next morning at 5 a. m. Gen. Gordon, with three divisions

of the Second Corps, was to move around in Sheridan's rear, taking a position near the Cooly house, and attack the enemy promptly at the time named. Kershaw with his division was to assault the enemy's breastworks on the left as soon as he heard Gordon's guns. Wharton with his division and the artillery was to occupy Hupp's Hill and be ready to second the attack, while Rosser, with his cavalry, was to move down the back road, near North Mountain, and detain the enemy's cavalry.

Shortly after dark Gordon crossed the Shenandoah river and marched around Three Top Mountain by a blind path. This path was too rough and narrow for artillery and ambulances. Swords and canteens were left in camp, so as to make as little noise as possible. He again had to cross the river at Bowman's Ford before reaching the position assigned him.

Wharton and Kershaw, with the artillery, under the immediate command of Early, moved at 1 a. m. down the turnpike and passed by Strasburg. Wharton's division, with the artillery, took their position on Hupp's Hill, while Kershaw moved by Bowman's mill, directly in front of Sheridan's left, where he awaited Gordon's attack.

Rosser's advance having been discovered by the enemy, he was therefore compelled to attack at once. Kershaw hearing Rosser's guns did not wait for Gordon, but moved forward, swept over the works in his front, capturing a battery of artillery, which he at once turned against the flying enemy. Gordon, owing to the difficulties which he met on the march, had but one division in position, and upon hearing Kershaw's attack, put his men in motion, striking the enemy in the rear, driving everything before him.

So far the movement was a great success. Crook's and the Nineteenth Corps were completely routed and driven two miles north of Middletown, losing twenty-five pieces of artillery, sixteen hundred prisoners, and leaving behind many killed and wounded, and a camp full of small arms and supplies.

Early halted the troops about noon to reform their lines, as many of the men had dropped out of the ranks while passing through the enemy's camp to plunder, which thinned our lines to an alarming extent—a detachment being sent to clear the camp and drive the stragglers back to their commands.

Sheridan came up with the Sixth Corps and a portion of his cavalry, neither of which had been in the morning's engagement, and seeing the disorganized condition of Early's troops, attacked them, when the whole line gave away just before dark and retreated. The bridge near Spangler's mill broke down, which stopped our trains, making their capture an easy matter for the enemy's cavalry.

By this movement Sheridan not only recaptured all the guns he had lost in the morning, but took 23 guns, over one thousand prisoners and many wagons from Early.

It was a great victory given up, by our troops becoming demoralized, by plundering the enemy's camp. Human nature is frail under the most favorable conditions. Soldiers are prone to plunder when not in need. Our men in their half fed, half clad and scantily equipped condition, would have been more than human had they resisted the temptation to help themselves from the great abundance everywhere to be found.

It is very difficult to ascertain the number of troops engaged in the Battle of Winchester, but after much care and research I found in the official records of the War of the Rebellion, Vol. 63, Sheridan's report for the month of August, present for duty, as follows: Crook's Corps, 21,006; Sixth Corps, 11,956; Nineteenth Corps, 12,504; Gen. Torbert's Cavalry, 8,502; total, 53,968. Deduct 6,000 for guard duty and 3,000 added for sickness and absent, between the date of the report and the battle, Sheridan had not less than 45,000 men engaged. Sheridan lost in the campaign, from Winchester to Cedar Creek, killed, 1,938; wounded, 11,893; missing, 3,121; total, 16,952.

The Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. IX, extracts from Colonel Taylor's book, gives Early's troops present for duty Aug. 31st, as follows: Breckenridge's Division, 2,104; Rhode's Division, 3,013; Gordon's Division, 2,544; Ramseur's Division, 1,909; Cavalry and Artillery, 3,000; total, 12,570. The cavalry is Early's estimate, and I am disposed to think is too low, but I am satisfied that Early's force did not exceed 15,000 at the Battle of Winchester.

General Early was terribly criticised for his several defeats. Soldiers, like men in all other walks of life, are measured by the success they attain; the difficulties that make success impossible

are not considered, as men seldom take the time to investigate the cause of failure in others. At Winchester, with less than 15,000 troops, he fought Sheridan's 45,000 to a standstill for nearly a whole day, inflicting upon them fearful loss. After his rout at Fisher's Hill, when reinforced by Kershaw's 12,700 infantry and Rosser's 600 cavalry, which about made up his loss in those two engagements, he followed Sheridan down the Valley, planned and attacked him at Cedar Creek, which, for brilliant conception and daring execution, when numbers are considered, should rank him among the great captains of the War. In the campaign just closed Sheridan lost over sixteen thousand men, being more than Early had in his entire army.

Our camp was near the Massanutten Mountain; the early frost had given its forests their autumn tints, presenting that combination of gorgeous color only to be seen in a Southern clime.

One of the teamsters being boisterous by too much Apple Jack was tied up to a limb of a tree. This was the first and only case of punishment inflicted by the Captain while I was with the train. I was on the best of terms with the teamsters. Some of them were expert foragers, especially Richards, the blacksmith. One day an old farmer came to the camp and complained that some one had killed his sheep; that he had tracked the offender by the blood to our camp. The Captain called up the men, when they denied the accusation, but to satisfy the farmer and himself, he searched the camp and wagons without success. Richards was busy at the forge making horseshoes, the very picture of innocent indignation, while the search was in progress. Soon as the old man had left and the Captain gone in his tent, Richards called to me, threw the anvil to the ground, raised the hollow block upon which it rested, when a bucket of fresh mutton met my astonished gaze.

SOLDIER.

On October the 26th, having ascertained that the command I had selected to join was in the Luray Valley, I bade good bye to the Captain's camp, where I had formed some strong attachments, mounted my horse and proceeded in a northeasterly direction, with two mountains in my path. The early part of



PRIVATE JOS. R. STONEBRAKER,
CO. C, FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY, C. S. A.

Son of Henry Stonebraker, my
mother's brother - Jos^{R.} Stonebrake
is mother's nephew -

the ride took me over Fort Mountain and through a Valley of the same name. In this Valley the ruins of Sheridan's devastators were everywhere to be seen. War must make men demons. Only devils could inflict so much misery on innocent women and children, as the destruction of their property must, of necessity, lead to much suffering before winter is over.

It was late in the day when I crossed the Massanutten Mountain. The air was full of autumn-colored leaves, and the sun in golden streams drifted through the half-bare branches under which I rode. The clear, crisp atmosphere and the grandeur of the scenery calmed and soothed the indignation that had raged within my breast while passing through Sheridan's path of wanton destruction and cruelty.

I halted on the east bank of the Shenandoah river, where I remained over night, sleeping in a barn by the owner's permission. He had been boiling sorghum, and the young people of the neighborhood had a party during the evening. The girls in their homespun were there in numbers; the male portion was composed of youths, about 14 years and under. They had a good time and sung their homely Mountain songs with much vigor until late in the night.

I rode through rain and mud nearly all the next day, reaching the First Maryland Cavalry shortly before dark, when I became a member of Co. C, Lieut. Watters commanding. This company had a number of boys in its ranks from Hagerstown. In the spring of '63, at Brandy Station, the battalion numbered 650 men, but now it did not have over 90 in its ranks, and they were poorly mounted and badly equipped. They were doing picket duty on the south branch of the Shenandoah river, at Burner's Ford, just north of Milford.

It had been raining all day and continued all night, and being without shelter I tried to sleep, but the water getting between me and the blanket about midnight compelled me to get up, when I stood around a half-smothered fire until daylight in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

Both men and horses fared badly for food, as the section was a mountainous and non-productive country, and Sheridan's incendiaries had destroyed what little crops they found in their path, making foraging very difficult, especially when we had

orders only to take from those who were willing to part with their corn for Confederate money.

I had been with the command about a week, when I received a letter from Captain Stonebraker, requesting me not to enlist, but come to him at once. I submitted the letter to Lieut. Waters, who not only gave me permission to leave, but full liberty to act as circumstances might suggest. I left camp on Nov. 4th, passed through the town of Luray, forded the Shenandoah river, and crossed the Massanutten Mountain, reaching the Captain's tent just at dark.

The Captain offered to make me his Orderly, saying that it would be a much easier position and freer from danger than a private in the regular army. I thanked him very much, but declined his offer because I felt that I ought to be in the ranks. I remained with him a few days, reading and resting my horse. While here he gave a dinner to some of his officer friends. Roast turkey, beef and mutton in profusion; no sweets, but plenty of Apple Jack. After the dinner they played poker, and continued the game all night.

The Captain received a letter from his wife, who lived in Montgomery County, Maryland—it came through the lines via Flag of Truce. I wrote home by the same channel. One of the conditions was that all letters should be unsealed. I afterwards ascertained that my letter went through all right, much to the gratification of my parents, who, while suspecting, did not know of my whereabouts.

Since my absence all the able-bodied teamsters had been sent to their respective commands, and disabled men put in their places, much to the disgust of the Captain, as it disorganized his trains, but the Confederacy was in such straits for soldiers that they had to recruit their ranks from all and every source.

I rejoined the battalion 9th of November, and on the afternoon of the next day our brigade made a forward movement, marching through and encamping for the night two miles north of Milford. At daylight we were in the saddle again, our battalion taking the advance, reaching Front Royal about noon, where we halted and grazed our horses for a short time. We crossed the Shenandoah and formed in line of battle, on the right of the pike until the balance of the brigade came up, when



MARYLAND BATTALION ON THE WARPATH, DECEMBER, 1861

we moved again and encamped for the night three miles north of Middletown. The next morning, with heavy firing in our front we continued our advance, reaching and taking a position on the right of Newtown. Here fifteen of our company and five of B Company were detailed as videttes. We were dismounted and placed in line about three hundred feet apart, when we were advanced some distance in front of the battalion where we remained until sunset when we rejoined our command, which retreated nearly all night, halting some miles south of Front Royal. The next day we reoccupied our old camp which we had left three days ago. If anything was accomplished by the move it is more than I was able to learn, but supposed it was a reconnoissance to ascertain if Sheridan had sent part of his force to Grant at Richmond, as reported. The next morning one-third of the battalion was sent on a foraging expedition; we rode all day without success and returned to find that the command had moved, but we stayed all night in the old camp and rejoined them the next day.

Both men and horses have had little or nothing to eat for some days; in fact the horses are in a starving condition. A small party from our company stole corn during the night. I am free to confess that I felt like a thief ought to feel when so engaged, but necessity knows no law; the Government can't feed our animals and it is steal or walk. Horses are selling from five to eight thousand dollars apiece, and only those captured by a soldier can be had at any price. The next morning we went to the river and did picket duty for two days; it rained and snowed the best part of the time, with the mud knee deep.

The Federals having advanced against our position, we were hurried to the front and formed into line of battle, mounted, just in the rear of our breastworks, while the balance of the brigade were dismounted and manned the works. The enemy came up, and after exchanging a few shots with our outposts, fell back, but we remained in position until long after dark, in case of an emergency.

We went back to camp both cold and hungry. To make matters worse, neither men or horses got anything to eat, having fasted all day. At sunrise the next morning we broke camp and moved off. We crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's

Gap, where we found snow two inches deep, the weather bitter cold, the men suffering because of their destitute condition. During the march we passed many orchards full of frozen apples, which the men devoured ravenously, being the only thing they got to eat on the march. We encamped for the night near Sperryville, but resumed the march early the next morning, the men still eating frozen fruit. We went into camp seven miles south of Sperryville and received a half ration of flour for each man, which we made into dough by mixing with water, spread the dough on flat stones and set them before the fire to bake. Most excellent "Johnnie Cake" out of corn meal was made in the same manner. Instead of stone, we baked it on a board or broad flat chip cut from a tree when a board could not be had. When brown on one side, we gently struck the corner of the board, which loosened the cake; it was then reversed and browned on the other side. The end of the next day, Nov. 25th, we reached Little Washington, encamping in a piece of woods east of the town and received two and a half rations of flour.

We were now encamped near the county seat of Rappahannock. The county was full of corn and forage, but the citizens were loth to part with anything they had for Confederate money. Some of us continued to forage after night to keep our horses from starving. I was shot at by one of the guards on one of my marauding expeditions. The country was full of little stills, all turning apples into brandy; many of the men spread for a week.

Mosby and his men occupied Loudon County and vicinity from the beginning until the close of the War. He not only gave General Lee valuable information as to the movements of the enemy, but annoyed the Federals by capturing small parties of soldiers and the destruction of many of their transportation trains. All efforts to capture or dislodge them from their mountain homes failed.

Sheridan having made his path through the Shenandoah and adjoining valleys a barren waste by the torch, now turned his attention to the section occupied by Mosby. Speaking of the Shenandoah campaign, he says: "During this campaign, I was at times annoyed by guerilla bands, the most formidable of which was Mosby, who made his headquarters east of the Blue

Ridge in the section of the country of Upperville. I had constantly refused to operate against these bands, believing them to be, substantially, a benefit to me, as they prevented straggling and kept my trains well closed up, and discharged such other duties as would have required a provost guard of at least two regiments of cavalry. In retaliation for assistance and sympathy given them, however, by the inhabitants of Loudon Valley, General Merritt, with two brigades of cavalry, was directed to proceed on the 28th of November, 1864, to the valley under the following instructions: 'They were to cross the mountain at Ashby's Gap, concentrate at Snickersville on the 29th and operate both east and west, moving towards the Potomac.' He says: 'To clear the country of these parties that are bringing destruction upon the innocent, as well as their guilty supporters, by their cowardly acts, you will consume and destroy all forage and subsistence, burn all barns and mills and their contents, drive off all stock in the region, the boundaries of which are above described.' "

Information of Merritt's devastating expedition reached our camp late on the 30th. Early the next morning our brigade, under Gen. Davidson, moved rapidly towards Loudon, with the hope of striking the raiders. Ten of our battalion, under Lt. Ditty, were detailed as an advance guard. We kept some distance in front of the command and when we left the main road we cut branches of cedars and strewed them in our tracks, so the command would follow our path. When we reached Piedmont, on the O. & A. R. R., we were ordered to report to the command. When we returned to the command the General was drunk and denied ordering our return, said we should go back and not return until we struck the "Yankees." We rode all day and the best part of the night, in all about sixty miles. When near Bloomfield we hid our horses in the bushes, and being inside of the Federal lines, could not make fire. We remained here until daylight. Lt. Ditty, with one man, left us during the night to ascertain something about the enemy's movements.

Having ascertained the position of the Federals, we returned to report to the command, but found that they had retraced their steps, as it was impossible to reach the raiders, as they had too

much start. During the first day's march we saw many of Mosby's men, who kept in the distance until they found out who we were. As we neared a little village, and being some distance in advance of the detail, I noticed several ladies on a veranda in an unusual state of excitement, and as I passed a stable one of Mosby's men rushed out with a pistol in each hand demanding that I surrender. The blue overcoat that I wore made him take me for a Federal. The situation was so comical that I laughed in his face. Explanations followed, and instead of showing his sweetheart a "Yankee" prisoner, he called to them that the old regulars were coming, when there was general rejoicing among the ladies..

We returned by way of Rectortown, the party dividing in pairs so as to get something to eat by begging from the citizens, as our rations were exhausted. We rejoined our command, December 3d, at the camp at Little Washington.

The Confederate soldier always selected a piece of timber, when available, for his camping place. Why this was so I have never seen explained. The first men in the ranks of the Southern army came from the Gulf States, and being poorly provided in camp equipage, naturally, to shield themselves from the heat of the noon-day sun, sought the shade of the forest. The individuality of the Confederate soldier was such that it was impossible to make a machine of him, as he would not submit to discipline. He fought as a matter of duty and acknowledged no one as his superior. As a rule, both officers and men were on an equal footing, and this often impaired his efficiency when in battle.

The Federals preferred an open space for their camp. Being magnificently equipped, they laid out their camps in regular order, their tents fronting on broad avenues. Their officers were strict disciplinarians and no one could pass in or out without permission. They also prized the "Pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious War." At the battle of Antietam, McClellan's troops marched into line, under fire, with bands playing, banners flying and lines dressed. It is said that Caldwell's brigade relieved Meagher's brigade from one of the hottest contested portions of the field, the one breaking by companies to the front and the other by companies to the rear.

Had it been a Confederate movement, they would not have wasted the time nor exposed their men in any such regular movement, but the front brigade would have laid flat on the ground while the rear brigade marched over them.

The woods certainly had many advantages over an open space for a camp. It not only protected the men from the heat in the summer, but in winter fuel was always near at hand. The men divided themselves into groups of four to eight men each; the rations of these men were issued together, and the labor, such as cutting wood, and carrying water, was divided among the members of the mess. When the weather was very cold, a large tree was felled to the ground, and after all the small wood was cut into the length desired, the trunk was used as a back log to build a fire against, which was kept going both day and night, the men spreading their blankets on the ground, lying with their feet towards the fire, and whoever first awakened replenished it during the night.

In the next three days but one day's rations of corn meal was issued to the men, and its quality was such that the officers pronounced it only fit for horse feed. Forage was so scarce that we turned our horses out to graze on dead grass and bushes. Something shortly had to be done or they would starve. Just as I was spreading my blanket for the night I noticed some of the company mounting their horses, preparatory for a raid on some corn field. I hurried to join the party, but by the time I got my horse saddled they were well under way and I put my horse in a run to overtake them. As I crossed the road south of our picket post, I met one of Company B's men who had taken a near cut, on foot, running to catch up with the party. The man on the picket post seeing the raiders and thinking them to be Federals, reported that a squad of the enemy had passed by the camp and taken a man from the lower post, going in a westerly direction. This led General Davidson to conclude that we were a reconnoitering party of the enemy who intended to attempt to surprise his camp. He ordered the Twenty-sixth battalion under arms and posted two companies behind the stone fence on the crest of the hill just where we had crossed the road. While these preparations were in progress, we had secured what corn we wanted and were returning to camp. As we ascended the hill we were met by a command to "halt, halt," and the next

instant saw a flash of fire, followed by the report of carbines from the men behind the fence. Our party was much scattered, and that some were not killed was owing to the darkness and the aim of the men being a little too high, as the bullets passed over our heads.

I——, with an exclamation, fell from his horse and rolled into a ditch, and I supposed he was shot. B—— and I were captured.

The firing had aroused the whole camp, the General riding up to where we were in a full run, and when he ascertained that we were part of his command the air was full of brimstone for a while.

He demanded the names of those who escaped and ordered us to be taken to the provost guard and tied up until we did tell. B—— showed signs of flinching, but I shamed and threatened and he held his tongue. It was a bitter cold night, but the lieutenant of the guard was a gentleman and executed the order as leniently as possible. He tied our hands loosely together and drew them over our head and fastened them to a limb of a tree and had a fire built near us. The rope was so loose that we slipped one hand out and warmed it by the fire; when it was warm we exchanged it for the other. He pretended not to see us, but the situation was one of great hardship, and we had the sympathy of the entire guard. The next morning two of the general's staff called to see if we were ready to tell and got no for their answer. One of the guards took a message to one of my friends, and when our company learned of our predicament they were much incensed and immediately formed into line and were marching to take us from the guard by force.

Lt. Dorsey, who commanded the battalion, prevailed upon the men to desist until he could see the General. We were finally released on condition that we should pay for the corn, estimated by some of the officers to be four bushels. Having found the owner, I paid him twenty dollars and accepted his invitation to dinner, but he never knew that I was one of the raiders.

When I—— rolled from his horse and secreted himself in a ditch, his horse was taken to the camp with us. Some of his messmates teased him unmercifully, because he returned to the

camp without horse or corn and intimated that our account of his escape reflected upon his courage. He approached B——, whose mess was but a short distance from where I was standing, and in a loud and abusive manner offered to fight. B——, acted as though he was afraid and did not arise from a sitting posture. I—— then said, "Perhaps Stonebraker will fight," and came up to me and said, "Stonebreaker, if you said so and so (repeating something that was never said) you are a d——, "Whack," I took him in the eye, down he went and I on top of him. We were parted; he carried a black eye for some time.

A few days afterwards we talked the matter over, when he said, "When I offered to fight you, I meant at the muzzle of the musket." I replied "that you came to me as a blackguard and I met you as such, but I now hold myself ready to give you any satisfaction you desire." The fact of the matter, is he had more mouth than courage and he never forgave me for meeting his bluff as I did.

The weather continued very cold, greatly to the discomfort of the men, as they were without shelter of any kind, and being scantily fed, receiving one-half ration of corn meal to each man about every other day. The horses were worse off than the men and I determined not to let my horse starve as long as forage could be had, and from that time until the end of the war I raided hay and fodder stacks whenever the Government failed to furnish feed for my horse.

On Dec. the 12th we broke camp, moving in a southeasterly direction, passed through and encamped south of Sperryville. Not having our axes we made fires with fence rails and cleaned the snow from the ground before we could spread our blankets. Both men and horses went to sleep on empty stomachs. The march was continued the next day; we moved along Robinson's river. We passed through Criglersville and encamped at the foot of the Blue Ridge, near Milam's Gap. The weather was so cold that I dismounted and took hold of my horse's tail and walked the greater portion of the day to keep my feet from freezing.

We remained in this camp for several days, the men getting about a half a pound of corn meal each day. We had to rely upon our wits to get an occasional meal from the citizens. This

was not always an easy matter, as they had suffered so much from the War and many were very poor. If you met the man of the house, nine times out of ten he would turn you away with an empty stomach.

One day while on the march Dall and I left the command and approached a fine looking plantation. All the surroundings indicated that the owner was a man of wealth. He met us at the door and when we made our wants known, he became very indignant and said, "Do you think I can feed the whole world?" But when he learned how great was our distress he sent us to his wife. The family and guests had just finished their meal, and the sight of the table, with its white linen cloth, cut glass and bright silver, almost paralyzed us. Mrs. Chaplain, with the grace of a true Southern woman, gave us a magnificent meal.

I can not recall a single instance of ever being turned away from a house empty handed by a woman, either rich or poor. When returning from the Loudon County expedition, our rations gave out, and the men scattered to forage on the country through which they passed. I took the road that ran along the foot of the Blue Ridge. Some distance from the road, on the side of a hill, I notice a column of blue smoke curling above the bare branches of the trees. I turned my horse's head in that direction and soon came upon a one-story log cabin. As I neared the place not a sign of life was to be seen except the smoke from the chimney, not even a dog. Everything denoted extreme poverty and the place looked so forlorn that I debated with myself before knocking. A tall, slender woman with a pale, sad face opened the door, and when I asked her for something to eat she looked me full in the face for a moment, then turned and gave me a piece of cold ash cake, shut the door, and never a word escaped her lips. I have often wished that I had learned her name and knew her story.

We scoured the country in every direction for forage for the horses, but no one was willing to sell, and we were forced to take fodder without the owner's consent on very many occasions.

Having exhausted the country of supplies, the march was resumed through rain, sleet and slush. We passed through Madison Court House and encamped on the Stannardsville road a few miles southeast of the town. The next day I was or-

dered to report at headquarters, mounted, where I joined a small squad of men detailed for special duty. I was assigned to guard the premises of a Mr. Urtz, a farmer who resided a few miles from our camp. That night I slept in a feather bed, and had ham and eggs, warm cakes and sorghum for breakfast. The madam and several daughters were weaving plaid dress goods with a hand loom, and I was much impressed with the beauty of some of the patterns. Several small children were barefooted, and it made the cold chills run up my back to see them run through the snow with their little feet. I was congratulating myself upon securing such a delightful place when Sergeant Jones came on the following day and informed me that the command had marching orders, and that I was to join them at Stannardsville.

We passed over the mountain via Wolfstown, and when near the place of meeting, learned that the command had gone to Madison Court House, where the Federal cavalry were reported to be advancing. It was late in the day when we reached our troops and found the division dismounted and in line of battle just east of the town, skirmishing with the enemy.

Just before dark our battalion was formed into column of fours and ordered to drive the enemy from the town. It was a very cold day and the ground was covered with snow and ice. I think making preparations to go into action is the most trying time of a fight — no two men are affected alike, if you can judge by their demeanor. This being my baptism of fire, my feelings partook more of curiosity than fear. I watched the faces of the men with much interest, and some of them would have made a study for an artist.

As we moved toward the enemy, our horses being in a trot, the veterans realized more fully than I did the serious business in front, but the woe-begone expression on the face of one of my set of fours was so comical that I could not help but laugh. He turned to me and said, "Why, you seem to like it?" "No, no," I replied.

We approached the town from the east, going directly west, then turned to the right and passed through a field so as to attack them from the north.

It was now quite dark and the enemy's bugle sounded the alarm, and the voices of their officers could be plainly heard as they gave orders to their troops. Our horses were in a full run, the men cheering as we moved forward, when suddenly the whole hill was illuminated by the flash from the enemy's guns, and the next moment my horse was down, mixed up with several others. The fall was so sudden that I scarcely had time to think, but was much gratified to find that neither were hurt. We had tumbled into a ditch which the darkness prevented us from seeing. The column was reformed, but it was too dark to proceed further and the charge had only been made so our dismounted men could withdraw from their position and mount their horses while we attracted the attention of the enemy.

We fell back some ten miles and encamped for the night at Jack's Shop. The night was intensely cold, and we cleaned the snow from the ground and made a fire out of fence rails which we carried about a half mile. By daylight the next morning we were in the saddle, slowly falling back. We crossed the Rapidan river, burned the bridge, and formed in line of battle at Liberty Mills.

In the absence of infantry, a portion of the cavalry were dismounted and fought on foot, especially in rough and mountainous sections. When this was the case, one man took charge of four horses, including his own. These horses were taken to the rear and kept in some sheltered place of easy access to the owners.

The enemy came up about ten o'clock and engaged our men, who had been posted behind some hastily constructed defences at such places where the river was fordable. Our battalion remained in the saddle and was transferred from point to point, as our services seemed most needed, being constantly on the move the whole day.

Just before dark we moved into a piece of timber and were making preparations to camp for the night, when we were ordered to remount and attack the enemy who had crossed the river some distance above and were moving against the town on the Stannardsville road. As we moved south in a trot, we could see the Federals forming in line on both sides of the town about a half mile distant. We were hurried towards those on

the east while our supports were moving to our right. As we neared the party which we were to attack, a post-and-rail fence separated us, and we had to pass through a gate to reach them. A short distance further we discovered that they had formed on the edge of a ravine, which checked our advance, and we righted into line and commenced to fire upon each other, being about one hundred yards apart. In a short time our troops to our right broke and ran, and the Federals seeing our only way of retreat was by the gate, attempted to block our way by moving rapidly to our rear. Our command broke and ran, every man for himself, all trying to get through the gate at the same time. This only made matters worse, and rather than add to the difficulty, I held my horse back, and was the last one to get through. Three of the enemy were now within hailing distance, demanding that I surrender. I gave my horse his head and for a quarter of a mile it was a tight race, one of the enemy's horse's nose almost touched my horse's tail while he was trying to reach me with his saber.

I rejoined my command, which was forming behind a regiment that had not been engaged, but by the time we got our line in shape it was too dark for further operations. The enemy held the town and had possession of the road that led direct to Gordonsville but seven miles distant, which was a railroad center and their objective point. The only road open to us was via Orange Court House, fourteen miles. The men were at once put in motion; the night was dark and cold, the road full of ice and snow; to keep from freezing I walked a good portion of the road, guiding myself by taking hold of my horse's tail.

We reached the vicinity of Gordonsville in the after part of the night with orders not to unsaddle our horses, and made a roaring fire with fence rails. I cleaned the snow from the front of the fire, laid down on my gum blanket, was soon asleep and in the land of dreams. I was wandering over a strange, cold country which turned warmer by degrees, as the surface became less firm, when suddenly I sank into a pit of fire; sprang to my feet to find the soles of my shoes on fire.

South West Mountain rises at Orange Court House and rims in a southwesterly direction towards Lynchburg. Gordonsville is situated at the foot of the east side of this range. Our troops

had been dismounted and placed on the west side of the mountain and fortified their position with logs, rails, etc., the best they could in the limited time at their command.

Ten members of our battalion were detailed to act on General Lomax's staff and reported at his headquarters at daylight. About nine o'clock the Federals reached our front and skirmished with our outposts. As the firing became general, headed by General Lomax, we rode rapidly to the apex of the range, where we had a fine view of the field. The ground was covered with snow, the branches of every bush and tree encased in ice from the sleet and rain of the past few days. The sun was shining brightly and the valley below looked like a sea of ice fringed by a crystal forest, over which the men in blue were deploying. As the Federals pressed forward their superior numbers began to tell on our line. General Lomax turned to me, and after explaining the whereabouts of Gen. McCausland, said, "Tell him to hold out ten minutes longer and I will have infantry up." A few jumps of my horse brought me in full view of the enemy's line; they at once tried their marksmanship on my blue coat. As the bullets passed over my head, they cut the icicles from the branches, raining ice all over me. I found Gen. McCausland but a short distance in the rear of his troops, sitting on a stump holding the rein of his horse's bridle, both protected by a depression in the ground, with the bullets passing through the trees in a lively manner. When I delivered my message, he replied, "Tell the General if he will come here he can see how they are deploying."

I received another volley as my horse flew back to Gen. Lomax and told him what McCausland said, when he replied, "I can see them well enough from here."

On the track near the town was an engine under full head of steam, with a train made up ready to pull out at a moment's warning, should we be defeated. As the enemy steadily pressed forward, the General directed one of his staff to go into town and instruct the engineer to run his train up and down the track and blow the whistle. Next came a report that the ammunition was giving out. Several of us collected cartridges from the men who had charge of the horses, which the General directed me to distribute among the men. I tied my horse to a

small tree and proceeded along the line, and while so engaged many soldiers were shot, the wounded passing to the rear. One soldier came running through the bushes, greatly excited, being shot in the head; the blood was running down his face; his actions almost bordered on the ludicrous. Another came out leaning on the shoulders of two men, who was shot in the leg, six inches above the knee; his pants were well worn and skin tight. The bullet had cut a hole through them as round and clean as a punch. There was something peculiar about these two men that impressed me very much that I could never explain.

The fighting along this portion of the line became quite fierce, and there was great commotion where I had left my horse. Upon looking in that direction I saw many of our troops coming out of the timber in great haste. The General and his staff were not slow to follow, while my horse, in an excited state, was winding his bridle around the tree, going first to the right and then to the left. I dropped the sack and ran towards him, taking my knife from my pocket as I ran, and cut the bridle. The Federals were too close for me to mount, and he scampered after the others, almost dragging me off my feet. Things now looked so critical that the General dispatched another courier to town to instruct the telegraph operator to have his instrument ready to move at a moment's warning. Had the Federals followed up this charge it would have ended the day. The engine was now making a great fuss; the pressure of the Federals grew less and soon they withdrew and commenced to retreat when victory was within their grasp — the engineer's whistle saved the day. Some hours afterwards, infantry arrived from Richmond, but their aid was not needed. So ended General Torbert's expedition against Gordonsville. His report says: "With two divisions of cavalry, five thousand men, he left Winchester Dec. the 19th, '64, crossed the Blue Ridge on the 20th, and moved on Madison Court House, via Little Washington, reaching Gordonsville the 23rd, but failed to take the town because of superior numbers." Our division that opposed him consisted of Jackson's and McCausland's brigades, and they did not number fifteen hundred men.

Late in the afternoon the General instructed me to find Colonel Jackson and direct him to take the Twenty-sixth battalion and push on after the retreating foe. It took me several hours to find Jackson, and from his manner, the duty was anything but pleasant. Oh, what a trying day. I was so tired and thankful when it was over. We took up quarters in a house near the depot and got supper about ten p. m., the first food that I had tasted since leaving Madison Court House, some sixty hours. My stomach had been empty so long that it ceased to feel hungry, but weak and nauseated.

I spent Christmas day in carrying dispatches to Colonel Jackson and fasting, as we did not get any rations, but one of the men who had been fortunate enough to be invited out to dinner brought me two small cakes. We moved our quarters about a mile from the town and were thoroughly drenched that night by a rain, being without shelter.

The next day I reported to my company, and after a march of two days through the rain, with the mud knee deep to the horses, we encamped near Liberty Mills, where we remained about four weeks, having intolerable weather. It rained and snowed for eight days, and between the freezes and thaws our camp was in a wretched state, our little fly tents being our only shelter. We knew it was not to be a permanent camp, and expected orders to move at any moment, or we might have improved our condition.

Rations for the men and forage for the horses came at irregular intervals, compelling the men to exercise their wits to supply the deficiency. Wharton, of our company, was a man of great drollery and a good storyteller. He and I were chums and foraged much together. His stories often succeeded in filling out the wrinkles in our stomachs. There was a grist mill near the camp run by a Mr. Wood. His wife, a good-natured, big hearted, fat old woman, took a great fancy to Wharton, and the latch string was always out to us. In a three-legged "Dutch oven," she baked a short cake which she named "Leather hoe cake," and which she shared bounteously with us on many occasions.

The only pay day came while in this camp, but my name not being on the pay roll, the Confederate Government still owes



WM. F. WHARTON,
Co. C, MARYLAND BATTALION.

my salary. I was more fortunate as to clothing, receiving, while in the service, a pair of pants, two pairs of drawers, three pairs of socks, two pairs of shoes—one of them tan colored, being just thirty years ahead of the present fashion. A review of the troops by General Fitz Lee was the most important event of the camp.

At the close of each campaign it was customary to issue a certain number of "horse details" to each company. Men who had lost their horses came first on the list, next, those whose horses were worn out or in bad condition. It was a thirty days' furlough, in which the men were expected to secure better mounts for themselves. To those whose homes were within the lines or had friends to whom they could go, such a detail was very desirable. Few of our command were so situated, and the more who could get away, the better those fared who remained. So when orders came to our command for the names of those who wanted details, Wharton had his horse examined in my name.

The unexpected joys of this life are by far the sweetest. The underground railroad brought me an unsigned letter from Shepherdstown, Va., which I recognized to be the writing of Uncle Rentez, containing news from my dear ones at home.

Jan. 26th, '65, we broke camp, moved down the "plank road," passed through Orange Court House and encamped at Orange Springs, twenty miles to the east of Gordonsville.

Dall and I were sent to guard some old gentleman's property near the camp. It proved to be what the boys termed a "soft snap." We had a large room to ourselves, a negro boy to keep the logs blazing in a big, old-time fireplace and to attend to our wants, with plenty to eat for ourselves and horses. Much to our sorrow the command had continued on its march and we had to follow.

They had selected a camp near Ellisville in a fine piece of timber near a small stream. The men at once commenced to prepare shelter of a substantial nature by felling trees and building small cabins with chimneys. I was much interested in the one that was to be my home. Just as it was finished, Dall and I were detailed to establish a courier post between our camp and Wickam's brigade near Barboursville, some thirty miles south.

We were instructed to locate at a private house, if we could get the consent of the owners, half way between the two camps. After many attempts we took up quarters in an old log cabin near a Mr. Willis, who had two handsome daughters of a literary turn of mind, they sending us books to read and an occasional meal. We remained here five days, first one then the other carrying dispatches. Neither rations for ourselves or forage for our horses came from the command, so we supplied our wants by begging something to eat for ourselves and stealing forage for our horses. This was more than we could stand when we wrote to the Colonel to either send us supplies or relieve us from duty, which was finally done.

We rejoined our battalion the 6th of February. The weather had been intensely cold for several days, followed by a rise in temperature and eight inches of snow, making our cabins, with their fire places and chimneys, a luxury. Subsistence was our greatest trouble. We lived mainly on "black-eyed peas," which we boiled in an iron kettle over a slow fire that took from early in the morning until three in the afternoon before they reached the proper consistency. Having but one spoon in the mess, the men sitting around the kettle used small chips to convey the beans to their mouths by scraping them up the side of the kettle as a miniature elevator. We scoured the country for books and spent most of my time in reading. "Macaria" was considered the great Southern novel. There being but one copy in the camp, it was in great demand.

I read while others slept, using pine knots for a light. About this time a letter with a fifty dollar Confederate bill came from Capt. Stonebraker, who was near Petersburg, with an invitation to spend my expected furlough with him.

The "horse details" which had been granted to our battalion reached us on the 24th. The next morning, in company with Willie Redwood, we bade good-bye to our comrades and left the camp. It had been raining for some days; the roads were in a horrible condition and the streams high. We crossed the North Anna river at Ellisville, passed through Louisa Court House, remaining over night at a Mrs. Barrot's, who had two very agreeable daughters, with whom we spent a pleasant evening at cards and enjoyed some fine music on the piano.



WILLIE REDWOOD,
Co. C, MARYLAND BATTALION.

It seemed almost a shame to put two dirty "Confeds." in a clean feather bed, the snow white sheets being scented with lavender leaves; but such was our luck. With many thanks for their kindness, we continued our journey, crossed several streams much swollen by the continued rains. Redwood, swimming his horse as we crossed the South Anna river at Ambler's bridge, passing into Goochland county and remaining over night at a Mr. Straughn's, formerly of Baltimore.

Our horses had to fast, as he could not furnish us with any feed for them. We paid our bill and took up the march, being joined here by another soldier who was going to Petersburg.

At Cartersville we paid three negroes forty-five dollars to ferry us across the James river, passing into Cumberland county and thence into Powhatan County, remaining over night with a Mrs. Webb, just south of the Court House. She and several daughters were busily engaged making plaids for dress goods, hats from corn husks and window shades from dried grass.

The South was a purely agricultural section, and before the War they received nearly all their supplies either from Europe or the Northern States, other than what their land produced.

Reared in luxury, but when shut off from the outside world, the sacrifice and ingenuity of the Southern women was one of the marvels of the War.

They made buttons from Persimmon seeds. When on the children's clothes they were more durable than pearl or porcelain. Shoe blacking from China berries. Home made dyes from bark of trees—sassafras produced a yellow, laurel a drab; willow produced slate color in cotton and blue black in wool and linen; red oak a chocolate brown, white oak a lead color.

Clothed in their home-made "Butternut," a brigade of Confederate soldiers possessed all the above colors, multiplied by the different shades, presenting a queer sight to one not accustomed to their presence.

Tea was made from sassafras bark and blackberry leaves. Coffee from parched rye, carrots and sweet potatoes. These are only a few substitutes from hundreds that can be named.

Through the rain and mud, with the roads almost impassable, we traversed Chesterfield County, remaining over night with Dr. Walker, a wealthy gentleman who lived twenty miles north-

west of Petersburg. The next morning Redwood and I parted, he going to North Carolina.

I reached Petersburg about noon, crossed the Appomattox river on a pontoon bridge, passing through the northwestern portion of the city, arriving at Capt. Stonebraker's headquarters a little before sunset on March the 1st, 1865, and was made happy by the warm welcome I received.

The Captain was stationed at Jarrett's Station on the South Side Rail Road, some seven miles from Petersburg, where he received and distributed supplies and furnished transportation over the road.

I remained here for nearly three weeks, reading and noting the troops and trains passing up and down the road and getting my horse in good condition.

The reports of victory and defeat, the plans of this and that General that were daily circulated and discussed in and about camp would fill a volume.

March the 10th was set apart by President Davis for thanksgiving and prayer. Instead of going to Church I read John Marchmont's Legacy. St. Patrick's day was celebrated by moving the train into Petersburg, encamping near the Fair Ground. We left the Captain at the depot, but he rejoined us in a few days, when we took possession of a vacant house near by for headquarters.

The beautiful pink of the peach trees and the fresh, bright green of the lawns showed that spring was near at hand. A few more days of sunshine will dry up the mud, when the campaign of '65 will begin.

As I wandered through the city from day to day, noting the various phases of life, I saw a crowd of old men and women, youths and little children, both white and black, around a grist mill. Upon investigation, I found that at stated periods they sold to the poor corn meal. Each one took their turn to be admitted, but they were only allowed to have one peek at a time. Their pinched faces and ragged clothes plainly indicated much want and suffering.

Lamps and candles were a luxury that the poor could ill-afford, but instead they used "pitch pine" sticks, which the negroes put up in bundles of one dozen each, about eighteen

inches long and an inch square, which they sold at one dollar each.

In the section where the better class lived were some fine residences with lawns in front and flowers in bloom. Handsome dressed ladies promenaded the streets. They seemed so unconcerned. Had it not been for the almost constant booming of the artillery, both day and night, one would never suspect that the city was and had been under siege for months.

On Sycamore street some of the stores had a fair display of wares. In one window the following placard had a conspicuous place: "Genuine Coffee \$30.00 per pound. Apples 50 cents a piece."

The eastern portion of the city was much damaged by the shells from the Federal batteries. Not a single house escaped, and some were a total wreck.

On the morning of March the 25th, a few hours before daylight, we were aroused by a most terrific artillery duel. The sky was full of flying and bursting shells — a magnificent sight, and the rattle of small arms told of an early morning attack.

As soon as it was light the Captain and I rode to the front and learned that General Gordon had assaulted and carried Fort Steadman, situated on Hare's Hill, opposite the city, but was unable to hold it longer than a few hours. This precipitated fighting all along the line. About noon, hearing very heavy firing to the southwest, I rode in that direction and saw some severe fighting near Battery 45 — charges and counter charges, without any decisive results to either side.

I bade good-bye to my friends and started to rejoin my command. When near Richmond, I met Paine's Brigade of Cavalry going to Petersburg, when General Fitz Lee informed me that he expected my regiment to join him at Petersburg in a few days. Being anxious to see the Confederate capital, I rode into the city and stopped at the Spottswood. After taking a look at the State House I overtook the First Virginia Cavalry, remaining over night with them. The next day I reached Petersburg to find that the Captain had moved his quarters near the Poor House. It was full of little boys and girls. While reading, a little "tot" came running into our tent, threw his arms around my neck and asked for a piece of bread.

As if by general consent quiet prevailed all along the line until 2 a. m. on the morning of the 30th, when the Federals commenced to shell our position at a furious rate. Soon as our artillery replied the sky was full of shells flying and bursting like hundreds of rockets — a truly grand and thrilling sight if one could shut from his mind the death and destruction that such a display caused. This artillery duel continued well into the following day and did not cease amidst a heavy thunder storm. The sharp clap of the lightning and the heavy boom of cannon produced a combination not soon to be forgotten.

Information now reached us that severe fighting and some reverses had overtaken our troops on our right at Hatcher's Run, causing us to move our train to the north side of the Appomattox river. Screeching and bursting shells now rained into the city; extensive warehouses, full of tobacco, poured forth smoke and flame, having been fired by General Lee's order; non-combatants, with their valuables in small tin boxes, hurrying through the streets; women standing in their doors with blanched faces; all told that some dire calamity had overtaken our army. While riding through the streets amidst such scenes, a little girl hailed me, " Say, Mister, look at your horse." As I turned in my saddle, " April fool," she cried. Did Nero do more?

PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

The disaster of Five Forks and Hatcher's Run cut Lee's right wing in half, separating General Pickett with three brigades of infantry from the main army. This doubled Lee's right back on Petersburg, causing him to re-form his lines. This was on the second day of April and the first time I saw the peerless Rob. E. Lee. He and Gen. Longstreet were on their horses together, and from Lee's movements I could see he was directing Longstreet where to place his troops, which were but a short distance in their front, forming on the crest of a hill to the west of the city.

The Federals were slowly advancing and shells were bursting in the vicinity, but the generals were partially sheltered by a fine large suburban mansion. Lee, while pointing towards the

troops with his right hand, held in his left a biscuit which he had taken from the rear pocket of his coat and ate while they conferred.

It was very evident that Petersburg was lost. I rode back to the train and found preparations in progress for a retreat. As soon as darkness set in the train was put in motion, and continued to move slowly all night, passing through Chesterfield County, reaching Clover Hill at daybreak, when Capt. Stonebraker, Major Rawl, and myself took breakfast with Doctor Walker. He gave us peach brandy mixed with honey, and when I sat down at the table the plates were spinning around before me.

Everything was now in confusion. Troops and trains moving in the direction of Amelia Court House, where the Federals are reported to be. We halted at the coal mines for a short time, then moved down the Woodpecker road and parked the train near the Appomattox river.

About midnight we moved the train and tried to cross the river, but the pontoon bridge was broken and we were detained until sunrise before getting over. With skirmishing at Deep Creek we passed slowly through Amelia County, halting from time to time, all the trains from Richmond followed by infantry being in our front.

The troops were silent and seemed depressed, except the Second Corps, who cheered vigorously as General Lee rode along their moving columns. He gravely raised his hat in recognition of the compliment. I never saw that great soldier again, but his handsome face and form is enshrined in my heart and memory. We parked the train four miles east of Amelia Court House, where we remained all night. It was here that General Lee expected to receive supplies for his army, but the Federals having destroyed the railroad in our front frustrated that desired relief. The constant moving of the trains began to tell on our stock. Rather than abandon some of his wagons, the Captain left to scour the country to the north for horses to take the place of those that showed signs of breaking down.

The next morning, April the 5th, my regiment, First Maryland Cavalry, came passing along, when I rejoined my company.

We pushed ahead and upon reaching Amelia Court House we found that the Federal Cavalry had struck our wagon train near Flat Creek. As we approached they began to retreat, when a running fight commenced. We pursued them for several miles, killed and wounded quite a number and took seventy prisoners. The road was strewn with guns, sabers, and knapsacks, which they threw away in their flight.

Fortunately we reached the train before the enemy had time to do any serious damage, but we found evidences of great panic among the teamsters—wagons upset, others with poles broken, and many without teams, the drivers having cut their horses loose and fled. The dead that laid among the ruins only made the scene more ghastly, with their bloody heads and gaping wounds.

We encamped for the night at Amelia Springs, being tired and hungry, the rain during the night adding very much to our discomfort. Daylight the next morning found us in the saddle moving westward. Soon report reached us that the enemy was in our front trying to block General Lee's progress by burning bridges, when we pushed forward in a trot and found a body of infantry, supported by cavalry, within one mile of

HIGH BRIDGE,

on the South Side Railroad near Farmville. A part of General Fitz. Lee's division had been dismounted and placed in line of battle behind a fence skirting a piece of timber, while we, in a brisk trot, were hurried to the enemy's rear by the left flank. The battle commenced as we came upon the field, and in less than an hour we bagged the whole outfit, killed and wounded quite a number, capturing 780 prisoners, two stands of colors and a full brass band.

This was Major-General Ord's bridge-burning expedition under the command of his chief of staff, Brig.-Gen. Theo. Read, and consisted of two regiments of infantry—Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio, with 13 officers and 67 men of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry. The fight was sharp and determined on both sides, the Federal Gen. Read being among the killed. Gen. Geo. A. Hundley, in Vol. XXIII, Southern Historical Society Papers, describes Gen. Read's death:

THREE DESPERATE MEN.

"The enemy's cavalry charged that part of the line where I stood three times. They were mounted and we dismounted. A single, well-directed volley scattered them each time, but the second time three Federal officers stood their ground and attempted to cut their way out. We were not much more than a skirmish line, and here these three desperate men came down right amongst us, whilst our men were reloading, cutting and slashing with their sabres as they came. A sight so unusual puzzled our men at first, but soon finding these fellows to be in earnest, some one cried out, 'kill the d—d Yankees,' and instantly the three men went down as if they had suddenly melted away. I remember seeing the dust fly from their coats behind as the bullets passed through their bodies. One of these officers proved to be General Theodore Read."

Shortly after this fight I met Major James Breathed riding along the road, bare headed and minus a boot. He told me that he had lost them in hand to hand fight with a "d—d Yankee" who unhorsed him in the struggle, and while his horse was dragging him over the ground, with one foot in the stirrup; some one shot his antagonist, which saved his life.

Gen. Hundley, who was an eye witness to this duel, says:

A BRAVE FEDERAL OFFICER.

"Soon the same cavalry came charging down again, and this time one officer stood his ground after a volley had again scattered his men. Major James Breathed, our Chief of Artillery, who will never be forgotten as long as a cavalryman of the Army of Northern Virginia lives to think of his dash and courage, came up in the meantime and rode through our line, accompanied by — Scruggs, a courier. As Breathed rode towards the brave Federal, who quietly awaited him, he seemed to make a motion with his drawn sabre as if to convey a challenge, which the Federal accepted, and every man stood still to witness the tilt between two such gallant men. They went at it and fought for some minutes pretty evenly matched, whilst — Scruggs sat on his horse close by. Soon the Federal wounded Major Breathed in the arm and seemed to get some advantage, when — Scruggs shot the brave fellow dead.

I was not near enough to hear whether — Scruggs demanded his surrender or not, but I am sure he evinced no intention of surrendering. I passed him as he lay gasping his last, and looked with pity into the dying face of a foeman so brave."

Major Breathed was born in Morgan County, Virginia, and raised in Washington County, Maryland, near St. James College. After the surrender he located in Hancock, Maryland, and became a successful physician.

Our division having been ordered to cover the retreat, by 4 a. m. we were in the saddle and in line of battle. At sunrise the enemy pressed steadily forward and we slowly fell back, stubbornly disputing every inch of ground as we moved. Just before we reached Farnville we crossed a small but deep stream, the bottom being full of rocks, making it a most difficult place to ford, while the enemy had a battery on the hill above trying to get our range, dropping shells dangerously near. Once over we drew up in line to the west of High Bridge, where we remained until the enemy's guns succeeded in getting our range, when we moved back into a piece of timber for protection. It was not long before they knocked the woods all to pieces, exposing us to a most terrific fire. It takes nerves of steel to stand without flinching, hundreds of screeching shells plowing through a woods, smashing tops and creating havoc generally. Demoralizing as such a shelling as we underwent, yet I could stand that with much better grace than to have the enemy shooting into our backs as we retreated in a snail-like pace, and was always relieved when ordered to right about face and charge the enemy when they got too persistent.

Slowly we moved through Farnville, turning and showing our teeth when too hard pressed. We forded the Appomattox river, the bridge being in flames, exposed all the while to a galling fire from the enemy's guns.

Our battalion was posted at the ford, which we held for hours, while the balance of the division passed on and took a position to our right.

Although being in a very exposed position we were not molested, the larger body of troops stationed elsewhere making a better target for the enemy's guns. We had a clear view of

the field and saw the conflict as it raged all around. Just to the northwest six hundred wagons were on fire, the animals had played out and they were fired to prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands.

Finally, the smoke from the wagons, the bridge and the guns began to settle near the earth, obscuring our view, but the heavy firing on our right told where the conflict was the thickest. Soon we were hurried in that direction, and as we neared the point a mighty cheer went up, which told us the enemy had been repulsed.

Gen. Fitz. Lee says: "On the 7th a portion of the enemy's cavalry having crossed the river again, made an attack on the wagon train moving upon our right line of march. They were met by Munford in front, whilst Rosser attacked their flank, and were driven back with considerable loss, including amongst the captured, their commanding general, J. Irving Gregg. Our position was held near this point of attack until 12 p. m., when the march was resumed towards Appomattox Court House."

When we reached the point of attack Gen. Munford took charge of the battalion, the men being formed into a column of fours, were stationed with drawn sabres in a road fringed with stunted pines. The smoke was now so dense you could not see over ten yards in your front, and being so close to the enemy, the men were ordered not to speak above a whisper. We remained in this position for more than an hour, expecting the enemy to renew the attack at any moment.

As darkness set in the retreat was resumed and continued nearly the whole night. We passed through Prince Edward County, both men and horses showing signs of utter weariness from lack of rest and food. Some time in the after part of the night we tied our horses to some trees and laid down, but at daylight we were again in the saddle and on the move. I secured some corn, as I passed a crib, and later in the day, when our command halted and moved to the side of the road to allow a column of Federal prisoners to pass, I slipped the bit from my horse's mouth and fed him while we waited. One of the prisoners asked me for some corn, when I told him to help himself; he picked up an ear which the horse had already bitten, munching the raw grains as he moved along. They were a woe-

begone looking set, and were nearly starved, and so were we. The following incident, as related by Gen. Hundley, graphically describes the condition of our own men: " Soon a tired, dusty, foot-sore soldier came up to the fire and asked if he could parch some corn. I said, ' Yes, certainly.' I watched the poor fellow, by the flickering light, as he drew a handful of corn out of his dirty old haversack and put it in his pan. I said, ' My friend, is that all you have?' he said, ' Yes, and I have had nothing better for three days.' 'Are you going to stand by Marse Bob. to the last?' The light that flashed up in the old soldier's face from the fire of a noble spirit almost outshone that thrown out by the dying embers beneath, as he proudly straightened up and replied: ' Yes, sir, to the last.' "

This was on the night preceding the battle of High Bridge, two days and a half before the one related by myself; the men had not received any rations in the meantime. We moved slowly over roads, along which were scattered broken down wagons and ambulances, dead and worn-out mules and horses, and the remains of whole wagon trains that had been fired by our people.

Just before sunset we had a slight brush with the enemy, but they seemed loath to press matters, and we were only too glad to be let alone. Soon we went into camp for the night, among some stunted oaks through which the road ran, and built our fires. I parched some corn and fell asleep while watching the thin, jaded, weary-looking lines of our infantry, as they silently trudged along.

About midnight, being chilled to the marrow by the damp air, we mounted our horses and moved into

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE,

and shortly before daylight on April the 9th, 1865, we formed into line of battle, to the right of the line, near the Village Church. As the sun made its appearance in the east the Federals, who occupied the Lynchburg road directly in our front, commenced to shell our position. In a short time infantry relieved us, when we moved directly north through a piece of timber, the enemy shelling us as we slowly ascended to the top of the hill. When on the other side the column headed west



LAST CHARGE—MARYLAND BATTALION AT APPOMATTOX.

through an open field beyond; the enemy's guns, being within easy range, swept the plain with grape and canister as the men, in small squads, passed over on a run.

The division was reformed by the time we got over, attacking the Federal Cavalry, capturing two pieces of artillery and clearing the Lynchburg road of the enemy.

Two divisions of the enemy's infantry now made their appearance, causing us to withdraw, taking a position on the edge of a piece of timber, while the Federal Cavalry reformed in another piece just to the east, with an open field between the two lines, about a half a mile wide.

LAST CHARGE AND THE LAST MAN KILLED IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Hostilities now ceased for several hours. The sun was shining brightly, and being almost dead for want of rest, I threw myself from my horse, laid down on some dry leaves and was soon fast asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but upon awakening, some member of the command had hold of my arm, shaking the sluggishness from my tired body, as the Battalion was forming into a column of fours.

I fell into line as the men moved out on the Lynchburg road; then came the order by fours right about charge. As we moved towards the enemy in a trot, I looked to our rear and saw the division moving on our left within supporting distance, also in columns of fours.

From a trot to a run soon brought us within easy range of the enemy, the bullets from their Spencer's making that peculiar Zip! Zip! so familiar to an old veteran. The next moment down went my file leader, Private Price, a member of Co. E, our horses almost treading on his prostrate form.

Soon the battalion halted, the men began to waver, and some started back, when Herman Heimiller of our Company shouted, "Come, boys, rally around our flag."

The next instant I was by his side, when we, with two others, whose names I do not remember, overtook John Ridgely, our color-bearer, who had pushed some distance ahead, stood waving our banner and calling to the men to follow him.

As we reached his side the color-bearer of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry joined the group, when our little party drew the entire fire of several thousand of the enemy, who held an elevated position, enflading our right flank. The noise from their bullets sounded like a swarm of bees, interspersed by the dull thud, as they hit the rails of the fence at our side. I remember, when a boy, in reading of Braddock's defeat, that the writer intimated that it took the weight of a man in lead for every soldier killed in battle. I am almost compelled to endorse that writer's statement, extravagant as it may seem, as we all escaped unhurt, except a slight wound of Heimiller's horse.

The firing suddenly ceased, as an officer rode from their ranks towards us with a white handkerchief on the point of his sabre, with the information that Gen. Lee had surrendered several hours before, and wanted to know why we persisted in continuing the conflict. In clearing the Lynchburg road of the enemy's cavalry in the morning we became separated from the main army, and this was the first information to reach us of that dire calamity, which ended the Southern Confederacy. Heimiller burst out crying as we slowly rode back, passing four men having our unfortunate comrade in a blanket, carrying him to the rear. The poor fellow was dead, having been shot in the thigh, the bullet penetrating the femoral artery.

I felt dreadfully sorry that he had been killed after the conflict was over, but mused that it might be some consolation to his family to know that though he was dead, he died in the last charge made by the Army of Northern Virginia.

While the officers held a consultation, the men stood around in groups hardly knowing what to think, being almost paralyzed at the disaster that had overtaken General Lee's Army. Many sun-burned faces were wet with tears. Who can wonder, for the sun was just setting and down with it went the hopes of the Southern people.

We reached Lynchburg in the early part of the evening where we found great confusion, and the Government warehouses, surrounded by crowds of men, women and children, both white and black, clamoring for the supplies which they contained. Upon reaching the Fair ground we went into camp until midnight, when we crossed to the north side of the James over the bridge.



JOHN RIDGELY,
COLOR-BEARER MARYLAND BATTALION, C. S. A



HERMAN HEIMHELLER,
Co. C, MARYLAND BATTALION.

When about half over I unbuckled my sabre from the saddle and threw it into the river. The next morning at daylight we were formed into line, when Colonel Dorsey informed us that it had been determined at yesterday's conference to disband the Cavalry for a short time. Acting upon that agreement we were now free to go where we pleased until April the 25th, when he would expect every man to meet him at the Cattle Scales in Augusta County, Va.

We broke ranks, when Ridgely stripped our beloved Flag from its staff and put it in his haversack,* the men scattering in every direction. A few of us rode to Amherst Court House where we got dinner, after which Ridgely and I proceeded north on the Charlottesville road through a drizzling rain, encamping along the road just where night overtook us.

The next morning we silently folded our small fly-tent, mounted our horses, when an old gentleman came along and kindly took us to his home and gave us breakfast.

We continued on our way in a thankful mood, arriving at Nelson Court House, where we found the place full of excited soldiers and citizens discussing the surrender and circulating all kinds of reports. Here Ridgely and I parted, he going towards Charlottesville while I headed for Augusta County without any fixed destination.

Being now alone with my thoughts, not knowing where to go or what to do with myself in the next fortnight, I began to realize that I was without friends and among strangers, who were sadly impoverished by four years of war. The more I thought the greater I was perplexed, when an unutterable feeling of loneliness entered my soul, producing the blackness of despair. The Blue Ridge laid in my path; soon I was among its hills and lost in its winding roads, with no habitation in sight, being entirely indifferent as to where they led, as all places would be the same when night overtook me.

* Note.—Ridgely carried the flag to Redlands, Albemarle County, and kept it in his possession until the Battalion assembled at the Cattle Scales. When the command was disbanded at Cloverdale, by vote of the officers and men, the flag was turned over to Colonel Dorsey. He gave it to a young lady in Nelson County, who subsequently married Judge Horsely of Nelson, and years ago she returned it to me and now it is at the Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Baltimore County, Maryland.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A young Mulatto came down the Mountain side and was very talkative as he jogged along at my horse's side. His conversation showed that he was familiar with the events of the past few days and was anxious to know if I thought the "Yankees" would soon be in the neighborhood. Although he tried to conceal his joy, I saw he was elated—and justly so. He greatly admired my Carbine, as it hung by my side, finally asking that I let him see if it was very heavy, and without thinking, I unslung the gun and handed it to him.

It was a breech loader. As he tried to adjust a shell in the barrel, I in a moment divined his motive and forcibly took the gun from him, clearly convinced that to his ignorance alone in the use of firearms I am now living and able to relate this incident.

I was now in Timber Ridge, a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountain. By the invitation of a little boy whom I met, I went with him to his home, where I remained all night. His mother was a widow, her husband having died in the army. Three children and a niece comprised the family. She owned fifteen acres of land in Deep Gully, through which ran a small stream called Hickory Creek. The house was a one-story log cabin, with a door and three windows; the whole ground floor was in one room, with a large fire-place at the west end, where the cooking for the family was done, which also furnished heat in the winter. At the other end was an open pair of steps which led to the attic, which was divided into two rooms, where the family slept. The next morning the Madam said: "You want a place to stay, and I need a horse to plow my corn patch." I accepted her proposition and the boys hitched "Bill" to a single shovel plow and commenced to scratch the ground.

"Bill" was a short coupled, bright bay, about 500 pounds, with a fine disposition. His face was very wide between the eyes, denoting much horse sense. He hated the Zip of a bullet and the screech of a shell almost as much as I did. He had learned to be very watchful, and when passing through the woods alone he kept his head moving from side to side, as though he expected a surprise, and would startle whenever a bird flew across his path.

For months he had been part of myself, and it almost broke my heart to see him in the plow. At first he protested by balking and refusing to pull, but "Mr. Man" was too much for him, and his good sense told him the easiest way was the best, and in due time his task was done.

I remained at my new home about twelve days, and although the widow was very poor, she was a refined and big-hearted lady and gave the best she had — corn bread, butter and sorghum.

From a gentleman in the neighborhood I had the loan of Fielding's and Goldsmith's works, which helped me to pass the time. On April the 23d information reached us of the assassination of President Lincoln and the assault on Mr. Seward, which no one believed.

The next morning I bade good bye to my new friends, leaving Miss Fannie in tears. When well on the road I met Lieut. Ditty and Private Johnson, both of my command. Together we crossed the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap, and upon reaching Waynesboro I left them and proceeded five miles further to our appointed

RENDEZVOUS,

where I found a number of our Boys had already assembled. By 10 o'clock the next morning nearly every member of the command was present, when Colonel Dorsey formed us in line and said: "General Munford has ordered me to meet him at Salem, Roanoke County, with my Battalion. From there we expect to proceed south and join General Jos. E. Johnston's Army. I want every man to feel that he is at liberty to do as he pleases. Those who are willing to accompany me will ride to the right and form into line."

Ridgely, in the meantime, had fastened our banner to a crude staff, under which every Marylander present rallied, and with Col. Dorsey at the head of the little band we moved forward, passing through Waynesboro, encamping for the night five miles south of the town.

At sunrise the march was resumed, reaching the Valley pike at Midway, and proceeded southward for three days and a half, passing through Staunton, Lexington and over the Natural Bridge.

We crossed the James river at Buchanan, reaching Cloverdale at noon on April the 29th, 1865. Spring was well advanced, covering the fields with a new crop of grass, upon which our horses fed, but the men had to rely on the generosity of the citizens for subsistence, which proved scant indeed.

Being now near General Munford's home we went into camp, while Colonel Dorsey rode to the General's house, finding him confined to his room by sickness, returning with the following address, which was read to the men by Lieut. Ditty:

" TO THE GALLANT BAND WHO CLAIM THIS SONG."

" Soldiers!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland.

The old line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland.

She is not dead, nor deaf nor dumb,
Huzza, she spurns the Northern scum,
She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come,
Maryland, my Maryland.

" You, my veteran friends, who have weathered the storm, may now sing your song with proud hearts. It once could be heard on every lip, but after the Maryland campaign it was discarded, and your gallant little band caught up another air:

" Light hearts we bore to Virginia's land,
The shadows fall o'er us, fast my boys,
We'll drain our cup with a steady hand,
We'll smile what e'er will be our fate, my boys,
Many of us may sleep, beneath Virginia's sod,
Many may go back to our homes, boys,
But the hearts that are true to their Country and God
Will report at the grand reveille, boys.

" This has been the spirit of the Maryland Battalion. Three years ago the chivalrous Brown joined my old command with twenty-three men. Yes! twenty-three Maryland volunteers, with light hearts and full of fight. If they had a care, a trouble, or a wish, it was to whip the Yankees. They increased so

rapidly that the Captain reminded me of the old woman who lived in her shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do, and all she wanted was elbow room.

"As they grew in numbers their reputation and friends increased. They were soon too numerous to remain with me and able to take care of themselves. It was here I learned to admire, to respect and love them for all the qualities which endeared soldiers to their officers. I tell you now, when I see you standing high above all other soldiers and alone, that my heart swells with pride to think that your course, so bright and glorious, was linked in a small degree with my old regiment. Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every man of this proud old command and tell them how well you have represented your State and our cause.

"But the people of Virginia will not forget you. The fame you have won in after years will be guarded by old Virginia with the pride she feels in her own true sons. You have fought the good fight, and the few remaining members of this old command and of Co. 'K' might well say:

"When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one that treads alone,
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, and garland dead,
 And all but me departed.

"But it was enough for them to remember:

"The Despot's heel, is on thy shore,
 Maryland, my Maryland,
 His touch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland, my Maryland.

"When they fell it was sweet to know they were striking for loved ones at home, and I trust they have gone to a brighter and happier one. It becomes us now to separate, but the ties which so long have bound us together will not be forgotten for-

ever. They will live in memory and in after years will revive amidst our joys and dangers, and whenever we meet we may say this is my old and familiar friend.

"The cause is not dead. I feel sure the great battle is yet to be fought. I have ordered the old brigade to remain at home and be ready, and whenever and wherever we are called I know the gallant Colonel Dorsey and his braves will rally again, and though Virginia and Maryland are now overpowered, we will yet join hands and fling our glorious battle flags to the breeze as the emblems of their majesty and strength.

"In conclusion, let me urge upon you to remain quiet and keep your armor lurnished. *You who struck the first blow in Baltimore and the last in Virginia* have done all that could be asked of you.

"Had the rest of our officers and men adhered to our cause with the same devotion, to-day we would have been free from the Yankees. May the God of battles bless you. With many thanks for your generous support and a hearty God bless you, I bid you farewell.

"THOMAS T. MUNFORD,

"Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

"Cloverdale, Botetourt County, Va.,

"April the 29th, 1865."

DISCHARGE.

Cloverdale Botetourt Co Va
April 29th 1865

The bearer Private J. R. Stonebrakes
Co "C" 1st Md Cav having done his duty
faithfully to the present time is permit-
ted to go where he pleases until called for
L. H. Dorsey
Lt. Col. Comd'g 1st Md Cav.



JOHN H. HAGER,
COL. C. MARYLAND BATTALION.



THOMAS SHERVIN,
CO. K, MARYLAND PATRIOTS

The Colonel now took each man by the hand, bidding them an affectionate farewell. Hager, Shervin, and I concluded to keep together and headed for Maryland.

When near Fincastle, a gentleman whom we met invited us to accompany him to his home. A shower overtook us, and by the time we reached his home we were thoroughly drenched. Our condition excited his wife's pity, who was exceedingly gracious in her manner, making us feel at home.

He was a large land owner, and as there was a report in circulation that Marylanders would not be allowed to return to their homes he offered to employ several of us about his place until we could ascertain how matters stood. We had faced danger too often to be frightened by rumor, and declined his offer with thanks.

The next morning I gave him my carbine, when we mounted our horses and rode slowly down the pike, halting at the Natural Bridge, viewing that most wonderful freak of nature.

Tradition has it that George Washington, the father of Rebels, in his youth had visited and cut his name high up on the side of the arch. While examining the hundreds of names the thought flashed through my mind, perhaps his feet had rested on the same spot upon which I stood.

The main road passes over the top of the bridge, the arch being almost perfect in shape, and is formed of solid limestone. The center of the arch is over 200 feet from the bed of Cedar Creek, through which it runs, emptying into James river several miles below, furnishing power for a Grist Mill which was then operated by a relative of mine and a descendant of the Schäfers.

Night found us at Gibson's Mill, Mr. Henry Locher giving us a hearty welcome. Here we found several other Marylanders, where we all remained for four days. I fished in the James while the boys had a jolly time drinking Apple Jack. The liquor soon gave out, when one of the party scoured the country for more, and traded two barrels of flour for ten gallons of red hot Apple Jack just from the still.

On May the 5th, Hager, Grove, Shervin, Norris, and I took up the march for home. Just before we reached Lexington we visited "Stonewall Jackson's" grave. While passing through the town I met Capt. Estell, who informed me that Capt. Stone-

braker, after the surrender, left Appomattox for Maryland, going via Richmond.

We encamped along the road seven miles north of Lexington. A Mrs. Gibson gave us our breakfast, and upon reaching Staunton Tom Shervin left the party. Here we learned that the Federals were advancing up the Valley.

We encamped for the night on Col. Harman's place, going to sleep on empty stomachs. We continued on down the Valley, passing through Mount Sidney, and reaching Mount Crawford just as the people were going to Church, the ladies looking charming in their newly-starched calicoes—a sight which always causes a soldier's heart to beat quicker.

Just north of the town Mrs. Brown gave us something to eat, the first we had since yesterday morning. We reached Harrisonburg about 4 p. m., and passing a few miles beyond met the advance guard of the Federals, and waiting until the Provost Marshal pitched his tent, when we formally surrendered and received the following evidence of renewed citizenship:

Head Quarters Army of the Shenandoah,

OFFICE PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL,

Harrisonburg, *May 5th*
WENDELL, VA., 1865.

I, *J. B. Stoubraker*
OF *Co "C" 1st Ind Caval*

C. S. Army, do hereby give this my Parole of Honor, that I will not take up arms against the United States Government until I am regularly exchanged. And that if I am permitted to remain at my home I will conduct myself as a good and peaceable citizen, and will respect the laws in force where I reside, and will do nothing to the detriment of, or in opposition to the United States Government.

J. B. Stoubraker

DESCRIPTION:

Age, *21*..... Height, *5-11/2*..... Complexion, *Light*
Hair, *Brown*..... Eyes, *Blue*

Sworn to and subscribed before me,

this, *5th*..... day of *May*..... 1865.

Mark Poole

PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL.

We all rode the McClellan saddle, which had been captured from the Federals. After signing our Parole we were told that we would be expected to leave in camp any Government property that we may have, such as saddles and bridles. The thought of being compelled to ride bare-back for more than a hundred miles before reaching our destination was simply out of the question. We had left our horses outside of the camp while going through the form of surrendering, and on our return we exchanged views and determined to keep our saddles. Fortunately the Federals were busy getting their camp in order, and taking advantage of the bustle we mounted our horses and put off at a brisk gait, expecting every moment to be followed by a squad of soldiers. In our haste we did not notice that Alex. Norris had remained behind, but after being well on the road he overtook us riding bare-back. We were much incensed that he had not done as we did, and refused to allow him to accompany us any further.

I am now free to confess that we treated him too harshly. At the time we thought he played the coward, but I have often since thought that he, in complying with the order, saved us from the consequences of our foolhardy act by leading the Federals to believe that he was the only one of the party who had a Government saddle.

Soon after leaving Staunton we found much difficulty in getting something to eat, but our horses were literally in clover.

Hager was the possessor of a ten-dollar gold piece, which had secured us a number of meals on the route, and was still intact.

A day was assigned to each member of the party as forager. One day I was met by an old lady at her door, and when I made my wants known, she replied promptly, "No, indeed, we are entirely eaten out." When I explained that we were not begging, but would pay her in gold, she agreed to furnish breakfast at fifty cents a head. In due time we were invited in and sat down to a table loaded down with good things. Such a meal as we had not seen for months, and no doubt our famished condition made it appear much better than it really was. I felt as though I would never get satisfied. Hager and I quit, leaving Grove still eating. Finally Hager said, "Tom, will you never get enough?" when the old lady replied, "My boy, just you eat as long as it tastes good to you."



THOS. H. GROVE,
CO. C, MARYLAND BATTALION.

When I gave her the ten-dollar gold piece her face was a study, as the expression of pleasure and surprise that lit up her countenance soon followed by a shadow of doubt as she said, "I am afraid I can't change this." She went up stairs, remaining quite a time, and from the sound of her movements we concluded she was collecting together sums of money, evidently hidden in various places.

Selfishness is the predominating passion of the human race, and it is needless for me to say we were delighted when she was unable to change our Eagle.

We continued on down the Valley, grazing our horses just north of New Market. By the time we reached Mount Jackson it was raining furiously and continued all night to pour in torrents, making the night we spent in the woods south of Edinburg very disagreeable.

The next morning we met a squadron of Federal Cavalry moving up the Valley. We passed through Middletown and grazed our horses on the battle field of Cedar Creek. Night found us in Newtown, remaining over night with "Aunt Mary," noted for her kindness to all soldiers from Maryland.

The next day being May the 10th, and stimulated by the thought of soon being with friends, we were on the move bright and early. We passed the first picket post a short distance beyond the town, having our Paroles examined. Upon reaching Winchester we were surprised at the stir on the business streets and the display of wares everywhere to be seen, presenting a vast difference from Confederate times.

We passed through Brucetown, and Smithfield, and upon reaching Leetown we separated, Hager and Grove going to Colonel Heith's, while I moved towards the Potomac. At Kerneysville Lieut. King from Hagerstown had charge of the Provost Marshal's office, where I was required to register my name. He treated me very courteously, preventing the guard from taking my saddle and asking about the boys from his section. A few miles further took me to my old friend Keplinger just in time to get a good supper, after which I pushed on, arriving in Shepherdstown about sunset, stopping at Uncle Daniel S. Rentch's.

Here I found Captain Stonebraker staying with friends until he could plan for the future, a problem hard to solve, being without a dollar and a wife and three children to support. As he had loaned me the money to purchase my horse I was only too glad to give "Bill" to him, and in a few days he sold him to Mr. Adams, who hitched him to the mail coach that ran between Shepherdstown and Kerneysville, the Captain being \$1.50 better off in this world's goods; as for myself I did not have a cent.

In a few days father and mother came to see me, as the feeling was so bitter against ex-Confederates in Maryland. I arranged to help Uncle about the general store which he was operating. Later on he purchased a store at Kerneysville, when I was sent there as an assistant.

IN THE MESHES.

In the following month of August the ex-Confederates held a reunion picnic at Spaw's Spring, a few miles from Kerneysville, where a vast crowd had assembled from Jefferson and Berkeley Counties. The Rebels had cast off their faded "Butternut," and were arrayed in store clothes, protected by the linen "duster," the then prevailing fad.

A large platform had been erected, upon which both old and young enjoyed themselves "tripping the light fantastic toe," to the music made by, as Uncle Remus would say, "some er deze yer ole-time Ferginny fiddlers funn away back yander; one er dem ar kinder fiddlers w'at can't git the chune down fine, 'less dey pats der foot."

How beautiful and charming the girls looked in their white and delicate colored dresses as they strolled through the woods by the side of the Rebels, whose sun-burned faces were radiant with smiles. Now that

"Grim-Visag'd war hath sooth'd his wrinkled front."

A little Northern girl in a corn colored gown, with a big straw "flat" tied under her chin, making a scoop shape hat, beneath which sparkled a pair of jet black eyes completely captivated me.

This is her picture. Time has frosted her raven locks, but has failed to dim the lustre of her eye or chill her heart. Al-



MRS. MARY B. STONEBRAKER.

The wife of Jos. R. Stonebraker



SOME OF THE BEAUTIES THAT GRACED THE REUNION PICNIC.
SPAWS SPRING



JUSTICE.

though a Pennsylvanian by birth, and her home "Bonnie Brook" was within the roar of the guns of the battle of Gettysburg, she is now a member of a Maryland Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

RECONSTRUCTION.

What Confederate that does not remember with indignation and horror the reconstruction period, "when de bottom rail was on de top?"

During the War when the State of West Virginia was forcibly carved from the Mother of States, Jefferson County became one of its ribs and Shepherdstown was made the County seat.

The most important event of the town in the summer of '65 was the session of the court, held by Judge B——, which was a travesty on justice.

This sketch was made by Col. A. R. Boteler, representing the old Judge going from his boarding house to the Town Hall, which was then used as the Court House. He always took the middle of the street, under the protection of a cotton umbrella — a most comical sight.

Although the picture was intended as a caricature, it was readily recognized by the Judge's wife, who exclaimed, "Why, dear, I never saw you in that suit of clothes!" The old man replied, "Why, wife, don't you see I am too big for my breeches!"

I remained in Virginia until fall, then went to my parents' home in Washington County, where I spent the winter, notwithstanding the threats of some of my good Union friends, that I would not be permitted to remain, and came to Baltimore, in May 1866.

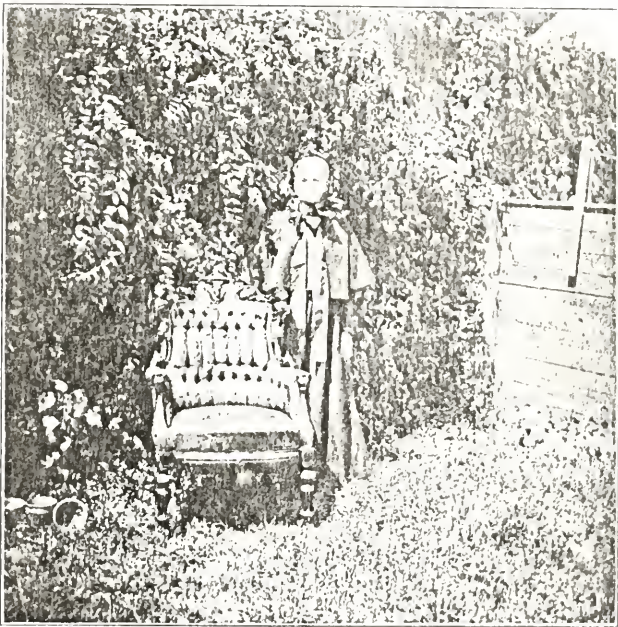
APPENDIX No. 1.

The writer is indebted to A. S. Brendle, Esq., for a copy of the following record of the German Reformed Church at Schaefferstown:

"On May the 9th, 1764, a son was born to John Schaeffer and wife, to whom the name John was given in Holy baptism, May the 27th, eodem anno. The sponsors were Alexander Schaeffer and wife."

" January 12th, 1766, a son was born to John Schaeffer and wife, to whom the name of John Henry was given in Holy baptism on January the 19th, eodem anno. The sponcers were Geo. Schwengel and wife."

George Schwengel and wife followed John Schäffer and family to Maryland where the name became anglicized to Swingley; he became the head of the family of that name in Western Maryland.



MRS. ANNIE ROSINA JOHNSON.

