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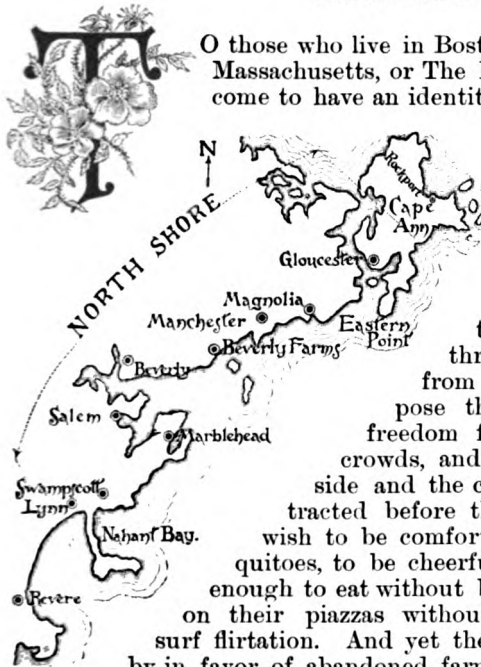
JULY 1894

No. 1

THE NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY



O those who live in Boston and its vicinity the North Shore of Massachusetts, or The North Shore, as it is always called, has come to have an identity as a summer-resort quite as distinct as that of Bar Harbor, Newport, or Lenox. Even New Yorkers, enlightened as to its advantages by those who go down to the sea in yachts, have learned to think of it respectfully as a very pretty place to which Bostonians who wish to keep cool, and yet be able to see the gilded dome of the State-house through a telescope, lie themselves from June to October. One would suppose that its accessibility, its coolness, its freedom from either democratic or plutocratic crowds, and the unique combination of the seaside and the country which it affords would have attracted before this the people from large cities who wish to be comfortable without being devoured by mosquitoes, to be cheerful without having to be riotous, to get enough to eat without being obliged to fight for it, and to sit on their piazzas without exposure to kodaks, picnickers, or surf flirtation. And yet the comfort-seeking public still passes it by in favor of abandoned farms, sylvan camps, islands on the coast of Maine, and the various other refuges from the life of the average summer watering-place. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the argument that it is too near Boston, which is a polite way of expressing reluctance to invade the sacred precincts of the most critical society in America for fear of not pleasing. If such be the case, this attitude of caution acts as a two-edged sword, for if there is any plea to be urged against the attractiveness of the North Shore it is that the society is so exclusively Bostonese. The families from a distance are almost to be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and you meet in your walks and drives and social intercourse the self-same people with whom you have dined and slummed, or whom you have seen at the Symphony Concerts all winter. If it is meet that man should not live alone, it is almost equally desirable that he should for a month or two in every year lose sight of all his family, except-

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THE GETTYSBURG WEEK

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

[THE following reminiscences are taken from a special journal kept by Dr. Schaff during several weeks in July, 1863, and are given in the exact form in which he wrote them. Dr. Schaff was at that time a professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, in Southern Pennsylvania and within a few miles of the Maryland line. It witnessed several Confederate raids and Lee's invasion. The battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg are forty miles away. Within three miles is Stony Battery, a wild gorge in the mountains, where President James Buchanan was born. Dr. Schaff was prominently identified with the Union cause, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Confederates for the public speeches he had made in its support.—D. S. S.]

Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1863.—This is the third time within less than a year that the horrible civil war, now raging through this great and beautiful country, has been brought to our very doors and firesides. First, during the Rebel invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, when forty thousand Rebel troops occupied Hagerstown [Maryland, eighteen miles away], and sent their pickets to within five miles of this place, and kept us in hourly fear of their advance into Pennsylvania, until they were defeated at Antietam. In October followed the bold and sudden Rebel raid of Stuart's cavalry to Mercersburg and Chambersburg, in the rear of our im-

mense army then lying along the upper Potomac. At that time they took about eight prominent citizens of this place prisoners to Richmond (released since, except Mr. P. A. Rice, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal*, who died in Richmond), and deprived the country of hundreds of horses. Now we have the most serious danger, an actual invasion of this whole southern region of Pennsylvania by a large portion of the Rebel army of Lee, formerly under command of the formidable Stonewall Jackson, now under that of General Ewell. The darkest hour of the American Republic and of the cause of the Union seems to be approaching. As the military authorities of the State and the United States have concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave Southern Pennsylvania to the tender mercies of the advancing enemy, we are now fairly, though reluctantly, in the Southern Confederacy, cut off from all newspapers and letters and other reliable information, and so isolated that there is no way of safe escape, even if horses and carriages could be had for the purpose. I will endeavor on this gloomy and rainy day to fix upon paper the principal events and impressions of the last few days.

Sunday, June 14th.—While attending the funeral of old Mrs. McClelland, near Upton, whose husband died a few weeks ago, in his eighty-seventh year—having been born in the year 1776, in the same month with the birth of the American Union—rumors reached us of the ad-

vance of the Rebels upon our force at Winchester, Va., and of the probable defeat of General Milroy.

Monday, the 15th.—On my way to my morning lecture to complete the chapter on the conversion of the Germanic races to Christianity, I heard that the advance of the Rebels had reached Hagerstown and taken possession of that town. Rumors accumulated during the day, and fugitive soldiers from Milroy's command at Winchester and at Martinsburg, most of them drunk, made it certain that our force in the valley of Virginia was sadly defeated, and that the Rebels were approaching the Potomac in strong force. On the same evening, their cavalry reached Greencastle and Chambersburg [nine and eighteen miles distant], endeavoring to capture Milroy's large baggage-train, which fled before them in the greatest confusion, but reached Harrisburg in safety.

Tuesday, the 16th.—We felt it necessary to suspend the exercises of the Seminary, partly because it was impossible to study under the growing excitement of a community stricken with the panic of invasion, partly because we have no right to retain the students when their State calls them to its defence. We invited them all to enlist at the next recruiting station. For what are seminaries, colleges, and churches if we have no country and home? We closed solemnly at noon with singing and the use of the Litany.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 16th–18th.—Passed under continued and growing excitement of conflicting rumors. Removal of goods by the merchants, of the horses by the farmers; hiding and burying of valuables, packing of books; flight of the poor contraband negroes to the mountains from fear of being captured by the Rebels and dragged to the South. Arrests of suspicious persons by some individual unknown to us, yet claiming authority as a sort of marshal. One of these persons, from Loudon County, Va., was shut up for a while in the smoke-house of the Seminary, under my protest. I concluded to stay with my family at the post of danger, trusting in God till these calamities be passed. There is

now no way of escape, and no horses and carriages are within reach. All communication cut off.

These "rumors of war" are worse than "war" itself. I now understand better than ever before the difference of these two words as made by the Lord, Matt. xxiv. 6. The sight of the Rebels was an actual relief from painful anxiety.

Friday, the 19th.—Actual arrival of the Rebel cavalry, a part of General Jenkins's guerilla force, which occupied Chambersburg as the advance of the Rebel army. They were under command of Colonel Ferguson, about two hundred strong. They had passed through town the night previous on their way to McConnellsburg [nine miles away], and returned to-day after dinner with a drove of about two hundred head of cattle captured at McConnellsburg, and valued at \$11,000, and about one hundred and twenty stolen horses of the best kind, and two or three negro boys. They rode into town with pointed pistols and drawn sabres, their captain (Crawford) loudly repeating: "We hear there is to be some resistance made. We do not wish to disturb private citizens; but, if you wish a fight, you can have it to your heart's content. Come out and try." Long conversation with Col. Ferguson. He said in substance: "I care nothing about the right of secession, but I believe in the right of revolution. You invaded our rights, and we would not be worthy the name of men if we had not the courage to defend them. A cowardly race is only fit for contempt. You call us Rebels; why do you not treat us as such? Because you dare not and cannot. You live under a despotism; in the South the *Habeas Corpus* is as sacredly guarded as ever. You had the army, the navy, superiority of numbers, means, and a government in full operation; we had to create all that with great difficulty; yet you have not been able to subdue us, and can never do it. You will have to continue the war until you either must acknowledge our Confederacy, or until nobody is left to fight. For we will never yield. Good-by, I hope when we meet again we will meet in peace."

The colonel spoke with great decision, yet courteously. The Rebels remained on their horses, and then rode on with their booty towards Hagerstown. The whole town turned out on the street to see them. I felt deeply humbled and ashamed in the name of the government. The Rebels were very poorly and miscellaneously dressed, and equipped with pistols, rifles, and sabres, hard-looking and full of fight, some noble, but also some stupid and semi-savage faces. Some fell asleep on their horses. The officers are quite intelligent and courteous, but full of hatred for the Yankees.

Saturday, the 20th.—Appearance of about eighty of Milroy's cavalry, who had made their escape from Winchester in charge of the baggage-train, and returned from Harrisburg under Captain Boyd, of Philadelphia. They were received with great rejoicing by the community, took breakfast, fed their horses, and then divided into two parties in pursuit of some Rebels, but all in vain. They then went to Shippensburg, I believe, and left us without protection.

Sunday, the 21st.—Received mail for the first time during a week, in consequence of the temporary withdrawal of the Rebel advance from Chambersburg. But on Monday all changed again for the worse.

Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d.—Squads of Rebel cavalry stealing horses and cattle from the defenceless community. No star of hope from our army or the State government. Harrisburg in confusion. The authorities concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave all Southern Pennsylvania exposed to plunder and devastation, instead of defending the line and disputing every inch of ground. No forces of any account this side of Harrisburg, and the Rebels pouring into the State with infantry and artillery. The government seems paralyzed for the moment. We fairly, though reluctantly, belong to the Southern Confederacy, and are completely isolated. The majority of the students have gradually disappeared, mostly on foot. Mr. Reily left on Saturday. Dr. Wolf [Prof. in the Theological Seminary] remains, but his wife is in Lancaster.

Wednesday, the 24th.—An eventful day, never to be forgotten. As we sat down to dinner the children ran in with the report, "The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming!" The advance pickets had already occupied the lane and dismounted before the gate of the Seminary. In a few minutes the drum and fife announced the arrival of a whole brigade of seven regiments of infantry, most of them incomplete—one only two hundred strong—with a large force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, nearly all with the mark "U. S.," and wagons captured from Milroy and in other engagements. Their muskets, too, were in part captured from us at the surrender of Harper's Ferry in October last, and had the mark of "Springfield." The brigade was commanded by Gen. Stewart, of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point (not to be confounded with the famous cavalry Stuart, who made the raid to Mercersburg and Chambersburg last Oct.). The major of the brigade, Mr. Goldsborough, from Baltimore, acts as marshal and rode up to the Seminary. He is distantly related to my wife. I had some conversation with him, as with many other officers and privates. This brigade belongs to the late Stonewall Jackson's, now to Ewell's, command, and has been in fifteen battles, as they say. They are evidently among the best troops of the South, and flushed with victory. They made a most motley appearance, roughly dressed, yet better than during their Maryland campaign last fall; all provided with shoes, and to a great extent with fresh and splendid horses, and with U. S. equipments. Uncle Sam has to supply both armies. They seem to be accustomed to every hardship and in excellent fighting condition. The whole force was estimated at from three thousand to five thousand men. General Stewart and staff called a few of the remaining leading citizens together and had a proclamation of Lee read, dated June 21st, to the effect that the advancing army should take supplies and pay in Confederate money, or give a receipt, but not violate private property. They demanded that all the stores be opened. Some of

them were almost stripped of the remaining goods, for which payment was made in Confederate money. They emptied Mr. Fitzgerald's cellar of sugar, molasses, hams, etc., and enjoyed the candies, nuts, cigars, etc., at Mr. Shannon's. Towards evening they proceeded towards McConnellsburg, but left a strong guard in town. They hurt no person, and upon the whole we had to feel thankful that they behaved no worse.

Thursday, the 25th—Saturday, the 27th.—The town was occupied by an independent guerilla band of cavalry, who steal horses, cattle, sheep, store-goods, negroes, and whatever else they can make use of, without ceremony, and in evident violation of Lee's proclamation read yesterday. They are about fifty or eighty in number, and are encamped on a farm about a mile from town. They are mostly Marylanders and Virginians, and look brave, defiant, and bold. On Thursday evening their captain, with a red and bloated face, threatened at the Mansion House [the chief hotel] to lay the town in ashes as soon as the first gun should be fired on one of his men. He had heard that there were firearms in town, and that resistance was threatened. He gave us fair warning that the least attempt to disturb them would be our ruin. We assured him that we knew nothing of such intention, that it was unjust to hold a peaceful community responsible for the unguarded remarks of a few individuals, that we were non-combatants and left the fighting to our army and the militia, which was called out, and would in due time meet them in open combat. They burned the barn of a farmer in the country who was reported to have fired a gun, and robbed his house of all valuables. On Friday this guerilla band came to town on a regular slave-hunt, which presented the worst spectacle I ever saw in this war. They proclaimed, first, that they would burn down every house which harbored a fugitive slave, and did not deliver him up within twenty minutes. And then commenced the search upon all the houses on which suspicion rested. It was a rainy afternoon. They succeeded in capturing several contrabands, among

them a woman with two little children. A most pitiful sight, sufficient to settle the slavery question for every humane mind.

Saturday, the 27th. — Early in the morning the guerilla band returned from their camping-ground, and, drove their booty, horses, cattle, about five hundred sheep, and two wagons full of store goods, with twenty-one negroes, through town and towards Greencastle or Hagerstown. It was a sight as sad and mournful as the slave-hunt of yesterday. They claimed all these negroes as Virginia slaves, but I was positively assured that two or three were born and raised in this neighborhood. One, Sam Brooks, split many a cord of wood for me. There were among them women and young children, sitting with sad countenances on the stolen store-boxes. I asked one of the riders guarding the wagons: "Do you not feel bad and mean in such an occupation?" He boldly replied that "he felt very comfortable. They were only reclaiming their property which we had stolen and harbored." Mrs. McFarland, a Presbyterian woman, who had about three hundred sheep taken by the guerillas, said boldly to one: "So the Southern chivalry have come down to sheep-stealing. I want you to know that we regard sheep thieves the meanest of fellows. I am too proud to ask any of them back, but if I were a man I would shoot you with a pistol." The Rebel offered her his pistol, upon which she asked him to give it to her boy, standing close by her. Among the goods stolen was the hardware of Mr. Shirts, which they found concealed in a barn about a mile from town. They allowed him to take his papers out of one box, and offered to return the goods for \$1,200 good federal money, remarking that they were worth to them \$5,000, as hardware was very scarce in Virginia. He let them have all, and took his loss very philosophically. Mr. McKinstry estimates his loss in silks and shawls and other dry goods, which the guerillas discovered in a hiding-place in the country, at \$3,000. The worst feature is that there are men in this community who will betray their own neighbors! In the Gap [half a mile

from Prest. Buchanan's birthplace] they took from Mrs. Unger a large number of whiskey-barrels, and impressed teams to haul them off. They say they will bring \$40 per gallon in the South. I pity Mrs. Unger, but am glad the whiskey is gone; would be glad if some one had taken an axe and knocked the barrels to pieces. From a man by the name of Patterson, in the Cove, they took, it is said, \$5,000 worth of goods, and broke all his chinaware. From Mr. Johnson they took all the meat from the smoke-house. Other persons suffered more or less heavily. I expect these guerillas will not rest until they have stripped the country and taken all the contraband negroes who are still in the neighborhood, fleeing about like deer. My family is kept in constant danger, on account of poor old Eliza, our servant, and her little boy, who hide in the grain-fields during the day, and return under cover of the night to get something to eat. Her daughter Jane, with her two children, were captured and taken back to Virginia. Her pretended master, Dr. Hammel, from Martinsburg, was after her, but the guerillas would not let him have her, claiming the booty for themselves. I saw him walk after her with the party.

These guerillas are far worse than the regular army, who behaved in an orderly and decent way, considering their mission. One of the guerillas said to me, "We are independent, and come and go where and when we please." It is to the credit of our government that it does not tolerate such outlaws.

Already the scarcity of food is beginning to be felt. No fresh meat to be had; scarcely any flour or groceries; no wood. The harvest is ripe for cutting, but no one to cut it. And who is to eat it? The loss to the farmers in hay and grain which will rot on the fields is incalculable. This evening (Saturday the 27th) I hear from a drover that the Rebel army has been passing all day from Hagerstown to Chambersburg in great force. Perhaps their advance-guard is in Harrisburg by this time, for we can hear of no sufficient force this side of Harrisburg to check them. Hooker is said to be behind them in Frederick, Md.

Sunday, the 28th.—Thanks be to God we had a comparatively quiet Sunday. Dr. Creigh preached in our church. Small congregation, few country people, all on foot. In the evening a number of Rebels rode through town to remind us of their presence. We see camp-fires in the Gap [three miles off].

Monday, the 29th.—Imboden's brigade encamped between here and the Gap. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They came from Western Virginia, Cumberland, and Hancock. They clean out all the surrounding farm-houses. They have discovered most of the hiding-places of the horses in the mountains, and secured to-day at least three hundred horses.

Tuesday, the 30th.—This morning Gen. Imboden, with staff, rode to town and made a requisition upon this small place of five thousand pounds of bacon, thirty barrels of flour, shoes, hats, etc., to be furnished by eleven o'clock; if not complied with, his soldiers will be quartered upon the citizens. If they go on this way for a week or two we will have nothing to eat ourselves. They say as long as Yankees have something, they will have something. Gen. Imboden, who is a large, commanding, and handsome officer, said within my hearing, "You have only a little taste of what you have done to our people in the South. Your army destroyed all the fences, burnt towns, turned poor women out of house and home, broke pianos, furniture, old family pictures, and committed every act of vandalism. I thank God that the hour has come when this war will be fought out on Pennsylvania soil." This is the general story. Every one has his tale of outrage committed by our soldiers upon their homes and friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Some of our soldiers admit it, and our own newspaper reports unfortunately confirm it. If this charge is true, I must confess we deserve punishment in the North. The raid of Montgomery in South Carolina, the destruction of Jacksonville in Florida, of Jackson in Miss., and the devastation of all Eastern Va., by our troops are sad facts.

A large part of the provision demanded was given. Imboden made no

payment, but gave a sort of receipt which nobody will respect.

In the afternoon Imboden's brigade broke up their camp a little beyond the toll-gate, and marched through town on the way to Greencastle. They numbered in all only about eleven hundred men, including three hundred cavalry, six pieces of cannon, fifty wagons, mostly marked "U. S.," and a large number of stolen horses from the neighborhood. Late in the evening another troop passed through with one hundred horses. Imboden remarked to a citizen in town, that if he had the power he would burn every town and lay waste every farm in Pa. ! He told Mrs. Skinner, who wanted her horses back, that his mother had been robbed of everything by Yankee soldiers, and was now begging her bread. Mrs. S. replied, "A much more honorable occupation than the one her son is now engaged in; you are stealing it."

Wednesday, July 1st.—We hoped to be delivered from the Rebels for awhile, but after dinner a lawless band of guerillas rode to town stealing negroes and breaking into Fitz-gerald's and Shannon's stores on the Diamond, taking what they wanted and wantonly destroying a good deal. This was the boldest and most impudent highway robbery I ever saw. Such acts I should have thought impossible in America after our boast of superior civilization and Christianity in this nineteenth century. Judge Carson asked one of these guerillas whether they took free negroes, to which the ruffian replied: "Yes, and we will take you, too, if you do not shut up!" How long shall this lawless tyranny last? But God rules, and rules justly.

To-day I saw three Richmond papers, the last of June 24th, half sheets, shabby and mean, full of information from Northern papers of the Rebel invasion of Maryland and Pa., and full of hatred and bitterness for the North, urging their Southern army on to unmitigated plunder and merciless retaliation.

Dr. Seibert walked from Chambersburg. So did Mr. Stine. They say that terrible outrages are committed by the soldiers on private citizens. One

was shot to get his money, another was stripped naked and then allowed to run.

Hats are stolen off the head in the street and replaced by Rebel hats. Dr. Schneck, walking to his lots, just out of Chambersburg, was asked for the time by a soldier. He pulled out his old gold watch, inherited from father and grandfather. The Rebel instantly pointed his bayonet at the Dr.'s breast and said, "Your watch is mine." Another soldier, apparently coming to his relief, touched his pocket, pointing his bayonet from behind, and forced him to give up his pocket-book with \$57, all he had. This comes from Dr. S. himself, through Dr. Seibert. A similar case occurred here this afternoon. I am told that one of these lawless guerillas seeing a watch-chain on one of Dr. Kimball's boarders, who stood on the pavement, rode up to him and tore the watch from his vest pocket.

In the evening and during the night this party drove all the remaining cows away from the neighborhood towards the Potomac.

This reminds one of the worst times of the Dark Ages (the *Faustrecht*), where might was right, and right had no might (*wo die Macht das Recht ist und das Recht keine Macht hat*).

Thursday, July 2d.—Was comparatively quiet, Miss Bertha Falk, who has been with us for four weeks, left this morning for Hagerstown with Dr. Seibert, on foot, this being the only kind, of locomotion now left to this neighborhood, I accompanied them as far as Dr. Hiester's [three miles]. I hope they may arrive safely at Hagerstown.

Friday, July 3d.—At eight o'clock the first united prayer-meeting in the Method. Church, called forth by the peculiar condition of the country. Dr. Wolf presided. Dr. Creigh, Rev. Mr. Agnew, Rev. Is. Brown, Judge Carson, and myself offered short prayers. After dinner great excitement in town. Two Rebel cavalry officers were waiting on their horses at the curbstone of the Mansion House to have their canteens filled with whiskey; a shot was heard. A straggling Union soldier hiding behind a tree had taken such good aim that the bullet passed through one horse's head, and pierced the Rebel on

the other horse through the heart. The poor fellow fell back, died in a few minutes, and was hastily buried in his clothes, spur, and equipments at the edge of town. His money, \$33 in Greenbacks, was handed to his companion for his wife and children. His companion was arrested, and his dead horse pulled by the living one to the edge of town, and covered with a few inches of earth. A third member of the party had halted at the head of the street, and after the shot galloped off to tell the tale, so that if the Rebels are in force in the neighborhood they may eke out revenge and burn the town.

Saturday, July 4th.—Prayer-meeting in the morning. Heavy rain all day. The gloomiest fourth of July which this country ever saw. Perhaps the battle is now raging which may decide the fate of the Union. Or something equally important may take place.

Boan dispatched to McConnellsburg, asking Col. Pierce for a guard to protect us against the ravages of guerillas.

Sunday, July 5th.—Morning service was interrupted by Mr. Hoke bringing a message to Rev. Mr. Brown to be announced forthwith, viz., that about two hundred of our cavalry would be here at noon from McConnellsburg, requiring rations for men and horses. They arrived, Capt. Jones, of New York, commanding, a N. Y. and a Pa. company, a great many of them Germans, well mounted, part of Milroy's force which had made their escape from Winchester, and have spent their time since in Bloody Run and McConnellsburg. They came in consequence of the request alluded to above. Capt. Jones is a fine officer. The citizens provided for them most liberally. They then proceeded on the Hagerstown road. At Cunningham's tavern, about eleven miles from here, they encountered an immense train of ambulances with wounded rebels on their retreat to Williamsport and Virginia. The train was several miles long, and attested the fact of a very bloody battle at Gettysburg. Our cavalry pitched right into the middle of the train, captured three pieces of artillery, about one hundred wagons and three buggies, with four hundred mules,

one hundred horses and 747 prisoners, mostly wounded. In the evening we heard of their capture and approach. The whole town turned out to see the sight. After dark they began to arrive and pass through town. A most exciting spectacle never to be forgotten! The wounded Rebels brought the tale of the terrible battles fought around Gettysburg on Wed., Thurs., and Friday last (July 3d). They left the battle-field on Saturday the 4th of July, when the battle was still going on, though with less violence.

The last of the train passed through town towards the Gap after eleven o'clock at night. I then went to bed. But I was hardly undressed, when Mr. Murray and Beecher Wolf rang the bell and asked me whether the Seminary could be had for the temporary occupation of those prisoners who were too severely wounded or exhausted to be transported further that night. I gave my consent most cheerfully, subject to the approval of Dr. Wolf. I got up and assisted in unloading and accommodating the wounded prisoners. Several citizens assisted. I thought we would have to provide for a few dozen. But behold the whole train of ambulances was ordered back, and about six hundred were unloaded on the Seminary, the rest in the basement of the Methodist Church, and in Dr. King's barn. The whole night was consumed in the process.

Monday, July 6th.—The Seminary is now fairly turned into a military hospital. A novel chapter in its history, and one full of sad interest. The cavalry force and two regiments of infantry, Col. Pierce commanding, and acting brigadier-general in the absence of Milroy, arrived for the protection of the captured prisoners, and drained the town of available provisions. The prisoners were paroled, those who could walk were marched off to McConnellsburg, together with all the ambulances, baggage wagons, horses, and mules. The rest, between two and three hundred, were left upon our shoulders. The Col. appointed Capt. McCulloch provost-marshal, who would not serve, and Dr. Elliot, acting medical director, entrusted the medical care to two Rebel

surgeons, who turned out to be worthless, and skedaddled without paying any attention to their own wounded.

In the meantime charity and curiosity were busy in providing for the prisoners an abundance of food and attention, which seemed to fill them with delight and gratitude. One colonel from N. Carolina remarked: "Your kindness makes it almost a luxury to be prisoner here." This speaks well for this place, which has suffered such heavy losses during the last few weeks from Rebel guerillas, and now turns round without a murmur to nurse their sick and wounded.

But we know well enough that we could not rely upon private exertions for any length of time, and needed a proper hospital organization. Some of the leading citizens dispatched a letter to Major-General Couch, at Harrisburg, and one to Colonel Pierce, at Loudon, requesting him to make proper arrangements for the military and medical care of his own prisoners left in our midst. This letter had a desired effect.

Tuesday, July 7th.—The filth and foul odors accumulated in the Seminary within the last day and night, already almost beyond endurance. Contagious disease looms up before us. We succeed in getting the building swept, the wounds dressed, and the animal wants attended to. Acted the nurse as well as I could in distributing food all day. In the afternoon fortunately Col. Pierce sent Lieut. Watson & Dr. Elliot to make some arrangements and to appoint persons with proper authority, as requested. So we hope to get the hospital properly organized by and bye. It is certainly the duty of Col. Pierce to take care of his own prisoners. But these poor fellows are providentially thrown upon us, and we must do the best we can.

I spent a good deal of time with the prisoners, privates and officers. The privates, generally speaking, look most wretched—ragged, torn, bruised, mutilated, dirty. Their dress represents every style and color, butternut cloth, half uniforms, no uniforms, full of mud from the heavy rains. Many of them are miserably ignorant and unable to

read or write. They represent almost all the Southern States, including Maryland, and belong to Hill's and Longstreet's divisions. They were wounded in the Gettysburg battles and agree that they were among the bloodiest, if not the bloodiest, in the war, and that the Yankees never fought better. Some of them are intelligent, simple-hearted, trustful, confiding, susceptible of religious impressions. All seemed to be well pleased and thankful for all the kind attentions shown them by men and women of the place and the surrounding country. Many admit that the South was too hasty in seceding, and lost more than she could gain. Among the officers are a Colonel Leventhorpe of the Eleventh N. Carolina Infantry, an Englishman by birth, and formerly an English captain—a communicant member of the Episc. Church, very intelligent, courteous, and hopeful of Confederate success; a Lieut. Hand, Co. A, Eleventh North C. Infantry; Capt. Archer (brother of Gen. Archer), chief of his staff; Capt. G. A. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain C. E. Chambers, Thirteenth Alabama; Capt. J. H. Buchanon, Second Mississippi, & other officers of Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee & Mississippi, all intelligent, but unanimous in intense hostility to the North, and determined to fight to the last man. An excellent chaplain, Mr. Frierson, of Miss., Presbyterian. They all agree with other Rebels in declaring McClellan to be the best general on the Federal side. Detailed description of the Gettysburg fight, discussion about the national question and war. All sick of the war, but determined to fight it out. They say there never was harder fighting in the world than at Gettysburg.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Dr. Negley, appointed Medical Superintendent, and Mr. Hornbaker, appointed Provost-Marshal, concluded, with the consent of the people down town, to move all the sick of the town up to the Seminary, and to throw the whole burden and offence of this trouble upon the Seminary circle. I protested, with Dr. Wolf, against it as well as I could, but in vain. So the building is taken possession of by mili-

tary force, and the students who remain will be turned out. My conscience is clear; I did my best to save the private rooms and the furniture.

Towards noon, under a heavy rain, a great many farmers from Clear Spring and St. Paul's Church, and the Maryland line, passed through this town with their horses and cattle, in flight from the retreating Rebel army, which is said to be passing towards the river and take all horses and cattle on the way, even in Maryland. Portions of them may come here. The Potomac must be impassable now in consequence of the heavy rains of the last days, and especially last night. Hope our army will be able to prevent their escape, and finish up this terrible war as far as Lee's army is concerned. If our militia now would move up from Harrisburg they could materially assist Meade in capturing the Rebel force, which must have lost at least 25,000 killed, wounded, and missing. What a sudden change in the aspect of affairs! A few days ago the enemy, so haughty, defiant, and confident, and now broken down, disappointed, foiled, and retreating! Man proposes, God disposes.

Most exaggerated reports are afloat of the capture of 25,000 Rebels and 118 pieces of cannon, which now turns out to be one of the many lies which this war is breeding in such superabundance. Lee seems to be able to retreat in order, but the height of the river at present seems to be his main difficulty.

Thursday, July 9th.—Another day of excitement. About 2,000 Union troops, Pa. militia, from Mt. Union, passed through towards Clearspring. Many Rebel ambulances captured on Sunday were returned, with mules, to carry away all the wounded Rebels fit for transportation. About 150 left. Prisoners were sent to Mt. Union to be transp. to Harrisburg on the Central Pa. R.R. Many left with evident regret, and deeply thankful for the kind treatment they had received from this community. Fifty remained, nearly all in the Seminary.

Natural kindness, Christian charity, and curiosity combined to pay every attention to the Rebel prisoners. The Seminary continues to be the centre of

attraction and the resort of all sorts of people in the neighborhood. One poor fellow from Georgia suffers intensely from his wound, and is expected to die of lockjaw to-night.

A strong militia guard from Chester Co. was left here to watch the prisoners. They pitched their tents in the Sem. yard, and we prevailed on them to move behind the German Reformed Church, where they are now encamped.

The news arrived to-night of the fall of Vicksburg on the 4th of July. A mortal blow to the Confederacy—the Mississippi in our hands; also more detailed accounts of the terrible three days' battle in Gettysburg, from July 1-3. It seems on Wednesday we were repulsed and driven out of G. to the strong position on Cemetery Hill. On Thursday both parties held their own, with a little advantage on our side. On Friday, the 3d, the Rebels were decidedly repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

Lee is said to be in Hagerstown, and another bloody conflict is expected there. The Potomac has been unfordable for several days.

Friday, July 10th.—This morning we were treated to the luxury of a mail, the first for the last three weeks. Letters and papers kept me busy reading nearly all day. The rest was spent with the Rebel officers reading to them and conversing with them, etc. The prospects of the Union are brightening in every direction.

Saturday, July 11th.—Rev. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, took supper with me, and had a long conversation. He studied under the late Dr. Thornwell in S. Carolina, can hope for no reunion on any terms, but admits the severity of the blow in the repulse of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. He says Lee's army was never as well clad, fed, and in as high spirits and good condition as when they invaded Pa.

Sunday, July 12th.—Dr. Wolff preached in our church a Thanksgiving sermon. I preached in the Seminary chapel in the afternoon, on prayer, to as many of the wounded soldiers as could be moved. Several of our own soldiers were in, together with citizens and

students. The soldiers were quite attentive. Rev. Mr. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, closed with a good prayer.

At night I was to preach again in the church. But I prevailed on Chaplain Colburn to preach, who returned from Clearspring with the N. Y. & Pa. militia force, which passed through here on Sat. and were relieved by Gen. Kelley's force coming down.

Monday, July 13th.—The whole of what remains of Gen. Milroy's force, about two or three thousand infantry & cavalry, passed through here, under command of Col. Pierce, from Loudon towards Greencastle. They remained in town about two hours, & caused considerable stir. We are still without positive information about the army movements, but hear more or less cannonading all day. The Rebel advance are at eleven miles from here. The river is still unfordable, and it is raining again.

Tuesday, July 14th.—This evening persons from Williamsport [twenty miles off] brought the news that the Rebel army recrossed the Potomac yesterday and last night, and is once more safely on the sacred soil of Virginia, without leaving a horse or wagon behind, after effectually deceiving our army by various feint movements on Sunday and Monday. A sad disappointment for all who looked for nothing less than the complete destruction or capture of the Rebel invaders in their own trap. But our army retreated from the Peninsula and twice recrossed the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, so that it seems to be almost an impossibility to bag a big army. Meade is reported to have followed Lee closely over the river.

Sad news to-night of a fearful riot in N. York City to resist the draft. The N. Y. militia company, stationed here

as a guard, was ordered to leave to-night to assist in quelling the rebellion at home.

The remainder of the week passed off without special excitement. The newspapers brought us the particulars of Gettysburg battles, of Lee's retreat to Virginia, of the fall of Vicksburg, also the surrender of Port Hudson, and the new attack on Charleston, Morris Island being in our hands. The rebellion seems to receive blow upon blow just after it had lifted its head most boldly and confidently.

I studied Church History. Commenced an essay on the American Sabbath, attended to the wounded. On Sunday afternoon I heard Mr. Frierson, on Affliction, in the Seminary hospice, and assisted him.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Two regiments of Penn.'s Infantry (Colonel Frick) and six pieces of N. York artillery, which were encamped near the town in the woods, left early this morning for Chambersburg on their return home.

Six ambulances were sent here to take away nearly all the officers from the Rebel prisoners, although some of them are hardly fit for removal. It was quite a sad scene. I had become attached to some of them, especially Col. Leventhrope, a very intelligent, religious gentleman. He was very fond of reading sermons and history, and seemed quite grateful for our attentions. When his tall form, with a broken arm and pale face, supported by Chaplain Frierson, walked down the steps and into the ambulance I felt quite badly. Capts. Chambers, Betts, Archer, Williams, Buchanon, etc., also left for Chambersburg. Mrs. Williams and Miss Archer, together with some physicians, had come from Baltimore to nurse their husband, brother, and friends.