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Magazine of the

Jefferson County Historical Society

Volume LIX
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Magazine of the JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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'No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the present who is ignorant of the past, and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

"History by apprizing them of their past will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations; it will qualify them as judges of the actions and designs of man; it will enable them to know ambition under every disguise it may assume, and, knowing it, to defeat its views."

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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Organized May 21, 1927
Post Office Box 485
Charles Town, West Virginia 25414

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PUBLICATIONS

One copy of the Magazine is mailed to each person holding a paid membership. Until the publication of next year's Magazine, members may purchase additional copies for $4.00 each; order these from William H. Wilson, Box 716, Charles Town. Original volumes or facsimile reproductions are available to all persons at $5.00 per Magazine; quantity discounts are allowed. Mr. Wilson also has available copies of *Prominent Men of Shepherdstown* for $10.00 each, mailed, *Old Norborne Parish (1744-1816)* for $5.00 each, mailed, *The Washington Homes of Jefferson County* for $10.00 each, mailed, Michael D. Thompson, *Calendar and Index to Recorded Plats in the Jefferson County, West Virginia (Virginia), Courthouse, 1801-1901* for $25.00 each, mailed, and *Between The Shenandoah And The Potomac: Historic Homes of Jefferson County, West Virginia*, for $45.00 each, mailed.

Recollections of Richard D. Rutherford

Edited by Cecil D. Eby

This memoir of Charlestown during the Civil War years was originally published serially in *The Spirit of Jefferson* between April 1 and June 24, 1948. Because few copies are now extant (and even the existence of the memoir has been largely forgotten) it is now republished in a more enduring format. While some portions of it are based upon hearsay or culled from secondary sources (and are therefore of less historical value) most of the narrative comes directly from impressions of an adolescent boy keenly interested in watching the war unfold from his house at the eastern verge of Washington Street.

Richard D. Rutherford (1849-1923) was the son of Thomas (1807-1870) and Mary E. Rutherford (1815-1886). The family figured prominently in the early history of Charlestown. A Rutherford had served on the first board of trustees of the town; another had been a trustee of the Charlestown Academy when it was founded in 1795. Thomas Rutherford was a director of the Bank of the Valley and in 1858 built a house, described by the *Virginia Free Press* as "not large but arranged for convenience," on the lot on the south side of Washington Street bounded by Church Street and the alley later known as Seminary. (Today it is a bed-and-breakfast establishment.) He had four daughters, all of whom married Jefferson Countians: Sarah M. (1836-1918) married John W. Kennedy; Ellen D. (1840-1929) married Cleon Moore; Drusilla D. (1845-1890) married William B. Packette; and Mary (1847-1937) married Archibald H. Aisquith. In addition to Richard there was another son Thomas Jr. (1850-1880), who lived with his mother. (In 1873 Cleon and Ellen Moore built the house next door to her mother, at the southeast corner of Washington and Church Streets.)

Only sixteen at Appomattox, Richard had been too young to serve in the Civil War, but he was keenly interested in military affairs and always proud that he had attended V.M.I. during

Robert E. Lee's presidency. After college, he returned to live in Charlestown, where he married Elizabeth D. Forrest. In 1889, after the death of both his parents, he settled in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and later moved on to Denver. He died in 1923 at the age of seventy-four in the Indianapolis home of his son, Richard, Jr.

The location of the original manuscript is unknown. Nor is it known how it made its way to the office of *The Spirit of Jefferson.* It is published here with omissions as noted and with footnotes added by the present editor. It is a finely honed mixture of patriotism without rancor, often garnished with pathos and humor.

* * * * *

Although more than sixty years have passed since the Civil War began, at the request of my children, I am jotting down some of the recollections of the exciting times I experienced as a boy in Charlestown (then Virginia) in the Shenandoah Valley—random memories beginning with the John Brown raid at Harpers Ferry, October 16 [1859], down to the close of the War when our beloved General Robert E. Lee surrendered his noble band of eight thousand weary and starving Rebels to the one hundred and thirty thousand well-fed and clothed Union troops at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. What I state are such absolute facts as they came directly under my own observation or from the common knowledge of those with whom my family and I talked as the events occurred.

The people throughout the Shenandoah Valley were among the best and most prosperous in the State of Virginia, owning large estates and with many slaves—all well treated. I know of untold instances where slaves, after being given their freedom, asked to remain at their old homes with their old masters—continuing to say "Marse George" of "Miss Mary" just as if they were still in slavery. When death came to any of them, they were buried on the farms where their lives were spent. Even to this day, many of those Negro burying lots are still cared for by the owners.

On October 16, 1859, we were all startled by the sound of drum and fife. Investigating, as it was unusual except on patriotic days, we saw the drummer and fifer marching up and down the street. As the crowd gathered, we were told that a man named Captain Smith, with some ten or twelve men, had taken possession of the government property, the arsenal, at Harpers Ferry and had as prisoners many of the citizens of the town! They were shooting at anyone who came in sight of his fort, which was the

engine house in the Arsenal Yard!

We could hardly believe this could be true. It was Colonel Lewis Washington's overseer, who first brought the news.[1] Some of our citizens wanted to have him locked up in the jail—he must certainly be crazy! But the first news being soon confirmed by other arrivals from the Ferry, we had to believe it. The militia company from our town soon got under arms and started for Harpers Ferry. There they were joined by other troops from Shepherdstown, Martinsburg, and Winchester—in fact, from every town in the lower valley. In a short time there was quite a display of soldiers, and so stationed that every avenue of escape was guarded. The government at Washington had been notified, and soon two companies of Marines, under Lieutenant [Israel] Green, arrived with Colonel Robert E. Lee, who took command. With him, as aide, came Lieutenant J.E.B. Stuart. All arrived during the night.

As soon as it was daybreak, Colonel Lee sent Stuart with a flag of truce to demand of Captain Smith that he surrender. Stuart met Smith at the engine house door and stated his orders. Smith proposed that he be allowed to march onto the bridge, where he would turn his prisoners loose and then escape into the mountains. Stuart looked at him and said: "Your name is not Smith—you are old Brown." Brown replied: "Yes, and you are 'Jeb' Stuart." Stuart had captured him during the Kansas war and knew him well.

Stuart returned and told Colonel Lee, and as it was useless to talk to the zealot, the Marines were ordered to storm the building, and in a very short time it was all over. Brown and his seven men were captured. Several others who were with him were either killed or escaped. One who tried to escape was O.P. Anderson, who, Brown later told my father, was killed in the river.[2] My brother-in-law, John Kennedy, got his rifle and brought it home. It had O.P.A. cut in the cap-box in the butt. I became the proud owner of this and kept it for many years, but it was lost some years ago.

Brown and his men were turned over to the State of Virginia for trial and, having made this raid in Jefferson County, he and his seven men were brought immediately to Charlestown, the county seat, and confined in the county jail.

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[1] Colonel Lewis Washington, who lived at "Beallair," just outside Halltown, had been taken the night before, along with other citizens of the vicinity, as a hostage and held by John Brown in the engine house of the Armory, where Brown made his last resistance.

[2] Rutherford is in error here. Brown had more than seven men. Moreover, Oliver P. Anderson, a Negro, was one of the five raiders who escaped to the North.

I remember vividly the night they were brought in on the Winchester train and my boyish relief when they were all safely behind the bars. The Jefferson Guards, under the command of Captain Rowan, were left to guard them.[3] As all sorts of reports were circulated that Brown's friends were coming to rescue them, pickets were posted all around the town and no one was allowed to come or go unless they were well known. So positive were these rumors of rescue that many State troops were stationed in the town until all were tried and executed.

These troops had no provision for feeding themselves, so it was arranged for the citizens to feed them. I know twenty of them used to march to our house three times a day for their meals, and my mother and sisters would wait on them.[4] These were boys from the Richmond Grays, and as we always had the same ones, we made many friends among them. The picket post was at our corner on the Harpers Ferry pike and every night about ten o'clock we took them hot coffee and rolls. Often the nights were cold and this was a great comfort to them.

Brown and his men were all tried and convicted of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves to incite rebellion, and for murder in the first degree. My father, Thomas Rutherford, was foreman of the grand jury which indicted them. George Wiltshire was foreman of the trial jury. My father was also one of three appointed by the Governor of Virginia to inspect the jail every day as an additional check to any attempts to escape. I went in with him many times and saw Brown sitting in his cell—also all the others. Mrs. Brown was allowed to visit her husband a day or two before he was hanged. [Turner] Ashby's company took a carriage for her to Harpers Ferry and escorted her to Charlestown where she was allowed in his cell. She stayed with him for several hours and was then escorted back to Harpers Ferry, where she stayed at a hotel until after the execution, when his body was delivered to her there.[5]

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[3] Captain John Rowan, a Charlestown mason, had commanded the local contingent of volunteers during the Mexican War, and he led the Jefferson Guards (Company A, 2nd Virginia Infantry) at First Manassas. Wounded in the ankle he performed only garrison duties during the remainder of the war. In 1872 he died in Charlestown, a poor man.

[4] The Rutherford house still stands in Charlestown at the southwest corner of Washington and Seminary Streets. In 1887 it was sold to George Washington (subsequently mayor of Charlestown), who added the wide front porch. For pictures of the house dating from the war period see James E. Taylor, *With Sheridan Up The Shenandoah Valley In 1864* (Cleveland, 1989), pp. 244 & 353.

[5] Other sources say that Mrs. Brown stayed in Maryland, having refused to sleep in the State of Virginia.

Notwithstanding all the precaution and watchfulness exercised while these men were confined, two of them, Cook and Coppic [Coppoc] did succeed in cutting their way out through the brick wall of the jail. However, this was at the back where the yard was enclosed by a high brick wall, so they found themselves within this enclosure. Nothing daunted, however, and desperate, they climbed the water pipe by the jail and got on top of the wall. There they were discovered by a guard on the outside, who opened fire. A bullet cut through Cook's hat. Both were driven to jump back into the jailyard, where they were recaptured and put back in jail.

John Brown was hanged on December 2, 1859 in the morning. I was sitting on a wall fence back of the Episcopal Church and saw him executed.[6] (The exact spot was in the yard of my brother-in-law's home, William Packette, known as Gibson's place.)[7] Cook and Coppic were hanged two weeks later, in March. Stevens was so badly wounded he could not be tried until later.[8]

I have read books of the Brown raid and his trial and execution, by some who claimed to have been there. One of them evidently drew quite a bit on his imagination. He stated that Brown came out of the jail, picked up little colored children standing on the steps and kissed them! This is not true. There were no colored children there! The nearest colored people were across the street, and those very few.[9] Brown came out with Sheriff Campbell and John Avis, the jailer. His arms were tied behind him as he walked directly to the wagon. He was helped in and took his seat on his coffin which was already in the wagon. George Sadler, the undertaker, Louis Starry, and Sheriff [James W.] Campbell occupied the wagon seat.[10]

[6] The wall from which Tom Rutherford watched the hanging still remains on the south side of the Zion churchyard, but at that time there were no houses in this great open stretch which only after the Civil War was developed as "Hunter's Addition."

[7] This house was, of course, built by Colonel John Gibson only many years after the Civil War. At the time of the execution the scaffold stood on a treeless field.

[8] Rutherford has forgotten the other executions: the Negroes Shields Green and John A. Copeland, who preceded Cook and Coppoc on December 16; and Albert Hazlett, hanged with Stevens on March 16, 1860.

[9] This story has been conclusively scotched. See affidavit of jailer John Avis in Millard K. Bushong, *History of Jefferson County* (1872), p. 565-7, and the articles by Cecil Eby, "John Brown's Kiss" in *Virginia Cavalcade*, IX (Autumn, 1961), pp. 42-47 and "Whittier's 'Brown of Ossawatomie,'" in *New England Quarterly*, XXXIII (December, 1960), 452-461.

[10] George Sadler owned an undertaking business and furniture store on the west side of the jail (corner of Washington and George streets). After the war he built the building still known as the "Sadler Block." Dr. Louis Starry was a well-known physician of the period whose task was to certify Brown's death.

As soon as they were seated, the wagon started for the place of execution, about a half mile south of town. Troops were drawn up around the field and near the scaffold. As they were driving into the field, Mr. Sadler said to Brown: "Captain Brown, I believe you are less nervous than any of us." Brown replied, "There is nothing to be nervous about. I am not at all so."

Arriving at the scaffold, the wagon stopped, Brown stood up and looking around at the country, finally said, "My, but this is a beautiful country." Turning his eye in the direction of Harpers Ferry, he saw Captain Ashby's company of cavalry drawn up about a mile away. He looked intently at them for a moment, thinking possibly his friends were there to rescue him; for everyone thought at this time that some such attempt might be made. Then realizing the situation, he said to Sheriff Campbell, "Hurry up. Make short work of it." The rope was arranged, the black cap adjusted. The sheriff came down the steps of the scaffold. The signal was given, the rope cut, the body swung and in a few moments it was over. John Brown was dead.

It has been stated that there was cheering. That is false. Everything was done quietly. It was as though it were a funeral of one of our own people quiet and awesome. In a few minutes after he was pronounced dead, Brown's body was taken down, placed in the coffin, the usual examinations made, placed in the wagon, and with an escort of soldiers, taken to Harpers Ferry and delivered to his wife and some friends awaiting it there.

I saw all the others hanged, but even as a young boy, nothing excited me as did the hanging of Brown himself awesome as such things are. The two Negroes had sold or given their bodies to the medical students at Winchester, who were on hand to receive them the day they were executed. The bodies were taken from scaffold to the colored graveyard and buried. After the graves were filled, they were turned over to the students, who opened the graves and took the bodies to Winchester.[11]

The hangings now were all over, the troops returned to their homes. I was sorry to see them leave, as boy-like, I loved the excitment of those historic days. Some weeks later my mother received some very beautiful silver from the Richmond Grays we used to feed, in token of their

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[11] These were Green and Copeland. the Negro graveyard was located at the uppermost hilltop in Charles Town, where the standpipe now stands, just west of Seminary Street. Whether the Winchester medical students paid for the bodies or just took them is unknown. In any case, who would have claimed them? Other bodies had been collected after the fight at Harpers Ferry by the medical students.

appreciation. This ended the John Brown raid—the immediate events, if not its effect. From then on hundreds of fiery speeches were made by slave sympathizers in the North and the Southern people began to realize that war was inevitable. The Harpers Ferry raid marked the beginning of bitter feeling which was before long to crystallize in the firing on Sumter and rend the North and South for many years.

We lived through the exciting times of the next year as quietly as we could. Mr. Lincoln was elected President and gave his ideas on slavery, but making it plain that he would resist any attempt to disrupt the Union. but sensing the inevitable, companies of troops were organized all about and drilled for service all through the south. Five companies were raised in our County and every preparation made to resist any attempt of the Administration to carry out its plans to free the slaves.[12]

South Carolina was the first State to declare herself, but others soon joined her and recalled their Representatives as they heralded to the country that they would resist and attempt to free their slaves—standing on the right of each State to government itself. Virginia felt the same way, but her people were in hopes that war could be averted. I know many of our people were strong union sympathizers. My father, himself, was a strong Union man until Fort Sumter was fired on. He then declared himself for Secession and said he would go with his State, right or wrong![13]

Mr. Lincoln called on Virginia for her portion of seventy-five thousand troops to put down the rebellion. Our State troops, instead of responding to Mr. Lincoln's call, began to assemble at Harpers Ferry right on the border to protect the State from invasion. Colonel Jackson (later the renowned "Stonewall") was set there to take command. Later, General Joe Johnston was put in command and the Virginia troops organized into a Brigade with

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[12] The manpower contribution of Jefferson County to the Confederacy was impressive, consisting of five companies of infantry and five of cavalry, not to mention countless Jefferson Countians who joined regiments elsewhere. For rosters of the local companies, see Bushong, pp. 512-30l.

[13] Both Logan Osburn and Alfred M. Barbour, the two delegates from Jefferson sent to the convention in Richmond called to debate the secession issue in the spring of 1861, went as pro-Union supporters. The convention voted against secession early April, but after Lincoln's call for troops to put down the South Carolina rebellion, an Ordinance of Secession was passed by the Virginians. The Rutherfords, like perhaps a majority of Jefferson Countians, felt they should support their state rather than the national government. Young Rutherford's summary of his father's politics is somewhat oversimplified. According to the *Virginia Free Press*, in August of 1860 Thomas Rutherford initially supported John Breckinridge for the presidency—in effect, the secession candidate.

Jackson as its commander. This was the beginning of the famous brigade which became immortal at the First Battle of Bull Run as the Stonewall Brigade. In that battle, General Bee, as his own brigade was being forced to retreat, called to his men, "Rally behind the Virginians! Look at Jackson's men—standing like a stone wall!"

My sister had raised money and presented to the Second Virginia regiment of that Brigade a handsome Virginia State Flag. This was their Brigade flag in this battle. (Later, it was sent back to my sister and is now possessed by my son, F. S. Rutherford, of Denver.)

General Jackson began at once to drill his brigade and fit them for the long marches and fighting which he saw they would have to endure. General Johnston remained at Harpers Ferry getting his troops organized and ready to meet any attempt to invade the State. Jackson's Brigade was sent to watch the movements of the enemy near Martinsburg. General Johnston finally moved his troops to Winchester as the Union Army was preparing to cross at Harpers Ferry under command of General Patterson and marched to Charlestown.

I will never forget my feelings at the first sight of the Yankees. I had been very sick in bed for some time and was only ten years old. I remember the day as though it were only yesterday.

My sister came rushing into the room where my mother was with me and cried, "The Yankees are coming!" I looked out of the window and there on the hill a hundred yards away were some ten or more men in blue uniform. Just in front of our house were several young men from our county, who belonged to Captain Baylor's company of cavalry, shooting at them.

My sister had the window up calling to them, "Run, boys! They will catch you." For we could see over the hill that many more Yankees were coming. I was frightened, never having seen a Yankee soldier before and thinking of them as some sort of desperate creatures who would kill us all. We, or course, had no idea of what they would do. But in a little while, my father came in and got us quieted down and by this time the Yankees were in front of our house and the Baylor boys had all gone. The Yankees rode through the town but did not disturb anyone. Just seemed to be looking around and in a short time retraced their steps and returned to Harpers Ferry. My father said it was just a scouting party but that we would see more of them in a few days. Shortly after, General [Robert] Patterson did advance with his army and camped around the town. They stayed with us

for some time. Many of them came to the house for water and often asked for something to eat, which we always gave if we had anything left! I got pretty well acquainted with many of them and found some really good fellows among them. Later, I often went with them to their camp and visited with them nearly all day.

General Patterson made his headquarters at Mr. Hunter's house,[14] but as there was not enough room for all of his staff, one of them, a Captain Phillips, asked if he could have a room at our house, so that he could be near, so we gave him a room. The next day he brought a soldier with him and gave orders to allow no one to trespass or disturb the property. We fixed a bed in the wash-house in the yard for the guard, where he was comfortable and able to get out at any time to look after the property. These two stayed with us all the time the Yankees were there. I recall that Captain Phillips made a trip to Baltimore while he was with us, and as he was leaving he called to my sisters, "Well, girls, I am going to the City so if you want any hoop skirts or corsets I can get them for you." but no order was given!

The Yankees had a patrol that marched up and down the streets every night. No lights were allowed after ten o'clock. My Aunt Nancy Douglass from St. Louis was staying with us at the time. One night the lamp was burning in her room when the patrol passed. They called, "Lights out!" So Aunt Nancy picked up the lamp and held it outside the window at them. They all laughed and told her to turn it out. "Well," she said, "you told me 'Lights out' so I thought you wanted it outside."

The night of July 21 was rather exciting as the First Battle of Bull Run was fought that day; but General Patterson knew nothing of it until near midnight. Immediately he commenced sending orders to every part of the camp—orders to retreat at once, as Washington was in danger. One officer, rushing down the street, was halted by the patrol, and he yelled, "Will you halt a man when the enemy is at his heels?" We knew now something was up. The army started for Harpers Ferry that night and by daylight there was not a Yankee in sight. Captain Phillips told my father of their defeat at Bull Run and that the Rebs were moving on Washington.

It was a desolate looking country that we looked over the next

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[14] "Hunter's Hill," the home of Andrew Hunter, on the eastern edge of Charlestown. Hunter, a local politician for many decades, represented Jefferson in the Confederate Congress. His house was later burned by his cousin, Union General David Hunter, who briefly occupied Charlestown in the summer of 1864.

morning—the large army of troops leaving, it looked quite dilapidated. Fences were all burned and trash heaped everywhere.

Mr. Sadler, who was the undertaker in Charlestown, went to his shop back of his place the next morning and found the dead body of Mr. Frank Butler lying on some board outside. Butler had been killed in the battle and some comrade had brought in his body during the night and left it where he knew it would be found.[15]

We were free of the Yankees for awhile and except for scouting parties from Harpers Ferry, which came every day or so, we were in comparative quiet. Then our boys came to visit the home folks. Baylor's company of cavalry began to make almost daily visits—often going below town looking for the enemy Yanks. These scouting parties would often meet and clash, but nothing in the nature of a real battle took place. General Johnston had left a small force of cavalry at Winchester to watch General Patterson and than taken his main command to Manassas for First Bull Run before General Patterson knew he had left the Valley. We would look every day for either Rebs or Yankees—often had both—and their quick skirmishes kept us to a constant state of excitement, but we soon got accustomed to them and rather liked the entertainment. If a day or so passed without seeing or hearing of them we felt that something was wrong.

Baylor's company was composed of young men from our town and the surrounding county—farmers and their sons, schoolmates, cousins, all knowing each other and many close friends. Boys left school and fought side by side all through the war. They knew every foot of the country and their horses were the finest to be found anywhere all trained to jump any kind of fence. A Yankee officer told my father one day, "We just can't catch them. Our horses are not as good and not trained to jump fences as theirs are. They are fine riders and just as we think we've got them, over the fence they go like deer." These young fighters would often go to their homes or with friends to spend the night. The darkies would put their horses away and then keep watch for the Yankees so none of them were caught. The Negroes were, as a rule, very loyal and faithful in this way.

The Union Army, under General Banks, before long crossed the Potomac again and moved on to Charlestown, so we were in for many more

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[15] Francis G. Butler, a forty-year-old farmer of Jefferson County had been a member of Company G, Second Virginia Infantry (Bott's Greys), one of its three men killed at Bull Run. See Dennis E. Fry, *Second Virginia Infantry* (Lynchburg, 1984), p. 87.

visits from the Yankees.[16] We found them pretty good fellows, however, and made many friends among them. General Banks made his headquarters also at Mr. Hunter's house and one of his staff, a Captain Shriver, had a room at our house. He also sent a soldier, Jack White, to guard the property. A very nice and decent fellow, so he had his meals with the family and stayed with us even after the army advance to Winchester. General Banks, the day he left, sent his headquarters wagons off early in the morning, expecting to leave soon himself, but being delayed until night, my father told Captain Shriver to invite the General and his staff over to supper with us. The invitation was accepted and was very much appreciated by them if judged by the way they ate and their thanks afterward. They left about nine o'clock and rode to Winchester that night.

One company was left in town as a guard and to protect property they had left—and of course to keep their communications open to Harpers Ferry. The railroad had been destroyed and supplies for the army had to be transported from Harpers Ferry to Winchester by wagons.[17] These trains would often pass through early in the morning and continue all day long. I never in my life saw as many wagons and mules. In a few days, they would return for more supplies.

I used to visit with the men who were around the Provost Marshal's office almost every day and found them pretty good fellows. They used to call me the Little Reb and I called them Yankees, but we got along nicely together.

General Banks' stay up the Valley did not last long, for Stonewall Jackson got after him and he made a rapid movement down and did not stop until he crossed the Potomac, some of his force above Martinsburg and some at Harpers Ferry. I remember those who passed through Charlestown were in straggling groups of two or three and scattered all through the country, discarding guns, blankets, or anything that seemed to retard their hurried flight.

One morning we were all sitting at the breakfast table and suddenly heard shooting on skirmish lines getting closer and closer. Poor Jack White

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[16] General Nathaniel Banks' army crossed the Potomac in late February, 1862, and thus began his ill-fated Valley Campaign.

[17] This refers to the Winchester and Potomac Railroad between Harpers Ferry and Winchester, and not to the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio running through the county. The latter was kept open throughout the war.

was about through and got up and started to go—but my father told him to finish as the Rebs should not take him. In a few minutes some of our boys, with Jackson's line, came around the house. some looked in the window and called out, "Hello there, Yank!" We went with him to the door and my father spoke to them, telling how White had taken care of the property for some months and could have easily gotten away, but that he had made him stay for his breakfast. They said at once, "We don't want him"—so White got on his horse and rode away unmolested.

After Jackson saw Banks was safely over the Potomac river, he returned with his army to Winchester, but it was not long before the Union Army crossed over again, both at Harpers Ferry and above Martinsburg. they camped around Harpers Ferry and almost every day scouting parties came to Charlestown. Our boys were always somewhere near, however, keeping their eyes on them, so there were frequent hot clashes. The Yankees moved very cautiously, for they knew it was Baylor's boys who opposed them and that they were watched in every move, and Baylor often did attack them from the rear, as well as the front.[18]

The people all through the county were loyal to our cause and helped in every way to keep our boys posted as to the movements of these scouting parties—our slaves as well as the white folks. Often while the women at a house would be hiding one of our Rebs, one of the slaves would be hiding his horse in a thicket or woods. I remember once an old darkey was caught with his master's horse, but the horse was so lame he could hardly walk, so the Yankees did not take him. The old darky had tied a string around his fetlock and had it all bound round with cloths. He told the Yankees that he had "worked on this here horse for two months, and he was gittin' no better." An hour later, his master was on the horse and on his way to his company.

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[18] It is odd that Rutherford had nothing to say about the events of May 28, 1862, the day that Charlestown narrowly escaped the torch. Gangs of Federal soldiers, many of them drunk, ranged through the streets breaking windows and setting fires. They scattered type of the two newspapers, *The Spirit of Jefferson* and *The Virginia Free Press,* in the roadway and fired the market house which served as the *Free Press* office and the Odd Fellows lodge. The fire quickly spread into the town and the townspeople were reluctant to put it out because they feared the rowdy soldiers. Fortunately at this time Captain David Hunter Strother of the Union Army was visiting his wife and mother-in-law and he was able to collect a group of soldiers from the 8th New York Cavalry, who initiated efforts to staunch the fire. Although the market house was burned to the ground, the town itself was saved. For Strother's account see Cecil D. Eby (ed.), *A Virginia Yankee in the Civil War* (Chapel Hill, 1960), pp. 47-8.

While General Banks had his army at Winchester and his wagon trains were coming and going, our Confederate cavalry would often attack their trains, cut out mules and horses, and often took off loaded wagons. They did anything to hamper or impede the transportation of supplies to the Union Army. General [Colonel] Mosby, who was doing special scout duty for General Stuart in Loudoun county, and had gathered quite a following of young men from that and other counties, began to take a hand in these raids. Like Baylor's company they had no headquarters except in the saddle. Loudoun County was known as "Mosby's Confederacy" and all felt safe to come and go at will. They were seldom bothered by the Yankees in those Blue Ridge Mountains. All were well mounted and carried two revolvers, many having four! They had little use for the saber, but depending entirely on the revolver, they would charge into the Yankee lines, do what damage they could in a few minutes and get out swiftly. It was their quick attack and getaway which won the day for them. The Yankees could not realize that just a few Rebels would get in behind their lines and commit such daring attacks, The audacity of it dazzled them.

Mosby on one of these raids took with him about forty of their loaded wagons and sent them on to General Lee's army. Very few casualties were reported on the Confederate side, as they got into the enemy's lines and did this work so quickly that the Yankees had given no resistance whatever.

I often saw Colonel Mosby in Charlestown, a very quiet and ordinary looking man. One would think, to see him riding by, that he did not see anything going on, but there was little that escaped his notice. On sighting Yankees, he was immediately in front of his men, leading the attack. The Yankees never had to search for them. This scouting and clashing went on constantly up and down the valley, and there was hardly a day that we did not see one or the other side, some days both.

The Union commander at Harpers Ferry finally sent out several very large scouting parties, in all some four or five thousand men—infantry, cavalry and artillery. One, I remember, was under General Hancock and another under General Geary. The Confederates in number resisted, and they clashed hard on the hill just below our house. We all had to take to the cellar, and stay there nearly all day, as shells and balls were thick and fast. After this clash, my brother and I picked up six or seven shells that had fallen in the next yard, in line with, but a bit short of our house.

In one of these battles, Captain B.H. Smith, one of the Richmond Howitzer outfit, had his foot shot nearly off, and was brought into our

house. As the Confederates were falling back, he was left with us. One of his men, by name of "Red," was left to nurse him. Dr. Mason and Dr. Cordell operated on his foot on our dining room table the same day, taking off a little more of his foot.[19] When I saw him [later], he had the front part of his foot made of cork and walked remarkably well, with only the use of a cane.) "Red" was taking a basin of water into the operation for the doctors when the Yankees saw him on the porch and started to take him away. My mother rushed out and explained to them that the man was nursing his captain and they must not take him. One of them said, "But suppose he gets away?" My mother replied, "Then you can take me"—so they let him stay. Captain Smith and "Red" stayed with us until Smith was able to get around on crutches, when he returned to his home in Richmond. He came to see us often after the war.

Now as the war settled down, large scouting parties could be seen frequently returning from down the valley, loaded with plunder taken from the people along the routes of invasion. Mosby's men and Baylor's boys would watch for these raiders and furiously attack when they caught up with them. Seeing their people's homes robbed and farms plundered made them ruthless in their fighting. They drove in their pickets at night and charged their camps. Baylor's men almost captured General [John White] Geary himself on the Fair Grounds hill, just below our house on one of these raids. They had him cut off from his troops, but just as Baylor turned down the hill the artillery opened up and he and his men were compelled to retreat.

I recall upon one occasion Mosby brought his command over to Charlestown and hid them in the woods not so far from my home, Mosby, himself, rode around by the home of a Union man by the name of Roper—then came on into town and sat around in the hotel.[20] Pretty soon this man Roper came along going to Harpers Ferry. Mosby evidently knew what he

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[19] Dr. G. F. Mason (1816-1900) lived at the house which is now part of the offices of Zion Episcopal Church, the southwest corner of Washington and Mildred Streets; Dr. Eugene Fauntleroy Cordell (1843-1913) lived in the house at the southeast corner of the same streets.

[20] Charlestown had two major hotels at this time. Most popular was the Carter House, run by Isaac Carter and located on the south side of Washington between George and Samuel. It was torn down in the 1900's to make way for the Jefferson Hotel, which in turn gave way in the 1960's to the present Bank of Charles Town. The Carter House had a livery stable behind it and its own truck garden plot, which occupied half of the block on South George where the Catholic Church is located. The other hotel was the Sappington Hotel, much

was going for, so he let him go on—and after he passed, Mosby returned to his concealed men.[21] About two or three o'clock we could see Yankee troops coming up the pike. When they got opposite the woods where Mosby was concealed—with a wild Rebel yell, Mosby charged into them. The Yankees fled in wild disorder, with Mosby's men following them to Halltown, a distance of about four miles. Many were captured and there were dead and wounded lying all along the road—in fact, the entire regiment was almost wiped out. The Union man, Roper, had gone to Harpers Ferry and reported Mosby as being in Charlestown, so they had hurried up to get him!

The Provost Marshal in our town at one time gave me a horse that had been taken into service very young, and which had broken down. The poor beast could hardly walk, but nevertheless I took him home and took care of him. The wagon trains were passing every few days and would stop to feed the teams out in the street so I got to talking with one of the drivers and treated him a good dinner, which my mother fixed for me, for two sacks of oats and shelled corn. Then I began to feed and groom my horse, turned him out on grass and took care of them the best I knew how. I don't think any race horse ever had better treatment, so he soon began to respond to my care and became quite a lively horse. Then one evening when I was at supper, a bunch of Yankees passed and discovering my horse, one of them put a halter on him and they took him along. I felt terribly outraged, but could do nothing about it. So all my work turned out to be for the Yankee's benefit.

Charles McDonough was a young man who was born and grew up in Charlestown. He had joined Mosby and was considered a daring and brave fellow. The Yankees heard of his entering their lines to get information for Mosby, so they offered a reward for his capture dead or alive. Finding there was no one who would betray him, they arrested his father and brother and held them at Ft. McHenry. His father died there,and his brother came home but also died soon thereafter. For this, Charlie took an oath that he would

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older, located on the north side of Washington, just west of the Market House. Over the years it took many names and had many proprietors. By the early years of this century it was called the Palm Hotel, and by the 1930's had been converted into the Palm Apartments. Today the Peoples Bank of Charles Town occupies the site.

[21] James Roper died in 1867 at the age of 82, an unpopular man. His obituary in *The Spirit of Jefferson* congratulated him for having accumulated the largest land holdings in the County, but noted that his acquisitions amounted to a "mania" and wondered what they would avail him in his next life.

never take another prisoner and would not be taken alive himself. Near the close of the war he met the Yankees on a mountain road looking for him. He shot five as they came toward him, then as he turned to get away, his horse fell over a log in the road and threw him. He alighted on his feet and as they came on him, he turned and put the sixth shot into his own head. He used to take desperate chances. I've seen him with only one man to help, set his horse and fight a dozen Yankees, shooting rapidly until he had emptied the four guns he always carried—then turn and escape on the splendid mount he always rode. Charlie used to visit one of Mr. Wooddy's daughters who lived back of our house.[22] He went there one evening about dark. The Yankee wagon train was passing through the main street at the time. Captain Buchanan, who had charge of the train, also knew the Wooddy girls, and had stopped in to see them. Charlie saw his horse at the gate and rode right up and captured him. He took him over into the mountain and no one ever saw Captain Buchanan again. No one ever heard Charlie say what he did with him, but the supposition is that he took him into the mountains and shot him, as he did not want to kill him at the Wooddy's home.[23]

We kept two cows during the war and I did the milking. I would turn them out every day and as there were no fences left, they would get pasture all round the town. It was my job to find them in the evening and bring them home. The pickets were on Hunter's Hill, and at first refused to let me go after them, but I soon found a way to bribe them. My mother would fix up a plate of corn bread or pie, or almost anything in the eating line, and armed with food and a crock of clabber, I would march up to the pickets and while they were eating I would get the cows. One of them told me to bring them some more of that feed and I could go anywhere I wanted. They became pretty good friends. One of them, a very tall Italian, used to come to our house every Sunday. My father and he would exchange their views on the war and other things. He was finely educated and told us a great deal

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[22] The Wooddy house was located on the south side of Congress, between Church and Seminary Streets.

[23] Charles McDonough, a Charlestown apprentice tailor, joined an infantry regiment in 1861 at seventeen, but soon transferred into Mosby's outfit, which admitted that he was little more than a "brevet outlaw." Young Rutherford's stories about him are substantially true. That he summarily executed Captain Evan Buchanan is supported by the report of General John D. Stevenson who labelled him "a bushwhacker and assassin." See *The War of the Rebellion: Official Records*, Series I, volume 43, part 2, p. 447. His death came two months after Appomattox, McDonough having refused parole. He was quite literally Mosby's "the last ranger."

of his country and why he came to the U.S. He was a great admirer of Stonewall Jackson and told us if Jackson ever attacked them, he would surrender without firing a shot, so badly did he want to meet him!

Very often several of my friends and I would take onions, potatoes, or anything we could scrape up in the way of food and go camping like soldiers. The Yankees used to come on us to see what was going on, but never bothered us when they saw it was play. We could get nothing in the way of clothing except gray cloth made by the factories in the county, so everyone dressed in gray. The ladies, dressed also in gray, made belts with pockets hanging to them under their skirts. When the cry went up, "Here come the Yankees," my mother and sisters would run and fill these pockets with silverware and other valuables and what money my father might have at the time. They often carried this weight with them all day long, and at night would put the belts under their pillows!

No one who did not actually live in or around Charlestown can realize the trying times we suffered during the four years of war. We could only wonder what trouble and sorrow the next day might bring to some of us. Often, when a battle was in progress, our people would gather on the hills outside of town where we could hear the roar of cannon, and often even volleys of musketry, which told us heavy fight was in progress. Very often we could not locate exactly where, but in the next day or two some of our boys would come in wounded, or bring home the dead, and we would hear all about the battle. If the Confederates were the victors, there was rejoicing, even though some of the loved ones had fallen in the fighting. The loss of anyone was distressing to the entire community and all did what they could to comfort the bereaved. They had given of their own to what we thought was a just and noble cause.

After the Battle of Antietam, the wounded were taken through and many a dead man was found lying beside a wounded comrade in the ambulance. The driver, when he discovered one, would stop at the cemetery gate and the dead body was laid in the shade until we could dig graves for them.[24] These we buried in one lot, marking each one with the name when we could find anything by which to identify them either by name or the

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[24] Edgehill Cemetery had been laid off before the war and it was here that most of the Confederate soldiers were buried. At his own expense, George Sadler marked each place carefully with a headboard, and after the war a separate Confederate soldier plot and a commemorative stone were arranged through private subscriptions.

regiment or state. Many a poor boy, however, was buried with only his regiment given to mark his resting place. Many of the wounded could travel no further and were left either at houses along the road or at the hospital which had been opened in the Hotel. Some of them were left at our house and our doctors—what few were left—gave them every attention possible.

A Captain Keels from South Carolina was brought to our home very badly wounded and lived but a day or two. My mother left him to me to look after, as she and my sister were caring for others who filled the house. She and others of the family came at times to see how I was getting on. On the second day, I think it was, I noticed a change in his breathing and so called my mother. She came in just as he breathed his last. We came out and closed the door and then I returned with two soldier nurses and prepared his body for burial. After the war, my mother wrote to his mother and sent her his watch and some other things which were in his pockets, telling her how I had nursed him until he died. Some time after this, I got a notice from the American Bible Society at New York stating that I had been made a Life Member of the Society by Mrs. Keels of South Carolina—and am glad to say I am still a member of that Society.

The Union Army, after Antietam, soon began to invade the valley again. The 9th Maryland Infantry was stationed in Charlestown, occupying the Court House as Headquarters. A company of [Major Henry A.] Cole's cavalry under a Lieutenant Vernon, used the jail as their quarters, keeping their horses in the backyard of the jail. As for Vernon and his men, they should have been locked up in the jail for the rest of the war! The Infantry, however, were pretty good fellows and made many friends in the town.

Early one morning, we were aroused by the sound of rushing cavalry, shots and yells. Our Confederate General Imboden had the town surrounded. The Union cavalry had gotten away just in time, but he captured the 9th Maryland. Colonel [Benjamin L.] Simpson of that regiment tried to get his men out on the Harpers Ferry road in hopes of finding some way open by which he could save them—but every road was held by Imboden's men. When just in front of our house, he saw Rebs all over Hunter's Hill. He tried to form his men for battle, but they were badly disorganized, did not obey his orders, and began to scatter. Simpson drew his revolver and wounded two of his own men who were slow to move, then seeing it was hopeless, turned his horse and fled down the railroad cut, with the Rebs after him. His horse was too swift for them, however, and he got away. General Imboden got the regiment of prisoners and what else he wanted

and then retreated to Berryville.[25] Shortly after he left, Colonel Cole arrived with his entire command and followed Imboden all the way to Rippon some six miles away. There Imboden stopped and defeated him. Cole gave up the chase and Imboden went on with his prisoners. When Cole got back into town that night, it was raining hard, so they tied their horses in the streets and lay around porches or anywhere they could find a dry place.

Some got whiskey somewhere and began to burn the town, starting some twelve or fifteen fires in store, barns, or wherever it pleased their fancy. Boys and others followed them and succeeded in putting out all the fires except in two stables, where there was hay, and these burned to the ground. It certainly was a terrifying night. Everyone was up all night and watching to see what they would do next.[26]

Lieutenant Vernon was again left with his men and took up his old quarters in the jail and the rest of Cole's command returned to Harpers Ferry. Some of Baylor's boys often showed themselves around the town and kept Vernon in constant fear of attack. One day they did charge into the town and the Yankees fled out the other way. As they passed our house a dog ran out and barked at Vernon's horse. He fired at the dog and one of his men fired at my sister Virginia, who was standing at a window. The ball passed just over her head and buried itself in the wall on the other side of the room.

Later that evening a regiment of Yankees cavalry appeared and Vernon was with them. The officer in command halted his men and called my father to the gate. "Mr. Rutherford," he said, "Lieutenant Vernon has reported that he was chased out of town this morning by Mosby's men.

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[25] For a report of the Federal Army investigation of this ignominious rout, see *Official Records. War of the Rebellion,* Series I, volume 29, part 1, pp. 1010-1015. In extenuation it should be noted that most of the men of the 9th Maryland Infantry had only been inducted into the army two months before, and this was their first time under fire. No blame was attached to Colonel Simpson.

[26] A Union soldier of the Provost Marshal office at Harpers Ferry described these events of October, 1863: "It having been ascertained that some of the cavalry men were fired on from the windows of some of the houses, by the treacherous citizens of this town, Cole's boys threatened to burn the traitorous hole down when they came back and they accried[carried?] it into execution, keeping their word good, by setting fire to some stables, which were consumed, together with several buildings and the whole place would have been destroyed had it not been for the earnest entreaties of a few Union people who feared for the safety of their property." Charles H. Moulton, *Fort Lyon to Harper's Ferry* (Shippensburg, 1987), p. 142.

Have you seen anything of them? And I am sorry to say he reports also that as he ran out, he was fired on from several houses, and that your house was one of them." This was a very serious charge to make, as it was well known that any house from which such acts were committed would be burned. My father called to Lieutenant Vernon and said, "You state that you were fired on from my house?" Vernon said, "I thought so." My father told the Colonel that Vernon had not told the truth. "There were only a few of Baylor's boys who ran Vernon out of town," he said, "and only two shots fired. One of them, Lieutenant Vernon, himself, fired at a dog in the road. The other, one of his men fired at my daughter, who was looking out of the window, and if you will come in, I will show you the ball buried in the wall back of where she was standing." The Colonel replied, "No, what you tell me is sufficient, Mr. Rutherford," then turned his men around and returned to Harpers Ferry.

We dreaded the scouting parties which came into town at night, as we never knew what they were after. Our own young men sometimes came through and stayed overnight. The Yankees got to know this and although in a majority of cases most of them got away, some few were caught and made prisoners. The Yankees were very loath to leave the main roads for fear of ambush, as the Rebs were always hidden out somewhere waiting for them.

I was awakened early one morning about daylight by pistol shots near the house and rushing to the window saw George Baylor on his horse shooting at some Yankees coming up the road. It was snowing and had been snowing all night. George, with a few of his men, had come in during the night, and finding all quiet and peaceful, conclude to put up at their homes for the night. All slept until just before day, and when George wakened and said he could not sleep anymore and thought he would get out and look around. Ned and Joe told him to go back to sleep, as no Yankees would venture out in such weather, but he got his horse and rode through the town. Passing our house, he saw the enemy coming and started firing to warn the others—having no time to do otherwise. The Yankees started to chase him and as he passed the houses around the town, he fired and called to his men. The Yankees followed him through the town and after they passed, his men, got to their horses and got away. None were captured—but without this premonition on the part of George, they might all have been taken, as the snow was deep and the horses' beat of hoofs could not be heard.

Jimmy Crane had been wounded but was getting well, when he decided to ride into town. As he came in on a cross street, he saw seven Yankees going toward Harpers Ferry and only a block or two away. He had no arms except his saber, which was fastened to his saddle. He drew this and giving the rebel yell, took after them. They never stopped to look or to fight, but started full tilt down the pike as fast as their horses could carry them, with only this one poor wounded Reb after them. I saw all this myself, so know it is true to the dot. Another time I saw R. W. Baylor, Jr., a cousin of mine, turn a similar trick. he was only about fifteen years old and though he did not belong to the army, and lived at home with his mother and younger members of his family, he always carried a revolver. He was on his way into town one day and had ridden down under the stone bridge which crossed the stream there to give his horse some water. While doing so, he saw five Yankees turn the corner from the Berryville pike going to Harpers Ferry.[27] One of them was leading an extra horse. He was only a block from them. He drew his revolver and with a Rebel yell, he took after them. They bolted pell mell through the town with Tud (as we called him) after them. He caught the Yankee who was leading the extra horse on Hunter's Hill and returned with his prisoner and the two horses. He turned the man loose, as he had no use for him, but took the horses home with him. With his own horse and the other two he put out a crop of wheat for the home folks—then took his own horse and went off into the army. He joined his father's company and became a gallant and fearless soldier. He was killed some time after in a raid on the pickets around Charlestown at night, when he was just sixteen years old.[28] Strange to relate, his oldest brother, Lin Baylor, had been killed in battle at Parker's store just one year to the day before Tud was killed in Charlestown.

Another of Baylor's company, George Creaton [sometimes Craton or Creighton], was severely wounded that same night. Both were taken to Dr. Mason's house, and the Doctor did everything he could for them, but Tud died in about two hours. Creaton recovered. The morning after the attack on the pickets the Yankees came from their camp near town (it was the 12th

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[27] Young Baylor was watering his horse beside the stone bridge crossing Evitt's Run on East Washington Street when he saw the Yankees turning the corner onto Washington from the Berryville turnpike.

[28] Robert W. Baylor, Jr. was killed on November 29, 1864. He was eighteen, not sixteen. Captain George Baylor, who led the raid was his brother, not his father. The raid is vividly described by Captain Baylor in the pamphlet, *Military Operations in Jefferson County* (1911 & 1960), pp. 33-36.

Pennsylvania Cavalry) with an ambulance to remove both to their camp. It took quite a time for Dr. Mason, Mr. Dutton, our minister, and my father to persuade them to leave Creaton, where they could be cared for. Tud, they saw, was already dead.[29]

These raids and attacks on the Yankees were made in the rear of General Sheridan's lines and it irritated him very much to think that his cavalry, stationed at different points in the Valley, could not keep the country free of these "Rebel raiders" as he called them in his orders. The night of the raid on the pickets, he sent this wire to the commanding officer of the 12th Pennsylvania at Charlestown. "Look out for Mosby tonight." Mosby did not come, but in his stead came Baylor.

General Hunter had been in command in the valley before Sheridan came, and now with the latter came even greater activity. One Sunday morning we were all at church, except my father, who had stayed home. Some ten or fifteen of Baylor's boys had come into town, and as all seemed quiet and peaceful, some of them had ventured to attend church. The minister was in the midst of his sermon when we were startled by several shouts out in front. All made a rush to get the soldiers out first. A squad of Yankees had passed shooting at some of our boys who were visiting at their homes, but who had fled at the first alarm of their picket. Those at church had their horses tied behind the church and so succeeded in getting away over the fence in the rear before the main body of Yankees got as far as the church. One of our men, a friend of my father's, Newton Sadler, had left his horse downtown and walked up to see my father. They were sitting on the porch talking when the Yankees dashed by. My father put him up in the attic right under a slate roof, and as it was very warm weather, he almost roasted to death. My sister took him ice water often through the day, which enabled him to survive the imprisonment.

These Yankees had orders from General Hunter to burn Mr. Andrew Hunter's house. They were first cousins and General Hunter, I was afterwards told, had on a very handsome ring which Andrew Hunter had given him before the war. Mr. Hunter was at home at the time, but they caught him and brought him to our house, where his daughters were; so now we were in a tight place with Mr. Hunter and Yankee officers downstairs and Nate Sadler hid up in the attic!

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[29] The Reverend E. P. Dutton, was minister of the Presbyterian Church. Creaton died shortly after the end of the war.

My mother talked with the officer in command and tried to persuade them not to burn the Hunter house, but to give her time to go to Harpers Ferry to see General Kelley, who was of no use. The men carried great armfuls of hay into each room and put it all to the match. The beautiful home was soon in flames. Nothing was saved but the clothes the family worn. My mother and I, with the help of an old Irishman who lived with us, dragged the piano to the door and would have gotten it out had the soldiers not made us let it alone.

When I saw that beautiful home in ruins, I thought no punishment too great for General Hunter[30] but General Sheridan soon took command in the Valley and his orders of the burning and destruction of property were far worse than those of General Hunter. Sheridan boasted that he would make the Valley so destitute that a crow flying over it would have to carry its own rations—which proved to be about the truth. I have stood at our windows at night and seen fires all around the town, where barns, mills, wheat and hay stacks were burning as a result of his orders. Stock of all kinds were taken and, in several instances, houses occupied by only women and children were burned for no reason other than that a father or son had been home to see them. This was nothing but warring on women and children and was to our mind shocking and uncivilized warfare. I don't think there is any punishment severe enough for a man who gave orders for such depredation. I feel sure Sheridan never received the commendation for his deeds of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

One night, eight or ten Yankees, who were drinking, came to our house and demanded something to eat. My father went out and told them that we had nothing left—that my mother and sisters were the only ones in the house and had been cooking and feeding soldiers all day, had gone to bed, and were tired out. They were insistent and said they would come in anyway and see. Just then Major Rivers of their regiment happened to be passing by and hearing the talking came into the yard. He ordered them to leave at once and report at camp, so further trouble was avoided. This is only one instance, but many more similar ones occurred, not alone with us, but with other families in our town during the four long years.

One Sunday, a party of Yankees came up from Harpers Ferry, arrested

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[30] Hatred of General Hunter was intense in Charlestown. In 1867 the editor of a local paper, on hearing that the General had erected a $25,000 house in Washington, wrote: "I wonder if the Visigoth ever thinks of the vandalism which authorized the burning of his cousin Andrew's dwelling in this town." *Virginia Free Press*, (October 10, 1867).

every man in town and confined all in the Presbyterian Church all day. They released them at dark and returned to the Ferry, and to this day, no one knows why it was done. "It's our orders," was the reason given, but the only one we could think of was they wanted to show us how to observe the Sabbath!

We began to see less of the Yankees now, as Early had been driven out of the Valley and our boys had gone off to join General Lee. Occasionally small groups of Confederates would return home for clothes or a fresh horse. Yankee scouting parties would also be seen but not nearly so often as in the first two years of the war. Depredations were greater than ever before and our boys were generally compelled to flee after a brief clash, as they were greatly outnumbered.

Just before the Battle of Winchester when Sheridan defeated General Early, General Sheridan's army was camped around Charlestown. General Grant came from Harpers Ferry to visit and consult with Sheridan as to plans of campaign. He came with a regiment of cavalry as escort. Sheridan met him on Hunter's Hill, just behind our house. They wanted a house where they could hold their conference without being disturbed, and knowing my brother-in-law John W. Kennedy, who was in town visiting his family, they asked him where they could get a room. John brought them to our house, explained the desire to my father and asked if he would accommodate them. My father took them into our sitting-room, cleared the table of books, lamp, and other things, came out and closed the door. They remained together there for over two hours, came out and thanked my father for his courtesy. General Grant made some remarks about the beautiful country, said good-bye, got on his horse and started off for Harpers Ferry, followed by his escort. All the time the two were in the house, the cavalry had surrounded the entire place, allowing no one to enter or leave.

General Sheridan returned to his camp and sometime during the day his army began to move on to Winchester. A day or two after the battle of Winchester was fought and Early was defeated. This was a hard blow for our people. It was a desperate battle, but Early's defeat was not surprising when you consider that Sheridan's army was almost twice Early's forces, and that it was well-fed and clothed, while Early's men were on half rations by that time. There was little left in the Valley with which to feed our own boys when they came home, and it began to be a serious question with the home folks themselves what to do for food from one day to the next.

Husbands and sons, returning when they could for winter clothes, all through the country found their dear ones really in destitute circumstances—causing them additional heartache. But our women folk were brave to the last and encouraged them to fight on for the cause. General Jackson once wrote to my mother, thanking her for some attention to him, "Nothing during this war has so touched my heart as the devotion of our women to our country's cause."

A large portion of General Lee's army, on their way to Gettysburg, passed in front of our house.[31] The poor fellows were very tired and hungry from their long march but were still game and full of fun and fight. To hear them and see them, we felt that such soldiers could never be defeated. Their clothes were not handsome, and most of them not even clean, but it was all the same to them. As one old Reb told a Yankee who twitted him about his clothes, "Oh, they are good enough to kill hogs in!"

As Lee's men were always ready to eat, my mother and sisters were cooking all day to feed them. We carried large trays to the gate and a water barrel filled at the gate and carried buckets of water to them also. My father also put out a barrel of loaf sugar and as they passed, they would fill their hands and cram it into their haversacks. They told us on their return that the sugar was best of all, as it satisfied both hunger and thirst.

My brother and I, almost every day, would go into the country to some farmer's house along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and get newspapers which the trainmen would throw off as the train passed. This was the only way we got newspapers for a long time. Richmond papers were at a premium and we only got them when some of our own boys came home and brought them along. You could always tell when any such papers were received, for whoever got them would soon have a crowd around him, and would be reading the news aloud. These papers gave our side of the latest battles, and we naturally accepted those version of the latest battles in preference to papers published in the North. No matter what we were doing, when the papers came all work would stop as we rushed to hear the latest news.

Often when out in the country for the papers, I'd meet both Confederate and Yankee soldiers in the road, but beyond asking a few questions, none ever bothered me. I was returning from school one day when a regiment of Yankees passed through going to Harpers Ferry. I came to the corner near

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[31] From this point on, the chronology of Rutherford's narrative is badly fragmented.

our gate and as I crossed the pike, which was muddy from the rain, I was looking down and saw what I thought was a roll of paper. I gave it a little kick and went on. As I opened the gate, it occurred to me that maybe that roll was money; so I went back and picked up the roll—a hundred and thirty dollars in greenbacks. My father tried for some time to find the owner but failed. I suppose one of the Yankees dropped it and just gave it up as lost. My family made a great joke of it and said it was no doubt their way of paying me for my horse which they had taken!

General J.E.B. Stuart, after his raid on Chambersburg, camped at "The Bower," the home of the Dandridges, a few miles from Charlestown, to rest his command, and as was his custom when near to us, he came to visit us. He told us many things about his trip around the Yankee army. While there, he took from his pocket a large oak leaf, pinned it in a floral album on the table and wrote, "This leaf was plucked by me in the Blue Ridge Pass on my return from the raid around General McClellan's army," with the date and other comments. This book was preserved, and one of my sisters, Mrs. Aisquith now has it.[32] It has the autographs of almost every Confederate General who visited us during the war.

Jeb Stuart often brought his aide, Sweeney, who was a famous banjo picker, and used to sit on one side of the sofa with Sweeney on the other, telling him what to play. My daughter has this sofa and on it have sat also General Jackson, as well as General Lee, Ashby and others. The round mahogany table on which General Grant and General Sheridan spread their maps when they held their conference before the battle of Winchester is still the property of my niece in Louisville.

After Early's defeat at Winchester, he retreated up the Valley. Sheridan followed slowly, for Early had given him such a hard fight he did not want to tackle him again until he had been reinforced, despite the fact that Sheridan still had, at the time, a much larger army. Early did return on him at Cedar Creek and gave Sheridan the surprise of his life. Early attacked early in the morning and completely routed the Yankees and a great victory might have resulted but for Sheridan himself. He was away at the time on his return from Washington. At Winchester, he heard of the battle, made his famous ride—"and Sheridan twenty miles away"—to the front and arriving on the field of battle about three in the afternoon, succeeded in rallying his

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[32] Mrs. Mary Rutherford Aisquith (1847-1937), wife of Archie Henderson Aisquith, is buried in Zion Episcopal churchyard.

men and turning the tide of battle to repulse Early. He continued to vigorously press his advantages and soon the larger part of Early's army was captured as they tried to get to Lynchburg. Those not captured scattered far and wide, as they had neither ammunition nor food for either men or horses.

Our people in the Valley now began to realize our cause as lost, so far as the Shenandoah Valley was concerned, despite the fact that the morale of the army was still high because of the implicit faith that General Lee would find a way out of our troubles. Our faith and love and admiration for that grand old man was so great that we never believed that he could be defeated in the end. He had won so many great victories against the odds of two and even three to one, so far as forces were concerned that we believed him invincible.

But the odds were too much against us, and although our local boys continued to return for what winter clothes or fresh horses they could find, and returned more determined than ever to fight it out to the last man, Richmond was finally evacuated and this spelled the beginning of the end. General Lee advised that the city could no longer be held, as his army had been so reduced that he had no men to defend it. His army had been reduced to eighteen thousand men of all arms. General Grant had thirty thousand, which was presently augmented by an extra hundred thousand. All of Lee's supplies for the little army had been captured or burned. Lee, however, attempted to retreat and unite his small forces with General Johnston's Army who were fighting Sherman in the South, but Grant had used his large numbers to advantage and Lee finally discovered he was entirely surrounded—all avenues of escaped closed.

[Omitted—account of Lee's surrender. Familiar secondary material]

The first Christmas after the war. I recall quite a number of the old Baylor Company met in our town. The County was not dry in those days, so in the course of celebrating their reunion, they got quite high and about twenty of them got their horses and made a charge through the town firing their revolvers as they had so often done during the war. Some few Yankees visiting in the town enjoyed it as much as any of us.

Our people were very much depressed and many of them hardly knew what to do. Lawyers, doctors, storekeepers and all had to begin over. Money was scarce, as was everything else of value. But credit proved good in the cities, so it was not long before Charlestown began to see brighter days. Farmers had a lot to contend with, as nearly all of their buildings were

destroyed, fences gone and much plowing to be done. All realized unless they raised crops the first summer, their families would continue to suffer. It was a long time, though, before the country began to look natural, as it took time to build fences and buildings, both stables and barns, and houses. Money was needed and a great many of the Negroes were gone. Many of the old slaves, however, remained and continue to live with their masters and help them to rebuild their fortunes. They were all regularly hired and paid wages by their former owners.

The war being over, I was sent away to school for several years, but on my return during each summer, I could see continued improvement in the country as it worked up from the devastation of the long and bitter campaigns in the Valley. I was finally entered as a Cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. The second year I was made a corporal, the third became First Sergeant of Company A, which made me Color Sergeant of the battalion, and as such, had the honor of bearing the Battalion flag draped in mourning at our beloved General Lee's funeral at Lexington. Many times I had been on guard when I came to a halt and "present arms" as he passed. He always acknowledged this by raising his hat.

A Woman's Recollections of Antietam by Mary Blunt (Mary Bedinger Mitchell), *Century Illustrated Monthly*, July 1886, 435

Edited by James T. Surkamp



Mary Bedinger Mitchell, ca. 1886

Mary Bedinger Mitchell, in her own words, "came screaming into the world . . . in an upper room at Bedford in the midst of a raging thunderstorm" August 3, 1850 just

outside Shepherdstown. Henry Bedinger, her popular father and former Congressman, then took his family to live in Copenhagen as his country's first ambassador to Denmark. Mitchell would write years later, however, that it was the six years she and her brother and sister, famed poetess Danske Dandridge, spent in Shepherdstown from 1858 to 1865 that "moulded us and shaped us. . . that taught us the meaning of home." They lived at The Grove, just south of Shepherdstown Junior High School on Route 480, today called "Rosebrake."

Though just turned twelve the day of the Battle of Antietam/Sharpsburg, "Little Minnie" was, indeed, well positioned to observe that dreadful day as she prepared bandages for the wounded in Shepherdstown. The accuracy of her account is confirmed through cross-checking. The letters of Mrs. C. W. Andrews of Shepherdstown in the Perkins Collection at Duke University place our witness squarely in the middle of the turmoil in Shepherdstown on September 17, 1862.

Though her sister went on to fame as the fine writer, this single document by Mary Bedinger Mitchell remains one of the best accounts of wartime by a civilian from that time.

Her recollections were published in a long series of articles published by the *Century Magazine* in New York city which began in 1883 and survive in republished form as the four-volume collection entitled *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. Mrs. Mitchell's account is renown, not only for its sensitivity and vividness, but for the powers of keen, unfettered observation by an intelligent child. That her mother was an avowed Northerner and native of Flushing, New York, and her father a devout Virginian, also blessed the author with an indifference to matters beyond the purely human and universal.

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September, 1862, was in the skies of the almanac, but August still reigned in ours; it was hot and dusty. The railroads in the Shenandoah Valley had been torn up, the bridges had been destroyed, communication had been made difficult, and Shepherdstown, corned by the bend in the Potomac, lay as if forgotten in the bottom of somebody's pocket. We were without news of knowledge, except when some chance traveler would repeat the last wild and uncertain rumor that he had heard. We had passed

an exciting summer. Winchester had changed hands more than once; we had been "in the Confederacy" and out of it again, and were waiting, in an exasperating state of ignorance and suspense, for the next move of the great game.

It was a saying with us that Shepherdstown was just nine miles from everywhere. It was, in fact, about that distance from Martinsburg, and Harper's Ferry—oft-mentioned names, and from Williamsport, where the armies so often crossed, both to and from Maryland. It was off the direct road between those places and lay, as I said, at the foot of a great sweep in the river and five miles from the nearest station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. As no trains were running now, this was of little consequence; what was more important was that a turnpike road,—unusually fine for that region of stiff, red clay—led in almost a straight line for thirty miles to Winchester on the south, and stretched northward, beyond the Potomac, some twenty miles to Hagerstown. Two years later it was the scene of "Sheridan's ride.' Before the days of steam this had been part of the old posting-road between the Valley towns and Pennsylvania, and we had boasted a very substantial bridge. This had been burned early in the war, and only the massive stone piers remained; it lay partly above and partly along the face of rocky and precipitous cliffs. It was narrow and stony, and especially in one place, around the foot of "Mount Misery," was very steep and difficult for vehicles.

It was, moreover, entirely commanded by the hills on the Maryland side, but it was the ford over which the main body of the Confederate army passed every year, and in 1863 was used by the main body of the infantry on the way to Gettysburg. Beyond the river were the Cumberland Canal and its willow-fringed tow-path from which rose the soft and rounded outlines of the hills that from their farther slopes looked down upon the battlefield of Antietam. On clear days we could see the fort at Harper's Ferry without a glass, and the flag flying over it, a mere speck against the sky and we could hear the gun that was fired every evening at sunset.

Shepherdstown's only access to the river was through a narrow gorge, the bed of a small tributary of the Potomac, that was made to do much duty as it slipped cheerily over its rocks and furnished power for several mills and factories, most of time at that time silent. Here were also three or four stone warehouses, huge empty structures, testifying mutely that the town had once had a business. The road to the bridge led through this cleft, down an indescribably steep street, skirting the stream's ravine to whose sides the

mills and factories clung in most extraordinary fashion; but it was always a marvel how anything heavier than a wheelbarrow could be pulled up its tedious length, or how any vehicle could be driven down without plunging into the war at the bottom.

In this odd little borough, then we were waiting "developments," hearing first that "our men" were coming, and then that they were not coming, when suddenly, on Saturday, the 13th of September, early in the morning, we found ourselves surrounded by a hungry horde of lean and dusty tatterdemalions, who seemed to rise from the ground at our feet. I did not know where they came from, or to whose command they belonged; I have since been informed that General Jackson recrossed into Virginia at Williamsport, and hastened to Harper's Ferry by the shortest roads. These would take him some four miles south of us, and our haggard apparitions were perhaps a part of his force. They were stragglers, at all events, — professional, some of them, but some worn out by the incessant strain of that summer. When I say that they were hungry, I convey no impression of the gaunt starvation that looked from their cavernous eyes. All day they crowded at the doors of our houses, with always the same drawling complaint: "I've been a-marchin' in a-fightin' for six weeks, stiddy, and I ain't had n-a-r-thin' to eat 'cept green apples an' green cawn, an I wish you'd please to gimme a bite to eat."

Their looks bore out their statements, and when they told us they had 'clean gin out,' we believed them, and went to get what we had. They could be seen afterward asleep in every fence corner, and under every tree, but after a night's rest they "pulled themselves together" somehow and disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Possibly they went back to their commands, possibly they moved on only to repeat the same tale elsewhere. I know nothing of numbers, nor what force was or was not engaged in any battle, but I saw the troops march past us every summer for four years, and I know something of the appearance of a marching army, both Union and Southern. There are always stragglers, of course, but never before or after did I see anything comparable to the demoralized state of the Confederates at this time. Never were want and exhaustion more visibly put before my eyes, and that they could march or fight at all seemed incredible.

As I remember, the next morning—It was Sunday, September 14—we were awakened by heavy firing at two points of the mountains. We were expecting the bombardment of Harper's Ferry and knew that Jackson was before it. Many of our friends were with him, and our interest there was so

intense that we sat watching the bellowing and smoking Heights, for a long time, before we became aware that the same phenomena were to be noticed in the North. From our windows both points could be observed, and we could not tell which to watch most keenly. We knew almost nothing except there was fighting, that it must be very heavy, and that our friends were surely in it somewhere, but whether at South Mountain or Harper's Ferry we had no means of discovering. I remember how the day wore on, how we stood at the windows until we could not endure the suspense; how we walked about and came back to them; and how finally, when night fell, it seemed cruel and preposterous to go to bed still ignorant.

I believe there was more firing at Harper's Ferry on Monday, but I retain a very indistinct impression of the morning. In the afternoon, about two or three o'clock, when we were sitting about in disconsolate fashion, distracted by the contradictory rumors that reached us from town, our negro cook rushed into the room with eyes shining and face working with excitement. She had been down in "de ten-acre lot to pick a few years ob cawn," and she had seen a long train of wagons coming up from the ford, and "dey is full ob wounded men, and de blood runnin' outen dem dat deep," measuring on our outstretched arm to the shoulder. This horrible picture sent us flying to town, and we found the streets already crowded, the people all astir, and the foremost wagons, of which there seemed an endless line, discharging their piteous burdens. The scene speedily became ghastly, but fortunately we could not stay to look at it. There were no preparations, no accommodations—the men could not be left in the street—what was to be done?

A Federal soldier once said to me, "I was always sorry for your wounded; they never seemed to get any care." The remark was extreme, but there was much justice in it. There was little mitigation of hardship to our unfortunate armies. We were fond of calling them Spartans, and they were but too truly called upon to endure a Spartan system of neglect and privation. They were generally ill-fed and ill-cared for. It would have been possible at this time, one would think, to send a courier back to inform the town and bespeak what comforts it could provide for the approaching wounded; but here they were, unannounced, on the brick pavements, and the first thing was to find roofs to cover them. Men ran for keys and opened the shops, long empty, and the unused room; other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages; then swarms of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hastily

disposed in heaps, and covered with blankets—the soldiers' own, or blankets begged or borrowed.

On these impoverished beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was how to properly to dress their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent, of course. Our women set bravely to work and washed away the blood or stanched it as well as they could, where the jolting of the long rough ride had disarranged the hasty binding done upon the battlefield. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed, with a devotion that far to make up for their inexperience. Then there was the hunt for bandages. Every housekeeper ransacked her stores and brought forth things new and old. I saw one girl, in despair for a strip of cloth, look about helplessly, and then rip the hem of her white petticoat. The doctors came up, by and by, or I suppose they did, for some amputating was done—rough surgery, you may be sure. The women helped, holding instruments and the basins, and trying to soothe or strengthen. They stood to their work nobly; the emergency brought out all their strength to meet it.

One girl who had been working very hard helping them men on the sidewalks, and dressing wounds afterwards in a close, hot room, told me that at one time the sights and smells (these last were fearful) so overcame her that she could only stagger to the staircase, where she hung, half conscious, over the banisters, saying to herself, "Oh, I hope if I faint some one will kick me into a corner and let me lie there!" She did not faint, but went back to her work in a few moments, and through the whole of what followed was one of the most indefatigable and useful. She was one of many; even children did their part.

It became a grave question, how to feed so many unexpected guests. The news spread rapidly, and the people from the country neighborhoods came pouring in to help, expecting to stay with friends who had already given up every spare bed and every inch of room where beds could be put. Virginia houses are very elastic, but ours were strained to their utmost. Fortunately some of the farmers' wives had been thoughtful enough to bring supplies of linen, and some bread and fruit, and when our wants became better known, other contributions flowed in; but when all was done it was not enough.

We worked far into the night that Monday, went to bed late, and rose early next morning. Tuesday brought fresh wagon loads, and would have brought despair, except that they were accompanied by an apology for a

commissariat and other and more regular sources of supply were organized among our country friends. Some doctors also arrived, who—with a few horrible exceptions—might as well have stayed away. The remembrance of that worthless body of officials stirs me to wrath. Two or three worked conscientiously hard, and they did all the medical work, except what was done by our own town physicians. In strong contrast was the conduct of the common men detailed as nurses. They were as gentle as they knew now to be and very obliging and untiring. Of course they were uncouth and often rough, but with the wounded dying about us every day, and with the necessity that we were under for the first few days, of removing those who died at once that others not yet quite dead might take their places, there was no time to be fastidious; it required all our efforts to be simply decent, and we sometimes failed in that.

We fed our men as well as we could from every available source, and often had some difficulty feeding ourselves. The towns-people were very hospitable, and we were invited here and there, but could not always go or hesitated, knowing every house was full. I remember once—probably this Tuesday, but I cannot be sure—that having breakfasted upon a single roll, and having worked hard among sickening details, about four o'clock I turned, perfectly ravenous and wolfish, and ran to a friend's house down the street. When I got there I was almost too faint to speak, but my friend looked at me and disappeared in silence, coming back in a moment with a plate of hot soup. What luxury! I sat down then and there on the front doorstep and devoured the soup as if I had been without food for a week.

It was known on Tuesday that Harper's Ferry had been taken, but it was growing evident that South Mountain had not been a victory. We had heard from some of our friends, but not from all, and what we did hear was often most unsatisfactory and tantalizing. For instance, we would be told that someone whom we loved had been seen standing with his battery, had left his gun an instant to shake hands and send a message, and had then stepped back to position, while our civilian informant had come away for safety, and the smoke of conflict had hidden battery and all from view. As night drew nearer, whispers of a great battle to be fought the next day grew louder, and we shuddered at the prospect, for battles had come to mean to us, as they never had before, blood, wounds, and death.

On the 17th of September cloudy skies looked down upon the two armies facing each other on the fields of Maryland. It seems to me now that the roar of that day began with the light, and all through its long and

dragging hours its thunder formed a background to our pain and terror. If we had been in doubt as to our friends' whereabouts on Sundays, there was no room for doubt now. There was no sitting at the windows now and counting discharges of guns, or watching the curling smoke. We went about our work with pale faces and trembling hands, yet trying to appear composed for the sake of our patients who were much excited. We could hear the incessant explosions of artillery, the shrieking whistles of the shells, and the sharper, deadlier, more thrilling roll of musketry; while every now and then the echo of some charging cheer would be borne by the wind, and as the human voice pierced that demoniacal clangor we would catch our breath and listen, and try not to sob, and turn back to the forlorn hospitals, to the suffering at our feet and before our eyes, while imagination fainted at the thought of those other scenes hidden from us beyond the Potomac.

On our side of the river there were noise, confusion, dust; throngs of stragglers; horsemen galloping about; wagons blocking each other, and teamsters wrangling; and a continued din of shouting, swearing, and rumbling, in the midst of which men were dying, fresh wounded arriving, surgeons amputating limbs and dressing wounds, women going in and out with bandages, lint, medicines, food. An ever-present sense of anguish, dread, pity, and, I fear, hatred—these are my recollections of Antietam.

When night came we could still hear the sullen guns and hoarse, indefinite murmers that succeeded the day's turmoil. That night was dark and lowering and the air heavy and dull. Across the river innumerable camp-fires were blazing, and we could but too well imagine the scenes that they were lighting. We sat in silence, looking into each other's tired faces. There were no impatient words, few tears; only silence, and a drawing close together, as if for comfort. We were almost hopeless, yet clung with desperation to the thought that we were hoping. But in our hearts we could not believe that anything could have escaped from that appalling fire.

On Thursday, the two armies lay idly facing each other, but we could not be idle. The wounded continued to arrive until the town was quite unable to hold all the disabled and suffering. They filled every building and overflowed into the country round, into farmhouses, barns, corn-cribs, cabins—wherever four walls and a roof were found together. Those able to travel were sent on to Winchester and other towns back from the river, but their departure seemed to make no appreciable difference. There were six churches and they were all full; the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Free Masons',

the little Town Council room, the barn-like place known as the Drill Room, all the private houses after their capacity, the shops and empty buildings, the schoolhouses—every inch of space, and yet the cry was for room.

The unfinished Town Hall had stood in naked ugliness for many a long day. Somebody threw a few rough boards across the beams, placed piles of straw over them, laid down single planks to walk upon, and lo, it was a hospital at once. The stone warehouses down in the ravine and by the river had been passed by, because low and damp and undesirable as sanitariums, but now their doors and windows were thrown wide, and, with barely time allowed to sweep there, they were all occupied; and even the "old blue factory." This was an antiquated, crazy, dismal building of blue stucco that peeled off in great blotches. It had been shut up for years and was in the last stages of dilapidation. The doorways were boarded up; its windows looked through eyeless sockets; boards were missing from the door, leaving only rafters to bridge alarming gaps; while, in one place at least, it was possible to look down through successive openings, from the upper story to the basement, whence came back the sound of rushing water, for the stream, that had once turned the machinery (long since departed), still ran under archways in the foundation in the building.

On Thursday night we heard more than usual sounds of disturbance and movement, and in the morning we found the Confederate army in full retreat. General Lee crossed the Potomac under cover of the darkness, and when the day broke the greater part of his force—or the more orderly portion of it—and gone on towards Kearneysville and Leetown. General McClellan followed to the river, and without crossing got a battery in position on Douglass's Hill, and began to shell the retreating army and, in consequence, the town. What was confusion before grew worse; the retreat became a stampede. The battery may not have done a very great deal of execution, but it made a fearful noise. It is curious how much louder guns sound when they are pointed at you than when turned the other way! And the shell, with its long-drawn screeching, though no doubt less terrifying than the singing minie-ball, has a way of making one's hair stand on end. Then, too, every one who has had any experience in such things, knows how infectious fear is, how it grows when yielded to, and how, when you once begin to run, it soon seems impossible to run fast enough; whereas, if you can manage to stand your ground, the alarm lessens and sometimes disappears.

Someone suggested that yellow was the hospital color, and immediately

everybody who could lay hands upon a yellow rag hoisted it over the house. The whole town as a hospital; there was scarcely a building that could not with truth seek protection under that plea, and the fantastic little strips were soon flaunting their ineffectual remonstrance from every roof-tree and chimney. Of course they did not stop the firing; but when this specific failed, the excitement became wild and ungovernable. It would have been ludicrous had it not produced so much suffering. The danger was less than it seemed, for McClellan after all, was not bombarding the town, but the army, and most of the shells flew over us and exploded in the fields; but aim cannot be always sure, and although shells fell short, to convince the terrified citizens that their homes were about to be [?] down over their ears. The better people kept some outward coolness, with perhaps a sort of "noblesse oblige" feeling; but the poorer classes acted as if the town were already in a blaze, and rushed from their home with their families and household goods to make their way to the country. The road was thronged, the streets blocked; men were vociferating, women crying, children screaming: wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, horsemen, footmen, all mingled—nay, even wedged and jammed together—in one struggling, shouting mass. It was Pandemonium. The negroes were the worst, and with faces of ghastly ash-color, and staring eyes, they swarmed into the field, carrying their babies, their clothes, their pots and kettles, fleeing from the wrath behind them. (EDITOR'S NOTE: The prejudicial overtones of this passage are acknowledged but retained for reasons of historical integrity.) The comparison to a hornet's nest attacked by boys is not a good one, for there was no "fight" shown; but a disturbed ant-hill is altogether inadequate. They fled widely and camped out of range, nor would they venture back for days.

Had this been all we could afford to laugh now, but there was another side to the picture that lent it an intensely painful aspect. It was the hurrying crowds of wounded. Ah me! those maimed and bleeding fugitives! When the firing commenced the hospitals began to empty. All who were able to pull one foot after another, or could bribe or beg comrades to carry them, left in haste. In vain we implored them to stay; in vain we showed them the folly, the suicide, of the attempt; in vain we argued, cajoled, threatened, ridiculed; pointed out that we were remaining and that there was less danger here than on the road. There was no sense or reason in a panic. The cannon were bellowing upon Douglas's Hill, the shells whistling and shrieking heard. The men replied the "Yankees" were crossing; that the

town was to be burned; that we could not be made prisoners, but they could; that, anyhow, they were going as far as they could walk, or be carried. And go they did. Men with cloths about their heads went hatless in the sun, men with cloths about heir feet limped shoeless on the stony road; men with arms in slings, without arms, with one leg, with bandaged sides and backs; men in ambulances, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, men carried on armchairs, or supported on the shoulder of some self-denying comrade, went to almost certain death. They could not go far, they dropped off into the country houses, where they were received with as much kindness as it was possible to ask for; but their wounds had become inflamed, their frames were weakened by fright, and overexertion: erysipelas, mortification, gangrene set in; and long rows of nameless graves still bear witness to the results.

Our hospitals did not remain empty. It was but a portion who could get off in any manner, and their places were soon taken by others, who had remained in any manner, and their places were soon taken by others, who had remained nearer the battlefield, had attempted to follow the retreat but, having reached Shepherdstown, could go no further.

We had plenty to do, but all that day we went about with hearts bursting with rage and shame, and breaking with pity and grief for the needless, needless waste of life. The amateur nurses all stood firm, and managed to be cheerful for the sake of keeping their men quiet, but they could not be without fear. One who had no thought of leaving her post desired to send her sister—a mere child—out of harm's way. (EDITOR'S NOTE: This description is consistent with Minnie sending her eight-year old sister back to The Grove, walking the distance along Route 480, the main avenue of retreat for Lee's army).

She, therefore, told her to go to their home, about half a mile distant, and ask their mother for some yellow cloth that was in the house, thinking of course, that the mother would never permit the girl to come back into the town. But she miscalculated. The child accepted the commission on a sacred trust, forced her way out over the crowded road, where the danger was more real than in the town itself, reached home, and made her request. The house had its own flag flying, for it was directly in range and full of wounded. Perhaps for this the mother was less anxious to keep her daughter with her; perhaps in the hurry and excitement she allowed herself to be persuaded that it was really necessary to get that strip of yellow flannel into Shepherdstown as soon as possible. At all events, she made no difficulty,

but with streaming tears kissed the girl, and saw her set out to go alone, half a mile through a panic-stricken rabble, under the fire of a battery and into a town who escape from conflagration was at best not assured. To come out had been comparatively easy, for she was going with the stream. The return was a different matter. The turbulent tide had to be stemmed. Yet she managed to work her way alone, now in the road, now in the field, slipping between the wagon wheels, and once, at least, crawling under a stretcher. No one had noticed her coming out, she was but one of the crowd; and now most were too busy with their own safety to pay much heed to anything else. Still, as her face seemed alone set toward the town, she attracted some attention. One or two spoke to her. Now it was, "Look-a-here, little gal! Don't you know you're agoin' the wrong way?" One man looked at the yellow thing she had slung across her shoulder and said, with an approving nod: "That's right, that's right; save the wounded if ye kin." She meant to do it, and finally reached her sister, breathless and triumphant, with as proud a sense of duty done as if her futile errand had been the deliverance of a city.

I have said that there was less danger than appeared, but it must not be supposed that there was none. A friend who worked in the old blue factory had asked me to bring her a bowl of gruel that some one had promised to make for one of her patients. I had just taken it to her, and she was walking cross the floor with the bowl in her hands, when a shell crashed through a corner of the wall and passed out at the opposite end of the building shaking the rookery to its foundations, filling the room with dust and plaster, and throwing her upon her knees to the floor. The wounded screamed, and had they not been entirely unable to move, not a man would have been left in the building. But it was found that no one was hurt and things proceeded as before. I asked her afterward if she was frightened. She said yes, when it was over, but her chief thought at the time was to save the gruel, for the man needed it, and it had been very hard to find any one composed enough to make it. I am glad to be able to say that he got his gruel in spite of bombs. The factory was struck twice and what miracle kept it together I could never understand. A schoolhouse, full of wounded, and one or two other buildings were hit, but I believe no serious damage was done. I was told that a bomb exploded in the street and killed several men, but I did not see it. We were told many wild stories that I wish only to repeat what I actually saw, or knew positively to be true; and while there was so much to be done in the hospitals, we really were comparatively ignorant of what was passing outside of our own wards.

On Saturday morning there was a fight at the ford. The negroes were still encamped in the fields, though some, finding that the town was yet standing, ventured back on various errands during the day. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Negroes in town may have remained encamped in case the Federals crossed and they could more assuredly escape with the Federal army). What we feared were the stragglers and hangers-on and nondescripts that circle round an army like the great buzzards we shuddered to see wheeling silently over us. The people were still excited, anticipating the Federals crossing and dreading a repetition of the bombardment or an encounter in the streets. Some parties of Confederate cavalry rode through, and it is possible that a body of infantry remained drawn up in readiness on one of the hills during the morning, but I remember no large force of troops at any time on that day.

About noon, or a little after, we were told that General McClellan's advance had been checked, and that it was not believed he would attempt to cross the river at once—a surmise that proved to be correct. The country grew more composed. General Lee lay near Leetown, some seven miles south of us, and General McClellan rested quietly in Maryland. On Sunday we were able to have some short church services for our wounded, cut still shorter, I regret to say, by reports that the "Yankees" were crossing. Such reports continued to harass us, especially as we feared the capture of our friends, who would often ride down to see us during the day, but who seldom ventured to spend a night so near the river. We presently passed into debatable land, when we were in the Confederacy in the morning, in the Union after dinner, and on neutral ground at night. We lived through a disturbed and eventful autumn, subject to continual "alarms and excursions," but when this Saturday came to an end, the most trying and tempestuous week of the war for Shepherdstown was over.

Trivia

Being a collection of historical material and relevant observations on Jefferson County offered by the Editor for the delectation of his readers on occasion as pieces come to hand. The editor respectfully urges readers to submit contributions to Trivia.

Charles Broadway Rouss Memorial Hall Independent Fire Company

Charlestown's Big Day

Last Friday was a big day in Charlestown. The Charles Broadway Rouss Memorial Hall, the new building erected by the Independent Fire Company, was dedicated, and the surviving members of Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, held a reunion. The dedicatory exercises took place in the large hall on the second floor of the new building. Capt. George Baylor presided. Rev. Dr. A. O. Hopkins opened the exercises with prayer. Sergeant Seth M. Timberlake, who is now the right-hand man of Charles Broadway Rouss, read the roll of Company B, and of the 81 surviving members the following responded to the roll call: Milton Rouss, second lieutenant; George Baylor, first lieutenant; B. C. Washington, S. M. Timberlake, orderly sergeant; J. H. Conklyn, second sergeant; Wm. C. Frazer, second corporal; E. M. Aisquith, H. D. Beall, C. C. Conklyn, Philip Copeland, John M. Conrad, Joseph Easterday, John S. Grantham, John E. Hilbert, John Howell, C. F. Hesser, B. F. Lewis, John Lewis, Elisha Lewis, F. J. Manning, Wm. P. Manning, Thomas Myers, W. S. Mason, T. D. Ranson, B. B. Ranson, T. B. Redmond, W. J. Roberts, I. H. Strider, Tustin Starry, L. L. Sadler, W. S. Thompson, J. S. Timberlake, T. W. Timberlake, S. D. Timberlake, George Timberlake, Harry Timberlake, John T. Trussell, Moses Trussell, R. L. Wysong, Wm. L. Wilson, Mason E. Young, and Charles J. Timberlake.

Lieut. Milton Rouss made an address of welcome, after which Captain Baylor introduced Postmaster-General Wilson. He was received with cheers and applause. Mr. Wilson began his address by referring to the occasion that brought the company together and then made some eloquent remarks to his old comrades of Company B, in which he was a private. He

said the building of this memorial hall would mark a point in the history of Charlestown and be an example of the enterprise and energy of the Independent Fire Company. When he referred to Charles Broadway Rouss, through whose generosity the building of this hall was made possible, and in whose honor it was built, there was deafening applause. Mr. Wilson paid a beautiful tribute to the business methods and indomitable energy by which Mr. Rouss amassed his fortune and after amassing it the generosity with which he bestowed upon worthy persons and causes his liberal gifts. This hall, he said, is only another of those generous gifts to a good cause that will stand to Mr. Rouss. "Your comrades of Company B, Baylor Cavalry, now assembled, extend you a cordial greeting, wishing you long life, continued prosperity and that happiness which is the due reward of your noble acts and generous deeds." A telegram was read from Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia, who was once squadron commander of Company B, sent to Mr. Milton Rouss, second lieutenant: "While I cannot attend reunion today my whole heart will be with you all. No braver band than the first squadron drew their blades for our Southern land. Remember me to every survivor of Company B. Their deeds of bravery will never fade from my memory. Sincerely, Chas. T. O'Ferrall."

The memorial tablet, placed upon the wall behind the speaker's stand, commemorating the memory of C. H. B. Rouss, son of Charles Broadway Rouss, and whose death occurred in 1891, was then unveiled by Capt. J. C. Holmes.

Col. Forrest W. Brown read a very interesting history of the Independent Fire Company, in which he paid deserved tribute to its indefatigable leader, Mr. Julius C. Holmes, by whose energy and tact and hard work the present building was erected. And then Mr. A. D. Barr, on behalf of the fire company, presented Mr. Holmes with a fine gold badge, accompanying the gift with words of praise and appreciation, to which Mr. Holmes made such response as his feelings permitted him. An original poem that had been prepared for the occasion was read by Mr. W. D. Briscoe, and Mr. C. W. Hensell, of Winchester, made a humorous speech. The meeting adjourned with cheers for Mr. Rouss. The exercises were rendered doubly interesting by the excellent music of a seleted choir led by Madame Ruhl and by the Charlestown Cornet Band, led by Prof. H. T. Baker.

At 6 o'clock in the evening a banquet was given in the Masonic hall on the third floor of the building. The old soldiers and their guests, to the number of about 150, partook of an elegant meal, and after it had been well

discussed Mr. Frank Beckwith, the toastmaster, announced the first toast, "Company B." Postmaster-General Wilson responded to this toast in eloquent terms, recalling many of the gallent charges and deeds of bravery of this historic body of soldiers. Mr. Wilson went into personal anecdotes and told many stories on his old comrades. Mr. Milton Rouss responded to "Chew's Battery," and Hon. Wm. S. Thompson, of Atlanta, to "Our Fallen Comrades," and referred to some pathetic scenes in which his comrades lost their lives. The toast, "Our Living Comrades," was responded to by Lieut. B. C. Washington in a manner that elicited the applause of his hearers. Other toasts were announced and responded to as follows: "First Squadron," by Lieut. John Bust, Virginia; "Cut Off at Frying Pan," Capt. George Baylor; "The Raid on Front Royal," by H. D. Beall; "Brandy Station," by Sergt. Seth M. Timberlake. "War Reminiscences" was responded to by Mr. Thomas Timberlake. After the banquet there was a beautiful display of fireworks from the bell-tower of the new building. The whole building was illuminated and decorated and made a brilliant appearance.

Charlestown will long remember Friday last. The day was a thoroughly enjoyable one. The reunion of the old soldiers was a source of much pleasure to the boys who wore the gray, and they took a keen delight in recounting past experiences and fighting some of their battles over again.

The new building is a handsome three-story brick structure of Romanesque architecture. It was designed by Mr. Holmes, who also superintended its construction. The first floor is occupied by engine-room, council-room, lock-up and stair hall; the second floor by firemen's hall, and the third as a Masonic hall. The front of the building has a native stone base, with large centre doors, surmounted by steel balcony, large arches over windows and doors, and bears the inscriptions, "C. Broadway Rouss Memorial Hall," "Independent Fire Company." The cost of the building is $10,000. Mr. Rouss gave $1,500 of this amount, and the town council the same sum. The fire company raised the balance, and has but a small debt yet unpaid. *The Shepherdstown Register*, January 16, 1896.

Cecil D. Eby

William L. Wilson's Account

Friday, January 10

Went up to Charles Town on the 11:30 a.m. train to participate in the dedication of the Memorial Hall, a building erected by the Independent Fire Company and named after its chief contributor.

It was also made the occasion for the first reunion of Company B since the war, and I was gratified to meet so many of the "boys" still alive and prospering. — — answered to their names. One had come from St. Joseph, Missouri, one from Louisville, Kentucky, one from Danville, Illinois, one from Atlanta, several from New York, some from Washington and Baltimore, and quite a number from parts of Virginia more or less remote. We had our photos taken and then repaired to the new hall, where there were public formal exercises of dedication, preceded by a roll company of Company B by the old orderly sergeant, Seth Timberlake. B. C. Washington answered for all not responding, and the frequent response, "Killed at such and such battle," was pathetic in the extreme. I spoke in the forenoon and attended the dinner in the building at night, when some half dozen or more of us were called on, and some of the tragic and comic reminiscences of our military service were rehearsed. The day was very pleasant, though tiresome to me, and I was glad to get to bed at a late hour at George Baylor's.

Festus P. Summers, ed., *The Cabinet Diary of William L. Wilson* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1957), 6.

John E. Stealey III

Summer Picnic

The Jefferson County Historical Society held its annual summer picnic at Claymont Court August 4, 1993. Capt. John Schley and Mrs. Lynn Byron again had their committees well organized and all preparation was made to take care of the approximately 175 members and friends who came together to enjoy the fried chicken, casseroles, salads and desserts. Socializing, seeing old friends and drinking from the tall lemonade crock, presided over by Jim and Mary Alice Lemen, will hold memories for those present.

Residents of several years were heard recalling earlier days at Claymont Court. Many remembered entering from the Summit Point road to the front of the mansion where they were ushered in to the lovely ballroom with a party in progress. Many recalled the restoration work done by R. J. Funkhouser. Situated among the trees and woodland, this mansion house built by Bushrod Corbin Washington in 1820 was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful spots in the state. Claymont Court is now owned and maintained by the Claymont Society for Continuous Education.

Dr. John E. Stealey, III, President of the Jefferson County Historical Society welcomed everyone at the picnic. He then introduced Hugh Elliot, native of England, now living at Claymont, whose father was Director of Adult Education when this school first opened. Mr. Elliot outlined the purpose and operation of the present school.

Kenneth C. Pratt, also a Claymont resident, pointed out restoration work which has been done to the property in recent years and outlined plans for future restoration. The Claymont Society is to be commended for their interest in this historic home of Jefferson County.

Members were invited to tour the mansion and gardens which are undergoing restoration at this time. The Historical Society appreciates the hospitality of the Claymont Society in opening the doors of this Washington home to the people of Jefferson County.

Florence H. Moore

Book Note

Society members will be interested to know of a new publication about Charles Town's General William P. Craighill, a West Point graduate who remained loyal to the United States during the Civil War and who enjoyed a distinguished military career in the Corp of Engineers. The citation is Peter W. Houck, *Duty, Honor, Country: The Diary and Biography of General William P. Craighill.* It is in hardback and contains nine photographs. Its cost is $26.95, including $2.00 for postage. Orders may be sent to Mrs. Barclay Read, 7021 Benjamin Street, McLean, Virginia 22101.