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THE ANNALS OF
Harper's Ferry
WITH
Sketches of its Founder,
AND
Many Prominent Characters Connected with its History,
ANECDOTES, &c.
BY
JOSEPHUS, JUNIOR.
SECOND EDITION.
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "HERALD UNION,
MARTINSBURG, W. VA.
1872.
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OF
Harper's Ferry
WITH
Sketches of its Founder,
AND
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Many Prominent Characters Connected with its History,
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$l_2 / l_3$
P R E F A C E.

The unexpected success of a prior and much smaller edition encourages the author to publish his book on a larger scale than formerly. It is hoped that it may prove amusing if not very instructive, and the writer feels confident that, at least, it will give no offense. There is "naught set down in malice," and while the author does not hesitate to avow strong preferences, he has aimed to do so in the mildest manner possible. On the other hand, fearing lest he may be accused of flattery in some of his sketches, he will take occasion to remark that those who receive his highest encomiums, happen to be the men who deserve the least from him on account of personal favors. He aims to do, at least, justice, to all and, farther, he desires to say all the good he can of his characters.
THE ANNALS OF HARPER'S FERRY.

CHAPTER I.

ITS INFANCY.

Harper's Ferry, including Boliver, is a town which, before the rebellion, contained a population of three thousand, nine-tenths of whom were whites. At the breaking out of the war, nearly all the inhabitants left their homes, some casting their lots with "the Confederacy," and about an equal number with the old Government. On the restoration of peace, comparatively few returned. A great many colored people, however, who came at various times, with the army, from Southern Virginia, have remained, so that the proportion of races is materially changed. Many soldiers of the National army who married Virginia ladies during the war, have, also, settled there, and, consequently, the place, yet, contains a considerable number of inhabitants. The present population may be set down at sixteen hundred whites and seven hundred blacks. The town is situated in Jefferson County, West Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, at the base and in the very shadow of the Blue Ridge mountains. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac at the place on a magnificent bridge, and the Winchester and Potomac Railroad has its Northern terminus in the town. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, also, is in the immediate neighborhood.

The scenery around the place has long been celebrated for its grandeur, and Jefferson has immortalized it in a fine description, said to have been written on a remarkable rock that commands a magnificent view of both rivers and their junction. The rock itself is a wonderful freak of nature, and it is regarded by the inhabitants with pride for its being a great natural curiosity, and with veneration on account of the tradition among them, that, seated on it, Jefferson wrote his "Notes on Virginia." It is, therefore, called "Jefferson's Rock." It is composed of several huge masses of stone piled on one another, the upper piece resting on a foundation, some years ago, so narrow that it might easily be made to sway back and forth by a child's hand. It
is now, however, supported by pillars placed under it, by order of one of the Superintendents, the original foundation having dwindled to very unsafe dimensions by the action of the weather, and still more by the devastations of tourists and relic-hunters. It is situated on "Cemetery Hill," behind the Catholic Church, the lofty spire of which can be seen at a great distance, adding very much to the beauty of the scene.

On one side, the Maryland Heights, now so famous in history, and on the other, the Loudoun Heights frown majestically, and imagination might easily picture them as guardian giants defending the portals of the noble Valley of Virginia. The Maryland Heights rise in successive plateaus to an altitude of thirteen hundred feet above the surrounding country and two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Loudoun Heights are not so lofty, but the ascent to them is difficult, and consequently, as the foot of man seldom treads them, they present a more primeval appearance of ruggedness than the Maryland mountain—a circumstance which compensates, to the tourist, for their inferiority in height. Between these two ramparts, in a gorge of savage grandeur, the lordly Potomac takes to his embrace the beautiful Shenandoah. The former river rises in Western Virginia, and tumbling from the Alleghanies in an impetuous volume, traverses the Northern extremity of the Valley of Virginia, forming the boundary between the "Old Dominion" and the State of Maryland. At Harper's Ferry, it encounters the Blue Ridge at right angles, and receives the tributary Shenandoah, which, rising in the upper part of the Valley, flows in a Northerly course, at the very base of the mountain, and unites its strength with the Potomac to cut a passage to the ocean. This is the scenery of which Jefferson said, that a sight of it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic, and no person with the least poetry in his soul will consider his assertion extravagant. It is, truly, a sublime spectacle, and imagination lends its aid to the really wonderful appearance of the scene. On the rugged cliffs on the Maryland and Loudoun sides, are supposed to be seen sculptured by the hand of Nature, various shapes and faces, the appearance of which changes with the season, and as they are more or less concealed by the verdure of the trees. The Giant, Dwarf, Centaur, and every animal of nature or fable is here portrayed to the eye of Faith. On one rock, on the Maryland side, is a tolerably good face, with an expression of gravity, which, with some other points of resemblance, will remind you of George Washington, and at almost any hour of any day may be seen strangers gazing intently on the mountain in search of this likeness. Frequently, the Bald Eagle will wheel in majestic circles immediately above this rock, and then, indeed, the illusion is
complete. George Washington chiseled by the hand of nature in the living rock, on the summit of the Blue Ridge, with the Bird of Victory fanning his brow, is too much poetry to be thrown away, and prosaic matter of fact is out of the question.

It is supposed by many that the whole Valley of Virginia was, at one time, a vast sea, and that during some convulsion of nature, the imprisoned waters found an outlet at this place. There are many things to give an appearance of truth to this theory, especially the fact of complete sea shells, or exact likenesses of them, being found, at various points in the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains. Be this as it may, it is a scene of awful sublimity, and it well deserves the many panegyrics it has received from orator and poet.

Robert Harper, from whom the place gets its name, was a native of Oxford, in England. He was born about the year 1703, and at the age of twenty he emigrated to Philadelphia, where he prosecuted the business of architecture and mill-wrighting. He erected a church for the Protestant Episcopalians, in Frankfort, which edifice was, however, afterwards lost to the congregation for which it was built, through some defect of title. In 1747 he was engaged by some members of the Society of "Friends" to erect a church for that denomination on the Opequon river, near the present town of Winchester, Virginia, and while on his way through the then almost unbroken wilderness, to fulfil his contract, he lodged, one night, at a lonely inn on the site of the present city of Frederick, Maryland: While staying at this tavern, he met a German named Hoffman, to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated the business that took him on his journey, as also his intention to proceed to his destination by way of Antietam, a name now so famous in our history, for the terrible battle fought there during the late rebellion. Hoffman informed him that there was a shorter route by way of what he called "The Hole," and as an additional inducement, he promised him a sight of some wonderful scenery. Harper agreed to go by the way of "The Hole" and, next night, he arrived at that point and made the acquaintance of a man named Peter Stevens who had squatted at that place which was included in the Great Fairfax estate. Harper was so much pleased with the appearance of the place that he bought out Stevens for the sum of fifty British Guineas. As, however, he could only buy Steven's good will, the real ownership being vested in Lord Fairfax, he, next year, paid a visit to Greenway, the residence of that Nobleman and, from him or his agent, he obtained a patent for the lands formerly occupied by Stevens on the precarious tenure of "Squatter Sovereignty." Stevens had occupied the place for thirteen years and the Agents of Lord Fairfax had experienced great trouble from him. They were
therefore, very glad to get rid of him. Harper settled down there and established a ferry, when the place lost the undignified name of "The Hole" and acquired the more euphonious title of "Harper's Ferry" by which it has, since been known and by which, no doubt, it will be designated by the remotest posterity. At that time, there was but one dwelling there—the Stevens Cabin—which was situated on what is, now, called Shenandoah street, on the site of the house, at present, occupied by Mrs. Krepps. Harper lived in this house, for many years, until about the year 1775, when he built one about half a mile farther up the Shenandoah, where he died in 1782.

Mr. Harper was a man of medium height and considerable physical strength. He was very energetic and well suited for pioneer life. He left no children and his property descended by will to Sarah only child of his brother Joseph and to some nephews of his wife, named Griffith. Sarah Harper was married to a gentleman of Philadelphia, named Wager. He was a grandson of a German of the same name who, many years before, had emigrated from the city of Worms in Hesse D. Armstadt. Neither Mr. Wager nor his wife ever saw their Harper's Ferry property, but many of their descendants are now living there, owning a considerable property in the town.

Of this family is the Venerable Robert Harper Williamson, of Washington City; the first person having the name of Harper who was born at the place. The wife of Judge Swain, of the Supreme Court of the United States is, also, one of the Wager family.

Mr. Harper was interred on his own property, and his moss-grown grave is yet to be seen in the romantic cemetery that overlooks the town. By a provision of his will, several acres of land were donated to the place as a burial ground, his own grave to be the centre, and now a very large number sleep their dreamless sleep in a beautiful though sadly neglected cemetery around the founder of the village.

Few of the events that transpired in his time are recorded. Shortly after building the house on Shenandoah street, he erected a large stone dwelling on what is now called High street. This house is yet standing, and is occupied at present by one of his heirs. He experienced great difficulty in finishing this building, owing to a scarcity of mechanics, nearly all the able-bodied men of the neighborhood having gone to join the army of Washington. It is recorded that an intimate friend of Mr. Harper, named Hamilton, lost his life in this house, by an accidental fall, and, ever since, the building has had the unenviable reputation of being haunted. At the time of Mr. Harper's death, therefore, there were but three houses at the Ferry.

In 1748 there was a great flood in the Potomac which, according to some memoranda left by Mr. Harper, drove him from the house be
then occupied (the Stevens cabin,) and in 1753 another, though less freshet, called the "Pumpkin Flood," is recorded. The latter derived its name from the great number of pumpkins carried away from the gardens of the Indians, who, then, resided in scattered lodges, along the two rivers.

It is said that at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Mr. Harper's sympathies were Tory, but that he soon espoused the cause of his adopted country.

In 1794, during the administration of General Washington, Harper's Ferry was chosen as the site of a National Armory. It is said that the Great Father of his Country himself suggested it as the location, having visited the place in person. This is a tradition among the people, and, if it be true, it is characteristic of the most sagacious of men. The water-power is immense, some people supposing it to be the finest in the world. The Valley of Virginia and that of Middletown, as well as the fertile plains of Loudoun, gave promise of an abundance of the necessaries of life, and, perhaps, with the eye of prophecy, he saw Railroads penetrating the bowels of the Alleghanies and transporting their, then, hidden mineral treasures to aid in the proposed manufacture. In the year above mentioned, Congress applied to the General Assembly of Virginia for permission to purchase the site, and by a vote of the latter, permission was granted to buy a tract not exceeding six hundred and forty acres. Accordingly, a body of land containing one hundred and twenty-five acres was purchased from the heirs of Mr. Harper. This tract is contained in a triangle formed by the two rivers, and a line running from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, along what is now called Union street. Another purchase was made of three hundred and ten acres, from a Mr. Rutherford. The latter tract is that on which the village of Bolivar now stands. In some time after, Congress desiring to obtain the benefit of the fine timber growing on the Loudoun Heights, and not deeming it proper to ask any farther grants from the State of Virginia, leased in perpetuity, of Lord Fairfax, proprietor of the "Northern Neck," the right to all the timber growing and to grow on a tract of thirteen hundred and ninety-five acres on the Loudoun Heights, immediately adjoining Harper's Ferry.

Thus prepared, the Government commenced the erection of shops, and in 1796, a Mr. Perkins, an English Moravian, was appointed to superintend the works. He is represented as having been an amiable, unsophisticated man, and tradition yet tells of his simplicity of dress and deportment. During his time, nothing of moment occurred at the place. The town was yet in its infancy, with very few denizens, and as the period almost antedates the time of that venerable gentle-
man, "the oldest inhabitant," little is known of what occurred at that period. A few octogenarians, however, retain some faint reminiscences of him, and one of his countrymen, named Cox, who had been, for many years, employed under him as a man of all work; and who had followed him to Harper's Ferry from Southern Virginia, where Mr. Perkins had formerly resided. On one occasion, Mr. Perkins required Cox to attend to his (Perkins') garden, which was overrun with weeds. For some reason Cox did not relish this, but gave, however, a grumbling compliance. One morning, Cox commenced weeding, and, towards evening, he presented himself to Mr. Perkins, with the information that he "had made a clean sweep of it." Mr. Perkins was much gratified, and he ordered his wife to give Cox a dram of whiskey, a beverage for which the latter had a too great partiality. On visiting his garden, next morning, Mr. Perkins discovered that, sure enough, he had made a clean sweep. The weeds were all gone, but so were cabbages, turnips, carrots, and everything else of the vegetable kind. In great wrath he sent for Cox, charged him with every crime in the calendar, and with a kick a posteriori, ejected him from the house, at the same time ordering him never again to show his face in the Armory. Cox hastily retreated, muttering, "the Devil a step will I go; the Devil a step will I go." He made his way to the shop, where he was usually employed, and the good natured Perkins soon forgot his anger towards his old follower, and, sure enough, "the Devil a step" did Cox go from Harper's Ferry.

Sir Walter Scott relates that a Scotch nobleman once addressed, in the following words, an old and spoiled servant of his family, who had given him mortal offence: "John, you can no longer serve me; to-morrow morning, either you or I must leave this house." "Awell, master," replied John, "if y're determined on ganging awa, we would like to ken what direction ye'll be takin'." No doubt, the same relations existed between Mr. Perkins and Cox as between the nobleman and his servant.

In 1799, during the Administration of John Adams, in anticipation of a war with France, the Government organized a considerable army for defence. A portion of the forces was sent, under General Pinkney, into camp, at Harper's Ferry, and the ridge on which they were stationed has, ever since, been called "Camp Hill." It runs North and South between Harper's Ferry and Bolivar. When the war cloud disappeared, many of the soldiers settled down at the place. A great many had died while in the service, and their bodies are buried on the slope of "Camp Hill." Although the mortal portion of them has, long since, mingled with Mother Earth, their spirits are said still to hover round the scene of their earthly campaign, and "oft in the stilly
night” are the weird notes of their fifes and the clatter of their drums heard by belated Harper’s Ferrians. The negroes, who appear to be especially favored with spiritual manifestations, bear unanimous testimony to these facts, and it is notorious that some fine houses in the neighborhood have been, for years, without tenants, in consequence of their being supposed to be the rendezvous for these errant spirits.

At that time, a bitter war was waged between the Federalists and Republicans, and a certain Captain Henry, in General Pinkney’s army is said to have taken his company, one day, to “Jefferson’s Rock,” and ordered them to overthrow the favorite seat of Jefferson, his political enemy. They succeeded in detaching a large boulder from the top, which rolled down hill, to Shenandoah street, where it lay, for many years, as a monument of stupid bigotry. This affair was the occasion for a challenge to Captain Henry from an equally foolish Republican, in the same corps, but the affair coming to the ears of General Pinkney, he had both parties arrested before a duel could come off, very much to the regret of all sensible people in the place, who naturally expected that if the duel were allowed to proceed, there would be, at least, one fool the less in their midst.

Opposite to Jefferson’s Rock, and on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoan, grew, at that time, a gigantic oak, which had been from time immemorial, the eyrie of a family of eagles. Jefferson, while at the place, had been much interested in these birds, and, after being elected President, he sent a request to Mr. Perkins that he would try to secure for him some of the juvenile eagles. At Mr. Perkins’ instance, therefore, three young men, named Perkins, (the superintendent’s son,) Dowler and Hume, ascended the tree by means of strips nailed to it, and, after a terrible fight with the parent birds, succeeded in securing three eaglets. They were forwarded to the President, and by him one of them was sent as a present to the King of Spain, who, in return, sent a noble Andalusian ram to Mr. Jefferson. Being forbidden by law to receive presents from foreign potentates, Mr. Jefferson kept the animal in the grounds around the “White House,” as a curiosity, but the ram being very vicious, and the boys of the city delighting to tease him, he, one day, rushed into the streets in pursuit of some of his tormentors and killed a young man named Carr, whom he unfortunately encountered. Mr. Jefferson, therefore, advertised him for sale, and thus was the first of that breed of sheep introduced into America.

Some time during Mr. Perkins’ administration, a singular character came to reside at Harper’s Ferry. His name was Brown, and he was supposed to be a native of Scotland. He had served as a surgeon in the American army during the Revolution. He was a bachelor, and
as, in addition to the profits of his profession, he drew a pension from
the Government, he was in good circumstances, and able to indulge
in many costly eccentricities. He lived alone, on what is now called
High street, and his cabin was situated on the lot now owned and
occupied by Mr. Fitzpatrick. A cave, partly natural and partly arti-
cicial, near his cabin, was used as his store-house and dispensary.—
His eccentricities were numerous, but the principal one was an inor-
dinate love for the canine and feline races. No less than fifty dogs
followed him in his daily rambles, and made the night hideous in the
town with their unearthly howlings. The number of his cats was
nearly as great as that of the dogs, and they nightly mingled their
melodies with those of their canine friends, to the delectation of his
neighbors. A favorite amusement with the young men of the place
was to watch for the Doctor when he walked out, and shoot some of
his dogs—an offence that was sure to earn his eternal hatred. He
had many good qualities, and he made it a point never to charge an
armorier anything for medical advice. He died about the year 1824,
and he ordered that his coffin should be made with a window in the
lid, and that it should be placed in an erect position, in a brick vault
which he had erected in the cemetery, and that it should be left in
that position for nine days after his burial, when, he said, he would
return to life. A person was employed to visit the vault, every day,
until the promised resurrection, which did not, however, take place,
and will not, in all probability, until the Archangel’s trump wakes
him up with the “rest of mankind.”

With Mr. Perkins, came from Eastern Virginia the ancestors of the
Stipes and Mallory families, as well as others of our most prominent
citizens.

During his time, a shocking accident occurred in the armory. Mi-
ichael McCabe, an armorer, was accidentally caught in the machinery
of one of the shops, and being dragged through a space not exceed-
ing eight inches in breadth, was of course crushed to a jelly.

Mr. Perkins died at Harper’s Ferry, and was interred in Maryland.
He was succeeded in 1810 by James Stubblefield, a Virginian, and a
gentleman of the true Virginia stamp. At that time, it was deemed
absolutely necessary that the Superintendent of the National Armory
should be, himself, a practical gun-maker. Mr. Stubblefield, therefore, in
order to satisfy the Ordnance Department of his fitness for the position,
was obliged to manufacture a gun, he himself, making all the com-
ponent parts. The specimen giving satisfaction, he got his appoint-
ment, after a considerable interregnum. His superintendency was
the longest of any in the annals of Harper’s Ferry, having continued
from 1810 to 1829, a period of nineteen years. In 1824, some dis-
contented spirits, among the armorers, brought charges against Mr. Stubblefield which occasioned the convening of a Court Martial for their investigation. The Court acquitted Mr. Stubblefield and, as he was, generally, popular, the armorers gave him a public dinner which was served in the Arsenal yard, in honor of his acquittal. While the trial was yet pending, a Mr. Lee was appointed to the Superintendency, pro. tem., but, on the acquittal of Mr. Stubblefield, the latter was, of course, reinstated.

During Mr. Stubblefield's time, (August 29th, 1821,) an armorer named Jacob Carman lost his life by the bursting of a grinding-stone in one of the shops. The broken fragment struck Carman and, such was the force of the blow, that he was driven through the brick wall of the shop and his mangled remains were found, several steps from the building.

While Mr. Stubblefield was superintended, about the year 1818, a gentleman of the State of Maine, named John H. Hall, invented a breech-loading gun, probably, the first of the kind ever manufactured. He obtained a patent for his invention and the Government concluding to adopt the gun into the service, Mr. Hall was sent to Harper's Ferry to superintend its manufacture. Two buildings, on "the island" were set apart for him and he continued to manufacture his gun in those shops, until 1840, when he moved to Missouri. After this period, other buildings were erected on the island for the manufacture of the Minie Rifle, but the place retained the name of "Hall's Works" by which it was known in Mr. Hall's time. It was, sometimes, also, called "the Rifle Factory." The reader will understand by the term "Armory" used in this work the main buildings on the Potomac. Although both ranges of shops were used for the manufacture of arms, custom designated the one as "the Armory," and the other, as before remarked, was known by the title of "the Rifle Factory" or "Hall's Works."

Mr. Hall was the father of the Hon. Willard Hall, at one time, a member of Congress from Missouri, and, during the war, Governor of that State. He was a high-toned gentleman and a man of great ability. We will, here, remark that Harper's Ferry gave birth to another man who has, lately, figured in the West. Here, some fifty years ago, in an old house on the Shenandoah, was born General Jeff. Thompson, of Missouri, who distinguished himself, in the Confederate army, during the late war. His father was, at one time, Paymaster's Clerk in the Armory and was very highly respected.

The parties who were instrumental in bringing charges against Mr. Stubblefield were not, yet, satisfied and, in 1829, he was subjected to another trial by Court Martial. He was, again, acquitted, after a pro-
trated hearing, and the sympathies of the community were, more
than ever, enlisted in his favor.

While the second trial was progressing, his accusers were very ac-
tive in hunting up evidence against him. They learned that Mr.
Stubblefield had, obligingly, given to a man named McNulty, the
temporary use of some tools belonging to the Government. They
sought this man and they were much gratified to find that he spoke
very disparagingly of the Superintendent. Expecting great things
from his evidence, they had him summoned, next day, before the
Court Martial. On his being questioned by the Court, however, he
gave the most glowing account of Mr. Stubblefield’s goodness and
efficiency as a Superintendent. Much disappointed, the counsel for
the prosecution said, “Sir; this is not what you said, last night.”
“No,” replied McNulty, “but what I said then was nothing but street
talk, I am, now, on my oath and I am determined to tell the truth.”
The Court and most of the people were, already, satisfied of Mr.
Stubblefield’s innocence and his acquittal was, long before, deemed
certain, but this circumstance tended to throw contempt on the whole
proceeding and ridicule is, often, a more powerful weapon than reason
or logic.

During the second trial, Lieutenant Symington was appointed to
the temporary superintendency, but, as, in the case of Lee, at the
first trial, he was, immediately, withdrawn, on the second acquittal of
Mr. Stubblefield and the latter was, again, reinstated. The proud
Virginian, however, refused to continue in his place. He had been a
benefactor to the people and had been treated with ingratitude by
many. He had been twice, honorably, acquitted by a military tribu-
nal (always the most rigorous of Courts,) his honor was satisfied and
he, voluntary, vacated the place.

During Mr. Stubblefield’s administration, in 1824, the “Bell Shop”
of the armory was destroyed by fire. It got its name from its hav-
ing the Armory bell suspended in a turret which overtopped the roof.
The origin of the fire was never discovered, but it is supposed that
some sparks, from a fire made in the yard, for culinary purposes,
caused the conflagration.

Mr. Stubblefield was succeeded, in 1829, by Colonel Dunn. This gen-
tleman had, formerly, been connected with a manufacturing establish-
ment at the mouth of Antietam Creek. His was a melancholy history.
He was a strict disciplinarian and, indeed, is represented as having been a
martinet. The severity of his discipline offended several of the op-
eratives and he paid, with his life, a heavy penalty for his harshness.
A young man named Ebenezer Cox, an armorer, had given offence to
Lieutenant Symington, while the latter, temporarily, filled the office
of Superintendent, during the second Court Martial on Mr. Stubblefield, and he was, therefore, dismissed by that officer. When Colonel Dunn succeeded to the superintendency, Cox applied to him for employment which was refused, probably, because of Cox's previous character. It is said that the latter expressed contrition and made submission to Colonel Dunn who, in violent language, refused to be appeased and displayed great vindictiveness by threatening-with expulsion from the armory any operative who should shelter the offender, in his house. Cox's brother-in-law with whom he boarded was obliged to refuse him entertainment, and it appeared as if Colonel Dunn was determined, by any means, to force Cox to leave his native town. Thus driven to despair, Cox armed himself with a carbine and presented himself at the office of Colonel Dunn, about noon, on the 30th day of January, 1830. What conversation took place is unknown, but, in a few moments, a report of fire-arms was heard. People rushed into Colonel Dunn's office and were met by his wife who, with loud lamentations, informed them of the murder of her husband. The Colonel was found with a ghastly wound in the stomach through which protruded portions of the dinner he had just eaten. Being a very delicate, dyspeptic man, he, generally, used rice at his meals and a considerable quantity of this was found on the floor, near him, having, evidently, been ejected through the wound, but, strange to say, it was unstained with blood. When found, the Colonel was expiring and no information could be got from him. Mrs. Dunn was in her own house, situated opposite to the office, and knew nothing, except the fact of the murder. She had heard the shot and, suspecting something wrong, had entered the office and found her husband, as above described, but the murderer had escaped. Suspicion, however, at once, rested on Cox and diligent search was made for him, when he was discovered in the "Wheel House." The arrest was made by Reuben Stipes. Cox made no resistance and he was, immediately, committed to Charlestown Jail. The body of Colonel Dunn was buried in Sharpsburg, Maryland. There is a tradition that the day on which he was interred was the coldest ever experienced in this latitude. So severe, indeed, was the cold, that it is thought to be of sufficient interest to be mentioned in the Chronicles of the place. In the course of the following summer, (August 27th,) Cox was publicly executed, near Charlestown, confessing his guilt and hinting, strongly, at complicity on the part of some others. His words, however, were not considered of sufficient importance to form grounds for indictment against others and there were no more prosecutions. This murder marks an era in the history of Harper's Ferry and, although, many more important and thrilling events have, since, occurred
there, this unfortunate occurrence still furnishes material for many a fire-side tale and the site of the house in which the murder was perpetrated is, still, pointed out as " unhallowed ground."

Cox is said to have been a remarkably handsome young man, of about twenty-four years of age. He was a grandson of Cox who, in Mr. Perkins' time, figured, in various capacities, around the armory and who, particularly, distinguished himself as a gardner, as before related.

General George Rust succeeded Colonel Dunn in 1830. For the seven years that he superintended the armory, nothing of any interest is recorded. He was rather popular with the employees and many survivors of his time speak well of his administration. It may be that the melancholy death of his predecessor cast a gloom on the place which operated to prevent the occurrence of any stirring events. It is said that General Rust spent very little of his time at Harper's Ferry. He was a wealthy man, owning a good deal of property in Loudoun County, Virginia, where he spent much of his time, delegating the duties of the armory to trusty assistants who managed its affairs so as to give satisfaction to the Government. Had he been a poor man, his long stays would, probably, have excited comment and, no doubt, some busy-body would have reported the fact to his detriment. As it was, the General was, independent and he enjoyed his otium cum dignitate without any attempt at interrupting or annoyances.

General Rust was succeeded, in 1837, by Colonel Edward Lucas, a Virginian. He was an exceedingly amiable, generous and good man, although fiery and pugnacious, when he deemed himself insulted. He was, extremely popular and the writer well remembers his bent form, walking, or riding his mule along the streets of Harper's Ferry, lavishing kind expressions on old and young and receiving, in return, the hearty good wishes of every one he met. The name of "Colonel Ed" was familiar as a household word at the place and, as he was honored and respected in life, so was he lamented at his death which occurred in 1858, while he occupied the position of Paymaster, at the Armory.

While Colonel Lucas was Superintendent, the Armory canal was much improved by the building of a permanent rock forebay. A stone wall was also built, extending from the front gate of the Armory to "the Tilt-Hammer Shop," (the whole river front of the grounds,) protecting the grounds from high waters and, indeed, reclaiming from the Potomac several feet of land and adding that much to the Government property. Twelve fine dwellings were, also, built, for the use of the families of the mechanics and the place was much improved, in every respect. During the exciting political times, in 1840,
Colonel Lucas was a strong Van Buren man, but, to his honor, he was, never charged with oppressing any of the operatives under him, on account of their opinions. In 1847, he was appointed Pay-Master, an office which he filled, until his death, eleven years afterwards.

It is said of Colonel Lucas that, if any of the mechanics or laborers employed under him did wrong, he was not apt to discharge them, preferring to punish by administering a sound thrashing. He had several fist-fights with his men and, although he was a small man, it is said that he always deported himself well and, generally, came out winner. In any case, he was, never, known to use his authority as Superintendent to punish any one who had spirit enough to stand up for what he considered his rights, even if it involved a personal quarrel with himself.

The Colonel owned a good many slaves, nearly all of whom were of the most worthless description. Whenever a negro had become unprofitable that his master determined to sell him, he would appeal to Colonel Lucas to save him from the slave-drivers and servitude in Georgia which was regarded, by the Negroes, as a fate worse than death. The good-natured Colonel would, if possible, purchase him and, consequently, he had the most unprofitable lot of slaves in Virginia. His favorite servant was a diminutive old Negro, named "Tanner," who, hardly weighed a hundred pounds, but who, nevertheless, prided himself on his muscle and was as fiery as his master.

One day, Tanner had a fight with another Negro and, while they were belaboring one another, the Colonel happened to come up and, seeing his servant "in a tight place," he called out, "Pitch in, Tanner!"

"Pitch in, Tanner!" a cry which was taken up by the boys and has been, ever since, used at Harper's Ferry, in cases where great exertion of muscle or energy is recommended.

Colonel Lucas was, truly, a chivalrous man and "we will not, ever, see his like again."

We will remark that Colonel Lucas and his predecessors, with military titles were, in reality, civilians, being merely, militia officers getting their titles by courtesy. This remark is necessary for understanding the following.
CHAPTER II.

THE MILITARY SYSTEM.

Colonel Lucas was succeeded by Major Henry K. Craig, in 1841. The Major was an Ordnance officer and, of course, his education being military, he was inclined, somewhat, to that strictness of discipline which the most amiable men, in military life, soon learn to exact of their inferiors, having been taught to observe it themselves towards their superiors. There were two classes of operatives in the Armory—day-workers and piece-workers. By an order of Major Craig, the latter were obliged to work the same number of hours as the former. This order was deemed unjust by the piece-workers, as they considered themselves entitled to the privilege of working whatever time they chose. They claimed remuneration, only for the work done, and in their opinion, it mattered little to the Government, how many hours they were employed. The Superintendent thought otherwise, however, and, hence, arose a causa tetrina belli. Besides, everything around the Armory grounds, assumed a military air and a guard, at the gate, regulated the ingress and egress of armorers and casual visitors. These restrictions were not, at all, relished by the armorers and the old men remembered, with regret, the good old days of Perkins and Stubblefield, when the armorers used to have buckets of whiskey hung up, in the shops, from which they used to regale themselves at short intervals. It is said, indeed, that this license was carried to such excess, in the time of Mr. Stubblefield, that an order was issued, prohibiting the men from drinking in the shops, a command which was, at the time, deemed arbitrary and which was evaded by the ingenious plan of the men putting their heads outside of the shop windows, while they were drinking. These grievances rendered the men rebellious, and, for many years, a bitter feud existed between the parties for and against the military system. In 1842, a large number of the operatives chartered a boat on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and proceeded to Washington to see the then President, John Tyler, and state to him their grievances. It used to be supposed that Jason and his Argonauts, when they sailed in quest of the Golden
Fleece and Ulysses, in his somewhat protracted voyage home from Troy, encountered more vicissitudes than, usually, happen to those who "go down to the sea in ships," but, those voyages were, only, pleasure trips, compared with that of the adventurous Harper's Ferrians. So fruitful, indeed, was it in romantic incidents and thrilling adventures that it will, no doubt, at some future day, form the theme of an Epic, when a Harper's Ferry Homer shall appear, with genius adequate to the subject. Many a treacherous Scylla and Charybdis threatened them with ship-wreck, many a Siren lured them to destruction and, in many cases, alas! did the devoted mariners succumb to their fascinations. Many a laughter-moving, side-splitting story is related at the expense of members of the crew by some of their companions and, on the whole, this voyage marks a memorable era in the history of the place. Arrived, at length, in Washington, they obtained an audience of the President who received them in a style worthy of the head of a great Nation and, what is more, a Virginia gentleman. Compliments were exchanged and the President gave each of them a cordial shake of the hand, an honor which was, duly, appreciated, for, it is related that one of the Harper's Ferrians, in a burst of enthusiasm, reached out a hand of enormous proportions and dubious color to meet that of the President, at the same time, exclaiming: "Hullo, old fellow! give us your corn-stealer." This handsome compliment was, no doubt, very gratifying to the President, for he made them a speech in which he declared, in the most emphatic manner, that he considered the working men, as the bone and sinew of the land and its dependence, in war and in peace; that he loved them as such, and that their interests should be his care. In this strain he continued, for some time, but, he, suddenly, threw cold water on the enthusiasm he, at first created, by telling them "they must all, go home and hammer out their own salvation." This figurative expression and the allusion to that emblem of Vulcanic labor—the hammer—were not received with the admiration which their wit deserved and it is said that many loud and deep curses were uttered, by some enthusiastic but indiscreet piece-workers, and, that the anguish presence of "Tyler too" had not the effect of awing the bold navigators into a suitable respect for the head of the Nation. They returned home wiser but, hardly, better men and, from that period, dates the bitter opposition of many Harper's Ferrians to the military system of superintendency which continued, until its final overthrow, in 1854. This contest is the chief event of the time of Colonel Craig. He was a veteran of the war of 1812. He served on the Canadian frontier, with General Scott, and he received a severe wound, in the leg, the effects of which were, ever
after, apparent in his walk. He was not, however, a graduate of West Point.

He was succeeded, in 1844, by Major John Symington, another military officer and the same who, with an inferior rank, superintended the Armory, pro tem., during the second trial of Mr. Stubblefield. Major Symington was an exceedingly eccentric man. His talents were undoubted and he got credit for many virtues, but eccentricity was his leading characteristic. His voice was of a peculiar intonation and his gestures were grotesque, but, withal, he had a clear head and a good heart and, during his administration, many improvements were made, at his suggestion and the people were, generally, prosperous. The shops were remedied and many believe that he did more for the prosperity of the place than any other Superintendent. Those who knew him best assert that his eccentricity was pretense and assumed for the gratification of a latent vein of humor. On the whole, he is remembered with very kind feelings. Like other Superintendents, he was, often, much annoyed with applications for employment. Persons of every trade and calling, when out of work, thought they had a right to a part of the Government patronage, no matter how unsuited they were, from their former occupations, to serve as armorers.

One day, the Major was annoyed by more than the usual number of applicants and his temper was sorely tried. Towards evening, a stranger presented himself and asked for employment. "Well," said the Major, rubbing his hands, in a manner peculiar to him, "what is your trade?" "I am a saddler and harness-maker," replied the stranger. "Oh," said the Major, "we do not make leather guns here; when we do we will send for you."

In his time, one of those exhibitions, rare at the time, but, unfortunately, too common, now-a-days—a prize fight took place at Harper's Ferry. The notorious Yankee Sullivan and an English bruiser named Ben Caunt met by appointment there, in 1846, and treated the people to one of their brutal exhibitions. Caunt came to Harper's Ferry several weeks before the fight and, there, he went through his course of training. Sullivan arrived, the night before the encounter and, with him, came a crowd of shoulder-hitters, pick-pockets, et hoc genus omne. To use a homely phrase, "they took the town" and, until the match was over, the utmost terror prevailed among the inhabitants. Sullivan won the fight, but the exhibition broke up in a general row.

In the summer of 1850, that fearful scourge, the Asiatic cholera, made its appearance at the place and decimated the inhabitants. Although it is supposed that its ravages are, generally, confined to people of dissolute habits, it was not so, in this case, for it visited the houses of rich and poor, indiscriminately, and all classes suffered,
equally. It is estimated that over one hundred people perished by this visitation and, the town having been deserted by all who could, conveniently, leave, the business of the place suffered severely.

Major Symington was succeeded, in 1851, by Colonel Benjamin Huger. His administration was not marked by any very important events. The excitement, against the military system, that arose in the time of Colonel Craig continued unabated. During Colonel Huger's superintendency, in 1851, a sad accident occurred at Harper's Ferry. On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from Cumberland to Fairmont, an excursion train containing the principal officers of the road proceeded from Baltimore to the then Western Terminus, Fairmont. A number of Harper's Ferryians determined to give them a salute as they passed their station, and, with this purpose, they loaded an old twelve-pounder cannon which was kept, at the Armory, for such occasions. Through some mismanagement, there was a premature explosion which caused the death of two colored men. One of them, named John Butler, was a veteran of the war of 1812 and was, long, a resident of the town. The other named "Scipio" was, like Butler, an "institution" of the place. A third party, a white man named James O'Laughlin, to whose want of foresight the accident is attributed, lost his life, shortly afterwards, by being run over by the railroad cars, in front of the ticket office.

In 1852, on an order from the Secretary of War, the Government disposed of a considerable portion of its property at Harper's Ferry, to employees of the Armory. Many of those mechanics desired to purchase houses and the Government deemed it politic to encourage them, in so doing. It insured a number of prudent, sober and steady mechanics for employment in the Government service, men, who, having a deep interest in the place, would consult the well-being of society there and would feel the more attached to the Government service. Many houses and lots were, therefore, disposed of, at a public sale, and, at the same time, many donations of land were made by the Government for religious, educational and town purposes.

In 1852, there was a remarkable inundation at Harper's Ferry—the greatest and the most destructive (except that of October, 1870,) within the memory of man, at the place and, probably, greater than either of those mentioned in the notes of Mr. Harper. The winter of 1851-2 was exceedingly severe. From November until April, the snow lay deep on the ground and when, about the middle of the latter month, there was a heavy and warm rain, for several days, the snow, suddenly, melted and an unprecedented flood was the consequence. The Potomac, swollen by a thousand tributaries, the smallest of which might, at the time, aspire to the dignity of a river, rolled
in an irresistible tide and was met by the Shenandoah with the accumulated waters of the whole Valley of Virginia. The town was, literally, submerged and large boats were propelled with oar and pole, along the principal streets. Much damage was, of course, done to property, but no loss of life is recorded. Similar inundations have been mentioned as occurring in Mr. Harper’s time and, in 1832, a very remarkable one took place, which is fresh in the memories of many of the citizens. Indeed, there is a belief that, at least, every twenty years, the town is, partially, submerged.

It may be observed that Colonel Huger, afterwards, became a General in the Confederate service and obtained some notoriety, especially, in the seven days fight before Richmond.

Colonel Huger was succeeded, in 1854, by Major Bell who was the last of the military superintendents. He “reigned” but a few months, the Government having decided, about the end of that year, to change the system of Armory superintendence back, from Military to Civil. There was great rejoicing, among the anti-Military men and a corresponding depression among those of the opposite party, for the military system had many friends, although they were in a minority.

CHAPTER III.

THE CIVIL SYSTEM REVIVED.

Major Bell was succeeded, early in 1855, by Henry W. Clowe, a native of Prince William County, Virginia, and a very worthy mechanic who had been employed, for many years before, as a master mill-wright, in the Armory. He was a man of a very impulsive nature, with all the Virtues and many of the faults of such men. His temper was high, but, he was generous to a fault and, never, did the place enjoy greater prosperity than under his administration. Whether this was owing to his good management or not, is a question which each man at the place, will decide according to his partialities, but the fact of the prosperity of Harper’s Ferry, at that time, is undoubted. Having been, long, associated with the men under him, as an equal, he had many difficulties to encounter to which a stranger would not be exposed. It is probable, however, that his greatest trouble arose from the intrigues of politicians. He had a quarrel with the then representative in Congress from the district in which Harper’s Ferry is situated and by the influence of the latter or of some other person, Mr. Clowe was removed.
THE CIVIL SYSTEM REVIVED.

During his administration, in the Spring of 1856, a tragical occurrence took place in the town. Two men named Engle and Allison had a quarrel, originating in drunkenness, when the latter struck the former with a four-pound weight, on the head, breaking his skull in several places. The wounded man lay in a comatose state, for some hours, when he died. Allison was arrested, immediately, and conveyed to Charlestown Jail, to await trial. Having concealed a small pistol on his person, he blew out his own brains, in a few minutes after being lodged in Jail and his spirit arrived at the great Judgment seat, almost as soon as that of his Victim.

In the summer of 1858, (June 10th), a melancholy accident occurred, in the Armory Yard, whereby Mr. Thomas Cunningham, a most worthy man lost his life. A very curious circumstance happened in connection with this accident. The mishap occurred in the morning, and, about 9 o'clock, the writer of these pages was passing the Armory gate, when he encountered a very respectable citizen of the place, who, in an excited manner, asked him if he had heard of any accident in the shops or yard. Having heard of none, the writer, eagerly, inquired what the other had heard. He replied: that he had heard of no accident, but, that he was certain somebody was or would be hurt that day, for, he had seen, in his dreams, the night before, several men at work in a deep excavation, in the Armory yard, when he noticed particles of clay, falling from the sides and a big rock starting to fall on the men. In his endeavors to give notice to the parties in danger, he awoke, and this was his ground for believing that somebody would be injured, that day. Politeness, alone, prevented the writer from laughing outright, at what he considered puérility in his friend. He reasoned with him on the absurdity of a belief in dreams and other superstitions. While they were yet talking, a man ran out from the Armory, in breathless haste, and inquired for a doctor. On being questioned, he replied, that Mr. Cunningham had been crushed by a rock falling on him, in an excavation he was making and that Mr. Edward Savin, also, had been badly hurt. Mr. Cunningham died in a few minutes after being injured, and, thus, was the dream, literally, verified. Whether this was, merely, a coincidence or a psychological phenomenon, let every one judge for himself. There is high authority for believing that "coming events cast their shadows before," and the above, for which the writer can vouch, would, certainly, appear to confirm the truth of what every one believes in his heart, but few dare to assert, for fear of incurring ridicule. The circumstance convinced the writer that, verily, there are many things transpiring, daily, which "do not enter into anybody's philosophy."

Apropos of the foregoing, we will relate the following which,
though it did not occur in Harper's Ferry, took place so near it, that it will not be considered much out of place in our Chronicles. Some forty years ago, there lived, near Kabletown, in the upper part of this county, (Jefferson,) a Scotchman named McFillan who was overseer on a plantation belonging to Mrs. Hunter. He was a man of dissipated habits, and some person whom he had offended informed his employer, in an anonymous note, that he was neglecting his duties. On being taken to task by Mrs. Hunter, McFillan, at once, concluded that the author of the note was a neighbor, named Chamberlain, with whom he had had some difficulty. In a short time after, he and his supposed enemy encountered one another, at a blacksmith's shop, in Kabletown and, on the former charging the latter with the authorship of the letter, a fight took place, when Chamberlain struck McFillan, on the head, with a stone, injuring him severely. In a short time, after, McFillan died, and, it being supposed that his death was caused by the injury received from Chamberlain, a Coroner's inquest was held over his remains and a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Creamer, a celebrated physician of those days. Chamberlain was put on trial, in Charlestown, and, as the fact of his having struck the deceased was notorious, he based his defense on the probability that McFillan came to his death by dissipation. Dr. Creamer's evidence favored Chamberlain's cause, and, as the utmost confidence was generally felt in the Doctor’s ability and integrity, the prisoner was acquitted.

In some time after, a man named Jenkins, moved into the neighborhood, and took up his residence in the house, formerly, occupied by McFillan and in which he died. Jenkins was a bachelor and he lived without any company, except that of some slaves whom he had brought with him. Feeling lonely, he extended an invitation to the young men of the neighborhood to visit him and assist him to pass away the long winter nights, in a sociable game of "Old Sledge" or "Three Trick Loo." One night, Chamberlain visited him and engaged at a game. Their conversation was cheerful and not, at all, calculated to excite their imaginations disagreeably. While they were engaged at their game, a shuffling of feet was heard, in the hall, and, presently, a knock was given at the room door. Jenkins said, "walk in," when the door was opened and, in walked two men who were strangers to the proprietor. Chamberlain fell, instantly, to the floor in a swoon, and Jenkins jumped up to assist him. While stooping to aid his friend, he, of course, took his eyes from the strangers and, when he had succeeded in lifting Chamberlain to a seat, they had vanished, unseen and unheard by any other person about the house.—The negroes, on being questioned, denied, positively, having heard
them arrive or depart and it was impossible that any person, in the flesh, could enter the house and proceed to the room occupied by Jenkins and Chamberlain, without being discovered by the servants. Chamberlain exhibited signs of the most abject terror and his host was obliged to send some five or six of his slaves to accompany him to his home. Of course, the matter got noised abroad, and the neighbors, eagerly, questioned Jenkins about it, but, he could give no explanation, beyond describing, minutely, the appearance of the strangers. The description of one answered, exactly, to that of McFillan. The height, make, complexion and dress of the supposed spectre corresponded, closely, with those of the deceased overseer and the other, equally, resembled Chamberlain's father who had been dead, some years. The latter apparition wore the peculiar dress of the society of "Friends," of which the old gentleman had been, in his life time, a member and, in other respects, its description coincided, exactly, with that of the deceased quaker. Of course, no person ventured to question Chamberlain, on the subject, but, it is, religiously, believed in the neighborhood, that the apparitions were the ghosts of these gentlemen, but why they should travel in company, or what the object of their visit was is as much a mystery as the dream which suggested this episode. Jenkins had, never, seen either of them, being, as before remarked, a stranger, in the neighborhood and there, certainly, was no reason why his imagination should conjure up these apparitions. Whatever skepticism may be entertained about the matter, it is certain that Jenkins, to the day of his death, persisted in his statement and there was no man in the county of a higher character than he, for veracity.

During Mr. Clowe’s time as Superintendent, in 1857, died, at Harper's Ferry, John, commonly known as “Lawyer” Barnett who was, in his way, quite a celebrity. He was, by trade, a carpenter and he had the reputation of being an excellent mechanic. Like many another deluded visionary, he conceived that he had discovered the principle on which perpetual motion could be produced and, for many years, he devoted his energies, spent his earnings and tried the patience of his friends in the construction of a machine illustrative of his idea and explaining his theory to any person willing to listen.—His machine was, certainly, very ingenious, but, marvelously complicated and, when set in motion, it terrified with its unearthly noises the timid neighbors, many of whom looked, with a superstitious awe, on the mysterious fabric and its inventor. The poor “Lawyer,” however, was the most harmless of mankind and the last man that his friends should suspect of being in league with the Powers of Darkness. If any compact existed, the poor fellow's appearance, certainly,
did not indicate any accession of wealth, as he was, always, dressed like a scare-crow, his rags fluttering in the breeze, and betokening the most abject poverty. He, always, carried a thick cudgel and was accompanied by a ferocious-looking bull-dog. The latter was, however, as harmless as its master and, for all we know, as much abstracted in the contemplation of some problem highly interesting to his canine brethren. The “Lawyer,” like many other great men, would take sprees and the poor fellow died, one night, in one of his drunken bouts, at his solitary bachelor home, and had his face devoured by rats, before his death was discovered by his neighbors. We need not say that he did not accomplish the impossibility he proposed to himself, and his machine lies, now, in a garret, almost forgotten. Had the “Lawyer” been a married man and studied the principle on which his wife’s tongue moved, and applied it to his machine, he might have accomplished something for science, and his invention might have, long ago, been published to the world.

Mr. Clove was succeeded, in January, 1859, by Alfred M. Barbour. a young lawyer from Western Virginia whose administration was the most eventful of all, as it was during that period, the great Civil War broke out which, it is well known, caused the total destruction of the Armory works. Other remarkable events, however, occurred in Mr. Barbour’s time which were precursors of the subsequent great evils and foreshadowed the final catastrophe. These we will narrate in the next chapter.

On the 28th of June, 1859, a memorable tornado swept over Harper’s Ferry. About 3 o’clock in the afternoon, a thunder storm came up and two clouds were noticed to approach each other, driven by two currents of wind, from opposite directions. When they encountered one another, a fierce flash of lightning, accompanied by an appalling thunder peal, lit up the heavens. Rain poured down, in cataracts, and, as if Æolus had, suddenly, released all his noisy subjects, the winds rushed from all quarters of the heavens and encountered each other, in the gap through which the Potomac finds its way to the ocean. In the conflict, a fine covered bridge that crossed the Shenandoah, about five hundred yards above its mouth, was lifted from its piers and completely overturned into the bed of the stream. Mrs. Sloan, a respectable old lady, happened to be on the bridge, at the time, and, of course, was carried with it. She was found, shortly after, standing up in a shallow place of the river, completely covered over with the debris of the wrecked bridge, but, fortunately, and miraculously, she received very little injury.

Having given a sketch of each of the Superintendents, we will, now, notice the Master Armormers. Originally, the Superintendents
THE CIVIL SYSTEM REVIVED.

were styled Master Armorers and Messrs. Perkins and Stubblefield went by this appellation. In 1816, however, Mr. Stubblefield was allowed an assistant to whom that title was transferred and that of Superintendent was given to the principal officer. In the above mentioned year, Armstead Beckham was appointed to the second office in the Armory. He was a high-minded gentleman who did his duty, regardless of the clamor of factions, and, with a stern resolve to do justice—a somewhat difficult task, during a portion of his time, as the Administration, at Washington, was Democratic and our Master Armorer was, always, much opposed to President Jackson. The latter, however, could not be induced to dismiss Mr. Beckham, such was the respect entertained for the character of that gentleman. In 1830, Mr. Beckham exchanged with Benjamin Moore who occupied a similar position in Pittsburg, each taking the place of the other.—Mr. Beckham, in some time after, was appointed Superintendent of the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, in Alleghany City, which position he held, until his death, which took place, some years ago.

Benjamin Moore was a remarkable person. He was a fine specimen of the physical man and his mind was on the same scale as his body. He occupied the position for nineteen years, and, during that time, he introduced an improvement into the manufacture of arms which is, universally, admitted to be of the utmost advantage, but, for which neither he nor his heirs have ever received compensation, although a claim has, for many years, been pending. His invention was that of the interchange of the component parts of the gun which means that any particular part will suit any gun. The advantage of this invention, in field operations, must be, at once, apparent as, from piles composed of the various parts of a rifle or musket, a gun can be extemporized, to replace one rendered useless by an accident. It is to be hoped that his family may, yet, reap the benefit of his ingenuity and that justice may, at length, be done to the children of a man who did so much for the efficiency of our armies.

Like many other men of great minds, Mr. Moore had, in many things, a child-like simplicity. His son, Thomas, was a man of great talent and, in almost every field of art, his ability was apparent. Among other agreeable gifts he possessed that of consummate mimicry. He would disguise himself in the garb of a beggar, and meet his father, with the most piteous tale of distress which, never, failed to work on the old gentleman's sympathies, to the opening of his purse. Many a dollar did the son, thus, obtain from the benevolent father and, when the young man would throw off his disguise and make himself known, nobody enjoyed the “sell” better than the victim. The next day, however, he was just as liable as ever, to the same deception.
such was his abstraction of mind, caused by intense thought on the subject of his invention. He died, some years ago, at a ripe old age, covered with honors and, with the happy assurance of the rewards promised to a well-spent life.

He was succeeded, in 1849, by James Burton, a young man whose whole previous life had been spent in the service of the Government at Harper's Ferry. He was a fine musician and a man of varied accomplishments. In 1853, he was appointed by the British Government to superintend the manufacture of their Enfield Rifle. Shortly before our war, he returned to his native country and, while the struggle was going on, he superintended the manufacture of arms in Richmond. Mr. Burton was succeeded, in 1853, by Samuel Byington, a good natured, easy-going man who was much respected by all at Harper's Ferry. He died, during the war, in Washington City, to which place he moved, in 1858.

Mr. Byington was succeeded, in the year last mentioned, by Benjamin Mills, a practical gun-smith of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Mr. Mills did not reside very long at Harper's Ferry, returning, in the fall of 1859, to his former residence. During his stay, however, he met with an adventure which we will relate in the next chapter and we can, safely, say that, in his Western experience, he, scarcely, met with anything that made a deeper impression on him, or which he will, longer, remember, than this occurrence.

He was succeeded, in 1859, by Armstead M. Ball, a man of remarkable powers, as a machinist. He participated in Mr. Mill's adventure and, like him, no doubt, had a lively recollection of the affair, until his death, which occurred, during the war.

We will remark that the capacity of the Harper's Ferry Armory was from fifteen hundred to two thousand guns a month and that the gun manufactured there was, generally, considered the best in the world. A good deal is heard, now, of the Needle-Gun, Chassepot and others used by various nations, which may be all that is claimed for them, but, the Harper's Ferry Rifle Yerger enjoyed, in its day, a reputation second to no weapon of the kind under the sun and it is very doubtful if it has been excelled by any of the later, so-called improvements.
CHAPTER IV.

THE BROWN RAID.

During the summer of 1859, a party of strange men made their appearance at Sandy Hook, a small village in Washington county, Maryland, in the immediate vicinity of Harper's Ferry. With them, was an old man of venerable appearance and austere demeanor who called himself Smith. They represented themselves as prospecting for minerals and they took frequent and long rambles, with this ostensible purpose, over the various peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It has, long, been believed that, in the earth, beneath the wild crags of the Maryland and Loudoun Heights, mines of different metals and fabulous value are hidden, awaiting the eye of science and the hand of industry to discover and develop them. Several of the citizens of the place have, from time to time, supposed they had found them, and no small excitement has been aroused, at various times, on this account. Specimens of different kinds of ore or what were supposed to be such, were sent to Boston and subjected to chemical analysis, when very favorable reports were returned by the most eminent chemists and geologists of the Athens of America. No wonder, therefore, was felt, at the appearance of this party and their rambles, over the tortuous and difficult paths of the mountains, excited no suspicion. They, at first, boarded at the house of Mr. Ormond Butler, where their conduct was unexceptionable. They paid, in gold, for whatever they purchased and, as their manners were courteous, to all, they were, on the whole, very popular. After a few week's stay, at Sandy Hook, they removed to what is called "The Kennedy Farm," about five miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, where they established their Head-Quarters. While at "The Kennedy Farm," Smith and his party, of whom three were his sons, made themselves very agreeable to their neighbors and they were as popular, there, as they had been, at Sandy Hook. The father was regarded as a man of stern morality, devoted to church exercises and the sons, with the others of the party, as good-natured, amiable young men. Thus, things continued, 'till the night of Sunday, October 16th, 1859. On that night, a little after 10 o'clock, Mr. William Williams, one of the Watchmen on the Railroad bridge, was
surprised to find himself taken prisoner, by an armed party, consisting of about twenty men who, suddenly, made their appearance from the Maryland side of the river. Most of the party then proceeded to the Armory enclosure, taking with them their prisoner and leaving two men to guard the bridge. They, next, captured Daniel Whelan, one of the Watchmen at the Armory, who was posted at the front gate and they took possession of that establishment. The party, then, divided themselves into two bodies, one remaining in the Armory and the other proceeding to the Rifle Factory, half a mile, up the Shenandoah, where they captured Mr. Samuel Williams, (father of William Williams before mentioned,) an old and highly respected man who was in charge of the buildings, as night Watchman. He was conducted to the Armory, where the other prisoners were confined and a detachment of the strangers was left to supply his place.—

About 12 o'clock Mr. Patrick Higgins, of Sandy Hook, arrived on the bridge, for the purpose of relieving Mr. William Williams. They were both in the employment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, as Watchmen and each was to serve, twelve hours of the twenty-four, on duty. Higgins found all in darkness and, suspecting that something had gone wrong with Williams, he called loudly for him. To his astonishment, he was ordered to halt and two men presented guns at his breast, at the same time, telling him he was their prisoner. One of them undertook to conduct him to the Armory but, on arriving near the Virginia end of the bridge, the hot-blooded Celt struck his captor a stunning blow; with his fist, and, before the stranger could recover from its effects, Higgins had succeeded in escaping to Fouke's Hotel, where he eluded all pursuit. Several shots were fired after him, without effect and he attributes his safety to the fact that his pursuers stumbled, in the darkness, over some cross-pieces in the bridge.

About this time, a party of the invaders went to the houses of Messrs. Washington and Alstadt, living a few miles from Harper's Ferry, and took them and some of their slaves prisoners, conducting them to the general rendezvous for their captives—the Armory enclosure. From the house of the former, they took some relics of the great Washington and the Revolution which the proprietor, of course, very highly prized. Among them, was a sword, said to be the same that was sent to General Washington, by Frederick The Great, King of Prussia,—a present, (as a legend inscribed on it said,) from the oldest General of the time, to the best. All through the night, great excitement existed among such of the citizens as became cognizant of these facts. About 1 o'clock, the Eastward bound Express Train, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, arrived, in charge of Conductor
Phelps. The train was detained by order of the leader of the band and the telegraph wires were cut. The object of these orders was, of course, to prevent news of these proceedings being spread. The train was, however, allowed to proceed after a considerable delay.—While the train was at Harper's Ferry, great excitement, naturally, existed, among the passengers who could not understand these movements. Several shots were exchanged, between the attacking force and a Mr. Throckmorton, clerk at Fouke's Hotel, and some other parties unknown, but no person was injured. Some time, in the course of the night, Hepwood Shepherd, a colored porter at the Railroad office, walked to the bridge, impelled, no doubt, by curiosity to understand the enigma. He was ordered to halt by the guards, at the bridge, and, being seized with a panic and running back, he was shot through the body. He succeeded in reaching the Railroad office, where he died, next day, at 3 o'clock, in great agony.

A little before daylight, some early risers were surprised to find themselves taken prisoners, as soon as they appeared on the streets, and marched to the Armory. Among them, was James Darrel, aged about sixty years, the bell-ringer at the Armory, whose duties, of course, compelled him to be first of the Armory hands, at his post. It being yet dark, he carried a lantern. When near the gate, he was halted by an armed Negro, one of the invading party, and Darrell, not dreaming of what was transpiring, and mistaking his assailant for one of Mr. Fouke's Negroes on a "bender," struck him with his lantern and consigned his "black soul" to a climate of much higher temperature than that of Virginia. The negro presented a Sharp's Rifle at Darrell and, no doubt, the situation of Bell-Ringer, at Harper's Ferry Armory, would, very soon, have been vacant, had not a white man of the party who appeared to relish very highly the joke of the mistake, caught the gun and prevented the Negro from carrying out his intention. Another white man of the party, however, came up and struck Darrell, on the side, with the butt end of his gun, injuring him severely. Darrell was, then, dragged before "the Captain," who, pitying his age and his bodily sufferings, dismissed him on a sort of parole. Mr. Walter Kemp, an aged, infirm man, bartender at Mr. Fouke's Hotel, was, about this time, taken a prisoner and consigned to Limbo with the others.

It was now, day-light and the Armorers proceeded, singly and in parties of two and three, from their various houses, to work at the shops. They were gobbled up, in detail and marched to prison, lost in astonishment at these strange proceedings and many, perhaps, doubting if they were not, yet, asleep and dreaming. Several of the officers of the Armory were captured, but, the Superintendent not
being in town, at the time, the invaders missed what, no doubt, would have been to them, a much-desired prize. About this time, Mr. George W. Cutshaw, an old and estimable citizen, proceeded from his house, on High street, towards the bridge, in company with a lady, who was on her way to Washington City and whom Mr. Cutshaw was escorting, across the bridge, to the place where the Canal Packet Boat on which the lady intended to travel, was moored. He passed along unmolested, until he disposed of the lady, but, on his return, he encountered, on the bridge, several armed apparitions, one of them, an old man of commanding presence appearing to be the leader.—

Mr. Cutshaw, who is a man of “infinite jest” relates, in the humorous manner peculiar to himself, how he, on first seeing them, took up the idea that a great robbery had been committed, somewhere, and that the tall, stern figure before him was some famous detective, employed to discover and arrest the perpetrators, while the minor figures were his assistants. He was halted, but, being in a hurry for breakfast, he was moving on, when he received another and peremptory challenge. At last, he, impatiently, said, “let me on; what do I know about your robberies!” These were unfortunate words for Cutshaw, as they gave the chief to understand that his party were suspected of an intention to plunder, an imputation which the old warrior very highly resented. Mr. Cutshaw was, therefore, immediately, marched off to the Armory, among the other prisoners, and “the Captain” kept a close eye on him, all day.

A little before 7 o’clock, Mr. Alexander Kelly approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, armed with a shot-gun, for the purpose of having a shot at the invaders. No sooner did he turn the corner, than two shots were fired at him, and a bullet was sent through his hat. Immediately, afterwards, Mr. Thomas Boerly approached the corner, with the same purpose. He was a man of Herculean strength and great personal courage. He discharged his gun at some of the enemy who were standing at the Arsenal gate, when a shot was fired at him, by one of the party who was crouching behind the fence. The bullet penetrated his groin, inflicting a ghastly wound of which he died in a few hours.

The writer of these Annals met with an adventure which, though it may have partaken of romance of which he is very fond, was anything but agreeable. Sharing in the general curiosity to know what it was all about, he, imprudently, walked down High to Shenandoah street. At the Arsenal gate, he encountered four armed men—two white and two black. Not being conscious of any guilt, he thought he need not fear anybody. The four guards saluted him civilly, and one of the white men asked him if he owned any slaves. On his
answering in the negative, the strangers told him there was a movement on foot that would benefit him and all persons who did not own such property. The writer passed on, strongly impressed with the idea that, sure enough, there was something up. He, then, looked in at the prisoners, among whom was Mr. Thomas Gallaher to whom he spoke. The leader of the party approached him and ordered him off the street, telling him that it was against military law to talk to prisoners. Not conceiving that this stranger had any right to order him off, so unceremoniously, and, not being, at the best of times, of a very patient temper) the historian refused to comply, when a pistol was presented at his breast which obliged him to “duck” a little and put a brick wall that enclosed the Armory, between him and the pistol. The “Captain,” then, called out to the same men whom the writer had encountered at the Arsenal gate, and who were not thirty yards off, to arrest him. Not relishing imprisonment much more than being shot, our historian dodged up the alley-way that runs along the side-wall of the Armory. He saw the four men raise their Sharp’s rifles to shoot at him and, in order to disconcert their aim, he took a zig-zag course which, probably, would not have been enough to save him from four bullets shot after him, in a narrow alley, had not aid come from an unexpected quarter. And, now, for the romance: A colored woman who was crouching in a door way, in the alley, rushed out, between him and the guns and, extending her arms, begged of the men not to shoot. They did not shoot and the present generation has not lost and posterity will not be deprived of this history, a calamity which their shooting would, probably, have entailed. The writer has, always, claimed great credit to himself for presence of mind, in thinking of the “zig-zag” under those trying circumstances, but his friends, maliciously, insinuate that absence of body did more to save him than presence of mind. He takes consolation, however, by comparing himself to the great John Smith, the first explorer of Virginia who was, once, in an equally bad fix and was saved by the timely interposition of another dusky maiden. The heroine who, in the present case, conferred so great a blessing on posterity, was Hannah, a slave of Mrs. Margaret Carroll, of Harper’s Ferry, and her name will be embalmed in history, like that of Pocahontas, and it will be more gratefully remembered than that of the Indian maiden, in proportion to the far greater service she has rendered to succeeding generations.

It was, now, breakfast time and “the Captain” sent an order to Fouke’s Hotel, for refreshments for his men. It is not known what the state of his exchequer was, but, he did not pay for the breakfasts, in any usual species of currency. He released Walter—familiarly
called Watty—Kemp, the bar-tender and he announced this as the equivalent he was willing to pay. It is to be feared that Mr. Fouke did not duly appreciate the advantages he gained by this profitable bargain and it may be that "Uncle Watty," himself, did not feel much flattered at the estimate put on him, in the terms of the ransom, and his being deemed an equivalent for twenty breakfasts. Be this as it may, the bargain was struck and the grub provided. "The Captain" invited his prisoners to partake of the refreshments, but only a few accepted the invitation, for fear of the food's being drugged.

Up to this time, no person in the town, except the prisoners, could tell who the party were. To them, as was, afterwards, ascertained, the party confessed their purpose of liberating the slaves of Virginia, and freedom was offered to any captive who would furnish a Negro-man as a recruit for "the army of the Lord." As, however, there was little or no communication allowed between the prisoners and their friends, outside, the people, generally, were, yet, ignorant of the names, number and purposes of the strangers and, as may well be imagined, Madam Rumor had plenty of employment for her hundred tongues. Soon, however, they were recognized by some, as the mineral explorers and suspicion, at once, rested on a man named John E. Cook, who had been sojourning at Harper's Ferry, for some years, in the various capacities of school-master, book-peddler and lock-keeper on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and who had married into a respectable family at the place. He had been seen associating with the Smith party and as he had, often, been heard to boast of his exploits in "the Kansas war," on the Free-Soil side, it was instinctively, guessed that he and the Smiths were connected in some project for freeing the slaves, and this opinion was confirmed by the fact of there being armed Negroes in the party. Shortly after, a new light broke on the people and it was ascertained that "the Captain" was no other than the redoubtable John Brown, of Kansas notoriety, who had earned the title of "Ossawatomie Brown," from his exploits in the portion of Kansas, along the banks of the Ossawatomie river. The information came from one of the prisoners (Mr. Mills) who was allowed to communicate with his family.

At the regular hour for commencing work in the morning, Mr. Daniel J. Young, Master Machinist, at the Rifle Factory, approached the gate to those shops, expecting to find Mr. Samuel Williams, at his post, and little anticipating to find the place in possession of an enemy. He was met, at the gate, by a fierce looking man, fully armed, who refused him admittance, claiming that he and his companions (four or five of whom appeared at the watch-house door, on hearing the conversation,) had got possession, by authority from the
Great Jehovah. Mr. Young being, naturally, astonished at hearing this, asked, what the object of the strangers was, and was informed that they had come to give freedom to the slaves of Virginia; that the friends of liberty had tried every constitutional and peaceable means to accomplish this end and had, signally, failed, but that, now, the great evil of slavery must be eradicated, at any risk, and that there were means enough ready to accomplish this purpose. Mr. Young remarked, in reply: "If you derive your authority from the Almighty, I must yield, as I derive my right to enter from an earthly power—the United States Government. I warn you, however, that, before this day's sun sets, you and your companions will be corpses."

Mr. Young, then, went back to stop the mechanics and laborers who were on their way to go to work, and warn them of their danger. It appeared to be no part of the policy of the strangers to keep prisoners at the Rifle Works, as no attempt was made to arrest Mr. Young.

About 9 o'clock, the people had recovered from their amazement and furnished themselves with arms. This was no easy matter, as the Arsenal and, nearly, all the store-houses were in possession of the enemy. It was recollected, however, that, some time before, a lot of guns had been removed from the place where they were, usually, stored, in order to protect them from the river which, at the time, had over-flowed its banks and encroached on the Armory. Enough was procured from this lot to equip a few small companies of citizens and a desultory engagement commenced around the Armory buildings and the adjacent streets which continued, all day. A company, under Captain Medler, crossed the Shenandoah, on the bridge and took post, on the Loudoun side of the river, opposite the Rifle Factory. Another company, under Captain Roderick, took position on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, North-west of the Armory, and a third body, under Captain Moore, crossed the Potomac, about a mile above Harper's Ferry and marched down, on the Maryland side, to take possession of the Railroad bridge. Brown's party were, thus, hemmed in and all the citizens who were not enrolled in these companies engaged the invaders, wherever they could meet them. The Rifle Factory was attacked and the party, there, were, soon, driven into the Shenandoah where they were met by the fire of Captain Medler's company who had crossed that river, on the bridge and, between the two fires, they all perished, except one, a Negro named Copeland, who was taken prisoner. It is said that a citizen of Harper's Ferry, named James Holt, waded into the river, after one who had reached a rock in the stream, knocked him down with his fist and disarmed him. Whether it was Copeland or one of those who were, afterwards, killed that was knocked down:
the writer is not informed, but that Holt performed this feat is
undoubted.

At the Armory, however, where Brown commanded, in person, a
more determined resistance was made. Brown had told several of
his prisoners, in the course of the morning, that he expected large
re-inforcements and, when, about 12 o’clock, the company, under
Captain Moore, that had crossed into Maryland was seen marching
down the river, great excitement prevailed, it being supposed by the
prisoners and such of the other citizens as were not aware of Captain
Moore’s movement and, perhaps, by Brown’s party, that these were
the expected re-inforcements. It was, soon, ascertained, however,
who they were, and Brown, now, plainly seeing that the fortunes of
the day were against him, sent two of his prisoners, Archibald M.
Kitzmiller and Resin Cross, under guard of two of his men, to nego-
tiate in his name with Captain Moore for permission to vacate the
place with his surviving men, without molestation. The two ambas-
sadors proceeded with their guards towards the bridge but, as they
came near the “Gault House,” several shots were fired from that
building by which the two raiders were very severely wounded and
put hors-de-combat. One of them contrived to make his way back
to the Armory, but, the other was unable to move, and Messrs. Kitz-
miller and Cross helped him into Fouke’s Hotel, where his wounds
were dressed. It may well be imagined that neither of the envoys
returned to captivity. Brown, finding that his doves did not come
back with the olive branch and, now, despairing of success, called in
from the streets, the survivors of his party and, picking out nine of
the most prominent of his prisoners, as hostages, he retreated, with
his men, into a small brick building, near the Armory gate, called the
“Engine House,” taking with him, his nine prisoners. A company
arrived, about this time, from Martinsburg, who, with some citizens
of Harper’s Ferry and the surrounding country, made a rush on the
Armory and released the great mass of the prisoners, not, however,
without suffering some loss in wounded, caused by a galling fire kept
up by the enemy from the Engine House. Brown’s men had pierced
the walls for musketry and, through the holes, kept up a brisk fire by
which they not only wounded the Martinsburg men and Harper’s
Ferrians but some Charlestown men also who had arrived, a short
time before. The sufferers were Messrs. Murphy, Richardson, Ham-
mond, Dorsey, Hooper and Wollett, of Martinsburg. Mr. Young, of
Charlestown, and Mr. McCabe, of Harper’s Ferry. Mr. Dorsey was
very dangerously and several of the others severely injured. None
of them, however, died from the wounds.

Before Brown’s men retreated off the streets, into the Engine
House, two of them approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, where Mr. Boerly had been shot, in the morning. It was, then, about 2 o'clock, and Mr. George Turner, a very respectable gentleman of Jefferson county, who had come to town on private business, was standing at the door of Captain Moore's house, on High street, about one hundred yards from the corner. He had just armed himself with a musket and was in the act of resting it, on a board partition, near the door, to take aim at one of these men, when a bullet, from the rifle of one of them struck him on the shoulder, the only part of him exposed. The ball, after taking an eccentric course entered his neck and killed him almost instantly. A physician who examined him describes the wound as having been of the most singular kind, the bullet having taken a course altogether at variance with the laws supposed to regulate such projectiles. It is thought by many that the shot was not aimed at Mr. Turner and that the man who fired it was not aware of that gentleman's being near. There were two men named McClennen and Stedman, standing in the middle of the street, opposite Captain Moore's house. They had guns in their hands and, at one of them, it is supposed, was aimed the shot that proved fatal to Mr. Turner.

After the latter was shot, the two Raiders, instantly, retreated and a ludicrous occurrence took place, if, indeed, any event of that ill-omened day can be supposed calculated to excite merriment. Mr. John McClennen (above mentioned) shot after them and, his bullet striking the cartridge-box of one of them, as he was approaching the Armory, an explosion of his ammunition took place and he entered the gate amid a display of fire-works of a novel description. He did not appear to relish much the honors paid him and, with accelerated pace, he took refuge in the Engine House, with his companions.

After they were all housed up in their fortress, they killed another very valuable citizen, Fountain Beckham, Esq., for many years, Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company at Harper's Ferry and long, a magistrate of Jefferson county. Being a man of nervous temperament, he was, naturally, much excited by the occurrences of the day. Moreover, Heywood Shepherd, the Negro shot on the bridge, the previous night, had been his faithful servant and he was much grieved and very indignant at his death. He crept, along the Railroad, under shelter of a water station which, then, stood there and peeped 'round the corner of the building at the Engine House opposite; when a bullet from one of Brown's men penetrated his heart and he died, instantly. A man named Thompson, said to be Brown's son-in-law, had been taken prisoner, a short time before, by the citizens and confined in Fouke's Hotel, under guard. It was the intention of
the people to hand him over to the regular authorities, for trial, but
the death of Mr. Beckham so exasperated them that the whole cur-
rent of their feelings was changed. They rushed into the hotel, seiz-
ed Thompson and were dragging him out of the house, to put him to
death, when Miss Christina Fouke, a sister of the proprietor, with
true feminine instinct, rushed into the crowd and beseeched the in-
furiated multitude to spare the prisoner's life. This heroic act has eli-
cited the warmest commendations of every party, and it may be said
to be the one bright spot in the history of that unfortunate day.
Miss Fouke's entreaties were, however, unheeded and Thompson was
hurried to the bridge, where he was riddled with bullets. He, how-
ever, tried to escape by letting himself drop through the bridge, into
the river. He had been left for dead, but, it appears, he had vitality
enough left to accomplish this feat. He was discovered and a shower
of bullets was discharged at him. He was, either, killed or drowned,
as he could be seen, for a day or two, after lying at the bottom of
the river, with his ghastly face still exhibiting his fearful death agony.

Another of the Raiders, named Lehman, attempted to escape from
the upper end of the Armory yard, by swimming or wading the Po-
tomac. He had been seen, shortly before, conducting one of the Ar-
mary Watchmen, named Edward Murphy, towards the Engine House.
He kept the latter between him and an armed party of citizens who
were stationed on a hill, near the Armory works. More than a dozen
guns were raised to shoot him, by the excited crowd and, no doubt,
both he and Murphy would have been, then, killed, had not Mr. Ze-
doc Butt induced the party not to fire, in consideration of the danger
to Murphy. Lehman immediately afterwards, disappeared for a while,
but, soon, he was seen endeavoring to escape, as above mentioned.—
A volley was fired after him and he must have been wounded, as he
lay down and threw up his arms, as if surrendering. A resident of
Harper's Ferry waded into the river, to a rock, where Lehman lay,
apparently, badly wounded, and, deliberately shot him through the
head, killing him instantly. His body, also, lay, for some time,
where he fell.

A little before dark, Brown asked if any of the prisoners would
volunteer to go out, among the citizens and induce them to cease fir-
ing on the Engine House, as they were endangering the lives of their
friends who were his prisoners. He promised, on his part, that, if
there was no firing on his men, there should be none by them. Mr.
Israel Russell undertook the dangerous duty (the danger arose from
the excited state of the people who would be likely to fire on any
thing seen stirring around the Engine House,) and the citizens were
persuaded to stop firing, in consideration of the risk they incurred of
injuring the prisoners. Like Messrs. Kitzmiller and Cross, Mr. Russell, it may well be supposed, did not return to captivity. It is certain that the citizens would, in a very short time, have disposed of Brown and his party, had not they been prevented, all along, from pushing the siege vigorously, by a regard for the lives of their fellow-citizens who were prisoners. As it was, they had, already, killed, wounded or dispersed more than three-fourths of the party, and, consequently, the sneers that were, afterwards, thrown out, against their bravery were, altogether, uncalled for and used by parties who, in the subsequent war, did not exhibit much of the reckless courage which they expected from peaceful citizens, taken by surprise and, totally, at a loss for information as to the numbers and resources of their enemies.

It was, now, dark and the wildest excitement existed in the town, especially, among the friends of the killed, wounded and prisoners. It had rained some all day, and the atmosphere was raw and cold.—Now, a cloudy and moonless sky hung, like a pall, over the scene of conflict and, on the whole, a more dismal night cannot, well, be imagined. Guards were stationed 'round the Engine House, to prevent Brown's escape and, as forces were, constantly, arriving from Winchester, Frederick, Baltimore and other places, the town, soon, assumed quite a military appearance. The United States authorities, in Washington, had, in the meantime, been notified and, in the course of the night, Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterwards the famous General of the Southern Confederacy, arrived, with a force of United States Marines, to protect the Government interests and capture or kill the invaders. About 11 o'clock, Brown, again, endeavored to open negotiations for a safe conduct, for himself and his men, out of the place. Colonel Shriver and Captain Sinn, of the Frederick troops had a conference with him which, however, did not result in anything satisfactory. About 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Colonel Lee sent, under flag of truce, Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, of the 1st Cavalry Regiment (afterwards so famous for his exploits as a Cavalry General, in the Confederate service,) who had accompanied Colonel Lee from Washington, to summon the insurgents to surrender. Knowing the character of Brown, Colonel Lee did not hope for any success in trying to induce him to lay down his arms and he sent Lieutenant Stuart, merely, through solicitude for the prisoners and a desire to try every expedient, before ordering an assault and subjecting them to the danger of being injured by mistake, in the melee. As anticipated, Brown, stubbornly, refused to surrender and, therefore, about 8 o'clock, an assault was made by the Marines, under Lieutenant Greene. They, at first, tried to break open the door with sledge-
hammers but, failing, they picked up a ladder that lay near and, with this, they succeeded in making a breach. Through a narrow opening thus made, Lieutenant Greene squeezed himself, but, he found that the insurgents had barricaded the door with a fire engine and hose that were in the building. Over these, Lieutenant Greene scrambled, followed by his men and attacked Brown who, with his party, was fortified behind the engine. After the Marines had effected a breach and commenced rushing in, the insurgents fired on them and one of the soldiers—Luke Quinn—was, mortally, and another, named Rupert, slightly, wounded. The former was shot through the body and the latter in the mouth. Brown’s men were all bayoneted or captured but, fortunately, none of the citizen prisoners received any injury. Their escape was, indeed, miraculous, as it was very difficult for the Marines to distinguish them from the insurgents. Brown himself was severely wounded by Lieutenant Greene and he was taken to another building where his wounds were dressed. He received a cut on the head and a sword thrust in the shoulder. Two or three survivors of his men were kept in the Engine House, under guard. The bodies of the slain Raiders were collected from the streets and rivers and buried in one grave, on the Southern bank of the Shenandoah, about half a mile, above Harper’s Ferry and the prisoners, (Brown included,) were lodged in Charlestown Jail. Some had, however, escaped and Cook had not been noticed, at all, in the fray, since an early hour, on Monday morning, when he was seen to cross, over the bridge, into Maryland, with a few others, taking with him two horses and a wagon captured at Mr. Washington’s place, the previous night, and two or three slaves belonging to that gentleman. There was satisfactory evidence, however, of his having been, fully implicated and it was, soon, ascertained that he, Owen Brown—one of old John’s sons—and others had been detailed to operate on the Maryland shore and that they had seized a school-house, taken the Domine, Mr. Currie, prisoner and driven away the pupils, for the purpose of establishing, at the school-house, a depot of arms, convenient to Harper’s Ferry. It was, also, ascertained that they had, all the day of the 17th, kept up a fire, from the Maryland Heights, on the people of the town and that, late in the evening, Cook had got supper at the Canal Lock-House, on the Maryland side of the river. It was, moreover, supposed that, finding the fate of the day against them, they had fled towards Pennsylvania. A large body of men, under Captain Edmund H. Chambers, an old citizen and a man of well known “pluck,” marched towards the school-house and “the Kennedy farm” and, at each place, they found a large number of Sharp’s rifles, pistols, swords, &c., with a considerable quantity of powder, percus-
sion caps and equipments of various kinds. A swivel cannon, carrying a pound ball, was, also, discovered, in a position to command the town, although it is not known that it was used, during the engagement. A large number of pikes of a peculiar form and intended for the hands of the Negroes, were, also, found. The latter were expected to turn out, at the first signal, and this weapon was considered better suited for them than fire arms, especially, at the commencement of the campaign. It should have been remarked, before, that Brown had put into the hands of his Negro prisoners, some of these pikes, but, up to the time of the discovery of the magazine, at "the Kennedy farm," the object of this novel weapon was not fully understood. Captain Chambers' party, also, found a great number of papers which tended to throw light on the conspiracy and several hundred printed copies of a form of Provisional Government to be set up, by Brown, as soon as he had got a footing in the South.

The Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise had, in the meantime, arrived. He, immediately, took every precaution to secure his prisoners and the State, against any attempt from the many allies Brown was supposed to have, in the North. Governor Wise indulged in many uncalled for strictures on the people of Harper's Ferry, for their supposed inefficiency as soldiers, on this occasion; boasting that he could have taken Brown, with a penknife. This he might have done, if the handle was long enough to allow him to keep beyond rifle range, while he was punching old Brown, through the keyhole, but, with an ordinary penknife or, even, with a Minnie musket and bayonet, it is considered doubtful if the Governor could have done much more than was performed by many a mechanic of Harper's Ferry, in the skirmish of Monday. To Governor Wise, Brown confessed the whole plan for liberating the slaves and, indeed, he had, all along, communicated his intentions to his prisoners, but, as we have before remarked, he kept his captives as much as possible, isolated and, in consequence, the people, generally, had but a vague idea of his purposes. It is true that the party at the Rifle Factory had informed Mr. Young of their object but so many wild rumors had been started before his interview with them, and there was so much confusion generally that neither "head nor tail" could be found for the strange occurrences of the day. Governor Wise who, although he exhibited a great deal of petulance, on this occasion, is, certainly, a brave man, himself, could not refrain from expressing admiration for Brown's undaunted courage and, it is said, that he pronounced him HONEST, TRUTHFUL and BRAVE.

The interview between these two men of, somewhat, similar character, but of diametrically opposite views, on politics, is said to have
been very impressive. It lasted two hours and those who were present report that Brown exhibited a high order of uncultivated intellect, in his interview with the highly educated and polished Governor of Virginia. It is, also, said that, in the course of this conversation, Brown foretold the utter destruction of Harper's Ferry, to take place in a very short time, a prophecy which, if ever uttered, has met with a terrible and literal fulfilment. This interview and the surroundings furnish a fine theme for a picture. The stern old Puritan, with his bleeding wounds, and disordered dress, his long, grey beard and wild, gleaming eyes, like some prophet of old, denouncing the wrath of Heaven on a sinful generation, and the stately Governor of Virginia, reminding one of some Cavalier of Naseby or Worcester—each firm and true as the blade he carried and each a type of the noble though fanatical race from which he sprung, would, certainly, make an impressive picture and the scene will, no doubt, some day, occupy the genius of a future painter.

On Wednesday night (October 19th,) while the fever of excitement was yet at its greatest height, a gentleman residing in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, about two miles from Harper's Ferry, either having his imagination worked up to such a degree, that he fancied he had seen what he related, or having got his information from somebody else, rode wildly through Sandy Hook and Harper's Ferry with the news that the Abolitionists and Negroes were butchering everybody in the upper portion of Pleasant Valley. The people of Sandy Hook, men, women and children rushed towards Harper's Ferry while the people of the latter place were almost equally wild with this new excitement. The Marines who were, yet, at the place turned out and marched to the point designated, where their appearance caused another and more reasonable alarm, amongst the people, there, who had not been disturbed by Brownites or Negroes and could not, for a long time, be convinced that the soldiers had come to protect and not molest them. Sandy Hook was, on this occasion, totally deserted by its people and many of them hurried away whatever portable property they deemed the most valuable. One man shouldered a well grown hog of a favorite breed and made tracks to Harper's Ferry and as he and his neighbors scoured along the road, the squeals of the indignant pig blended harmoniously with the multifarious sounds of the flying column. The Marines, finding no enemy, returned to Harper's Ferry, but, for many weeks, afterwards, similar alarms were started by nervous or mischievous people with nearly the same results.

Harper's Ferry was, now, patroled, every night, by details of citizens, until the execution of Brown which took place, near Charlestown,
December 2nd, 1859. Many a midnight tramp did the author take, through the muddy streets, that winter, with an old "Hall's Rifle" on his shoulder, when his turn came to watch out for prowling Abolitionists. The companion of his watch was a worthy Milesian gentleman, named Dan O'Keefe, from "the beautiful city called Cork."—They made it a point to watch Dan's house particularly, though a very natural anxiety on the part of that gentleman for the safety of Mrs. O'Keefe and several pledges of love presented, from time to time, by that worthy lady, to her Lord and Master, as well for the sake of a corpulent flask which the hospitable Hibernian never failed to produce, from a cupboard, near the door, when, in their rounds, they came to his house. As the night and the contents of the flask waned, the courage of the brothers in arms arose, and it is fortunate, perhaps, for the fame of Horatius Cocles, Leonidas, and other celebrated defenders of bridges and passes that no Abolitionists attempted to cross to the "sacred soil of Virginia," while those worthies were on guard and full of patriotic enthusiasm and whiskey punch. No doubt, their exploits would have far excelled those of the above-mentioned Roman and Greek or "any other man" who has gained celebrity by defending a pass. Several companies of Armorers were organized for the defence of the place and, once a week, did they display "all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," marching and counter-marching, along the streets, to the delight of the ladies, the children and, no doubt, themselves, as well as to the terror of any book-peddler from the North who might be in the neighborhood and who might, reasonably, be suspected of being opposed to slavery. A force of United States troops, under Captain Seth Barton, afterwards prominent in the service of the Confederacy, was also stationed at Harper's Ferry and, gradually, quiet was restored. A Milesian warrior, of the above troop, named Sergeant McGrath, was detailed to instruct the awkward squad of citizens, in the manual of arms and his melodious Munster Doric could be heard, on parade evenings, thundering his commands to refractory recruits.

Cook and another Raider, named Albert Hazlett, were arrested in Pennsylvania and brought back on requisitions. This circumstance might furnish a lesson to the fanatics who, unhappily abounded, on both sides of Mason-and Dixon's line. To the Southern men, it ought to have proved that the people of the North did not sympathize, to any great extent, with the invasion of the State of Virginia, and to the Northern men who expressed themselves as shocked at the want of mercy exhibited by the State of Virginia, on this occasion, it might have shown that, among themselves, were men who were ready
to deliver over Brown's party to the tender mercies of the slaveholders, for the sake of a few hundred dollars reward.

Cook and another white man, named Edwin Coppic, with two Negroes, named Greene and Copeland, were executed, on the 16th of December, in the same year, and Hazlett and Stevens, (both white,) met the same fate, on the 16th of March, 1860.

Brown's trial was, of course, a mere matter of form. He took no pains to extenuate his guilt and openly avowed that he desired no favors from the State of Virginia. Two young lawyers of Boston, named Hoyt and Sennott, volunteered to defend him and they acquitted themselves creditably. The Honorable Samuel Chilton, of Washington, was employed for the defense, by John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, afterwards, Governor of that State, but, of course, nothing could save the prisoner and he was executed, as above mentioned.

Brown died with unshaken fortitude and, bitter as the animosity against him was, his courage or rather stoical indifference elicited the admiration, even, of his enemies. Indeed, it is difficult, at the present time, to do justice to the character of this remarkable man, but, no doubt, the future historians of this country who will write when the passions that excite vs have subsided or are, perhaps, forgotten, will class him with the Scotch Covenanters of the 17th century. It has, always, struck the writer that John Brown very closely resembled John Balfour, of Burly, whose character is so finely portrayed in Scott's "Old Mortality." The same strong will and iron nerve and the same fanaticism characterized these two men and it must be said of both, (for Burly's character is taken from life,) that, while no sane person could wholly approve of their actions, their bitterest enemies cannot deny a tribute of respect to their unflinching courage. The other prisoners, also, died bravely, and, indeed, it was a melancholy thing to see men of so much stamina lose their lives in such a foolish enterprise.

An attempt to escape was made by Cook and Coppie, on the night before their execution. By some means, they succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the cell-guard and in climbing the outer wall of the prison, when they were challenged by a citizen guard who was posted outside and their farther progress was prevented. The name of the sentinel who discovered them, in their flight, was Thomas Guard, and many jokes and puns were, for months afterwards, perpetrated on the coincidence. They were, immediately, taken back to their cell and closely "guarded," till morning.

A characteristic anecdote was related by the late Mr. James Campbell, who was Sheriff of Jefferson county, during the Brown troubles. It will be remembered that, at the morning of the raid, Brown got
breakfast for his men, at Fouke's hotel and, as an equivocal restored to liberty Walter Kemp the bar-tender whom he had taken prisoner. A short time before Brown's execution, Sheriff Campbell sold some property belonging to Brown which was found at "the Kennedy farm" and was accounting to him for it and naming some claims presented, against him, by various parties with whom he had had dealings. Among these claims, was one of Mr. Fouke, for the breakfasts before mentioned. Brown was reclining on his bed, not having, yet, recovered from his wounds and, no doubt, with the shadow of his certain fate darkening his spirit. He listened, apathetically, to the list of claims, until that of Mr. Fouke was mentioned, when he, suddenly, rose up and protested against this demand. "Why, Mr. Campbell," said he, "I made a fair bargain with Mr. Fouke; I restored to him his bar-tender, as pay for the refreshments referred to, and I do not think it honorable in him to violate the contract." Mr. Campbell replied, "Why, Mr. Brown, I wonder at you. I thought you were opposed to trading in human flesh, but, now, I find that you will do it, like other people, when it suits your convenience." A grim smile played for a moment round his firmly compressed mouth. He lay down, again, quietly and remarked, "well; there may be something in that too." He made no farther opposition to the claim.

On the morning of his execution, he bade an affectionate farewell to his fellow-captives, with the exception of Cook whom he charged with having deceived him. It is said that he gave to each of them, with the above exception, a silver quarter of a dollar, as a memento, and told them to meet their fate courageously. He pretended not to know Hazlett, at all, but this was understood by all who were present to be done, in order to aid the latter whose trial had not, yet, come off and who pretended that he knew nothing about Brown or the Raid on Harper's Ferry. It will be remembered that he was arrested in Pennsylvania, some time after the invasion and, of course, his defense, if he had any, would be an alibi.

Brown's wife arrived at Harper's Ferry, shortly before his execution and, to her, his body was delivered for burial. He was interred at North Elba, in the State of New York, where he had resided for some years. His wife was rather an intelligent woman and she did appear to sympathize with her husband's wild notions on the subject of slavery. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry, she expressed the opinion that Brown had contemplated this or a similar raid, for thirty years, although he had never mentioned the subject to her. The bodies of Cook, Coppic, Hazlett and Stevens were also delivered to friends and it is said that the two latter are buried, near the residence of a benevolent Quaker lady,
in New Jersey, who deeply sympathized with them and the cause for which they suffered.

Many anecdotes of John Brown are told, in the neighborhood of "the Kennedy farm," where he and his party resided, during most of the summer previous to the Raid, and they serve to illustrate the character of this extraordinary man. Whenever he killed a sheep or any other animal for his own use, he invariably, sent a portion to some of his neighbors, many of whom were very poor and sorely in need of such attentions. In other respects, also, especially, in his love for children, he exhibited a kindness of heart which made him much beloved by all who knew him. He was very regular in his attendance at Church exercises and his piety was undoubtedly genuine, as will appear, from the following. Once, a large crowd had assembled, in a log school house, to listen to an itinerant preacher. The minister made but a very poor show and his sermon was considered, even in that unsophisticated region, as far below mediocrity. John Brown, or Smith, as he was, then, called, was one of the audience and, all through the sermon, he kept his eye riveted on the preacher and appeared to be totally absorbed in attention, as much so, indeed, as if the pulpit was occupied by Henry Ward Beecher or some other far-famed divine. When the sermon was concluded, one of Brown's neighbors made some jocular remarks about the preacher and the discourse and asked Brown, if he had, ever before heard such trash. "Sir, said the stern old man, "when I come to hear the word of God, I do not propose to criticize the preacher. I recognize the Master, humble as the servant may be, and I respect his word, though coming from the mouth of an obscure and illiterate man."

On the other hand, he, sometime, savored strongly of blasphemy, whenever religion appeared to clash, in any way, with his favorite "Hobby." After his conviction, many preachers, of various denominations, offered him the consolations of religion, according to the rites of each man's belief. Brown's first question to these gentlemen invariably was; "Do you approve of Slavery?" As the answer, at that time, was sure to be in the affirmative, (for not even a minister dare, then, hint at any sin in "the Institution," he refused to receive their consolations, preferring to go before his God, unshriven to accepting the ministrations of Slavery-loving preachers. One minister remarked to him that Saint Paul, himself, had sent back a fugitive slave to his master; when Brown with a kindling eye said; "Then Saint Paul was no better than you are;" and thus he died.

The gallows on which John Brown was hung must have been a vast fabric and the rope that hung him must have been as long as the Equinoctial Line or, else, both had some miraculous powers of repro-
duction. Of the many thousands of soldiers who were, from time to time, stationed in Jefferson county, from the day of Brown's execution, till the last regiment disappeared, more than a year after the war, almost every man had a portion of either as a souvenir of his sojourn in Virginia. The writer saw pieces of wood and fragments of rope purporting to have formed parts of them, enough to build and rig a seventy-four gun ship. If the soldiers believed they had the genuine articles, they were as contented as they would be if they had the reality and it would be cruelty to undeceive them.

For several months, after the Raid, a brisk trade was prosecuted by the boys of Harper's Ferry, selling "John Brown pikes" to the Railroad passengers, who, every day, stopped at the station, and as the number of genuine pikes was not very large, the stock must, soon, have been exhausted. It is said, however, that some ingenious and enterprising blacksmiths in the neighborhood, devoted much of their time and capital to manufacturing imitations and it is certain that the number of pikes sold to strangers exceeded, by some thousands, the number supposed to have been captured at Brown's Head-Quarters.

The names of the invaders, as well as could be ascertained were as follows: John Brown, Watson Brown, Oliver Brown, Owen Brown, Aaron D. Stevens, Edwin Coppic, Barclay Coppic, Albert Hazlett, John E. Cook, Stuart Taylor, William Lehman, William Thompson, John Henrie Kagi, Charles P. Tydd, Oliver Anderson, Jeremiah Anderson, Dolph Thompson, Dangerfield Newly, Shields Greene, alias "Emperor," John Copeland and Lewis Leary, of whom the last four were Negroes or Mulattoes.

John Brown was, at the time of the Raid, fifty-nine years old, about five feet and eleven inches in height, large-boned and muscular, but not fleshy and he gave indications of having, in his youth, possessed great physical strength. His hair had been a dark brown, but, at this period, it was gray. His beard was very long and, on the memorable day of the Raid, it hung in snowy waves, to his breast, giving to his aquiline features a singularly wild appearance. His eyes were of a dark hazel and burned with a peculiar light that gave promise of a quick temper and daring courage. His head, as it appeared to the writer, was of a conical shape and, on the whole, his physique well corresponded with the traits of his character. Our published portrait of him is an admirable likeness. He was a native of Connecticut, but he had resided, many years, in the States of New York and Ohio, where, it is said, he was a rather extensive and successful wool-grower. He was twice married and he had a very large family of sons and daughters, most of whom were married. He emigrated to Kansas, at an early period in the history of that territory, and he was
an acknowledged leader, in the civil broils which distracted that region, for several years. Of course, various opinions were entertained, concerning him—the Free-soil men considering him as a hero and the pro-slavery people regarding or affecting to regard him as a Demon incarnate. It is said that, in 1851, he visited Europe, with the ostensible purpose of exhibiting samples of wool, but, in reality, to study the science of earth fortifications which might be made available, in a servile war which he designed to excite. He, certainly, suffered a good deal in Kansas, losing one of his sons, (Frederick,) and a great deal of his property, in fighting the Southern settlers and it is probable that a bitterness of feeling, on this account, mingled with his natural hatred of slavery.

There was confusion respecting the identity of his two sons, Watson and Oliver. They were both mortally wounded, on the 17th. One of them, a young man, apparently, about twenty-three years of age, of low stature, with fair hair and blue eyes was shot in the stomach and died, in the course of the next night, in the Engine House, while the party had, still, possession of it. It is said that he suffered terrible agony and that he called on his companions to put him out of pain by shooting him. His father, however, manifested no feeling, on the occasion, beyond remarking, that "he must have patience, that he was dying in a good cause, and that he should meet his fate like a brave man." The other was a tall man, about six feet in height, with very black hair. He, also, as above stated, was wounded, in the skirmish of the 17th, and he died, next morning, after the Marines had got possession of the Engine House. He was one of the two men who were wounded from the "Gault House." When he died, his father was a prisoner and, badly wounded. On learning that one of his men had, just, died, he sent out to inquire if it was his son and, on being informed that it was, he manifested the same stoicism and made the same or a similar remark, as on the death of the other son. When the news reached him, he was engaged in the interview with Governor Wise. After satisfying himself as to the identity of the man who had, just, died, he resumed his conversation with the Governor, as if nothing had happened, calculated to discompose him, in the least. As before remarked, there is a doubt as to which of these two men was Watson and which was Oliver.

Owen Brown was one of those detailed to operate in Maryland.—He was not in the fray, but made his escape and was never captured. We cannot, therefore, give a description of his personal appearance.

Aaron D. Stevens was a remarkably fine looking young man, of about thirty years of age. He was about five feet and ten inches in height, heavily built, and of great symmetry of form. His hair was
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black and his eyes, of dark hazel, had a very penetrating glance. He was said to be a desperate character and, as it was known that he had suggested to Brown the murder of the prisoners and the firing of the village, there was greater animosity felt towards him than any of the others, except, perhaps, old Brown, himself, and Cook. He received several wounds in the skirmish and it was thought he could not survive them. In consequence of these injuries, he was one of the last put on trial and executed. He was said to be a believer in Spiritualism. He was the one who was so badly wounded from the "Gault House" and who was taken to Fouke's hotel. Had he not been disabled, it is to be feared, from what is reported of him, that a massacre of Brown's prisoners would have taken place, on his recommendation. Whatever his crimes may have been, it is certain that he was a man of iron nerve. While he lay, helplessly wounded at Fouke's hotel, a crowd of armed citizens gathered around him, and, it was with the utmost difficulty that a few of the less excited people succeeded in saving his life. One citizen put the muzzle of his loaded gun to Stevens' head, with the expressed determination to kill him, instantly. Stevens was, then, unable to move a limb, but he fixed his terrible eyes on the would-be murderer and, by the sheer force of their magnetism or whatever you may choose to call their mysterious power, he compelled the man to lower his gun and spare his life. To this day, the citizen avers that he can not account for the irresistible fascination that bound him, as with a spell.

Edwin Coppic or Coppie was a young man, aged about twenty-four years, about five feet, six inches in height, compactly built and of a florid complexion. He was a very handsome youth and, for various reasons, great sympathy was felt for him by many. He was not wounded in the engagement, but was taken, prisoner, by the Marines, from the Engine House. He had come from Iowa, where his widowed mother, a pious old lady belonging to the Society of "Friends," resided. He had been, for a long time, in the employ of a Mr. Thomas Gwynn, residing near Tipton, Cedar county, in the above mentioned State. Mr. Gwynn was a farmer and merchant and Coppic assisted him as a farm labor and "help" around his store. Mr. Gwynn was much attached to him and came to Charlestown for his remains which he took with him, to Iowa.

After Coppic's conviction, a petition numerously signed, was forwarded to the Governor of Virginia, requesting executive clemency in his case. It was not successful, however, and he was executed, as before mentioned. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry who interviewed him in his cell, he remarked that, when he left his home, in Iowa he had no intention of entering on any expedition like
the one against Virginia, but, he confessed that his object was to induce slaves to leave their masters and to aid them to escape.

Of Barclay Coppie little is known beyond the fact of his having been Edwin's brother. He was with Owen Brown and Cook, on the Maryland side and he was never captured. It is said that he was killed, some years ago, in Missouri, by a Railroad accident.

Albert Hazlett of Pennsylvania was a man of about five feet and eleven inches in height, raw-boned and muscular. His hair was red and his eyes were of a muddy brown and of a very unpleasant expression. He was very roughly dressed on the day of the Raid and, in every sense of the word, he looked like "an ugly customer." He made his escape from Harper's Ferry, on the evening of the 17th, about the time that Brown withdrew his force into the Engine House, but, he was, afterwards, captured in Pennsylvania and executed with Stevens. His age was about thirty-three years.

John E. Cook was a native of Connecticut and he was a young man, of about twenty-eight years of age, about five feet and eight inches in height, but, as he stooped a good deal, he did not appear to be so tall. He had fair hair and bright blue eyes and he was, on the whole, quite an intelligent looking man. He had, as before stated, resided several years, at Harper's Ferry and had become acquainted with all the young men of the place by whom he was regarded as a pleasant companion and had married a respectable lady there. He was highly connected and the Governor of Indiana, (Willard,) was his brother-in-law, having married Cook's sister. On his trial, Mr. Voorhees, now so prominent in the West, as a politician and, then, widely known as an able criminal lawyer, made a speech for the defense which is regarded as one of his best efforts.

Little is known, for certain of Stuart Taylor. Some contend that he was a man of medium size and very dark complexion, while others believe that he was a red haired young man who was bayoneted by the Marines in the Engine House and dragged dead from that building, at the same time that Brown was removed. The writer is inclined to the latter opinion and he thinks that those who favor the former confound him with a man named Anderson of whom we will, soon, speak, at some length.

William Lehman who was killed on a rock, in the Potomac, while endeavoring to escape, was quite a young man, with jet black hair and a very florid complexion. The killing of this young man was, under all the circumstances of the case, an act of great barbarity, as he had made signs of a desire to surrender. The man who shot him was but a temporary resident of Harper's Ferry and belonged, originally, to Martinsburg. His name we will omit for the sake of his posterity.
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William Thompson who was shot on the bridge was a man, apparently, of about thirty years of age of medium size, but of great symmetry of form. His complexion was fair and he gave indications of being a man of a very pleasant disposition. He was well known to many, in the neighborhood of "the Kennedy farm" and he was very popular in the vicinity. The killing of this man, also, was unnecessary, but, some palliation may be found for it, on account of the excitement caused by the death of Mr. Beckham.

John or (as he was, sometimes called) Henrie Kagi is said to have been a remarkably fine looking man, with a profusion of black hair and a flowing beard of the same color. He was about thirty years of age, tall and portly and he did not display the same ferocity that the others exhibited. He was "Secretary of War," under Brown's Provisional Government and he held the rank of Captain. He is supposed to have been a native of Ohio. He was killed, in the Shenandoah, near the Rifle Factory.

Of Charles P. Tydd, little is known. It is said that, before the raid, he used to peddle books, through the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. As far as ascertained, he did not appear in the fight, but escaped from Maryland, to parts unknown. It is said he was a native of Maine.

Respecting the identity of Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson, there is a doubt, as in the case of the Browns. One of them was killed by the Marines, but what became of the other is unknown. The man who was killed was about thirty years of age, of middle stature, with very black hair and dark complexion. He was supposed by some, to be a Canadian Mulatto. He is also, as before remarked, confounded by many, with Stuart Taylor. He received three or four bayonet stabs in the breast and stomach and, when he was dragged out of the Engine House, to the flagged walk, in front, he was yet alive and vomiting gore from internal hemorrhage. While he was in this condition, a farmer, from some part of the surrounding country, came up and viewed him, in silence, but with a look of concentrated bitterness.—Not a word did he speak, thinking, no doubt, that no amount of cursing could do justice to his feelings. He passed on, to another part of the yard and did not return, for a considerable time. When he came back, Anderson was still breathing and the farmer thus addressed him; "Well, it takes you a h—l of a long time to die." If Anderson had vitality enough left in him to hear this soothing remark, it must have contributed greatly, to smooth his way to the unknown land of disembodied spirits. The writer heard from very good authority, that another and still greater barbarity was practised, towards this man, while he was in the death-agony. Some brute, in human
shape, it is said, squirted tobacco juice and dropped his quid into the dying man's eye. The writer did not see the latter occurrence but it is related by witnesses of undoubted veracity. After death, also, this man (Anderson) appeared to have been picked out for special honors and the most marked attentions. Some physicians of Winchester, Virginia, fancied him as a subject for dissection, and *nem. con.* they got possession of his body. In order to take him away, handily, they procured a barrel and tried to pack him into it. Head foremost, they rammed him in, but they could not bend his legs, so as to get them into the barrel, with the rest of his body. In their endeavors to accomplish this feat, they strained so hard that the man's bones or sinews, fairly cracked. The praise-worthy exertions of those sons of Galen, in the cause of science and humanity, elicited the warmest expressions of approval from the spectators. The writer does not know what disposition they, finally, made of him.

Dolph Thompson was quite a boy and he appeared to be an unwilling participant in the transaction. He was seen by not more than two or three citizens and it is supposed that he escaped, early, on the 17th. He had fair hair and a florid complexion.

Dangerfield Newby was a tall, well built Mulatto, aged, about thirty years, with a pleasing face. He was shot and killed, at the Arsenal gate, by some body, in Mrs. Butler's house, opposite, about 11 o'clock A.M., on Monday, and he lay where he fell, until the afternoon of Tuesday. The bullet struck him, in the lower part of the neck and went down into his body, the person who shot him being in a position more elevated than the place where Newby was standing. *Mr. Jacob Bajšant,* of Harper's Ferry, claims the credit of having fired the fatal shot and the people, generally, accord him the honor. From the relative positions of the parties, the size of the bullet or some other circumstance, the hole in his neck was very large and the writer heard a party remark, that he believed a smoothing iron had been shot into him. Shortly after his death, a hog came rooting about him, apparently unconscious, at first, that it was a Lord of Creation that lay there. The hog, after a while, paused and looked attentively at the body, then snuffled around it and, finally, put its snout to the man's face. Suddenly, the brute was seized with a panic and with bristles erect and drooping tail, it scampered away, as if for life. This display of sensibility was very creditable to that hog, but, soon, a drove of the same species crowded round the dead man, none of which appeared to be actuated by the same generous impulse as the first.—The pertinacity with which death holds on to a dead African is so well known, that it has become proverbial, but, the king of Terrors, himself, could not exceed those hogs, in zealons attention to the defunct
Newby. They tugged, away, at him, with might and main and the writer saw one run its snout into the wound and drag out a stringy substance of some kind which, he is not anatomist enough, to call by its right name. It appeared to be very long or very elastic, as it reached, fully three yards, from the man's neck, one end being in the hog's mouth and the other, some where in the man's body. This circumstance could not fail to improve the flavor and enhance the value of pork, at Harper's Ferry, the next winter. On Tuesday evening, after Brown was made a prisoner, and the people were, somewhat, relieved from the terror of a more extensive and dangerous invasion, a citizen of Harper's Ferry who had not had a chance to distinguish himself, in the skirmish of Monday, fired a charge of shot, into the dead body of Newby, a feat which, no doubt, tended to exalt him, at least, in his own opinion. Like Kirkpatrick, at the murder of the Red Comyn, he thought he would "make sicker," and guard against any possibility of the dead man's reviving. The citizen referred to was, somewhat, under the influence of whiskey, but the writer saw another, apparently, sober, and a man of excellent standing, in the community, kick the dead man, in the face, and, on the whole, great a crime as the invasion of the place was, and natural as the animosity, towards the invaders, should be considered, it must be confessed that the treatment the lifeless bodies of those wretched men received from many of the infuriated populace, was far from being creditable to the actors or to human nature, generally.

Shields Greene, alias, Emperor was a Negro of the blackest hue, small in stature and very active in his movements. He seemed to be very officious, flitting about, from place to place, and he was, evidently, conscious of his own extra importance in the enterprise. It is supposed that it was he who killed Mr. Boerly. He was said to be a resident of the State of New York, but little is known, for certain, about him. He was very insulting to Brown's prisoners, constantly, presenting his rifle and threatening to shoot them. He was aged about thirty years.

John Copeland was a Mulatto, of medium size and about twenty-five years of age. He was a resident of Oberlin, Ohio, where he carried on the carpenter business, for some years.

Lewis Leary, a Mulatto, was mortally wounded at the Rifle Factory and died, in a Carpenter's shop, on "the island." He was a young man, but, his personal appearance can not be minutely described, as, when captured, he was suffering great agony and, of course, did not present his natural appearance. He also had resided in Oberlin, and his trade was that of harness-making.

A Negro man whom Mr. Washington had hired, from a neighbor
and who had been taken prisoner, with Mr. Washington, the previous night, was drowned, while endeavoring to escape from his captors.—He was an unwilling participant in the transaction and no blame was attached to him by the people.

Heywood Shepherd, the first man killed by Brown's party was a very black Negro, aged about forty-four years. He was uncommonly tall, measuring six feet and five inches, and he was a man of great physical strength. He was free, but, in order to comply with a law, then, existing in Virginia, he acknowledged "Squire" Beckham, as his master. The relations of master and slave, however, existed, only in name, between them, and Heywood accumulated a good deal of money and owned some property in Winchester. He was a married man and he left several children.

It is supposed by many that the killing of this man, alone, prevented a general insurrection of the Negroes, for some of the farmers in the neighborhood, say that they noticed an unusual excitement, among their slaves, on the Sunday before the Raid. If it be true that the Negroes knew any thing of the intended attack, it is probable they were deterred from taking a part, by seeing one of their own race, the first man sacrificed.

Thomas Boerly, the second man killed, was a native of the county of Roscommon, in Ireland. As before noticed, he was a man of great physical strength and he was noted for "pluck." He measured about six feet, in height, and weighed over two hundred pounds. He was a blunt, straight-forward man, in his dealings and he was very popular, on account of his love of fun and from that somewhat inexplicable tendency of human nature, to pay respect to the purely accidental quality of personal strength. Many years before, he encountered and fought an equally powerful man, named Joseph Graff who, at that time, resided at Harper's Ferry. The fight was conducted in the old border style of "rough and tumble," including biting and gouging. Night, alone, terminated the encounter and the combatants parted, with their mutual respect greatly augmented and with a great accession of glory to them both. The admirers of each party claimed a victory for their champion, but the combatants, wisely, divided the laurels and, never again, jeopardized their reputation by renewing the contest. Mr. Boerly's age was about forty-three years. He was married and he left three children. The State of Virginia granted a small pension to his widow, but, the war breaking out shortly after, she received no portion of it, until, at the restoration of peace, her claim was brought to the notice of the authorities. She has, since, been paid punctually. Mr. Boerly kept a grocery and he was in very comfortable circumstances.
George Turner, the third man killed, was a very fine looking man, aged about forty years. It is said that he was educated at West Point and that he was distinguished for great polish and refinement of manners. He was unmarried and he left a good deal of property. He was a native of Jefferson county, Virginia.

Fountain Beckham, the forth man killed, was, like the others, a tall, powerfully built man. His age was about sixty years. He was a native a Culpepper county, Virginia, and he was a brother of Armstead Beckham, heretofore, mentioned as Master Armorer. As before stated, he had been, for many years, a magistrate of the county and the Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at Harper’s Ferry. At the time of his death, he was Mayor of the town. He was a widower and two sons and a daughter survived him. Mr. Beckham was, in many respects, a remarkable man. It is said that he was the best magistrate that Jefferson county ever possessed, his decisions being, always, given with a view rather to the justice than the law of the cases, and, in many instances, being marked with great shrewdness and soundness of judgment. On the other hand, he was, sometimes, very whimsical and some amusing scenes used to be enacted between him and Heywood. “The Squire” would, frequently, give unreasonable or contradictory orders to his servant who, never, hesitated, on such occasions, to refuse obedience, and it was no uncommon thing to see Heywood starting out, from the Railroad office, with his bundle on his back, en route for Winchester, and swearing that he would, never serve the “Squire,” another day. He, never, proceeded very far, however, before he was overtaken by a message from “the squire,” bringing proposals for peace and Heywood, never, failed to return. Notwithstanding their frequent rows, a strong attachment existed between these two men, through life, and, in death, they were not separated. Mr. Beckham was very respectably connected. His sister was the wife of Mr. Stubblefield, so long, superintendent of the Armory and his niece Miss Stubblefield was married to Andrew Hunter of Charlestown, one of the most eminent lawyers of Virginia. Mr. Beckhams wife was the daughter of Colonel Stevenson of Harper’s Ferry and it will, thus, be seen that he was connected with many of the most influential families in “the Northern Neck.” Mr. Beckham’s death was mourned as a public loss, for, with many oddities of manner, he was a very kind hearted man and a good citizen.

The nine citizens confined as hostages, in the Engine House, were as follows: Colonel Lewis W. Washington, and John Alstadt, planters; John E. P. Dangerfield, paymaster’s clerk; A. M. Ball, master machinist; Benjamin Mills, master armorer; John Donohoo, assistant agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Harper’s Ferry;
Terence O'Byrne, a farmer residing in Washington county, Maryland; Israel Russell, merchant of Harper's Ferry, and a Mr. Schoppe, of Frederick City, Maryland, who happened to be at Harper's Ferry, that day, on a business visit;

Colonel Lewis W. Washington was, at this time, a very fine looking man, of about fifty years of age, with that unmistakable air that always, accompanies a man of true, patrician birth and education.—He was the soul of hospitality and Cook used to visit him, for the ostensible purpose of contending with him in pistol-shooting, an accomplishment for which they were, both, famous. Mr. Washington, on these occasions, used to exhibit the sword and other relics of his great namesake and kinsman and, thus it was, that Cook and his companions gained such an intimate knowledge of his household arrangements as enabled them to discover where the relics were stored, and to capture him without difficulty. Cook was, always, hospitably entertained, whenever he visited Mr. Washington and the ingratitude manifested towards that gentleman was, perhaps, the worst feature of the whole transaction, and it is not to be excused, for the moral effect that the capture might he be expected to secure. Mr. Washington, it is said, exhibited, on this occasion, a great deal of the dignity and calmness which characterized his illustrations kinsman and his fellow captives, yet, speak of his remarkable coolness, under the trying circumstances of his situation.

Mr. Washington, in his evidence before the select committee of the United States Senate, appointed to inquire into the outrage, gave a graphic description of his capture by the party. He described them as having consisted of Stevens, Cook, Tydd, Taylor and the Negro Shields Greene. Another named Merriam was supposed to be about the premises, but he was not seen by Mr. Washington. It may be remarked, that Merriam, although he is known to have been connected with the enterprise, was not seen to figure at Harper's Ferry and what became of him is unknown. It is understood that he was an Englishman by birth and that he was, in early life, a protege of Lady Byron, widow of the celebrated poet. Mr. Washington was one of those who disagreed with the author, as to the identity of Stuart Taylor. In the writer's opinion, Anderson and not Taylor was the man who accompanied the party to Mr. Washington's house.

That gentleman had several narrow escapes from death, while in the hands of “the Philistines.” About the time Mr. Beckham was killed, Brown was sitting on the fire engine, near the Engine House door, rifle in hand, apparently, watching an opportunity to make a good shot. Mr. Washington noticed him fingering his rifle abstractedly, and like a person touching the strings of a violin, and, being somewhat
struck by the comicality of the idea, he approached Brown, for the purpose of inquiring if he had, ever, learned to play the fiddle. We may well imagine the answer the stern Puritan would have returned, had there been time to propound the question. As Mr. Washington came near Brown, a bullet, from the outside, whistled immediately over the head of the latter, penetrated the handle of an axe that was suspended on the engine and passed through Mr. Washington’s beard, into the wall, near him, sprinkling brick-dust all over him. Brown, coolly remarked; “That was close” and Mr. Washington postponed his question, thereby consigning posterity to ignorance, on the momentous question, whether or not John Brown played on the fiddle. Mr. Washington deeming it prudent to leave that neighborhood, moved a little to one side, when he entered into conversation with Mr. Mills, another of the prisoners. Their faces were not four inches apart, yet, through this narrow passage, another bullet whistled and the friends, finding one place as safe as another, continued their conversation.

Mr. Washington, at that time, owned a dog of very eccentric appearance and habits and, apparently, of a most unamiable disposition. His name was “Bob” and he was of the common “Bull” species. With other peculiarities, he was remarkable for having, never, had a tail. Nature, however, with that tendency to compensation which our common mother, invariably, exhibits towards her children, gave him more than an equivalent, in providing him with an extra allowance of brains. He made it a point to visit, several times, each day, the laborers on the plantation and, if there were more than one party of them, he would visit each, in turn, and eye the Negroes, suspiciously, after which, he would return to his bed which was in front of the main entrance to the house. He, never, made freedom with any person, not even, with his master who frequently, but in vain, tried to induce him to follow him around the plantation. His morose disposition and the jealous eye he, always, kept on the Negroes, gave rise to a superstitious belief among the servants, that, in him, was the disembodied soul of some defunct plantation over seer who, with the ruling passion strong, even after death, continued to exercise his favorite avocation. Pythagoras himself would, no doubt, have agreed with the Negroes had he known “Bob” and his peculiarities and it may be supposed that the philosopher would have, triumphantly, pointed to this overwhelming proof of the Metempsychosis. On the night of Mr. Washington’s capture, however, “Bob’s” whole nature appeared to undergo a change. He accompanied his master, to Harper’s Ferry, stuck closely to him all day, on Monday and, when Mr. Washington was confined in the Engine House, as a hostage, his faithful though,
hitherto, undemonstrative dog followed him into close captivity.—Brown and his men tried to eject him and, even his master endeavor-ed to induce him to go out, but in vain. When Mr. Washington was released, he lost him in the dense crowd but, on reaching home, on Tuesday night, he found the metamorphosed overseer waiting for him at the gate and exhibiting signs of the most extravagant joy at his safe return. After this, the dog was regarded with more favor, and many of the Negroes, from that time, rejected the former hypothesis of transmigration as a slander on the faithful animal. Poor Bob has, long since, paid the final debt of Nature. He sleeps in an honored grave on his master’s plantation, but, as slavery has been abolished in the United States and bids fairly to disappear, altogether, from the earth, it might puzzle Pythagoras himself to find a suitable tenement for the now unhappy shade of the overseer. Mr. Washington, died at his residence, near Harper’s Ferry, October 1st, 1871, much regretted by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Mr. Alstadt is a gentleman of about sixty years of age, of very unassuming manners and popular for his amiable disposition. He, also, was examined before the Senate committee and gave a lively picture of his adventures while a prisoner.

John E. I. Dangerfield is a gentleman of about fifty five year of age and of a delicate constitution. He bore up very well, however, and when he was released by the Marines, his physical strength had not given way, as his friends feared it would. He, now, resides in North Carolina.

Armstead M. Ball was at that time a man of about forty-six years of age. He was very corpulent but, notwithstanding his great bulk, his health was de-fac-tate. He died, in June, 1861, of apoplexy. As before said, he was a man of wonderful mechanical ingenuity. He invented a rifling machine which was used, for several years, in the Armory and was regarded as a very ingenious piece of mechanism.—Many people, however, supposed that Mr. Ball owed much of his reputation to ideas borrowed from a man named John Wernwag who, at that time, resided and, still, lives at Harper’s Ferry and whose name will, hereafter, appear in this history, in connection with a thrilling adventure, during the great flood of 1870. Mr. Wernwag is, confessedly, a great mechanic, but, as he is a man of very retiring habits and taciturn disposition, he has never, made any show and, consequently, only a few know the wealth of mechanical genius that this man possesses, but which is lost to the world, through his unfortunate bashfulness. Mr. Ball and he used to take long and frequent rambles, over the neighboring heights and it was supposed that, in their conversations, during these excursions Mr. Ball got many
hints which he improved and practically elucidated in his machinery.

Benjamin Mills was a man of about fifty years of age, at the time of the Brown Raid, long in stature but muscular and active. He returned, as before stated, to Harrodsburg, Kentucky, where he had, formerly, resided.

John Donohoo is quite a good looking man of about forty years of age. He is a native of Ireland, but he emigrated, at a very early age, to this country. He resided, many years, at Harper's Ferry, where he was highly respected for his integrity and business qualifications. He is, now, a merchant in Leitersburg, Washington county, Maryland.

Terence O'Byrne is a man of about fifty-five years of age. He is in very comfortable circumstances and resides near the "Kennedy farm," where, unfortunately for him, he became well known to Brown and his party. Mr. O'Byrne was examined before the Senate committee and testified that the party who captured him was composed of Cook, Tyd and Lehman.

Israel Russell is a man of sixty years of age. He was, for many years, a magistrate of Jefferson county and was, always, greatly respected. He, now, resides in Loudoun county Virginia.

Of Mr. Schoppe, little is known, at Harper's Ferry. As before stated, he resides in Frederick city, Maryland.

It is somewhat remarkable that the above mentioned gentlemen who were prisoners displayed little or no vindictiveness towards Brown. The writer has, frequently, noticed, in conversation with these men, that they, invariably, dwelt on his extraordinary courage and that the animosity which it was natural they should feel, on account of the great danger to which Brown exposed them, was lost in their admiration for his daring though misguided bravery. Mr. Donohoo visited Brown in prison and, very much to his credit, exhibited towards his fallen foe, a generosity characteristic of the man himself and the gallant nation of his birth.

The story of the Brown Raid should not close without notice of another party who figured, somewhat curiously, in that memorable transaction. At that time, there lived, at Harper's Ferry, a half-witted fellow, named John Malloy who managed to gain a precarious living by getting scraps of broken bread and meat from the kitchens of the people, in return for services rendered in carrying water from the town pump and the river. He was never known to sleep in a house, a door step answering all the purposes of a bed, and a store-box being regarded by him as a positive luxury. When drunk (which was as often as he could get whiskey enough,) he had a particular fancy for a sleep on the Railroad track and, as a consequence, he was run over, several times, by the cars, but it appeared as if nothing could kill him. On one
occasion, the point of a "Cow-catcher" entered his neck and he was pushed by the engine, a considerable distance. Even thus did not kill him, but several ugly scars remained as mementoes of the adventure. Like others, he was taken prisoner by Brown and confined in the Armory yard. About 3 o'clock, in the afternoon, when the alarm had spread and people had crowded in from the surrounding country, armed with every species of weapon they could lay hands on, John managed to escape, by climbing the wall. When he was seen getting over, the citizens supposed, at first, he was one of Brown's men and every body blazed away at him. A perfect shower of bullets whistled round him and his clothes, never in the best of repair, were, almost, shot off his body. No less than twenty bullets perforated his clothing but, strange to say, he escaped without a scratch and succeeded in regaining his liberty. When, after the Raid, strangers visited the scene, John, always made it a point to be about, exhibiting the scars which he had received from the "Cow-catcher" and attributing them to wounds inflicted by Brown's party. Many a dollar did John receive, on the strength of those scars and, no doubt, he has figured in many a tourist's book as a hero and a Martyr. His escape from the bullets of his friends was, certainly, miraculous and it goes to prove the truth of the old proverb of "A fool for luck, &c." Notwithstanding all his hair-breadth escapes, poor John, finally, succumbed to a combined assault of small-pox and bad whiskey. He was attacked by the former disease, during the war (the other he always had) and, in a delirium, he wandered away and was found dead in a fence corner.

This is the "Brown Raid," so called, an invasion which may be considered as the commencement of our unhappy civil war. It, of course, created intense excitement, all over the land and the feeling then aroused, never, entirely, subsided, until the election of Mr. Lincoln, in November, 1860, renewed the quarrel on a greater scale. As before noticed, a select committee of the United States Senate was appointed to investigate the occurrence and the following gentlemen testified before it. John Alstadt, A. M. Ball, George W. Chambers, Lynn F. Currie, Andrew Hunter, A. M. Kitzmiller, Dr. John D. Starry, John C. Unseld, Lewis W. Washington and Daniel Whelan, all of Harper's Ferry or its neighborhood. Many gentlemen from the Northern and Western States, also, who were supposed to be sympathizers with Brown were called on to testify. Prominent among these were John A. Anderw, a lawyer of Boston, afterwards, Governor, of Massachusetts and Joshua R. Giddings, a leading anti-slavery man of Ohio and, for many years, a member of Congress from that State. Nothing, however, was elicited to prove that any considerable number of the people of the Free States knew of the contemplated Raid and all un-
prejudiced minds were convinced that the knowledge of it was, mostly, confined to Brown and the party that accompanied him on the expedition. Thus, Harper’s Ferry enjoys the distinction of having been the scene of the first act in our fearful drama and, as will be seen, hereafter, it was the theatre of many another part of the dreadful tragedy.

CHAPTER V.
DURING THE WAR.

When, on the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Gulf States seceded and the Legislature of Virginia called a convention of the people, to consider what course was best to be pursued, under the circumstances, Mr. A. M. Barbour, Superintendent of the Harper’s Ferry Armory and Mr. Logan Osborn were elected to the convention, on the Union ticket, in Jefferson county; over Andrew Hunter and William Lucas, secessionists. While in Richmond, attending the convention, however, Mr. Barbour is said to have been drawn into the vortex of Secession, through the powerful influences brought to bear by the secessionists on the members of that body. Mr. Barbour’s family is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Virginia and many of his relatives had seats in the convention and were ultra-Southern in their views. These had great influence over him and they, finally, induced him to vote for revolution. Indeed, many at Harper’s Ferry who voted for him at the election did so with strong misgivings respecting his reliability, but, as there was no better choice, under the circumstances, they supported him. Whatever his original intentions were, he cast his vote with the secessionists, but, some who enjoyed his confidence say that he, afterwards, bitterly regretted having done so. The Ordinance of Secession was passed by the convention, on the 17th of April, 1861, and on the following day, Mr. Barbour made his appearance at Harper’s Ferry, in company with Mr. Seddon, afterwards, prominent in the Government of the confederacy. He made a speech to the people, advising them to cooperate with their native State and give in their adhesion to the new confederacy. This speech excited the anger of the people to a high pitch, as he had received their suffrages on the understanding that he was for the union unconditionally. A partial riot took place and the appearance, soon after, of a Southern Soldier (a young man named John Burke,) on guard over the telegraph office aroused the people to frenzy.

Lieutenant Roger Jones, with forty-two regular United States
Soldiers, was, then, stationed at Harper's Ferry, a company having been kept there by the Government for the protection of the place, since the Brown Raid. Hearing that a large force was marching from the south, to take possession of the Armory, he made some preparations to defend the place and called on the citizens for volunteers. Many responded, prominent among whom was a gigantic Irishman, named Jeremiah Donovan who, immediately, shouldered a musket and stood guard at the Armory gate. This man was the first, (at least in this region) who took up arms in defence of the Government and, as will be seen, shortly, he was very near paying a heavy penalty for his patriotism. As before mentioned, a Southern soldier was on guard at the telegraph office and he and Donovan were not fifty yards apart. To use a homely phrase, Harper's Ferry was "between Hawk and Buzzard," a condition in which it remained, 'till the war was ended, four years afterwards. All day, the wildest excitement existed in the town. All business was suspended, except in the bar-rooms and several fist fights come off, between the adherents of the adverse factions. Mr. William F. Wilson, an Englishman by birth, but, long, a resident of the place, attempted to address the people, in favor of the Union, but he was hustled about so, that his words could not be, distinctly, heard. Mr. Wilson continued, all through the war, to be an ardent supporter of the Government. Mr. George Koonce, a man of great activity and personal courage and Mr. Wilson, above mentioned, who is, also, a man of great nerve, were very prompt in volunteering their aid to Lieutenant Jones and the latter put great confidence in them. With a few young men, they advanced, a little before midnight, to meet the Virginia Militia, about two thousand in number, who were marching towards Harper's Ferry, from Charlestown. They encountered and, it is said, actually, halted them, on Smallwood's Ridge, near Bolivar. At this moment, however, news reached them that Lieutenant Jones, acting on orders from Washington city, or, under directions from Captain Kingsbury who had been sent from the Capital, the day before, to take charge of the Armory, had set fire to the Government buildings and, with his men, retreated towards the North. This left them in a very awkward position, but they, with the few under their command, succeeded in escaping, in the darkness. Mr. Koonce was obliged to leave the place, immediately, and keep away until the town, again, fell into the hands of the Government troops. A loud explosion and a thick column of fire and smoke arising from the direction of Harper's Ferry, gave to the confederate force, information of the burning and they proceeded, at double quick, to save the machinery in the shops and arms in the arsenal, for the use of the confederacy. Before they reached Harper's
Ferry, the citizens had extinguished the fire in the shops and saved them and the machinery. The arsenal, however, was totally consumed with about fifteen thousand stand of arms, there stored—a very serious loss to the Confederates who had made calculations on getting possession of them. Lieutenant Jones had put powder in the latter building and, hence, the explosion which had given notice to the Confederates and, hence, also, the impossibility of saving the Arsenal and its contents.

Just at 12 o'clock, on the night of April 18th, 1861, the Southern forces marched into Harper's Ferry. Poor Donovan was seized and it is said that a rope was put round his neck by some citizens of the place, who held Southern views, for the purpose of hanging him instanter. A better feeling, however, prevailed and Donovan was permitted to move to the North and seek employment with the Government of his choice. The force now, in possession of Harper's Ferry were all Virginians and this was lucky for Donovan, for they were the most tolerant of the Confederates. Had he fallen into the hands of the soldiers from the Gulf States who came on, in a few days, he would not have escaped so easily. These latter were near lynching Dr. Joseph E. Cleggett and Mr. Solomon V. Yantis, citizens of the town, for their Union opinions. The Virginia Militia were commanded by Turner Ashby, afterwards, so famous for his exploits, in the Valley of Virginia.

It may be remarked, that Donovan is, now, employed as a helper, in a blacksmith's shop, near the mouth of Antietam Creek, at laborer's wages, while many a smooth traitor who secretly favored the rebellion and many a weak-kneed patriot who was too cowardly to oppose it, while there was any danger in doing so, is, now, fattening on Government patronage. There are many instances of the kind, not far from Harper’s Ferry and certain it is, that few of the noisy politicians, so loyal, now, exhibit the courage and disinterested attachment to the Government that was shewn by this obscure laborer.

Harper's Ferry, now, ceased, for a time to be in the possession of the Government. Next day, (April 19th,) news arrived of the disgraceful riot in Baltimore, when the 6th Massachusetts regiment was attacked, while marching to the defence of the National Capital.—Exaggerated reports of the slaughter of “Yankee” soldiers were circulated and the State of Maryland was, truly, represented as ready for revolt. Numbers of volunteers arrived from various parts of the latter State, especially from Baltimore and many of those who participated in the riot came to Harper's Ferry and were, for a season, lionized. In a few days, the soldiers of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky and other Southern States arrived and were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. The forces of Kentucky, like those
of Maryland, were volunteers in the strictest sense. Neither of those States, ever, formally, seceded and, therefore, their citizens were not, in any way, compelled to join the Confederacy. The Kentuckians who came to Harper's Ferry, were among the worst specimens of the Confederate army, being composed of rough, Ohio boatmen and low "bummers" from the pur楼市 of Louisville and other river towns.—Martial law was, at once, substituted for the civil, and the peaceful citizens, for the first time, (if we except the Brown raid,) experienced the dangers and inconveniences of military occupation. General Harper, a militia officer of Staunton, Virginia, was put in command, but, in a few days, the Confederates, wisely, dispensed with "featherbed" and "corn-stalk" officers and put into important commands, West Pointers and men of regular military education. In consequence of an order to this effect, many a "swell" who had been strut-ting about, in "all the pride, pomp, &c.," was shorn of his feathers and it was amusing to see the crest-fallen, disappointed appearance of the degraded warriors. General Harper was removed, like the others, and Colonel Jackson was put in command of the place. This man was very obscure, at the time, at least, he was known to few, outside of the walls of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington where he had, for some years, been a Professor. He, afterwards, gained a world-wide reputation, under the name of "Stone-wall Jackson."

All the Government property, at the place, was seized and many families who rented houses from the Government were obliged to vacate their homes, at great inconvenience, and procure shelter, wherever they could. Guards were posted along the streets, at very short intervals and these, like all young soldiers, were extra zealous and exacting. Regular business was, of course, totally, destroyed, but, new branches of industry sprung up, such as that of baking pies for the soldiers, and whiskey-smuggling—trades which commenced then and flourished, all through the war. The latter was exceedingly profitable and it was embraced by all who were willing to run the risk attending it, (for it was, always, strictly interdicted by the military,) and regardless of the disgraceful nature of the employment.

Another trade soon sprung up—that of the spy. Malicious and officious people, many of which classes are to be found, in all communities, stuffed the ears of the hot-headed Southern men with tales about sneaking Abolitionists, Black Republicans, unconditional Union men, &c., and private malice had an excellent opportunity for gratification of which villains did not hesitate to avail themselves. Many quiet, inoffensive citizens were dragged from their houses and confined in filthy guard-houses, a prey to vermin and objects of insult to
the rabble that guarded them. Large histories could be written on the sufferings of individuals, during this period and our proposed limits would not contain a tithe of them.

Some times, a false alarm, about advancing "Yankees," would set the soldiers in the qui vive and, of course, the citizens were, on those occasions, thrown into a state of the utmost terror. Sometimes, also, the officers would start or encourage the circulation of those reports, in order to test the mettle of their men and, several times were lines of battle formed in and around the town. On one occasion, a terrible hail storm came up which, of itself, is worthy of a place in the annals of the town. In the midst of descending cakes of ice, the 2nd Virginia regiment was ordered to march to Shepherdstown, to repel some imaginary invasion. They obeyed, with alacrity and returned, if not war-worn, certainly, storm-tossed and weather-beaten, as their bleeding faces and torn and soiled clothes amply proved.

The confederates exercised control over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and, whenever a train stopped at the station, the passengers were scrutinized and, whenever a Union man of any prominence was recognized, among them, he was greeted with groans, hisses and threats of lynching. On one occasion, the Honorable Henry Hoffman of Cumberland who even then, was regarded as an ultra Republican, was a passenger and, when the train stopped at Harper's Ferry, the fact was made known to the crowds of soldiers, on the platform, by a fellow passenger who, evidently, entertained some private malice against that gentleman. The informer stood on the platform of one of the cars and, with wild gestures and foaming mouth, denounced Mr. Hoffman, in the fiercest manner and, no doubt, the latter gentleman's life would have been sacrificed, had not some of the more cool-headed among the confederate officers, present, poured oil on the troubled waters. One evening, the Mail train was detained and the Mail-bags were taken from the agent by an armed force. The letters were sent to Head Quarters and many of the citizens to whom friends, in the North and West, had written, freely denouncing secession, were put under arrest and some were in imminent danger of being subjected to the utmost rigor of military law. Mr. William McCoy, of Bolivar, an aged, infirm man and one of irreproachable character was, on this occasion, very roughly handled. He was arrested on some charge founded on evidence obtained from the plundered Mail-bags and he was kept, several days, in close confinement. The Military authorities, in the mean time, expressed their intention of making him a signal example. Whether or not they, really, meant to go to extremes with him is uncertain, but, there is no doubt that the ill-usage he received from them hastened his death. With the
utmost difficulty, and at the earnest intercession of some powerful friends, he was allowed to move, with his family, to Ohio, on condition, that he, never, returned. Hastily picking up a few necessaries, he started, on the next train, for the place of his exile, glad enough to escape with his life, even at the sacrifice of his valuable property, in Bolivar. The confederate soldiers, immediately, destroyed the raft fence around his residence and filled up the post-holes, in order, as they said, to give him as much trouble as possible, in case he was, at any time, enabled to return. The house itself being necessary to them as a barracks, was, unwillingly, spared. The poor old man died, in a short time after, in Ohio and, no doubt, he now, enjoys all the happiness promised to those who are persecuted for righteousness sake. It is true, that, even, in the peaceful realms to which poor "Uncle Billy" has ascended, there was, once, a rebellion, but, there will, never, be another, in that happy land, or if there should, he need not fear any worse treatment, from the followers of a new Lucifer, than he received, on earth, from Jeff Davis' Myrmidons.

Mr. Abraham H. Herr, proprietor of the island of Virginius, was, soon after, arrested,—like McCoy, on some charge founded on his intercepted correspondence. He was taken to Richmond, but, was soon after, released, as is supposed, on parole. He was, never, considered sound on the Southern "Goose" and it will, hereafter, appear that he suffered materially, for his supposed, secret attachment to the Union.

Harper's Ferry was occupied, for, nearly, two months, by the Confederates. The splendid machinery, at the Work shops, was taken down and transported to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where the Confederates had established an armory. While the place was occupied by the insurgents, it presented a scene, novel at the time, but, very familiar, for years after. One night, great excitement was caused by the capture of General Harney of the United States army who was a passenger, on board one of the trains, en route, for Washington city, from St. Louis. The general was sent a prisoner to Richmond, but, his advanced years rendering it improbable that he could do much good or harm to either side, he was, soon, released and he was not, again, heard from, till the close of the war.

General Jackson was succeeded by General Joe Johnston who continued to command, at the post, until the Confederates retreated from the place.

On the 14th of June, the insurgents blew up the Railroad bridge, burned the main armory buildings and retreated, up the Valley, taking with them, as prisoners, Edmond H. Chambers, Hezekiah Roderick, Nathaniel O. Allison and Adam Ruhman, four prominent citizens of Harper's Ferry whom they lodged in the jail, at Winchester, on the
charge of inveterate unionism. From the first, preparations had
been made for the destruction of the Railroad bridge, under the su-
perintendence of Angus McDonald of Hampshire, an old man, but,
one who appeared to be full of zeal in the cause and possessed by a
bitter spirit of opposition to the United States Government. He was
a grandson of a Scotch Highlander who fled to Virginia, after the last
Pretender’s rebellion, in 1745, when “the Clans, at Culloden, were
scattered in flight,” and, it may be, that he inherited the ideas of Feu-
dalism which prevailed, to so late a day, among the Scottish clans and
which were so well suited to the Virginia of ten years ago. What-
ever may have been the cause, he was a most virulent enemy to the
Government and he will be, long, remembered at Harper’s Ferry, for
the dread, felt of him by the Union men at that place. He died a
prisoner, during the war, having been captured by the Union forces,
in a skirmish near Romney.

After the retreat of the confederates, a dead calm reigned, for a few
days, and the stillness was rendered oppressive by contrast with the
former bustle and confusion. On the 28th of June, a force, com-
posed of some Baltimorians and a part of the 2nd Mississippi Regiment,
under the command of Colonel Faulkner, of the latter, made its ap-
ppearance and destroyed, with fire, the Rifle Factory and the Shenan-
doah bridge, as, also, engine, No. 165, and some cars of the Baltimore
and Ohio Railroad company, which they pushed on the ruins of the
bridge destroyed on the 14th, until they fell through, into the Potomac.
Again, on the retreat of this force, did a silence deep as that
of an Arabian desert, brood over the place, broken, only, by the steal-
thy step of some petty thief, engaged in picking up stray articles be-
longing to the army or the citizens who had fled, in every direction,
and, almost, completely, deserted the town, as soon as the confeder-
ates had pushed, far enough, up the Valley, to leave the roads around
Harper’s Ferry comparatively safe.

On the 4th of July, a lively skirmish took place, between Hender-
son’s company of confederate Cavalry and a party of the 9th New York
regiment of Militia which had, a few days before, occupied Sandy
Hook, in Maryland. The Federal soldiers being on the Maryland and
the Confederates on the Virginia side of the river, the game was at
“long tow,” and comparatively little damage was done. Two men
were killed on the Maryland shore and, at least, one, was wounded on
the Virginia side. The name of one of the slain New Yorkers was Banks
and he is said to have been a very respectable man, but the name of
the other is unknown to the author. The man wounded on the Vir-
ginia side was a shoe maker of Harper’s Ferry, named Harding who,
although, not in the army was a sympathizer with the south and who,
being on a "spree," exposed himself, recklessly, when he received a very dangerous wound. He was an Irishman by birth and had served, many years, in the British East India Company's service. The honor of having wounded him is claimed by John, better known as "Ginger" Chambers, a citizen of Harper's Ferry who, being a strong Union man and happening to be at Sandy Hook, at this time, picked up a gun and fell into rank with the New Yorkers. Prominent, among the confederates, on this occasion, was a man named James Miller, of Hall-town, Jefferson county, and it is said that it was he who killed Banks. In a short time after, while he was under the influence of whiskey, he, in company with a man named Kerfoot, shot his captain, (Henderson,) wounding him severely and, for this offense, he was executed in Winchester, by order of a Court-Martial. The skirmish, of course, effected little, beyond putting the few old people who, still, remained at the place, into a most uncomfortable state of alarm.

In the evening, after the "battle" was over, a melancholy occurrence took place, whereby the community lost one of its very best citizens. When the confederates had retired, Mr. F. A. Roeder walked towards the Railroad office and, while he was sauntering about, a shot was fired from the Maryland side of the river which inflicted a mortal wound on him of which he died, in about two hours. It is known that the bullet was discharged at Mr. Ambrose Cross who was, also, on the Railroad at the time. The man who, thus, deprived the place of a valuable citizen was an old "bummer," belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment, who had straggled from his command in Pleasant Valley, and had got drunk, celebrating the "Glorious fourth," at Sandy Hook. Hearing of the skirmish at Harper's Ferry, he staggered towards that place and arrived after the fight was over and the enemy had retreated. Seeing Mr. Cross on the Railroad, he fired off his gun, swearing that he would kill "a d—d Rebel" any how. The shot missed the object at which it was aimed and, striking the end of Fonke's Hotel, it glanced and struck Mr. Roeder who, at that time, unfortunately, happened to be turning the corner of that building. — The bullet tore a ghastly hole in his groin, through which his intestines protruded. He managed to reach his home unassisted (for there were scarcely any people, then, at the place,) when death, soon, released him from his sufferings. Little did the slayer know and little, perhaps, would he care if he knew, that the man he shot at (Mr. Cross) was one of the sternest Union men in the whole land and that his bullet proved fatal to one of the first men in the State of Virginia, who dared to express sympathy with the Republican party. Mr. Roeder was a native of Saxony, but, he had resided, for many years, at Harper's Ferry, where he was very much respected and where he had, by
industry, accumulated a considerable property. He was very much opposed to slavery and his death, especially under the circumstances, was very much to be deplored. It is singular that the first man killed by John Brown’s party was a Negro, and that the first who lost his life, at Harper’s Ferry, at the hands of the Union army, was a warm friend to the Government and one who would have sacrificed, if necessary, all the property he possessed, to preserve the Union of the States. Who knows what design an all-wise Providence had in permitting these mistakes, or, what good purposes the death of these men may have subserved in the mysterious working of Heaven? Mr. Roeder appeared to have a presentiment of his fate. On the 14th of June, when the confederates retreated, he called the author of these pages into his house and invited him to partake of a cup of “schnapps,” for, a similarity of tastes and sentiments, on many subjects, had, for several years, bound them in the closest friendship. When they were seated, Mr. Roeder remarked; “Well; we have got rid of this lot and have escaped, at least, with our lives, but, what will the next party that comes, do with us? He appeared to be in very low spirits and to look forward to the next party, with much apprehension. His fears were prophetic, for, the very next body of soldiers that came proved fatal to him.

About this time, it was sad to see the rapid demoralization of the people and the various phases of corrupt human nature suddenly brought to light by the war. Not only were the Government buildings ransacked for plunder, but, the abandoned houses of the citizens shared the same fate. Men, women and children could be encountered, at all hours of the day or night, loaded down with plunder or trundling wheel barrows freighted with all imaginable kinds of goods and household furniture. In many instances, their shamelessness was astonishing and it appeared, as if they considered that a state of war gave unlimited privilege for plunder. Citizens who recognized their property and claimed it from the hands of those marauders were abused and, sometimes, beaten and, sad to relate, women were, in many instances, prominent in those disgraceful scenes. Spies were, constantly, crossing and recrossing the Potomac to give information to their friends on either side, and it, frequently, happened that the same parties were or pretended to be, spies for both sides and, as the phrase goes, “carried water on both shoulders.” In the country, horse-stealing was prosecuted on a gigantic scale and quite a brisk business was carried on by certain parties, pursuing the thieves, as also, capturing run-away Negroes, for, slavery had not, yet, been abolished by law and many slaves were taking advantage of the unsettled state of affairs, to make their escape.
On the 21st of July, General Patterson who had been operating with a large army, watching General Johnston's motions, near Winchester, fell back from Charlestown, to Harper's Ferry. His army occupied the place, for several days and helped themselves to most of what was left in the town. Whatever may be said of their exploits in the field, their achievements in the foraging line are, certainly, worthy of honorable mention in this impartial history. The United States army, at that time, was, mostly, composed of "three months' men," and, certainly, it must be said, that if they were not thieves, before they entered the army, their proficiency in the art of stealing was extraordinary, considering the short time they were learning this accomplishment, so necessary or, at least, so becoming to a thorough soldier. Hen's teeth are articles the scarcity of which is, in all countries, proverbial, but the author can aver that, when this army left Harper's Ferry, the teeth of these useful birds were as plentiful as any other part of them and Saint Columbkille himself could not desire more utter destruction to the race of cocks than was inflicted on them by General Patterson's army. Indeed, everything movable disappeared before them and, at the risk of not being believed, the author will declare, that he saw a party of them carrying off a tombstone, from the Methodist Cemetery. What they wanted with it, he will not venture to guess, but a regard for the truth of history compels him to relate the fact. It may have been some company cook who wanted it for a hearth-stone, or it may have been some pious Puritan who desired to set it up, in his tent, as an aid to his devotions, but certainly it is, that six or eight soldiers of this army were seen by many of the citizens conveying it, between them, from the cemetery to their bivouac in the Armory yard.

When this army crossed into Maryland, on their way home, (their three months of service having expired,) quiet, again and for a long time, reigned at Harper's Ferry. At Sandy Hook, however, there was a lively time, during the month of August and a part of September. General Nathaniel Banks, of Massachusetts, was sent, with a large army, to occupy that place and Pleasant Valley, and, for six or seven weeks, Sandy Hook enjoyed all the facilities that had, formerly, fallen to the lot of Harper's Ferry. General Banks earned for himself the reputation of being a thorough gentleman and, although his career, afterwards, was not signalized by much success, his failure, on his part, has been sufficient to erase the respect which he earned and enjoyed from men of all shades of opinion, in that region. His army occupied the low grounds, between the Blue Ridge and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as, also, Pleasant Valley, while the General's Head Quarters were at the house of Mr. Jacob Miller, near
Sandy Hook. The latter place, although a miserable hamlet, at once acquired a national importance, but, for some reason, Harper's Ferry was, for a time, altogether, ignored. The first battle of Manasses had been fought, July 21st—the day on which General Patterson's army commenced its raid on Harper's Ferry, instead of being engaged with General Joe Johnston's forces who, on that day, were aiding Beauregard at Manasses, having given Patterson the slip. General Banks as well as the other corps of the Union army, were being re-organized and prepared for future operations, and Sandy Hook, for some reason, was assigned as the temporary position of that commander.—Early in the Fall, he moved to Darnestown, some thirty miles farther down the river and, after a short stay there, he moved to Frederick, where he spent the winter. After the departure of the army for Darnestown, the 13th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was sent to Sandy Hook, as a corps of observation and a guard for the ford at Harper's Ferry. These men were uncommonly zealous in shooting at Rebels, as long as they were on the Maryland side of the river, with the broad Potomac between them and the enemy, or rather, between them and Virginia, for it, now, rarely happened that a Confederate soldier appeared at the place. Crouching under the buttresses of the bridge, on the Maryland side, in the bed of the Canal, or, among the thickets and rocks of the Maryland Heights, the gallant 13th kept up a constant musketry fire, on the inhabitants, suspecting or affecting to suspect them of being Rebels. Everything that moved about the streets was shot at. The appearance of, even, a mullein-leaf, swaying in the wind, elicited a volley from those ever vigilant guardians of the Union, and it was lucky for Harper's Ferry that they were indifferent marksmen, else, it would have been wholly depopulated. They had field glasses with which they watched the motions of the inhabitants and there is no exaggeration in saying that they shot at the weeds set in motion by the wind, for it frequently, occurred that volleys were fired at bushes which could, in no way, hide an enemy and whose only fault was that they moved in the breeze. Sometimes, the 13th would send detachments, in skiffs, across the river, and, on one or two occasions, they were encountered by parties of Confederates who would, sometimes, lurk in the graveyard and behind the fences on Camp Hill and keep up a scattering fire, on “the Yankees,” in the town. On one of those occasions, a Confederate soldier, named Jones was killed, near the graveyard, a bullet having penetrated through the palm of his hand and, then, into his stomach. In this skirmish, a captain of the 13th, whose name we will mercifully omit, very much distinguished himself. At the first fire, he jumped into the Shenandoah, to hide behind a wall that
protects the Winchester and Potomac Railroad from the strong current of that river. Although he effectively shielded himself against fire, he was not so successful against the river, which, at this place, is both deep and rapid, and he had much difficulty in saving himself from being drowned. As it was, his fine clothes were much damaged and a red sash which he wore around him left a stain on his uniform which he could not remove, by any amount of washing. It would appear as if a soldier's uniform, eternally, blushed for the cowardice of the poltroon who wore it. The Captain was, or claimed to be, a Prussian, by birth and he was loaded down with medals and badges of merit which he said, himself, he had gained in the Crimean campaign, fighting against the Russian Bear. After the skirmish he lost caste and, soon after, he was sentenced by a court martial, to a term of imprisonment, at Sing-Sing, for embezzlement. It is told that, when he entered the prison, and the principal keeper, with a view of assigning him to some suitable employment, inquired if he had learned a trade, he answered: that he had never worked any, but, that "he was a scholar and could talk seven languages." The keeper, upon this, told him that, at Sing-Sing, "there was but one language spoken and d—d little of that, and he, immediately, set him to work in one of the shops. This was unkind in the keeper, but, no doubt, it would be difficult to please all penitentiary prisoners, in assigning them employment, during their terms of servitude. An Irishman, under similar circumstances, was asked, what trade he would have and answered, that he, always, had a liking for the sea and that he would choose to be a sailor. We are not informed as to whether or not the keeper complied with its reasonable desire. The Captain was, certainly, a poor specimen of the men who have conquered at Sadowa and Sedan. His men, however, on this occasion, shewed more pluck than their Captain and, under Lieutenant Brown, of the same company, (an name we will, cheerfully, mention,) they stood their ground like good soldiers, until the enemy retired.

Early in October, Mr. A. H. Herr proprietor, of "the island of Virginia," and the large flouring-mill on it, having a large quantity of wheat which he could not grind into flour (his mill having been partially destroyed by some Federal troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Andrew, brother of the Governor of Massachusetts, in order to keep the Confederates from using it) and being, at heart, a Union man, invited the Government troops to remove it to Maryland. There being no bridge, then, across the Potomac, a large boat was procured and a company of the 3rd Wisconsin Regiment impressed the few able-bodied men, then at the place, into the service of the Government, to remove the wheat from the Mill to the boat and ferry it.
across, with the aid of the soldiers. The citizens were promised a liberal per diem, but that, like many other good promises and intentions, forms a part of the pavement of a certain region where it never freezes. Even the sacred person of the historian was not spared and many a heavy sack did he “tote” during several days, under the eye of a Wisconsin sergeant who appeared to enjoy hugely the author’s indignation, at his being put to this servile employment. Like the Prussian captain, at Sing-Sing, the author, on this occasion, derived no benefit from his knowledge of the classics. While the Sergeant was indifferent to the language in which the writer chose to swear or to the number of anathemas he thought proper to vent against the world in general and soldiers in particular, he took care that the poor author did his full compliment of the work. Suddenly, on the 16th of October (the anniversary of the Brown Raid,) while the citizens and soldiers were busy working at the wheat, a report reached them, that Colonel Ashby, at the head of the Virginia Militia, was approaching from Charlestown, to stop their work. The report turned out to be true and Colonel (afterwards General) Geary, now, Governor of Pennsylvania, at the head of three companies of the 28th Pennsylvania, three of the 3rd Wisconsin and the same of the 13th Massachusetts regiments, crossed the river and marched to Bolivar Heights, where the enemy were posted. A very sharp skirmish took place which is known to history as “the battle of Bolivar.” Both sides claimed the victory, though both retreated—Geary, to Maryland and Ashby, up the Valley, towards Charlestown. Four or five Federal soldiers lost their lives in this affair, but the loss of the Confederates is unknown. It is certain that many of them were severely wounded, but, they acknowledge only one death. Many young men of the neighborhood of Harper’s Ferry, in the Confederate army, were wounded in this engagement, among whom were Mr. William Rider and John Yates Beall, the latter of whom was afterwards, executed in New York, for being engaged in hostile acts, within the limits of that State. Colonel Geary succeeded in capturing and taking to Maryland a large cannon belonging to the Confederates, but the latter claim that they had abandoned it and that there was no honor attached to its capture.

The Federal soldiers were on this occasion, very much excited in consequence of a malicious report spread among them, that some citizens of Bolivar were harboring the enemy, in their houses and giving them an opportunity to pick off the Union soldiers, from the windows. Mr. Patrick Hagan was arrested on this charge and hurried away to Maryland, without getting time to put on his coat. This gentleman is one of the most peaceable citizens of the place and no person of either party, in Harper’s Ferry or Bolivar, believed that he
was guilty. Notwithstanding his high character, however, he was
taken away in the condition mentioned and kept in confinement, for
several months, in a Government Fort. This is but one of many in-
stances, where private malice got an opportunity, during those un-
happy times, of venting its spite, under the cloak of patriotism. In a
day after the battle, a party of Confederate Cavalry entered the
town and burned Mr. Herr's extensive mill, thereby, inflicting an ir-
reparable loss on the people. As before mentioned, Lieutenant Col-
nel Andrew had partially destroyed it; that is, he broke a portion of
the machinery,—just enough to render the mill incapable of being
worked. This damage could, very easily, have been repaired and the
mill could, in a few days, have been put into working order. The
Confederates, however, completely destroyed it and the shattered
walls, still, stand as a monument of their vandalism and a reproach to
civilized warriors.

From this time, the town was visited nightly, by scouts from both
sides and it may well be imagined how the people were, as the Irish-
man says, "between the Devil and the Deep Sea." As the nights
grew longer and lights became necessary, the people felt the incon-
venience of their situation, the more keenly. The side of the houses,
fronting the Maryland Heights was, of necessity, kept in total dark-
ness, else the fire of the Unionists was sure to be attracted. The
other side stood in equal danger from the Confederates and families
were obliged to so manage, that no lights could be seen by either
army.

On the 11th of November, a party of Union men determined to
cross the Potomac and throw themselves on the protection of the
United States Government, as they were threatened with conscrip-
tion by the Virginians, as well as exposed to insult for their opinions.
They were, moreover, rosy men and wanted employment, somewhere,
and their interests as well as their sympathies were with the North.
Six, namely: Alexander Kelly, John Kelly, J. Miller Brown, G. S.
Collis, Lafayette Davis and the author of these Annals, therefore,
procured a leaky skiff from "old Tom Hunter," the Charon of the
Shenandoah and Potomac, since the destruction of the bridges.—
Hunter's son ferried them across, just, in time to escape a party of
Confederates, then, entering the town to impress them into their ser-
vice. Joyfully they approached the Maryland shore, after the dan-
gers of their stay at Harper's Ferry and the no small risk they had
run of being drowned, as the river was then very high and the skiff
unsound and overburdened with passengers and baggage. Their
disappointment and astonishment were great, therefore, on being in-
formed that they could not land—that their crossing was in violation
of the rules established by the officer in command at the post, and
that they must return to Virginia. This was not to be thought of
and, after a long parley, they received an ungracious permission to
disembark, when they were, immediately, taken prisoners by order
of Major Hector Tyndale, of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment, in
command at the place. This potentate was not to be cajoled by
their protestations of loyalty. In every one of them, he saw a rebel
spy. He took them, separately, into a private room, examined their
persons and took possession of every paper found on them. Their
baggage were thoroughly searched and several poetical effusions
of the author of these pages, addressed to various Dulcineaes of Virginia
and Maryland, on the day of “Good Saint Valentine,” some years be-
fore, (copies of which he had, unfortunately, retained,) excited the
wrath of the Puritanical Tyndale to a high pitch and brought down,
on the hapless poet, his heaviest denunciations. Mr. Collis, also, fell
in for a share of his displeasure. Being a member, in high standing,
of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Mr. Collis had obtained a
traveling card from Virginia Lodge No. 1, of that society, at Har-
per’s Ferry, to which he belonged. This card he had, or thought he
had, put away safely, in his vest pocket which he had pinned secure-
ly. Major Tyndale felt the pocket and inquired what it contained.—
Mr. Collis replied: that it was his “traveling card.” The Major in-
sisted on seeing it and, lo! when Mr. Collis shewed the package, it
turned out to be a daguerreotype likeness of one of that gentleman’s
lady friends, which by inadvertence, Mr. Collis had substituted for
the card. The Major, supposing this to be an intentional insult,
stormed wildly and he remanded the six prisoners for further trial,
when they were confined, with other captives, in Eader’s Hotel, at
Sandy Hook. Under the circumstances, it may well be supposed
they were a gloomy party, and, in view of the probability of things
becoming worse, as the night advanced, the author uttered a pious
ejaculation, expressing a wish that he could have the freedom of San-
dy Hook, for half an hour, to replenish the commissariat of the party
which was rather scanty and, totally, deficient in that article so indis-
ensable to people in trouble and to some people, whether in trouble
or not—whiskey. As luck would have it, the prayer reached the ear
of the sentinel on guard, at the room door, who was a six foot represen-
tative of that beautiful island which is so touchingly described by
one of its inspired sons, as

Poet, dear, ould Ireland, that illustrious place,
Where whiskey’s for nothing and bating for less.

The word “whiskey” was the sesame to his heart. He looked around,
cautiously, to see where the officer of the guard was and, the coast
being clear, he remarked, that the author was "a dacent looking boy who would do the clane thing," and that he would run the risk of letting him out, on parole of honor, for half an hour. The offer was joyfully accepted and, in an incredibly short time, the author returned with a load of crackers, cheese and sausages, pipes and tobacco, not forgetting a very copulent bottle of stout Monongahela. With these refreshments and a greasy pack of cards, the night wore away pleasantly and, before morning, the Irish sentinel was the jolliest man of the party, for, on every passage of the bottle, his services were gratefully remembered and rewarded with a jorum. Next morning, the prisoners were, again, examined and subjected to various sentences, according to their supposed delinquencies. The poor author was sentenced to ten miles banishment from the lines of the army, for his unholy poetry and, (as Major Tyndale, actually, expressed it,) because the expression of his eye was unprepossessing. Mr. Collis was permitted to stay at Sandy Hook, but he was obliged to report, every morning, at 10 o'clock, at the Major's office. Many and various were the adventures of this, as well as other, parties of Harper's Ferrians who were scattered about by the chances of the times. A narrative of them would fill a large library and it may be that some of them will appear, in future biographical sketches.

On the 7th of February, 1862, two parties of hostile scouts encountered each other at Harper's Ferry. The Federal spies had spent most of the night of the 6th at the place and, about dawn, on the 7th, had entered a skiff, to return to Maryland, when they were fired on by some Confederates who were watching for them, and one of them, named Rohr, was killed. Another, named Rice, threw himself into the river and, by his dexterity in swimming and by keeping under cover of the skiff, he managed to save his life and escape to Maryland. The Confederate scouts were of Captain Baylor's company who kept Harper's Ferry in a state of terror, all the winter, entering the town, every few nights and plundering families at discretion.

The killing of Rohr was the cause of another calamity to the hapless town. Colonel Geary who was in command of all the small posts from Point-of-Rocks to Harper's Ferry and, under whom Major Tyndale was acting, at Sandy Hook, became highly incensed at the death of this man who was a favorite scout and he, immediately, sent a detachment of troops to destroy that part of the town in which the Confederates were accustomed to conceal themselves, to watch or annoy the Federal soldiers on the Maryland shore. This they, faithfully, accomplished destroying by fire Fouk's hotel and all of that portion of the town, between the armory and the Railroad bridge. This, certainly, must be considered a wanton destruction of property, as the
Railroad buttresses or, even, the ruins of the burnt buildings furnished enough of shelter for spies or sharp-shooters. The destruction of this property was accomplished, under the immediate supervision of Major Tyndale and, here, comes in another of those curious coincidences which, so often, appear in this history. It will be remembered that John Brown, on the day of his capture, in the Engine House, prophesied the destruction or Harper's Ferry, to take place in a short time. It will, also, be remembered that his wife came to get possession of his body, after his execution. This same Hector Tyndale accompanied her, from Philadelphia, as a protector and conducted the transportation of the body, from Harper's Ferry to New York. In a little more than two years, the town was destroyed and the finishing stroke was given to it by this very same Tyndale. Who will say that this was, merely, a coincidence and who will not, rather, think that there was something, in the whole affair, like Divine retribution?

All that winter, Harper's Ferry presented a scene of the utmost desolation. All the inhabitants had fled, except a few old people who ventured to remain and protect their houses or who were either unable or unwilling to leave the place and seek new associations. Thus matters continued, until the night of the 22nd of February, 1862, when General Banks made a forward move, in conjunction with General Shields who proceeded, up the Valley, from the neighborhood of Paw-Paw tunnel, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, between Martinsburg and Cumberland. General Banks sent a detachment across the river at Harper's Ferry, in advance of the main body of his troops. They crossed in skiffs and their object was to aid in laying a pontoon bridge. With them, was a man named James Steadman, a native of the place and another named James Rice who acted as guides. The night was very stormy, blowing a gale down the Potomac, through the gorges of the Blue Ridge. Steadman, Rice and five soldiers of the 28th Pennsylvania regiment were in one skiff, when, through the severity of the gale or mismanagement, the boat was upset and all seven were cast into the icy waves. Rice escaped by swimming to one of the buttresses of the bridge, but, Steadman and the five soldiers were drowned and their bodies were never recovered. This man—Rice was the same who had so narrow an escape, a few days before, very near the same place, when Rohr was killed. From that time, until Banks retreated from Winchester, May 25th, 1862, the town was held by the Federal troops. Immediately after the battle of Kernstown March 23rd of that year, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company took possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad and worked it for the Government, thus relieving in some
sure, Harper's Ferry, from the strict blockade it had endured, all
winter. The place, of course, became very important to the Gov-
nernment, as a base of supplies and the great number of soldiers who
were stationed there and the many strangers who, daily, arrived to
visit friends in the army, threw a new life into the town and many of
the citizens accumulated large sums of money, in providing little
luxuries for the wearied soldiers and their friends. When Banks was
pursued to the Potomac at Williamsport, a portion of the Confed-
erate forces marched towards Harper's Ferry and the garrison there,
with all the citizens of Union proclivities, (many of whom had return-
ed to their homes, as soon as the national army occupied the town,)
crossed over to Maryland. The Confederates, however, approached
no nearer than Hall-town, about four miles from Harper's Ferry and,
in a day or two, they retreated, up the Valley. The town continued
to be the base of supplies for the armies of Shields, Banks and Fre-
mont, while they were operating against Jackson in the Valley, until
after the second battle of Manassas, General Lee decided to invade
Maryland. It was, then, under the command of Colonel Miles. He
had a force which, including a large number, under Colonel Tom Ford
of Ohio, posted on the Maryland Heights, amounted to twelve thou-
sand. While General Lee, with the main body of the Confederate
army, crossed at the lower fords of the Potomac and marched on
Frederick, Generals Jackson and A. P. Hill attacked Harper's Ferry
with their Corps. The siege commenced, on Friday, September 12th
1862, by the Confederates opening, with some batteries from Lou-
doun Heights. These were replied to by the Federal batteries, on
the Maryland mountain which position was attacked, in the rear, by
a portion of the Southern army, then, in Maryland. The extreme
right of the Confederate forces and the left of the Federal approached
very near to the North Eastern slope of those Heights and Colonel
Ford was attacked by a strong body detached for that purpose. In
order to understand the above, it may be necessary to remind the
reader that, as Lee was crossing the Potomac, McClellan was march-
ing from Washington to attack him. Lee marched through Frede-
rick and, thence, westward, towards Hagerstown and Sharpsburg,
where he faced about and made a stand against his pursuers. This
placed the Federal left and the Confederate right close to the Mary-
land Heights, as above stated. A desultory though destructive mus-
tetry fire was kept up, all through Friday and Saturday, September
12th and 13th and, thus, Colonel Ford was placed, as we thought, in
a very dangerous position. The force opposed to him, in the rear,
were of South Carolina, as many head boards, still standing at graves
on the ground they occupied, bear the names of soldiers and regiments
from that State. The bombardment from the Loudoun Heights continued, in the mean time, until Colonel Ford abandoned his position and shut himself up in Harper's Ferry. His conduct, on this occasion, has been severely criticized and, indeed, he was cashiered for misconduct. His judges, no doubt, knew more of the circumstances of the case than any civilian, but, the writer can vouch that he saw, on several occasions, during the war, what appeared to him to be greater mismanagement, on the part of others, when nothing was said or done in condemnation. The abandonment of the Maryland Heights was, of course, a virtual surrender of Harper's Ferry. On Monday, September 15th therefore, the national flag was lowered and the garrison surrendered, with all their arms and stores. Colonel Miles was killed by a shell, immediately after giving the order for surrender and his death saved him, in all probability, from a fate still worse, to a soldier. Great indignation was felt at what was called his treason or cowardice and, had he lived, his conduct, no doubt, would have been the subject of a strict investigation, as in the case of Colonel Ford.

Before the surrender, a small body of Federal cavalry made a gallant charge and succeeded in making their escape, capturing and destroying an ammunition train, belonging to Longstreet's corps of Confederates, which they overtook, near the Antietam and affecting a junction with McClellan's army, then in position on that rivet.

After the surrender, General Jackson marched towards Shepherdstown and arrived at General Lee's position, in time to take part in the great battle of the 17th of September. He left General A. P. Hill in command at Harper's Ferry but he, too, departed, the next day, and, as well as Jackson, effected a junction with Lee's main army, in time to aid in the great conflict.

The surrender of Harper's Ferry, though a great event of the war, was not as important, to the people of the place, as other occurrences of less national interest. There was no very hard fighting, little loss of life and no injury to the property of the citizens. While the siege was in progress, the engagement at South Mountain took place, September 14th, and on the 17th of the same month, was fought the murderous battle of Antietam. Both fields are near the town and the thunders of artillery and the roll of musketry could be distinctly heard, there, from those famous battle grounds. At the former engagement, the lines were very long and the left wing of the Federal army, under General Franklin, and the right of their enemies, under General Howel Cobb, of Georgia, extended to the very foot of the Maryland Heights. These wings met at "Crampton's Gap," about five miles from Harper's Ferry, and a very fierce battle was the con-
sequence. This engagement, though properly a part of that of South Mountain has, on account of the distance, from the main armies at which it was fought and its extreme severity, been considered a separate affair, and it is called "the battle of Crampton's Gap." The Union troops were victorious and they drove the enemy, in disorder, through "the Gap" and some other wild passes in the Blue Ridge, near that place. The battle was fought, altogether with musketry, at close range which accounts for the great loss of life on both sides. Had Colonel Miles held out, a little longer, the advantage gained at "Crampton's Gap" would have enabled General Franklin to come to his relief, and the loss and disgrace of the surrender would have been avoided.

Both sides claimed the victory at Antietam, but Lee retreated and his garrison at Harper's Ferry abandoned that place. McClellan did not pursue, but he concentrated the whole army around Harper's Ferry, where he remained inactive for two months. The whole peninsula formed by the Potomac and Shenandoah, from Smallwood's Ridge to the Junction of the rivers as well as the surrounding heights, was dotted with tents and, at night, was aglow with thousands of watch fires. From Camp Hill, the ridge that divides the two villages, the spectacle was magnificent, especially, in the night, and one was forcibly reminded of the fine description of a similar scene, in the eighth book of the Iliad. A hum of voices, like that of an immense city, or the hoarse murmur of the Great Deep, arose from the valleys, on either side and filled the air with a confusion of sounds, while, to a man of feeling, it was melancholy to contemplate, how many of this mighty host were fated, never to leave the soil of Virginia, but, sleep their last sleep, far from home and kindred, in a hostile land. The bands of the various regiments frequently regaled the people with their music and nothing that sight or sound could do to stir the imagination, was wanted. Of course, innumerable instances occurred of drunken rioting among the soldiers and of outrages on the citizens. A relation of these would fill a thousand volumes, each much larger than this and imagination must picture the sufferings of a people exposed, helplessly, to the mercy of an undisciplined, armed rabble, for candor obliges the author thus to designate both the armies engaged in this war. When General McClellan proceeded, South, in November, he left a strong garrison and the place was occupied, without interruption, by the Federal army, until the second invasion of the North by General Lee, in June, 1863. All this time, however, as all through the war, the roads leading from Harper's Ferry to Leesburg, Winchester, Martinsburg and other places, were infested by guerillas in the confederate service, and, sometimes, by deserters
and camp-followers from the Federal army, who, it is certain, often, committed robberies which were charged to the Southern men. The most noted of these guerillas was a youth aged about twenty years, and named John Mobly. He was a son of an old woman named Polly Mobly living near Harper's Ferry and his reputed father was a man named Sam Fine who, at one time, lived near the town, but who moved, West, many years ago. The son took his mother's name, and it is one that will, always, be famous in that region, on account of his exploits. He was a poor boy and, before the war, he used to drive a team for a Negro butcher, named Joe Hagan, who resided on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoah and used to attend the Harper's Ferry market, with his meat wagon. Mobly was, at this time, a lubberly simple-looking boy and the pert youths of the town used to tease him.—He gave no indications, then, of the daring spirit which he, afterwards, exhibited. On the contrary, he appeared to be somewhat cowardly. When the war broke out, however, he joined a company of Confederate cavalry raised in Loudoun county, and was detailed by his captain, as a scout to watch the Federal army 'round his native place. With this roving commission, he with a few others, ranged the neighborhood of Niersville and Hillsborough and some times, he came within sight of Harper's Ferry. Like Dugald Dalgetty, he is said, while obeying the commands of his superiors, to have kept a sharp eye on his own private interests. He was the terror of Suttlers and wagon Masters and he was supposed to have captured many rich prizes, displaying the most reckless daring and committing some cold blooded murders. Like other "Gentlemen of the road," however, he had his admirers and many anecdotes are told of his forbearance and generosity. On the 5th of April, 1865, (four days before Lee's surrender,) his career ended by his being shot by a party of three soldiers of the Union army who lay in ambush for him. His body, with the head perforated by three bullets, was thrown across a horse's back and conveyed, in triumph, to Harper's Ferry, where it was publicly exposed to view, in front of Head Quarters.

For some years before the war, there resided in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry a school master named Law. He claimed to be a brother of the famous George Law of New York. He was an eccentric character, but, he appeared to have a good deal of stamina in him, for, he always, denounced slavery and advocated its abolition. For the expression of his sentiments on this subject, he was driven out of Harper's Ferry, shortly after the Brown Raid and narrowly escaped a coat of tar and feathers. On the breaking out of the war, he attached himself to the Union army, as a spy and he was murdered, as it is supposed, by Mobly's gang. One of them related the manner of
Law's death to a friend of the author and it was as follows: Having made him a prisoner, they took him to a lonely part of the Londonderry mountain, laid him flat on his back and fastened him to the ground with withes twisted round his limbs and driven into the earth with mallets and firmly secured. There he was left to die of hunger, cold or any more speedy death from the fangs of wild animals that Heaven might mercifully vouchsafe to him. Whether this be true or not there is no doubt of his having been murdered and, considering all the circumstances, there is reason to believe that the poor fellow was treated as the ruffian boasted.

When General Lee, a second time, invaded the North, on his disastrous Gettysburg campaign, again, did the place change masters and, when he a second time, retreated, the reoccupation of the town by the Union army was a matter of course, and the place remained in their uninterrupted possession, for a year. On the 4th of July, 1864, the Federal army was, again, driven out by a portion of General Early's forces who penetrated into Maryland and were, on the 9th of the same month, encountered by General Lew Wallace, at Monocacy Junction, about twenty-three miles East of Harper's Ferry, where a very sharp engagement took place, when the Unionists retreated towards Washington and were, cautiously, followed by Early.

On the 4th of July, while the Federal troops were evacuating Harper's Ferry and some of them were, yet, at Sandy Hook, preparing to retreat farther, into Maryland, one of them partially intoxicated went into the store of Mr. Thomas Egan at that place and offered to buy some tobacco. The proprietor handed him some. The soldier took it but refused to pay and, on Mr. Egan's attempting to take the tobacco from him, a scuffle ensued. Mr. Egan succeeded in ejecting the soldier and he shut the door, to keep him from re-entering. At this moment, the proprietor's only chil'd, a very interesting girl of about thirteen, noticed that the soldier's cap was on the floor, having fallen off, in the struggle. She raised a window, held out the cap and called the man to take it, when the ruffian shot her dead, instantaneously, the bullet from his piece entering her mouth and coming out at the back of her head. The lamented Colonel Mulligan of the 23rd Illinois regiment happened to pass, at the time and he ordered the brute to be arrested, but, in the confusion of the following night, he escaped and was, never, afterwards, seen, in that region. On the same day, a lady from North mountain was killed, while standing on High street, Harper's Ferry, at a point exposed to the fire which was kept up from the Maryland Heights by the Federal troops. A colored woman, also, was killed, on Shenandoah street and a child was, mortally, and a young lady (Miss Fitzsimmons) seriously, wounded in
Bolivar. The lady killed, on High street and the colored woman received their death wounds from minnie bullets and the Bolivar sufferers were wounded by pieces of a shell which penetrated the house in which they were and exploded, in the midst of a family group. Another shell penetrated a Government house, on High street, occupied by Mr. James Magraw, passed directly through it, without injuring any one, and then penetrated the house of Mr. Alexander Kelly, where it fell on a bed, without exploding. Miss Margaret Kelly, daughter of the proprietor of the house was in the room, when the unwelcome visitor intruded but, fortunately, she received no injury.

At no time, during the war was there such a gloom on Harper’s Ferry, as on this occasion. The people had entertained the fond hope that the war was, nearly, over, or, at least, that the theatre of it was moved farther South. When, therefore, on the 2nd of July, the sound of cannon was heard, in the direction of Martinsburg, utter despair appeared to take possession of the people. The sounds of battle were from a heavy skirmish, between a part of Early’s men and Colonel Mulligan’s Irish regiment (the 23rd Illinois) at Leetown, about midway, between Martinsburg and Harper’s Ferry. This was the first intimation the people of the latter place had of approaching danger. Mulligan, although, greatly, outnumbered by the enemy, succeeded in checking their course, for a while, and he gave the garrison and people of Harper’s Ferry time to prepare for defense or retreat. As, however, the darkest hour comes, immediately before the dawn, so was this gloomy time the precursor of peace. Although the people were, on this occasion, obliged to fly, as usual, they were, never, again, driven from their homes and, although, peace was not restored to the whole country, for many months after this, that place was henceforth happily exempt from its accustomed calamitous evacuations.

While the Federal army was, still, disputing the possession of Harper’s Ferry with the enemy, and keeping up a fire of artillery and musketry, from the Maryland Heights, a singular accident took place in their midst. It will be remembered that the State of Ohio, a short time before, furnished a force called “the Hundred Day men.” A portion of these were doing duty on the Maryland Heights, on the present occasion. They were brave, but, as the following will show, unexperienced soldiers. A company of them were preparing dinner and, not having any thing else convenient, on which to build their fire, they procured from an ammunition wagon, several large shells, on which they piled their wood which was soon, in a blaze. Round the fire, they all squatted, each intent on watching his kettle or saucepan. Soon, a terrific explosion shook the surrounding hills, sending the pots and kettles flying over the tree tops and, sadder still, killing
and wounding quite a large number of the men. This is one instance of hundreds which the writer saw, during the war, of incredible recklessness produced by the excitement of the times and, great as the loss of life was, in those years, it is wonderful that it was not much more extensive. While “the Hundred Day men” were stationed near Harper’s Ferry, many “hard yarns” were related of them—some, like the following,—scarcely credible. One of them, it was said, presented himself, on a certain occasion, to the commander of the post, a grim old warrior who had seen a hundred battles and who had the reputation of being a martinet. On being asked what he wanted, he said he had a complaint to make of the commissary who had not yet furnished butter or milk for the company mess. We will imagine the wrath of the old campaigner, on hearing this. It is said to have been something appalling and, it is narrated, that, about that time, a figure was seen to retreat, precipitately, from the General’s tent with a boot in close proximity to his person, a posteriori.

A party of the same corps was stationed at Kerneysville, ten miles West of Harper’s Ferry, for the protection of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at that point. This party, hearing of a superior force of guerrillas approaching to destroy the road and capture or kill them, resolved to retreat to Harper’s Ferry, without orders from their superiors. There happened to be an empty house car, on a side track, at Kerneysville, and the idea struck them, that they could load all their “traps” into this and push it to their destination. Kerneysville is situated on the very top of a ridge, half way between Harper’s Ferry and Martinsburg and there is a very steep grade, of ten miles, either way from those points. This our Ohio friends did not know or think of, and, having procured a switch-key, they transferred the car to the main track and, having loaded all their “plunder,” they proceeded to push the car towards Harper’s Ferry. At first, it was moved with some difficulty, but, soon, they discovered that it, gradually, proceeded more easily, until, after a while, it rolled along, without the necessity of any exertion in pushing. Supposing, perhaps, that some kind Fairy had greased the track for them, they felt overjoyed and giving the car a few vigorous pushes, they all jumped aboard and “let her slide.” Soon, however, the rate of travel increased, so as to give them some uneasiness and, after they had accomplished a mile or so, the speed was terrific and increasing, every moment. Not knowing much about Railroading, they did not understand the use of the car-break which would have done some thing towards reducing their dangerous rate of locomotion. On, the car shot, like a meteor, and the long hair of the Western men streamed, behind, like the tail of a comet, as would, also, their coat-tails, if their uniforms had any
such appendage. The astonished track-hands, along the road, fled in dismay, from the apparition and, well, might the knowing ones among them feel alarm, as the Westward-bound mail train was then due, on the same track on which the car was rushing, at more than Railroad speed. Onward and faster they flew, round the immemorable sharp curves of the road, in that neighborhood, until, to the astonishment of Mr. Donohoo, the Agent at Harper’s Ferry, the car came in sight of his station. The Mail train had been detained, at that place, for, some reason, by order of Mr. Donohoo, and thus, the Ohio men and the passengers, on board the train, were saved from the consequences of a collision, which, under the circumstances, would have been of the most disastrous kind. When the car came to the level, about half a mile above Harper’s Ferry, its rate of travel gradually, declined and it stopped, of itself, before it reached the passenger train, the engineer of which was watching the speed of the car and was ready, if necessary, to back his train out of the way. The Ohio men, half dead with fright, jumped off, but they were, immediately, put in irons, by order of the commander at Harper’s Ferry, for desertion of their post, a crime which was aggravated by the danger to which they had exposed the passenger train.

After the Confederates had failed, in their attempt on Washington and retreated into Virginia, again, and, for the last time, did the Federal troops get possession of the place. After the battle of Monocacy, General Sheridan was appointed to command in the Valley of Virginia and his brilliant and successive victories, over Early, around Winchester, saved Harper’s Ferry, henceforth from its accustomed alternation of masters.

There is a German residing near Harper’s Ferry who is known as “Dutch George.” He is a bachelor and he works among the farmers of the neighborhood with whom he is rather popular. During the severe conscription George entered the Confederate army as a substitute for one of his employers and his achievements in the war are thus summed up. After the retreat of Early, George and many of the young men of the neighborhood who were serving in the Confederate army and who took advantage of the forward movement of their forces to visit their homes, remained on furlough trusting for concealment to their knowledge of the locality and the sympathies of all the neighbors with their cause. One day, they got information that a force of their enemies was approaching and fearing that their houses would be searched they all assembled in a deserted blacksmith’s shop, where nobody would suspect their being concealed. As an additional precaution, they threw out pickets, to watch the motions of the enemy, and George was detailed for this duty. He took post in a fence
corner, but, he kept a poor look out and was surprised and taken prisoner. "By damn," said George to his captors, "you did dat vel but you aint schmart enough to find de boys in de blackschmidt shop." Of course, a nod was as good as a wink to the shrewd Yankees and they surrounded the shop and took prisoners the whole party, greatly to the astonishment of George, who can not, to the present day, understand by what intuition, the Yankees discovered "de boys in de blackschmidt's shop."

During the winter of this year, (1864,) several military executions took place, here, and, indeed, there is no phase of war that was not, at some time, experienced by this people. A man named "Billy the Frenchman" was executed, by hanging, on the 2nd of December—the anniversary of John Brown's execution. His proper name was William Loge. He was a native of France and was but a short time, in this country. He enlisted in some New York regiment and, while he was stationed at Berlin, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, he deserted and, crossing over to Virginia, he attached himself to Mobly's gang and became a terror to the people of Loudoun. He was a young man of an attractive appearance and great physical strength, as well as of iron nerve. He was arrested near Johnson's still house, and was taken to Harper's Ferry, where he was, almost instantly, executed. He displayed the utmost courage on the scaffold and many pitied him, on this account, as well as for the great brutality with which the execution was conducted. The Provost was an officer of the gallant 34th Massachusetts (Major Pratt) a very humane and kind-hearted man, but others who acted under him displayed the greatest cruelty and heartlessness. On the whole, it was the most sickening affair witnessed here, during the war.

On another occasion, two deserters were taken out for execution. The Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon, a Catholic Priest, chaplain to one of the regiments then at the place, took an interest in them, although they did not belong to his communion. Having great influence with Mr Lincoln, he telegraphed to him to spare their lives. No reply came, until the hour appointed for carrying out the sentence had, actually, passed. Major Pratt delayed the execution, as long as he could, and, at last the men were placed on their knees and a file of soldiers had their guns ready to fire, at the command of the Provost, when a horseman was seen galloping furiously, from the direction of the telegraph office and it was hoped that he might be the bearer of some message of mercy. True enough, the benevolent Lincoln had pardoned them and there was not one in the crowd of spectators that did not feel relieved on hearing the news, and many a rough man's cheek was wet with tears. It will be, readily, believed that the prisoners largely participated in the joy of the occasion.
An idea may be formed of the war experiences of Harper's Ferry, from the fact that the Railroad bridge, at the place was destroyed and rebuilt, nine times, from June, 1861, to the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox. Mr. Thomas N. Heskett, assistant Master of Road for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, every time, superintended its reconstruction, assisted by Milton and Oliver Kemp, his foremen and it is very creditable to these men that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which they labored and the hurry with which they were obliged to perform the work, no accident occurred to any of the thousands of Railroad and wagon trains that passed over it during those years.

At every evacuation of the place, the wildest excitement pervaded the town and scenes of terror were exhibited, frequently mingled with laughable occurrences. Few, however, at the time, could command equanimity enough to appreciate the ludicrous side of those pictures and see where "the laugh came in." A few days prior to a retreat, a vague rumor of approaching danger could be heard and immediate preparations would be set on foot for a "skedaddle." As the enemy approached, the excitement would increase and, finally, a motley crowd of fugitives, of every shade of color, could be seen tramping along the turnpike road to Frederick, knee deep in mud or enveloped in dust, and stewing with heat, according to the season. The most perfect Republicanism existed among them, for the time being, and a practical illustration of the equality of mankind was, frequently, exhibited, when a "Darkey" of the blackest shade, with a wallet well supplied with "hard tack" and Bologna Sausages or a bottle of whiskey, commanded more consideration than the purest Caucasian, though he could trace his lineage to the Norman Conquest. "Uncle Jake"'s hotel in Frederick, was the Head Quarters of the fugitive Harper's Ferrians, on those occasions and, assembled there, they continued to receive intelligence from home, about the movements of "the Rebels," until the danger had passed and the Confederates had retreated up the Valley. Mr. Leilic deserved well of many Harper's Ferrians who got "strapped," on such occasions and he is remembered by many with gratitude. Those retreats were called "skedaddles," a term invented, at the time, by some wag. The originator, in all probability, was not aware that a similar word is used, in Homer's Iliad, to express the same idea and, if he should, at any time, read these pages or become, by any other means, aware of the coincidence the information will, no doubt, afford him the liveliest satisfaction. It must be confessed, however, that the termination "Daddle" is somewhat lacking in dignity and such as would not be tolerated, for a moment in the grand old language in which Father Homer wrote his
sonorous Hexameters. We would, therefore, suggest a correction in the next edition.

After the surrender of General Lee, a garrison was left here and, for more than a year after the restoration of peace, were the shrill notes of the fife and the boom of the drum heard on our streets. It may, with truth, be said, that no place experienced more of the horrors of the war than this. The first act of the tragedy was performed in our midst and, at no time, was Harper's Ferry off the stage, until the curtain fell.

We will conclude this imperfect account of "Harper's Ferry during the war," by commenting on a fact which, although it may be accidental, has, certainly, a strong significance for a reflecting mind.—Of all the Government buildings, in the Armory enclosures, before the war, the only one that has escaped destruction, during that fearful struggle is John Brown's famous Engine House. Of the occurrence that gave fame to this little building, there can be only one opinion—that it was a gross violation of law for which the aggressors paid a just, legal penalty. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that slavery was, not only, an evil but a disgrace to the Model Republic of modern times and this civilized century. Who knows, then, but that Providence selected this enthusiast as its instrument in removing that anomalous stigma of slavery from the State that boasts of having given birth to Washington and of containing his ashes and from this whole nation that can, now, at least, truly call itself "the land of the Free." The preservation of this little building is, certainly, somewhat singular and it takes but a small stretch of imagination to prophesy, that it will be the Mecca to which many a pilgrim of this and other lands will, in future years, journey, as to a shrine consecrated to liberty. John Brown was a violator of law and, as before remarked, he suffered a just punishment for his invasion of Virginia and his attempt at exciting a servile insurrection, but he was, certainly, honest and it must be admitted that he gave the strongest proofs of sincerity when he sacrificed his life and the lives of his children for the cause he advocated. Of course, many will dissent from this opinion of slavery, especially in the South, if, indeed, any considerable number will peruse these unpretending pages, but, all must admit that John Brown's Raid caused a revolution the most extraordinary in the annals of this globe and one that showed the most unmistakable signs of Providential interposition. As lately as October, 1859, the institution of slavery bade fair to last as long as the eternal mountains and, not, only, that, but to spread over most of the vast regions of the Mississippi Valley, as yet unsettled by the Caucasian. It was hedged in and protected by every safe guard which
legislation State or national could build around it and, in the South, in was cherished with an idolatry surpassing that of any Pagan nation for its Gods—an idolatry so fanatical and fierce as to preclude any safety to the person rash enough to doubt the divine origin of the institution. In the North, there was a very strong party who cherished it, for political purposes and for that anomalous sentiment in the human heart which glorifies, even in a Republic, an aristocracy either real or pretended. The Congress of the United States had, a few years before, passed "the Fugitive Slave Law," an enactment the most disgraceful of any in the annals of legislation, and, one which showed the depth to which the roots of this monstrous evil and iniquity had sunk into the hearts of the American people as, of course, it could not have passed without a very strong support from the non-slave-holding States. The hopes of the slave and the lover of liberty were dead and beyond the least prospect of resurrection, when an humble man, without wealth, education or influence but moved by a spirit which must, now, be believed to have emanated from Heaven, with twenty-one others, equally humble, came and, in one short hour, sapped the deeply laid foundations of this structure, until it tumbled to destruction, within four years. On the day before John Brown's Raid, any man prophesying the downfall of slavery, in the United States, within the above mentioned time, would, if at the North, have been regarded as a lunatic and, if at the South, would have dangled from the next tree, before the words had well escaped from his mouth.—And, yet, all this happened and more, too. A million of lives was lost, besides an incalculable amount of property and the North that had, meanly, truckled to the slave Aristocracy, in by-gone years, received a quantum sufficit of punishment, clearly indicating the displeasure of Heaven against that section as well as the one where the iniquity had flourished. Nor did the miracle cease here, for, the slave and his master changed places and the haughty Virginian or Carolinian who, in past years, had lorded it, over his slaves and his poor white neighbors and bullied the representatives of free men, in the Congress of the United States and, frequently, resorted to actual violence, as in the case of Brooks and Sumner, was debarred from the right of suffrage, while that privilege was conferred on his former chattel, the Negro. We may, therefore, well, consider our revolution, a dispensation of a just Providence and the mission of John Brown as Heaven-directed and we will venture to prophesy, that, before many years, a monument to the memory of that missionary of freedom will stand, on the site of his famous Engine House, or, on the spot, near Charlestown from which his soul commenced to "March on"—literally, to Heaven and, figuratively, to the emancipation of
four millions of the human race. A native of a land that has, for seven hundred years, groaned under the iron rule of a foreign oppressor and one who with his mother's milk, drew in a hatred of tyranny and a corresponding love for the martyrs of freedom, in every land, the author suggests the erection of this monument and he predicts that, in a short time, there will be no man prouder of it or of the hero it will commemorate than the gallant Virginian who, though he fought fiercely against liberty, did so through the errors of his education alone, for, he is, in reality, among the most chivalrous of mankind. A little experience of the benefits of the abolition of slavery, even to the white race, has, already, had a marked effect on the feelings of the people of Virginia and it is evident that the next generation will look, with horror or contempt, on the relic of barbarism for which their fathers so persistently contended. "Exegi monumentum are perennis" might well be the legend on "the John Brown column," for neither brass nor marble will endure, as long as the work he has accomplished, and the good deeds that live after the man—acts which, in their consequences, effect beneficially remote posterity, are the performer's proudest and most lasting monument. There is a remarkable illustration of this truth at Harper's Ferry, for, not a fourth of a mile from the Engine House where, only twelve years ago, the first blow was struck at the fetters of the American slave, already, towers "Storer College," an institution originally endowed by the munificence of a private citizen for the education of the Freedmen and, every year, a class of graduates, of both sexes, leave its halls to impart, in turn, to their less fortunate brethren, in distant localities, the blessings of a liberal, Christian education. This institution is a corollary of John Brown's idea and it is the noblest monument that could be erected to perpetuate his fame. It, moreover, affords a practical and complete refutation of the calumny which asserted the incapacity of the Negro mind for receiving instruction and the yearly commencement exhibitions at this infant College, even now, compare, favorably, with those of the oldest and proudest Seminaries in the land. It is gratifying to see that its merits are attracting attention from the wealthy and munificent, all over the country, and that bequests and donations for its benefit are being made by the beneficent in various sections. As the field in which this institution has to labor is coextensive with the late Slave States and as the numbers seeking its advantages are, almost, beyond calculation, we would invite, to it, the attention of the many philanthropists which our country, happily, possesses, although it, frequently, happens that their charities are not directed to the worthiest of objects.
CHAPTER VI.

In 1862, Mr. Daniel J. Young, formerly Master Machinist at the Rifle Factory, was sent from Washington to take charge of the ordnance at Harper's Ferry. In 1861, when the Confederates, first, took possession of the place, he managed, with great difficulty, to escape across the Potomac into Maryland, although he was very closely watched, on account of his well known Union proclivities. He was, moreover, an excellent mechanic and his services were greatly desired, for the Confederacy. He made his way to Washington city and, his ability being, soon, recognized, there, and his loyalty appreciated, he was sent to Harper's Ferry, as above stated, to take charge of one of the most important positions that could be confided to any man. In managing the Ordnance Department, at that post, he gave universal satisfaction and, although, he continued in the same place, under all the commanders that were in charge of that much-contested position, to the end of the war, never once, was he, even charged with the slightest deviation from his strict duty. The Ordnance Department, at Washington, therefore, appreciating his services, gave him, at the end of the war, the position of Military store keeper, with the rank of Captain of Cavalry in the regular army. Captain Young was left in charge of the Government property at Harper's Ferry, until it was disposed of, in November 1869, when he was sent to Governor's Island, New York, to take charge of the military stores there. Captain Young took with him, to his new post, the love and respect of all who knew him and, better still, the blessings of the poor. To the latter he was, indeed, a true friend. Great distress, of course, followed the war, in all parts of the South, but in no locality was it more severely felt than at Harper's Ferry. Captain Young's influence with the Government enabled him to obtain many favors for that hapless place and his name, therefore, is, and, always, will be, held in the highest respect by its people.

An interesting suit, involving the ownership of the most important property at Harper's Ferry, was decided, a few years ago. In this case, Mr. Jacob Brown of Charlestown, West Virginia, was plaintiff and Captain Daniel J. Young, M. S. K., as agent for the Government, Defendant. The object of this suit was to recover thirteen acres of
land in possession of the Government which tract, including, as it does, the head of the Armory Canal, is of immense value. Mr. Brown claimed that the description of the land as given in the various deeds and wills by which the Harper's Ferry property was transferred to Mr. Harper, from him to other parties and by them to the Government, does not correspond with what the latter claimed and that they had been, all along, occupying thirteen acres more than was purchased by them. Acting on this belief, Mr. Brown, many years ago, "entered" the portion referred to and got a patent for it, from the Land Registrar of the State of Virginia. Some years ago, he had a suit with the Government for possession of another tract, near the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah in which he was defeated. The second suit was tried at the session of the United States court held in Parkersburg, West Virginia, in August, 1869, Chief Justice Chase presiding, when a verdict was given in favor of Captain Young and the Government.

During the winter of 1868-9, a bill was introduced into Congress and passed, providing for the sale of the Government property at Harper's Ferry. On the 30th of November and the 1st of December, 1869, therefore, it was put up at public auction and the Armory Grounds and the site of the Rifle Factory were purchased by Captain F. C. Adams of Washington, D. C., for the sum of two hundred and six thousand dollars, with one and two years time, for payment. Most of the houses and lots belonging to the Government, in other parts of the town were disposed of to citizens, on similar terms, as to time, and very high prices were offered. Captain Adams represented, as he said, some Northern capitalists, and great hopes were entertained of the revival of manufactures and, with them, of the prosperity of the place.

Notwithstanding the great depression of the times, since the war, a good deal of enterprise has been shewn by many of the old citizens and some who have lately settled among them. In July, 1867, A. H. Herr, an extensive manufacturer and the owner of what is called the "Island of Virginius" (of whom mention has, hereofore, been made,) sold his interest at Harper's Ferry to the enterprising firm of Childs and McCreight, of Springfield, Ohio. This property is romantically situated on the Shenandoah which bounds it, on the South. On the North and East, it is bounded by the Canal constructed to facilitate the navigation of the Shenandoah and, on the West, by a waste way of the Canal, communicating with the river. The Island contains thirteen acres, on which were, before the war, twenty-eight neat dwellings, one Flour Mill, one Cotton Factory, one Carriage Factory, one Saw Mill, a Machine Shop and a Foundry. It will be
remembered that, in October, 1861, shortly after the battle of Bolivar, a party of Confederates visited the town and destroyed the Flour Mill. From that time, there was no business conducted on the Island, until the sale of the property to the above mentioned firm. These gentlemen having availed themselves of the talents of Mr. William F. Cochran, so well known for his thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of machinery, immediately, commenced fitting up the cotton Factory, for a flour mill. A large force of men was kept in employment, for fifteen months, preparing the building and putting up the machinery, under the direction of Mr. Cochran. The works are of the most approved description, set in motion by four turbine wheels, the power being that of three hundred horses. There are ten runs of burrs which will turn out five hundred barrels of flour, daily, and, on the whole, it is represented by adepts in the business, as a miracle of ingenuity and it has added greatly to the, already, well established fame of Mr. Cochran. Messrs. Childs and McCreight, the proprietors of this desirable property have won for themselves golden opinions, among the people of Harper’s Ferry, by their integrity and courteous demeanor and it is gratifying to see that they are meeting with the success which their enterprize deserves. They have associated with them, as a partner, Mr. Solomon V. Yantis of Harper’s Ferry, long a merchant of that place and a man of unblemished reputation and great business capacity, a fact which tends to strengthen the confidence felt in them from the first. Of the twenty-eight dwellings, on the island, nearly all were put in repair, and the work performed on them, as well as on the new flour mill has given employment to many who, otherwise, must have suffered from extreme destitution.

Many other improvements have been made, in the town, since the close of the war, and the traces of that fearful struggle were, gradually, disappearing, when the calamity of the late flood befell the place and, not only, retarded its recovery, but left it in a far worse condition than at any time during or since the war. The Presbyterian Church was, during the rebellion, put to the most ignoble uses, the upper portion being used for a guard house and the basement for a horse stable. The venerable Mr. Dutton, a gentleman of great piety and popularity is, now, in charge of the congregation and he has, by great exertions, succeeded in restoring the building to its pristine neat appearance.

The Catholic Church has, also, been repaired, through the energy of the Rev. Father Kain, a young clergyman of great promise who is very popular with all classes and creeds in the community. He has established a classical and mathematical school or, rather, he has revived one established in 1854, but disorganized by the war. This
school, under various teachers, has been singularly successful, having turned out a great many young men, already, eminent in various professions. Through the exertions of Father Kain, a fine bell has been purchased and suspended in the Church-steeple and its musical notes, at morning and evening, sound, with a sweet solemnity, through the romantic glens of the Blue Ridge admonishing all who hear them to pause and worship the Great Architect of the stupendous scenery, around them. It may be remarked that, of all the churches in Harper's Ferry, proper, this one, alone, escaped destruction or desecration, during the war, an exemption due to the courage of the late Rev. Dr. Costello who was, at that time, the Pastor and who, alone, of all the ministers at the place, remained to defend church property. On one occasion, a Massachusetts regiment inheriting, from their saintly Pilgrim ancestors, a holy horror of Popery, prepared to make an attack on it, but Meagher's Irish Brigade happened to be in the neighborhood and, getting information of the intended attack, soon appeared on the stage, when the Massachusetts men took a second thought (which in this case was, certainly, the best,) and retired without making the assault.

The Methodist Protestants have erected a new church, on Camp Hill, which is, now, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Miskimmon, an amiable and talented young minister who is very popular with all classes at the place. This denomination lost their church, during the rebellion, through the Vandalism of both armies—especially the Confederates, and the erection of a new one was a very heavy tax on the already, diminished resources of the congregation. They have, however, succeeded in erecting a building which adds very much to the appearance of the town and can accommodate a large number of worshippers.

The Methodist Episcopal Congregation at the place also lost their Church, in the war, and there is not a single trace of it left, but, as there was another house of worship belonging to the same denomination, in Bolivar, which escaped destruction, they have not deemed it necessary to rebuild at Harper's Ferry. The two congregations are, now, united, under the charge of the Rev'd. Mr Bender who appears to enjoy, to a singular degree, the respect of the whole population, for his zeal and his liberal, enlightened Christianity.

The Lutheran Church was used as a hospital, during the war. It has been renovated since the restoration of peace and it is, now, in excellent repair. There is no resident Minister of this denomination at Harper's Ferry.

Some time ago, a gentleman named Storer, residing in some part of New England, left a bequest of a large sum of money for the
endowment of a college for the education of Negroes. Harper's Ferry was chosen as the site and a charter was obtained, from the Legislature of West Virginia, for it, under the title of "Storer College." The Board of Trustees appointed by the testator were all of the "Free Will Baptist" persuasion, in compliment to the marked dislike manifested by that communion to slavery, before and in the course of the war. The Rev'd N. C. Brackett, a Minister of the above denomination, was sent to take charge of the institution and the success which he has met in conducting the difficult duties of his office fully justifies the choice. The farm of Mr. William Smallwood in Bolivar was purchased by the Board for the location of the College, but, the Government having generously donated to the Institution four large houses on Camp Hill, with lots attached, one of those buildings (the Superintendent's house,) with a large frame structure lately erected, is used for the College exercises. The principal (Mr. Brackett) is an accomplished scholar, a gentleman in every sense, and a practical christian. He is, moreover, a man of great firmness and this, coupled with his suavity and well known integrity, will be sure to triumph over the prejudice against the institution which, it must be confessed, exists to an unreasonable degree, through this region.

Messrs. Mathew Quinn, Daniel Ames, J. M. Decauln and James Conway have erected four fine houses, since the war—the latter since the Government sale. The lower floors of these buildings, are occupied as store rooms and the upper as dwellings. Mr. Murtha Walsh has also erected a similar house, on the site of the old and well known Doran store and a frame building, put up, toward the close of the war, supplies the place of the old "Wager House," or Fouke's Hotel, destroyed by the Federal troops, in 1862. These buildings add greatly to the appearance of the town and great credit is due to the enterprising men who erected them.

From the foregoing pages, it will be seen that nature has done much for this place and that industry and art improved its natural advantages, until the frenzy of war was permitted to mar the beneficent designs of Providence and the labor of three-quarters of a century, and it will, also, appear as if Heaven, in its anger at the folly and ingratitude of man, had marked the place for total destruction when, in addition to the ravages of war, the power of the elements was invoked to overwhelm the town, as will be seen in the following account of

THE GREAT FLOOD

In closing the eventful history of Harper's Ferry, we must not omit the last and, perhaps, the greatest of the series of calamities which,
commencing on the ill-omened day of John Brown’s Raid, culminated in the destruction at the most flourishing part of the town, by a great flood in the Shenandoah, on Friday, September 30th and Saturday, October 1st, 1870. On the Tuesday before the freshet, it rained heavily, it intervals, as also on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday morning. No extraordinary rise of either river was anticipated, however, as, from the long drought of the previous months, the streams were greatly reduced and the most that was looked for was a moderate increase of the volume of water, such as is usual in Equinoctial storms. On Friday morning, however, many persons noticed the rapidity with which the Shenandoah rose and something in the fierce dash of its tawny waves attracted unusual attention. All day, the river rose very rapidly and, about 4 o’clock, P. M., its banks were crowded with people watching the furious rush of the water and the drift which, in great quantities, and of a miscellaneous character, was tossed on its angry billows. About this time, a vague rumor was circulated that a telegraphic dispatch had arrived from Front Royal, about fifty miles farther up the river, stating that a water spout had burst on the Blue Ridge, still further up the Valley—that a deluge was pouring down and that the people of Harper’s Ferry, especially, were in imminent peril. While people were yet speculating on the probability of the truth of this report, and before the lapse of half an hour, several citizens came rushing from the Island of Virginius, stating that they had had, just, time to escape to the main land, before the bridges connecting it with the island were swept away and that many people were left behind whose houses were, already, partially, submerged. Even then, few people, in the lower part of the town could realize this state of affairs, but, before many minutes, a column of water rushed through the streets and around the houses which, immediately convinced them of the dreadful truth. Of this body of water marvellous accounts are given. It is said that it rose at the rate of six feet in four minutes and, although it is probable that the terrors of the people exaggerated the swell of the waters, the fact that this was, readily, believed, will give an idea of the reality. Up to 8 o’clock P. M., however, it was hoped that all who were unable to escape from their houses, on Virginius and Overton’s islands and on Shenandoah street would be safe and that the inconvenience of being separated from their friends, for a few hours and that of cleaning up, for some days after, would be the extent of damage. Between 8 and 9 o’clock, the water had risen to such a height as to cause serious apprehensions for the safety of the families so cut off and the extraordinary rapidity and fury of the river made it impossible for their friends to render them the smallest assistance. About
this time, an excited crowd had gathered, at the foot of Union Street, watching with intense anxiety, for the fate of some families, on Overton’s island, directly opposite, and about sixty yards distant. Between them and the island, rushed an impetuous torrent which it would be madness to attempt to cross in a boat, and the distance was too great to allow of a rope of a sufficient strength being thrown to the assistance of the helpless sufferers. The scene was terrible in the extreme. The screams of men, women and children in imminent peril of drowning or being crushed by falling houses and the sympathetic shrieks and sobs of the pitying spectators were, partially, lost in the thunders of the furious tide and the spectral light of a young moon wading through heavy masses of clouds, gave a weird coloring to the fearful picture, which added greatly to its horrors. Five families resided on this island. One house, a large brick building, was rented and occupied by Mr. Sidney Murphy. A small frame tenement was occupied by the widow Overton, her daughter the widow Mills and a young child of the latter. Samuel Hoff and his wife lived in the third.—James Shipe and his wife in the fourth and Jerry Harris, a very worthy colored man, with his wife, daughter and two grand children, resided in the fifth. Mr. Murphy and his family, as well as Mrs. Hoff had, fortunately, taken alarm, early in the evening, and escaped, just, before the foot bridge on which they passed over was swept away by the swelling waters. The others, thinking, no doubt, that as their houses had stood many assaults from the waves, in former floods, they might venture to remain, unhappily, concluded to run chances. About 9 o’clock a crash as of a falling house, was heard and piteous appeals of a drowning wretch for aid, rose above the noise of the river and were conveyed to the ears of the spectators on shore. It appeared as if he had been washed from the falling house and had drifted to a tree, some yards below, to which he was clinging with the grip of a drowning man. This was supposed to be Samuel Hoff. James Shipe who, miraculously, escaped explained the situation, afterwards, and the surmises of the people were correct, as it was Hoff who, carried off from his own door by the current and clinging to a small tree, appealed for assistance. Of course, no aid could be given him and the poor fellow’s voice was soon hushed in death. Shipe says that his own house was the first to give way and that, before it fell, altogether, he stripped and prepared for swimming. He, then, put an arm ’round his wife and, as the house fell, jumped with her, into the river. Opposite his house was a water station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company and, as this was the most substantial building near him, he swam towards it and endeavored to clutch the wall with one hand, while the other was supporting his wife. Several times, he
caught some projection of the building, but, as often, was beaten off by the mountain billows that surged around it. At length, his wife requested of him to let her go and to save himself; saying that she was prepared to die, but that he was not. He would not consent, but, a large wave, soon, decided the controversy, by lifting them up and dashing them against some thing which loosened his hold on her, when she, immediately, sunk and, for ever, disappeared from view. A covered bridge of the Railroad which had been washed away, a few minutes before, and had lodged on some obstruction, now, presented itself to him and held out some hope of safety. He was drifting rapidly, and, although the water was cold, he had not much difficulty in reaching the bridge. When he gained it, however, he found the current so rapid that it was impossible for him to retain any hold he might lay on it. He tried to get on top of the roof, but, was caught in the current which rushed through it and which he was unable to resist. Onward, he was hurried and in his passage, under the roof, he was dreadfully lacerated by nails and salient angles of the timbers, besides being stunned and confused, to such a degree, that he could not get a hold, but drifted below it. Of course, there was no hope of returning, against the tide, and he swam for the lower island. Here, he succeeded in catching hold of a tree that grew, near the house of a Mr. Hood. Into the forks he succeeded in climbing and, for the first time, a strong ray of hope was presented to him. The house was not many feet from the tree and he succeeded in jumping to a window. The building was unoccupied, the family having abandoned it, early in the evening. The water had reached the second story and the house was tottering. Fearing to be crushed by the falling walls, he returned to the tree, just, as the building gave way and fell into the boiling flood. He, next, swam to another house in which he found a pair of pantaloons which was the only article of clothing he had to protect him from the intense cold, until he was rescued, late on Saturday evening, when the water had, somewhat, subsided. This is an account and, certainly, at least, a part is true, as his story is corroborated, in many particulars, by the observations of others. After the disappearance of Hoff, great excitement was noticed in the houses of Mrs. Overton and Mr. Murphy, into the latter of which, it appears, Jerry Harris, with his family, had moved from his own, as to a place of greater safety. At Mrs. Overton's, lights were seen carried rapidly, from place to place and, from Mr. Murphy's, the sound of Harris' voice was heard, apparently, in earnest appeals to Heaven for assistance.—A light was seen, for an instant, on Mrs. Overton's porch, and but for an instant, when it disappeared and the porch was seen drifting with the current. It is supposed that either Mrs. Overton or Mrs.
Mills had taken the light, to see how the water stood 'round the house and that, just, as she stepped on the porch, it was torn loose and she was overturned into the water. Thus, was the sudden disappearance of the light accounted for. In a minute or two, the building was heard to fall with a crash and none of the occupants has, ever since, been seen or, if found, it was by strangers on the lower Potomac who knew not whose the remains were. In a short time, Murphy's house, also, disappeared and, with it, Harris and his family, making a total of ten deaths, in this one group of buildings.

In the mean time, the wildest excitement existed in the lower part of the town. Many families who had remained in their houses on Shenandoah street, every moment expecting the flood to attain its greatest height and, then, subside as suddenly as it rose, finding that it increased with rapidity, made efforts to escape, about 7 o'clock, P. M. A family named Kane, living between the Winchester and Potomac Railroad and the Shenandoah river, were rescued, with great difficulty, by passing a basket to them, on a rope thrown across the abyss and transporting them, one by one, in this novel aerial carriage. — Charles King, formerly proprietor of the "Shenandoah House," a man of great physical strength and activity, as well as courage, directed the operations of the rescuing party and, in several other instances, rendered valuable assistance, in saving life and property. The widow Furtney and family, living at the upper end of Shenandoah street, were rescued in the same manner as the Kanes, and, in this case, the Rev. Daniel Ames, another citizen, exhibited a great deal of courage and tact. Mr. William B. Fitzpatrick, supervisor of track, on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, while attending to his duties, some hours before, near Strasburg, learned that the river was swelling to an unusual height and, fearing for the safety of his family, at Harper's Ferry, he hastened home, on his engine, and had just crossed the bridges, on the island, when they were carried away. As the engine proceeded along the trestling, through Harper's Ferry, the track swayed back and forth, in such a manner, that it was with the utmost difficulty the engineer could direct his course and, just, as they left the trestling and landed on terra firma, at the Market House, the uprights gave way, before the force of the waters and, at the same time, the houses from which the Kane and the Furtney families had been saved, as well as several others from which the inmates had fled or were rescued, fell with a horrible crash and, so completely were they demolished, that, in some cases, there is a doubt as to their exact location, the very foundations having disappeared. Mr. Fitzpatrick found it impossible to reach his family but, having climbed the hill on which the Catholic Church is built and descended it, on the other
side, he stood opposite his house and called to his wife, inquiring how fared it with them. She replied that the house was giving way; that the walls were cracking and that she expected, every moment, to be swept off but, at the same time, she appeared to be more concerned for the safety of her aged and feeble mother who was lying sick, in bed, in the house, than for her own. Mr. Fitzpatrick who is a man of the most acute sensibility and is thoroughly devoted to his family, became completely frantic, offering all he possessed to any one who would venture to help him, across the raging torrent, to the aid of his family. The utmost sympathy was felt for him, but, nothing could be done to assist him. The poor fellow sat all night, on a rock, opposite his house and, between the paroxysms of his grief, sent words of encouragement, across, to his dear ones. The behavior of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, under the circumstances, was very remarkable. She evinced the most extraordinary coolness and courage and was heard to express her willingness to abide by the decrees of Providence, manifesting a composure in the face of death, which could only arise from the consciousness of her having lived a good life and from a well founded hope of happiness hereafter.

Interminable appeared that autumn night to the anxious watchers in the town, and few, even of those who had nothing at stake, thought of sleep. At length, the dawn appeared and, from marks left by the water, it was seen that the river had fallen, a few inches. Joyful news this was to all, but, people of experience in those matters were far from being relieved from all anxiety as, it is well known that the subsidence of a flood is the most critical time for a building that has been long exposed to its action. About this time, the attention of many people was directed to the house of Mr. Samuel Williams, (the same who was taken prisoner by Brown's men at the Rifle Factory,) situated on the very bank of the river, near the ferry crossing, in which it was known that, not only his own family but those of Messrs John Greaves and James Anderson were imprisoned. The two latter, with their families, resided in small buildings, near that of Mr. Williams and had, barely, time to escape to his house, when their own were swept away. As soon as there was light enough, these families were seen crowding to the windows and gesticulating wildly, but their voices were drowned in the roar of the angry waves and the reason for their great excitement, at this particular time was not fully understood until they were rescued, in the afternoon, as will be, hereafter, narrated. At that moment, nearly the whole side of the house, fronting the river, fell in and, very naturally, caused the hopeless prisoners to give up all hope. Of course, nothing could be done for them, as the water had fallen, only a few inches, and, as the people in the town were
not aware of the catastrophe to the river side of the house, there was not as much anxiety felt for them as their situation, really, demanded. Besides, two trees that grew at the end of the house had gathered a vast pile of drift and the sleepers and other timbers of the Railroad that had been destroyed, on the previous evening, still connected by the rails, had swung round and surrounded the house collecting a great deal of miscellaneous rubbish which broke the force of the current and materially protected the building. Still, great anxiety was felt and thousands of eyes eagerly watched the water mark, but, for many hours, there was little fall and, indeed, it was four o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, before there was any marked diminution in the volume of water.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the crowds that covered the hill, near Jefferson's Rock, heard a crash on Virginius island and soon, it was known that the noise was caused by the falling in of a portion of the building occupied by Mr. John Wernwag as a dwelling and machine shop. Mr. Wernwag is the same who has been, heretofore, noticed as a man of great mechanical genius, but very retiring habits. He lived alone in his house and, surrounded by strange mechanical tools and devices of his own planning and construction and entirely devoted to these creatures of his brain and hand, he lived in a world of his own, voluntarily cut off from all associations with the outer world. In a few minutes, another crash was heard, when the whole building crumbled and fell into the tide. The roof floated down the stream, but nothing was seen of Mr. Wernwag. Many a loud and earnest prayer was sent to Heaven, from the crowd of spectators, for the soul of the poor recluse and the hoarse murmur of many voices, in supplication, mingled with hysterical screams from the women and the more sensitive of the other sex, the wild rush of the river and all the awful surroundings presented a combination of horrors, happily, of rare occurrence. Two large trees grew on the river bank, about a hundred yards below Mr. Wernwag's house and, as the roof floated down the stream, it, fortunately, dashed against one of them and was broken in two. Through the space made between the two portions of the roof, Wernwag's head was seen to emerge from the water and, soon, the brave old man had succeeded in nimbly climbing to one of the pieces. He had sunk under the roof and would, in a few minutes, have been suffocated had not the tree providentially, broken the incus that was preventing him from making any exertion to save himself by swimming. As he secured his seat, on the fragment, he was seen to motion with his hand, as if bidding adieu to his life-long friends. It is probable that he, merely, wiped his brow and put back his dripping hair, but, the belief got abroad that he motioned fare-
well and the excitement of the people was greatly intensified. Past the town, he was hurried by the remorseless flood, until he was lost to sight amid the waves of "the Bull Ring," a rocky ledge that runs across the Potomac immediately below the mouth of the Shenandoah. Over this barrier, in time of high water the waves of the united rivers plunge with a fury only equalled by the ocean tides bursting on an iron-bound coast and the most sanguine of those who took heart, on seeing him emerge from under the roof, now gave up all hope of him, but, in an hour or two, a report reached Harper's Ferry that he had been rescued at Berlin, about six miles below. After some time, the news was confirmed, but qualified by the intelligence that he was likely to die from the effects of exposure. Another rumor, shortly after, was spread that he had, actually, died, but about 8 o'clock P. M., the old hero made his appearance in the flesh, having been, sure enough, rescued and having revived from a fainting fit into which he had dropped, on being landed. He waited, at Berlin, for the Passenger train, due at Harper's Ferry, at the above hour, and having taken passage, he was restored to his anxious friends. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm and conveyed to the residence of his niece, Mrs. Julia Johnson, by an exultant crowd. It was Mr. Wernag's seventy sixth birth day and, taking his age as well as the other circumstances into account, it is one of the most extraordinary instances on record, of Providential preservation from what would appear to be inevitable destruction.

About 4 o'clock P. M., Mr. Williams and his fellow prisoners were rescued by the same process that was used in saving the Kane and Furtney families. There was great difficulty experienced in throwing them a rope, as the distance was very great from the house of Mr. Quinn, the nearest available point from which to operate, but, through the ingenuity of a Mr. Crosby of Ashtabula county, Ohio, who was temporarily residing at the place, constructing agricultural machines, a rope was, at length, cast to William's house and the inmates taken out, one by one, in a basket. Charles King before mentioned was very active, on this occasion, as, also, was the Rev. Daniel Ames who had, on the previous evening, distinguished himself in rescuing the Furtney family. Mr. Ames ventured across, in the basket, to William's house on its first trip, remained there encouraging the women and children and securing the passengers with ropes in their frail and unsteady carriage and was the last to leave the tottering building.—

When he arrived back, again, he was received with rounds of applause from the spectators and the surrounding hills echoed with the cheers sent up for this brave self-sacrificing man. Mr. Ames is a man of very mild unassuming manners and the great "pluck" manifested by hi
on this terrible occasion, was a matter of surprise to many who regard
bluster as the only indication of courage. Too much credit can not
be given to Messrs. King and Ames for their conduct at this time.—
They are both natives of Massachusetts and they came to reside at
Harper’s Ferry, during the war, where their upright and courteous
behavior had, before this time, gained them many friends and where
their noble, self-sacrificing courage, on this occasion, has covered them
with glory.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick and family were rescued, on Saturday, about 9
o’clock, A. M., by some young men who floated towards the house,
on pieces of drift and succeeded in bridging the gulf between her house
and that of Mr. Mathew Quinn.

A colored woman was found, early on Saturday morning, clinging
to a tree, near to where her house had stood, on Shenandoah Street.
She hung by the hands to the tree, the water being too deep to allow
her to touch bottom. She was, therefore, swayed back and forward by
the current that eddied round the ruins of the neighboring houses,
but she held on with a death grip. A youth named William Gallaher
went to her rescue in a skiff, and, with the utmost difficulty, succeed-
ed in saving her life. She told the incredible tale, that she had hung
thus, all night—that her cabin had been swept away, about 8 o’clock,
and that her daughter had been drowned, but, that sur had caught the
tree and had retained her hold till morning. It is probable that, at
first, she got into the forks of the tree and, there, remained, till with-
in a short time of her discovery, when she fell into the water, from ex-
haustion, but, yet, retaining the instinct of self preservation, had
clutched the tree and held on with the proverbial tenacity of a drowning
person until she was fortunately rescued. Messrs Childs, McCreight
and Hathaway of the Mill firm, as well as many others, living on the
island of Virginia, had not yet, been heard from, when Mr. Williams’
family were rescued. These gentleman and the Rev. Mr. Dutton of
of the Presbyterian congregation who, also, resided on the island, are
among our very best and most respected citizens. Their houses could
be seen, yet standing, but as the island was completely submerged,
it was plain that each family was isolated and that they could not,
without the greatest difficulty and danger, communicate with or aid
one another, in case of emergency and it was feared that some casual-
alties might have occurred which, as in the case of the river front of
Williams’ house could not be perceived from the shore. Each family
has its own adventures and experiences to relate. All the houses on
the island, except that occupied by Mr. Childs, it appeared afterwards,
were badly injured and the lives of the inmates hung by a hair.
The Rev. Mr. Dutton was severely wounded by a brick falling on his
head, from a partition in his house that suddenly fell, while he was standing near it. He was stunned and, for a while, rendered completely helpless and even unconscious. He and his wife lived alone and, as there was no one to render her assistance, Mrs. Dutton, as soon as her husband had, partially, recovered, contrived to communicate with a neighbor who threw her a rope, by means of which strongly bound by her delicate hands, around him, he was dragged through the water across, to the neighbors house, where his wound was dressed and his wants were supplied. The venerable sufferer lay, for a long time, sick from the effects of his injuries and the excitement and exposure of the occasion; but, happily, he is now, almost, fully restored.

About 7 o'clock, on Saturday evening, the water had subsided enough to allow of communication by boat with the island of Virginuus and Harper's Ferry, proper, was left to present an indescribable appearance of ruin, desolation and filth. The very streets were, in many places, ploughed up and chasms, many feet in depth, were made in the solid road-bed. Every house, on the South side of the street, from the Market House to the island of Virginuus, was either destroyed or injured, except that of Mr. Mathew Quinn which was saved by some house-cars loaded with heavy freight having fallen, with the Railroad trestling and lodged against it, breaking and diverting from it, the force of the current. Some seventy houses, in all, were, either, totally destroyed or rendered uninhabitable and, as before remarked, in some instances, the very foundations were obliterated. All imaginable floating things were represented in the huge piles of debris heaped up at corners or, wherever the current met a check. Trees, nearly two feet in diameter, were, frequently, to be encountered, lodged in the streets and the vast amount of rails, plank and various kinds of timber gathered up, formed a very important item of fuel for the citizens, during the following severe winter. Sadder than all, some forty two lives were lost. Three families, named Bateman, numbering over twenty souls, were lost with a large brick building, at Shenandoah city, into which they had fled, from their own houses, for greater protection. Of their families, only one body was recovered for burial. The Batemans were humble, hard working people, supposed to have African blood in their veins, but, they were, a good deal respected. We have related that ten were lost on Overton's island. Mrs. Margaret Carroll, widow of Eli Carroll formerly proprietor of the "Wager House" and, at one time, owner of "Hannah" who saved the author's life during the Brown Raid was drowned at the boarding house of Mrs. Nancy Evans, on Virginuus island. She was very old and feeble and when the family were retreating from the
house, in the evening, they tried, to induce her to accompany them but, in vain. Either, not considering the flood dangerous or being, from her age and infirmities, apathetic about the result, she refused to leave the house and there was no time to be lost in arguing the case with her, as the other inmates had, barely, sufficient, to escape, themselves. The house was, soon, after, swept away and with it, of course, the hapless old woman. Strangely enough, her body was found, some weeks, afterwards, about fifty miles, down the Potomac, near the mouth of Seneca Creek, within a few paces of the residence of a near relative of the old lady. The remains were recognized by a ring on one of the fingers which had Mrs. Carroll's name engraved on it and the body was returned to Harper's Ferry for interment. Several persons were drowned whose names can not, now, be gathered and, indeed, it is probable that the loss of life was much more extensive than is, generally, supposed, as it is known, that the upper islands were, always occupied by stragglers and obscure people of whom little note was taken in the community and the chances are that many of those people were lost, of whom there was, never, any account given and, about whom, no questions were asked.

A remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the flood which, though, of course, accidental, is a very strange coincidence.—The Rev. N. C. Brackett, County Superintendent of Free Schools had convened the teacher's association and had secured the services of Professor Kidd, a celebrated itinerant lecturer on Elocution to give instruction to the association, on this important branch of education. On Friday evening, before any apprehension was felt from the river, he was holding forth in the school house, on Shenandoah street. He remarked on the faulty construction of school houses, in general, through this region of country, as being a serious drawback on the comfort and advancement of pupils and he turned the attention of his audience to the building in which they then were, as being, about, the worst constructed of any he had yet seen. Warming with his subject, he expressed a wish, that some compulsion of the elements would take place, for the special purpose of destroying this house, so that another might be erected, on a better plan. This wish, thoughtlessly or playfully uttered, was strangely gratified that very night.—The river rose and, before 9 o'clock, not a vestige of the obnoxious school house remained. Professor Kidd, with his own eyes, witnessed the consummation of his desires, but, whether Heaven was moved by the Professor's eloquence, or, the thing would have happened, any how, is a question which we will not undertake to decide.

Another strange occurrence is related by Edmond H. Chambers one of our oldest and most respectable citizens. Mr. Chambers is a
class leader in the Methodist Church and Mrs. Overton whose tragical death, in the flood, has been narrated was a member of his class. On the Sunday before her death, she attended the class-meeting and seemed to be much moved, during the exercises. Her unusual excitement was noticed by all present and it could not be accounted for, as she was not, at other times, very demonstrative in her devotions. She went round, among the members of the class, shook hands with them all, bidding them farewell and saying that, in all probability, she would, never, again, meet them, on this side of the grave. Her words were prophetic for, sure enough, on Friday night of the same week, she passed “the bourne from which no traveler returns.” Who can tell what message she may have received from that mysterious land towards which we are all traveling, that her weary pilgrimage on earth, was nearly ended and that she would, soon, rejoin the loved ones who had gone before her?

On Sunday, a meeting of the citizens was convened to adopt measures for the relief of the sufferers and a subscription list was, immediately, opened. All the people of the place who could, at all, afford to do so, subscribed to this fund and, soon, meetings were held at Charlestown and other places and large subscriptions of money, food, raiment and fuel poured in from the neighboring country and many of the large cities of other states, so that, in a few days, provision was made for the support of the destitute, during the winter, and a committee, composed of the most prominent of the citizens, regulated the distribution of the funds &c., subscribed by the charitable, all over the country. Those whose houses were destroyed or injured were kindly entertained by their more fortunate neighbors, until arrangements could be made for rebuilding or repairing their own, and the sympathy evinced towards those unfortunate people by their fellow citizens and the charitable, in other places, was creditable to human nature in general.

Had not the flood been confined to the Shenandoah and had the Potomac risen, like its tributary, it is hard to determine the amount of damage that would have been done. The rivers, it is true, would have checked one another and lessened each other’s current but, the water would, probably, have risen to the tops of the neighboring mountains and our beautiful valley would have been, for a time, at least, what antiquarians and geologists assert it. formerly, was—the bed of an immense sea.

It may be well to dissipate the gloom which, no doubt, the reader feels after perusing this chapter of human suffering and to give a cheerful finale to a history, sufficiently melancholy and we will, therefore, relate
SINCE THE WAR.

HOW THE AUTHOR WAS SOLD.

If his book will meet with half as successful a "sell" as he met with, the writer will be perfectly satisfied. Immediately, after the flood, there was great demand among the newspaper men for accounts of it, from eye witnesses and the author "spread himself," in the columns of a Daily, in a neighboring city. The main facts given in these pages were narrated and some others which the author has now reason to believe were apocryphal. There resides in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, a jolly farmer and shrewd business man whose name it is not necessary to mention. He is much respected for many good qualities of head and heart and his company is much sought and enjoyed by lovers of fun, for he is, always, ready to give and take a good joke. Hearing that the author was collecting items for an extended account of the inundation, our wag determined to contribute his share of experiences and he related how he had, on the Saturday of the flood, rescued, near his house, from the river, a Negro woman who had floated down stream, on the roof of a house, from Page county, Virginia, about seventy miles up the Valley. He represented her as being a very big woman, so large indeed, that it was, somewhat, wonderful that the roof could float and carry such a weight. He also, mentioned that, when rescued, she was composedly smoking a short pipe.—Our historian who, like all men of great genius, is remarkable for a childlike simplicity and an unsuspecting nature, eagerly noted the remarkable voyage and the singular incident of the pipe and, next day, the Daily above referred to (whose Editor, by the way, must be a man of genius also) came out with our author's report, pipe story and all, and not, until a friend of the author who is of a somewhat investigating turn of mind, ventured to ask where the woman got fire to light her pipe, did the possibility of his being "sold" occur to the writer. So it was, however, but it is some consolation to reflect that he was not the only one "sucked in." The shrewd newspaper man shared the same fate, as will "any other man" who relies on the tales of the Pleasant Valley Munchausen. The latter, farther, related that the woman was staying at his house, recruiting after her voyage and, this getting abroad, many contributions of money and creature comforts came pouring in, to his care, for the relief of his protege. There is a town, not far from his house, the inhabitants of which were, all, Abolitionists, before the war, and are, now, Republicans. On hearing of the sad condition of the mythical black woman and her miraculous escape, the citizens assembled in town meeting and subscribed liberally for her benefit. They are, however, very cautious prudent people, of German descent, and they determined to send a committee to inquire into the matter, before they remitted. Our friend, however,
was equal to the occasion and when the committee arrived at his house, he showed them a strapping Negro wench who has been, for many years, in his family and pointed to her, as a living witness to the truth of his story. As the committee were not acquainted with his domestic, they felt perfectly satisfied and, on their return home, they reported favorably of the affair and the funds were remitted.—All he received he, immediately transferred to the Harper's Ferry Relief Fund and the money and the joke contributed greatly to the comfort and merriment of the real sufferers.

Great as were the hopes excited by the sale of the Government property, in November, 1869, and the promise of a revival of business, it soon appeared that those hopes were illusory. Captain Adams and others interested in the purchase became incorporated, under the title of "The Harper's Ferry Manufacturing and water Power Company," and the Captain more than hinted that Senator Sprague and other famous Manufacturers of the North were concerned, as partners. On one occasion, soon after the purchase, a telegraphic dispatch, from Captain Adams, reached the place, stating, that Senator Sprague would visit the town, on a particular day and address the people on "The future of Harper's Ferry." This "looked like business" and handbills were, immediately printed and circulated, through the surrounding country, inviting all to assist the citizens of the place in showing honor to the illustrious Senator. A committee was appointed to present him with an elaborate address and preparations were made to receive him in a manner suitable to the occasion. On the appointed day, however, the Senator was "non est" and it is said that he, afterwards, expressed great astonishment and indignation at an unwarranted use of his name, in the business. Then, indeed for the first time, did the people of Harper's Ferry begin to suspect a fraud of some kind and future developments went to confirm their suspicions. Though Captain Adams hired a watchman to take care of the property and he himself continued to visit the place, at intervals, it, soon, became apparent that his company was in no hurry to begin Manufactures. After the flood of 1870, some influence was brought to bear on the Government to delay the collection of the first installment of the purchase money and a bill was introduced into Congress to extend the time for payment, for five years. The grounds of this stay of collection and of the bill were the damage done by the high water to a considerable part of the property purchased and the great distress caused to the whole place by that calamity. About the same time, it became known that a claim was set up, by Captain Adams and Firm against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, for possession of the ground over which their road passes, between Harper's
Ferry bridge and Peacher's Mill. The Railroad Company had, many years before, got the right of way through the Armory grounds, from the Government, on certain conditions, and no one dreamed of the possibility of their being disturbed, until the idea struck some Washington City Speculators that there was something to be made off them by the purchase of the property and the institution of a suit of ejectment. Captain Adams was detailed to make the purchase and it is, now, well known that the buyers had no other object in view. The people of Harper's Ferry were, thus, sacrificed to the greed of a set of heartless Speculators and the injury was intensified by the absolute certainty that, if Captain Adams had not made his ill-omened appearance, on the day of the sale, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company would have purchased the property and erected on it a Rolling Mill. All through the Summer of 1870, copies of a Washington City paper, containing attacks on the Railroad Company and its President, John W. Garrett, were circulated through the place. These articles were signed "F. C. A.," and they were, of course, intended for the manufacture of public opinion to be, afterwards, made available, before a jury. Up to the time of the writing of this (1872) there has not been a cent paid for the property—nothing has been done towards utilizing the Water Power—the Railroad Company has been hindered from purchasing the ground and erecting extensive works and this is all the sale amounts to. At the present time, the citizens are holding meetings to petition Congress on the subject and it is to be hoped that Captain Adams and Company will be obliged to pay the purchase money or give up the property and make way for better men. There is not the least show of Justice in their claim against the Railroad Company. The latter have more than complied with the conditions on which they received the right of way. The works put up by them, there, are of incalculable value to the property, protecting it from the inroads of the river and they have, therefore, paid ten-fold for the privilege accorded to them. Under all the circumstances of the case, it will be, readily, believed that the sympathies of Harper's Ferry are with the Railroad company and that the attacks on Mr. Garrett have intensified the indignation, already, created, among the people by the cruel trickery of which they are the victims. There is no man who occupies a higher place in the estimation of that community than Mr. Garrett. His road is, now, absolutely, the only source of income the people have and, were it otherwise, the extraordinary ability of that gentleman would be sure to command their highest respect and admiration. Mr. Garrett is immeasurably superior to any other Railroad man on this continent and it is doubtful if there is, between the two Oceans, his equal in general business capacity. Of course, he did
not notice the effusions of "F. C. A." or, if he did, it was as the lion regards the dew-drops which he shakes from his mane and the writer of them died of a severe attack of "let alone."

In view of the prominence of Mr. Garrett in the operations of the army, during the war, and his consequent connection with Harper's Ferry, one of its chief theatres, we consider that a sketch of his life will not be out of place and in consideration of the probability that, before many years, he will occupy the highest position in the gift of the American people or, perhaps, in the world, the sketch should be doubly interesting. We will also, append notices of other prominent Railroad men, whose duties have brought them into contact with our people.

John W. Garrett was born in the city of Baltimore, on the 31st day of July, 1820, and he is, therefore, in his fifty-second year and in the very prime of life. His father, Robert Garrett, was an Irishman, of the Scotch-Irish stock, the same that has given to America, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and many other historic names. His maternal ancestors were Germans. Robert Garrett was one of the most prominent merchants of Baltimore and, when his sons were old enough to engage in business, they were admitted by their father, as partners and the firm of Robert Garrett and Sons was, for many years, at the head of the mercantile business of the State of Maryland. The subject of this sketch is very highly educated and, before he became so famous as a Railroad King, he enjoyed an, almost, equal prominence, in the world of letters. In 1856, he became one of the Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and his colleagues recognizing, at once, his abilities and the necessity for such a man to remedy the disordered condition of the company's affairs, elected him, the ensuing year, to the Presidency of the road an office which he has, ever since, held and will retain, as long as such is his pleasure. He has, frequently, expressed a wish to be allowed to retire from the cares of this onerous place, but the company knows too well, his value and will, very reluctantly, receive his resignation, when no argument will induce him to serve, any longer. When Mr. Garrett was elected President, in 1857, the stock of the company was sixty per cent. below par. Although the road had been completed to Wheeling, it might be said to have stopped at Cumberland and the coal regions, its extension, from that to the Ohio not paying expenses. In 1861, the war broke out and, as long as the contest lasted, it was the policy of the Confederate Government, on all occasions, to destroy it, as they, justly, deemed it very important, if not indispensable to their enemies, as a means of transportation. It has been, already, remarked that the bridge at Harper's Ferry was rebuilt nine
times, during the war, and the same is true of many other parts of the road. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages and losses, the stock of the company is, now, (1872,) fifty per cent. above par. By the purchase or leasing of other roads, the great thoroughfare extends to St. Louis, Chicago and all the great cities of the West. The Winchester and Potomac Railroad, having fallen from the imbecile hands in which it, formerly, languished and having been annexed by its powerful neighbor, has been extended to Strasburg, on the line of the Manassas-Gap Railroad and it is certain that, in a short time, by other extensions, the great cities of the South will be as easy of access, by Rail, from Baltimore, as their sisters of the West. Besides, a line of steamers, in the interest of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been established, between Baltimore and Bremen and these, touching at Queenstown and Southampton afford the most direct route for the many thousands of immigrants who, in the great march of empire, pass, yearly, from the old to the new world. As soon as one of those steamers touches the pier, at Locust Point, trains of cars are run to the very water's edge and the immigrant, if, as is, usually, the case, he is bound for a Western home, gets aboard the train and is whirled to his destination, without his touching the soil of Maryland. To the strangers, many, if not most of whom, are ignorant of the manners, customs and language of our people and who, of course, would be exposed to all kinds of imposition, if this thoughtful provision was not made for them, this arrangement is a boon of the highest importance and, of itself, should be a recommendation not to be overlooked by European Agents, for Emigration, or, by parties, in this country, sending for friends or relatives in the old world.

Two almost uninterrupted streams of freight pass, day and night, over this road from Baltimore to the West and back. Three Passenger trains, each way, daily, convey still more precious cargoes of human beings and it is a fact, scarcely credible but, nevertheless, an undoubted truth that, in the twelve years, during which Mr. Garrett has presided, only one passenger has lost his life on this road and even in this case, it is well known that the accident happened through the traveler's own imprudence and while he was violating a rule of the Company, the observance of which would have prevented the occurrence. With all this prosperity, the Company and Mr. Garrett have the proud satisfaction of having largely contributed to the success of the national arms, during the war and to the consequent preservation of our Government. There is no doubt that the extraordinary success of this road and its remarkable immunity from accidents are, mainly, owing to the genius of Mr. Garrett and to the sleepless vigilance with which he guards the interests of the Company and the
lives and property of the traveling and trading public, and it is no
wonder that his native State regards him with pride and that the
whole nation begins to look towards him, as its probable future chief
magistrate. The ability he has displayed in managing the arduous
and complicated duties of President of the most important Railroad
on this continent is considered a sufficient guarantee for a brilliant
administration, by him, of a still, higher Presidency.

Mr. Garrett appears to combine many characters, generally, sup-
pposed to be irreconcilable but which are, undoubtedly, blen-
ded in him—the man of large views and comprehensive genius and,
at the same time, that of minute detail—the miraculously shrewd busi-
ness manager and the lover of books and literature—the careful, al-
most, parsimonious guardian of the company's treasury and the gen-
erous dispenser of his own fortune—the strict, nay, sometimes, harsh
disciplinarian and the pious Christian. His person is on the same
scale as his mind. It is large and massive but, at the same time, fine-
ly moulded and his countenance is one of remarkable sweetness and be-
nignity. He is, habitually, grave in his deportment and even, the
tongue of malice has never whispered anything to the prejudice of
his private character. There is, however, in his eye and round the cor-
ers of his mouth, an expression indicative of a strong appreciation of
the humorous, struggling against strong restraints. Indeed, a man
with a drop of Irish blood in his veins who is deficient in this gift is
an anomaly, very seldom, encountered. We must, therefore, at the
risk of his displeasure, give him credit for a good share of this joyous
faculty and in doing so, we do not, necessarily derogate, in any degree,
from his gravity, as we have, already, shown him possessed of many
diametrically opposed attributes of character.

Mr. Garrett is a Democrat and the writer is not, so it is not at all
certain that the latter will, in any case, cast his vote for the subject
of his sketch, however eminent he may be. Moreover, notwithstand-
ing this tribute so freely paid, for the sake of the truth of history,
to 'the Railroad King,' the author is far from feeling indebted to the
subject of his eulogy, for any former favors and quite as far from ex-
pecting or caring for any in the future. It must be confessed, how-
ever, that if Mr. Garrett be chosen President of the United States,
there will be every prospect of a brilliant administration, especially,
in the matter of the national finances, where there is, now, the great-
est need of a clear head and a strong will to regulate the existing
disorders and to check the deluge of corruption by which the na-
tion is almost overwhelmed. The testimony comes from a reluc-
tant witness and one who, ceteris paribus, would prefer some-
body else for the Presidency, but, as the case now stands, it
would appear as if Mr. Garrett is the man for the time and the place.

William Prescott Smith, who, during the war, as well as for some years before, was Master of Transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and who, consequently, was second in command to Mr. Garrett is, we believe, a native of Washington City D. C., and is an entirely self-made man. He, too, in his way, is a remarkable character. He is the very Chesterfield of Railroad men and never, perhaps, have the above named nobleman’s much censured ethics been more thoroughly vindicated than in the career of William Prescott Smith whose assiduous courting and study of “the Graces” have, mainly, enabled him to rise, from a comparatively humble position, to one of vast influence and to a fame, almost national. We would not be understood to intimate that Mr. Smith’s solid abilities are not such as to account for much of his success. On the contrary, his greatest enemy must confess that, without a large share of genuine business capacity, he never could have risen to his present exalted position, or, so long, retained the amount of public confidence which he has, for many years, enjoyed, but his warmest admirer must admit that his great forte is a consummate tact and a power of pleasing, or what may be styled a refined species of “Blarney.” Of this powerful weapon, the subject of our sketch is a perfect master and in his skilful hand, it has done wonderful execution, for himself and the Railroad company. Many a delicate negotiation has it enabled him to bring to a successful issue and, often, has he convinced men, contrary to the dictates of judgment and, almost, the evidence of the senses. Purely, as a Railroad man, he has many equals and some superiors, but, as a diplomatist, wherever his peculiar art can be brought to bear, it is no easy matter to find his peer. Politeness has been defined as benevolence in small things and, if we accept the definition, we must credit Mr. Smith with a vast amount of charity, for, although the virtue may be exhibited in little affairs and may be, itself, little, in each particular case, it appears, so often, in him, that the aggregate must be sufficient for a dozen first class philanthropists. He, certainly, is a very agreeable man. Write to him when you will on any subject whatsoever, and no matter what weight of business may be pressing on him, you may be certain of a speedy reply—an elaborately flattering one if you are in his good graces and there be the least opening for compliment and a punctiliously courteous one, even when he expresses displeasure. Meet him when or where you will and if you are on, even, ordinarily good terms with him, you are sure to leave his company feeling, more than ever before, your own importance, for he will not fail to advert, as it were incidentally and without apparent effort to bring it in, to some quality of your head or heart in which you, secretly, pride and your van-
ity of which he has, instinctively, discovered. Even when your relations with him are not friendly he is careful never to wound your amour propre. He was a shrewd man who advised to treat friends as if, some day, they may become enemies and foes, as if they may become friends and the latter, at least, Mr. Smith, always does, although we will give him credit for more generous motives, in so doing, than the writer referred to appears to have contemplated. In conversation, he uses the very best of language and his letters are models of fine composition, although his autograph productions, like those of nearly all eminent men, are, almost, illegible. The author has one of them before him, as he writes, and, if he had not been expecting to hear from Mr. Smith, it is probable he would have thought it a Runic inscription sent to him by some friendly antiquarian. As it is, after a week's intense study and the loss of half a peck of hair and all his finger nails, he thinks he understands it. Mr. Smith is about fifty years of age, above the medium size, and the expression of his countenance is thoughtful, even to sadness. Many think, and with good reason, that they discover in it, a strong likeness to that of George Washington. On the whole, it must be said of Mr. Smith, that he is a most fascinating man and while others may, better, satisfy the judgment, it is something—and a great deal too—in this world of thorny paths and rough corners, to meet a man who, while in high position and above the necessity for deceit, is willing to smooth the asperities of life for all who come in contact with him—the poor and humble as well as the rich and powerful.

We have said that Lord Chesterfield's system of morality was vindicated, in the character of Mr. Smith. We use that strong expression because, with all the polish and refinement for which he is remarkable, you will, frequently, see flashes of generous impulse bursting forth from him, going to prove that Chesterfield's precepts are not inconsistent with, at least, some degree of sincerity.

As in the case of Mr. Garrett, the author feels but little enthusiasm for the subject of this sketch and his personal experience of Mr. Smith will, scarcely, justify his feeling any. These pictures are painted as the men are, generally, regarded and without much reference to the author's own opinions.

John L. Wilson succeeded Mr. Smith in 1866, in the position of Master of Transportation, the latter having resigned to accept a post in the Internal Revenue Department, under the administration of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Wilson is, we believe, a native of the State of New York and he is a man who has risen to his present high position, through sheer force of native talent, without, as we are informed, the aid of many educational advantages. In many respects, he is the very
antipedes of his predecessor. Short, sharp and decisive in manner and address he holds in contempt Lord Chesterfield and the whole sisterhood of "the Graces" but those who know him well say that he more than compensates for this by perfect candor and sincerity. Mr. Wilson is rather below the medium size but, in early life, he was remarkably handsome and, even now, notwithstanding an illness of many years, his eye is positively beautiful. When at the inauguration of President Buchanan, the wholesale poisoning of the guests of a prominent hotel, in Washington city unfortunately took place, Mr. Wilson was a sufferer and the noxious substance, then introduced into his system, entailed on him an almost life-long sickness. In consequence, although he is, by no means, an old man, his hair has for many years, been blanched and there is, frequently, an air of languor about him that betokens physical suffering. He is, now, however, fast regaining strength and it is to be hoped that, ere long, all the injurious effects of the unfortunate mistake will have disappeared.

Mr. Wilson's abilities are, altogether, of the solid kind and he makes no pretensions to the character of the fine gentleman. He is, by no means, profuse of compliments, but, when he passes one, it is treasured as something valuable, for it is known that he means all he says and his word is coin that is current, wherever he is known. It is said that Mr. Garrett places great confidence in his ability and worth and, if this be true, as, no doubt, it is, no other testimony is necessary to his character as a practical business man. In July, 1868, a flood in the Patapasco—similar to that at Harper's Ferry in 1870—destroyed thirty miles of the Railroad, West of Ellicott's city and, so complete was the demolition, that, in some places, it was a matter of some doubt, where the bed of the track had been. The President of the road summoned Mr. Wilson and asked how long it would take to repair the damage. The latter replied "fourteen days." Mr. Garrett implicitly relying on the other's word, although it would appear impossible to execute the work in so short a time, made his calculations accordingly, and in fourteen days, sure enough, the road, (including bridges) was rebuilt, the trains were running regularly and, as far as the Railroad was concerned, not a single vestige of the great calamity was visible. This feat, of itself, will give an idea of Mr. Wilson's energy and resources in time of emergency. To understand the above, the reader must be informed that Mr. Wilson's duties embrace those of Master of Road (his former position) as well as those of Master of Transportation, the two departments having been combined in 1866, at the time of the resignation of Mr. Smith. The author has little personal knowledge of Mr. Wilson, but, the above is given on the assurance of those who have and, from all the writer can learn, he must
believe, that the hero of this sketch is, emphatically, "a man to hook on to."

Alexander Diffy who, during the first two years of the war, was Supervisor of Trains and next in command to Mr. Smith exhibited great ability and, indeed, considering the many disadvantages under which he labored, his success was almost miraculous. At that time there was but one track on the road and the exigencies of the army often requiring the moving of troops in different directions, at the same time, a superior degree of judgment was required for their safe transportation. Mr. Diffy was fully equal to the occasion, but, he lost his life in the discharge of his duties, having contracted Small-pox, somewhere, on the line of road. He died in October, 1863, aged about forty years and, in his death, the Railroad company suffered a loss that has cost them some trouble to repair. Mr. Diffy was a native of Baltimore and, from his early boyhood, had been in the company's service. His education had been much neglected, but, his natural ability was such that this defect was, scarcely, perceptible. He had many faults, mostly of temper, but no man enjoyed the love and respect of Superiors and Subordinates to a greater degree than this high-tempered and, frequently, peevish, but, always, generous and big-hearted man.

Francis Mantz who, now occupies the position of Supervisor of Trains, is a native of Frederick county Maryland and is of purely German origin. He is a man of splendid physique and he does not appear to be much over forty years of age. His manners are, to the highest degree courteous and considering the many heavy drafts on his patience his equanimity is wonderful. In his official capacity he is, of course, obliged to personify the cold, remorseless policy that must characterize all corporations, but, those who know him well say that his private character is one of singular amiability. He has certainly, been extremely successful in the management of his department. Although, since the war, a double track has been made, along the whole length of the road, or, at least, wherever it was, at all, needed, yet, the vast increase in the business of the company and, consequently, in the number of trains, makes it a Herculean task to get up time books and make arrangements for the numerous convoys that are, every hour in the day and night, proceeding from or to either of the Railroad termini. Mr. Mantz's time books are irreproachable and the regularity with which trains arrive at and start from the various stations, is like that of some huge piece of clock-work. Except Mr. Garret, there is no man to whose ability the Railroad company is more indebted for its present prosperity than to Mr. Mantz's. He resides at Monocacy Junction and, on the day of the engagement at that
place, (July 9th 1864,) he lost some very valuable property, as his house was between the two lines of battle. This loss was much deplored by many, for Mr. Mantz's house was a place of refuge, during the war, for hapless refugees and numbers (the author included) had partaken of his hospitality.

William P. Gorsuch, Mr. Mantz's assistant on the first division of the road is an exception to mankind in the fact that although his employment constantly brings him in contact with men of every degree of moral excellence and its contrary and he does his duty apparently regardless of popularity or its reverse it is not known that he has a single enemy. There is something in the man that commands not only respect but affection and those feelings are mysteriously felt towards him even by those whose acquaintance with the man is too slight and brief to justify, by a course of reasoning, any feeling whatsoever. He is the very soul of honor and, no doubt, there is, unknown to himself or others, a powerful magnetism emanating from him that attracts the good qualities of all with whom he comes in contact and repels or improves what is evil in their dispositions. Whatever is the source of his influence, there is no doubt of its extraordinary power, as any one who doubts it will discover, by making his acquaintance.

Thomas N. Heskett, assistant Master of Road who, as before said, so often, superintended the reconstruction of Harper's Ferry bridge, during the war, is a man of extraordinary energy and, although his position is comparatively humble, there is no man to whom the company is more indebted for faithful and efficient services. There, certainly, is nobody more welcome to our good word than Mr. Heskett for, apart from any consideration of his merits as a Railroad officer, he is about "the noblest Roman of them all." He is an excellent citizen, a generous warm-hearted man, a considerate master and a devoted servant. His activity is, indeed, wonderful and after an acquaintance of seventeen years with him, the writer can not recollect having, once, seen him to walk, talk, or do any thing else leisurely.—He is always immersed in the company's business and the amount of labor performed by him is enormous. He is ably assisted by the brothers Milton and Oliver Kemp and the new iron bridge lately erected at Harper's Ferry, under the supervision of these men is a master piece. The track at the curves, near the bridge, is the work of Oliver Kemp and it has attracted great attention and applause from adepts in the business. Mr. Heskett is a Virginian by birth and is, now, about fifty years of age. He is a model man, indeed, for he combines perfect courtesy with a lofty sense of duty, unaffected modesty with a high order of ability and, in a word, all the qualities that make a man loved and respected.
Fountain Beckham, killed on the day of the Brown Raid, was the first Agent of the company at the place. He occupied the position for twenty-eight years and, at his death, he was said to be the oldest Railroad man in the United States. Since his decease, many changes have been made in the Agency and the place has been held by several men, with various degrees of popularity. By far the most acceptable to the people were Messrs. Donohoo and Curtis. The former gentleman has already figured in this history as one of John Brown’s prisoners and in connection with the “down hill” affair of “the Hundred Day men.” The latter came to Harper’s Ferry towards the close of the war and left in a few months to occupy a more prominent position in the company’s service, but, his short administration was marked by every thing calculated to make him respected by the people.—Except Mr. Donohoo, there is no man whom the community would rather see return, but all must yield to the latter, in the estimation of our people.

Anecdotes of Harper’s Feryians—Hard on the Author.

All men are prone to vanity and the writer of the foregoing chronicles, it is to be presumed, has more or less of it, like “the rest of mankind.” Notwithstanding this, he must admit that he is no Adonis. Nay, more: he is homely. His figure is lank and singularly deficient in embonpoint. His face is pale and has too many salient points to allow him any pretensions to beauty. During the war, he was in the employment of the Government as Forage-Master. At this period, his lack of comeliness was still more apparent than at present as, in addition to his natural deficiency of good looks, he was in bad health and very poorly dressed—the nature of his employment precluding the possibility of his keeping himself tidy. He used to carry a haversack slung around him, to hold his forage orders and other papers. At the best of times he is a little eccentric in his appearance and, with the accessories above mentioned, he used to impress strangers, generally, with the idea that he was an “odd Genius.” One day, he was in very bad humor, something having gone wrong as every thing did, about that time. He encountered an Irishman who thought he carried whiskey, for sale, in the haversack. Pat asked; “What have you got, for sale, in that wallet?” at the same time giving him a knowing wink. Your historian replied peevishly; “I have nothing for sale but myself and, if I can find any body fool enough to buy me, he can have me at a bargain.” “Oh!” be dad, replied Pat, you can soon find a market if you are for sale, for, I met an old Dutchman, a while ago, buying up ould rags and bones.” Your historian had business, in another quarter, about that time, and there was no farther conversation.
THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.

There was, once, a superintendent at Harper's Ferry Armory who professed to be a deadly enemy to whiskey drinking, although he could enjoy a "smile," himself, as well as the next man. He and another officer of the armory agreed to send for a five-gallon keg of pure Monongahela. The superintendent's name was not to be known in the transaction, but, the keg was to be consigned to the other gentleman, when they were to divide. About this time, one of the best mechanics in the armory got on a spree which lasted several days.—The superintendent, true to his professions, discharged him. When the mechanic sobered off, he presented himself to the superintendent, at his office, expressing regret and promising to do better in the future. The superintendent was inexorable and he addressed the culprit thus: "Mr. L——, you are a good workman and I am sorry to lose you, but I have made up my mind that no drinking man shall have employment in this armory. You can, therefore, consider yourself as, finally dismissed." At this moment, there was a knock at the door and on its being opened, the gentleman to whom the consignment was made and who was a partner in the transaction, presented himself and said aloud; "Sir, the keg has come; I paid the freight on it and I sent it to your house." A better feeling, immediately appeared to come over the superintendent and, turning to the offending mechanic he said; "Mr. L—— you can go to work, but, you must promise to drink no more whiskey." Mr. L—— did go to work, but, he continued to get drunk, at intervals, until the day of his death, and he did so, with impunity, as long as the above mentioned superintendent remained at Harper's Ferry, as the latter, no doubt, had a vivid recollection of the affair of the keg and did not choose to have the subject revived.

A SERIES OF MISHAPS.

There lived, once, at Harper's Ferry, an old gentleman of very peculiar habits. He was very courteous, especially to the ladies, unless when much excited by anger, when he became very abusive. He had a peculiar manner of speaking—stopping at every word, as, if at a period, so that, it would appear, as if every word, with him was intended for a sentence. He was very fond of his "toddy" and, when under its influence, he spoke with still greater hesitation, as if he was very anxious to be impressive and was choosing his words with extra deliberation.

There is a certain street-crossing at Harper's Ferry which, in wet weather, is always very muddy. One of the superintendents, therefore, caused three or four heavy blocks of circular stone to be placed at equal intervals, across this place, for the accommodation of pedes-
triants. One evening, the subject of this anecdote passed that way and stepped from block to block, getting across without soiling his shoes, although the crossing was very muddy at the time. After dark, he returned, but having met some friends, in the mean time, and imbibed freely, he did not make as sure a thing of it, as at his first crossing. Being somewhat abstracted from the cause above mentioned and it being very dark, instead of stepping on the stones he stepped over and between them. Arrived on the other side, he thus, soliloquized; "I should like very much to know who the D-l removed those grinding stones this evening." Immediately after, he ran against a cow that was straying about the streets and, his vision not being good, he feared it might be a lady. He, therefore, took off his hat and apologized by saying; "I humbly beg your pardon Madam." Not receiving any reply, he looked more closely and discovered what he had encountered which did not tend to improve his temper. In a few minutes, he ran against an old lady and, being determined not to be fooled, this time, he struck her with his umbrella, remarking, "I wish people would keep their infernal old cows off the streets." It is said that when he struck the old lady, he also addressed to her some epithets more forcible than elegant and, next day, when she complained to his wife, of his conduct, he was obliged to make her a still more humble apology than he had made to the cow.

The hero of the foregoing was, at one time, Post Master at Harper's Ferry and, once, he got into trouble with the Department in Washington, through the ingenuity of a friend. We will relate the circumstances for the benefit of Post masters who, in this day of progress, may see more merit in the idea than our sober-minded slow coaches of thirty years ago could discover.

For some reason, there was a great accession of business to the office and as our hero had no assistant, he was hard pushed to assort and distribute the mails, in time for the various trains and stages. There resided, at that time, in Harper's Ferry, a man of singular wit and great natural shrewdness, but altogether, illiterate, not knowing even the alphabet. This defect was not suspected by many, such was the man's "gift of gab" and general intelligence. Our hero bethought of this man, as one who could assist him, in his duties, and he procured his help, to sort the mails, while the press of business continued.—

Every thing went on smoothly for a time. The mail bags were, always, ready, at the proper time, and our hero felt greatly relieved in mind and body. Soon, however, letters arrived from the General Post office and many points, all over the country, inquiring for lost letters and packages and so numerous and great were the complaints, that the Post master General sent a "Special" to investigate and re-
port on the general condition of the Harper’s Ferry office. On the trial, the assistant was examined and it leaked out that he could neither read nor write, and the question was, naturally, asked, how he could distribute mail matter. He replied that he “always, put the large packages into the big bags and the little ones into the small bags.” This was considered a full solution of the mystery. The “Special” enjoyed a hearty laugh and he was good natured enough to report favorably at Head Quarters, so that our hero was not removed from office. The assistant, however, was dismissed, notwithstanding his ingenuity and his manifest fitness for the place, and we have not heard of his having, since that time, got any appointment, in the Post Office Department.

A MISTAKE WHICH YOU MAY CALL AN IRISH BULL OR A JOHN BULL.

The writer of this history has had, in his time, many adventures tragical, comical and melodramatical. Some of them have been sketched in this volume and it is to be hoped that, when he dies, he will have a biographer that will compile and describe them, in a manner worthy of their importance and of the great man whose remarkable life has been chequered by them. We will relate one more which will illustrate the happy facility an Irish gentleman has for getting into scrapes and we will take this opportunity of stating a fact which has been, heretofore, omitted, that the author is a native of that island, so prolific in poets, punch and potatoes, bulls and bog-trotters, saints and sinners.

It is, now, generally, known that, some years ago, a gentleman of Cumberland transported, from their native waters, somewhere, a few dozen of bass-fish and put them into the Potomac, at that place.—The war, soon after, breaking out, and, it being dangerous to hunt, fish or do anything else, along the banks of that, now, historic river, nothing was known concerning the fate of the finny colony, until after the war, when things began to run in their former channels and it was discovered that the bass had multiplied very much and that, in fact, the whole river was stocked with this delicious fish, hitherto unknown in these waters. Great was the joy of the people and, every autumn, since that time, the banks of the river are lined with disciples of “Gentle Issac” who, generally, meet with great success.—The season continues from about the last of July, until the end of October.

Late, one autumn, two English tourists, fresh from “Hold Heng-land,” visited Harper’s Ferry and, of course, they interviewed the author who is quite a local celebrity, on account of his long residence
at the place, and the many vicissitudes he has encountered there, as well as for a happy talent he has got for blending a little graceful fiction with his, already, sufficiently wonderful yarns which adds very much to their effect, especially, with Green Horns. The Englishmen were full of the pomposity and self-importance, so often, remarked in their countrymen, but, allowing for the national failing, they were, on the whole, very respectable looking men. The author went through the stereotyped history of John Brown which he has related, so often, that he can, hardly, distinguish the truth from the exaggerations which, in a spirit of mischievous fun, he introduces into his narrative and, as the old saying goes, he begins "to believe his own lies." Having exhausted John Brown, Miles' surrender, the Dunn murder and all the historical facts connected with the place, the Englishmen got on statistics, natural resources of the neighborhood, &c., and, among other subjects, asked about the game of the country. The author gave them all the information he had on the subject and, when his knowledge gave out he drew on his imagination. One of them, at length asked if there were any b-e-a-s in the neighborhood. He meant bears, but, he pronounced the word with a thorough English drawl and lisp and, as if there were no "R" in it, and the author, understanding him to ask, if there were any bass, replied: "Oh, yes, indeed, we catch them by the thousand, but it is, now, late in the season and they have quit biting." The Englishmen's hats, immediately, rose, several inches higher on their heads and every feature of their faces portrayed the utmost consternation. After a considerable pause they, simultaneously, put their eye-glasses up and surveyed the author who, in turn, looked at them with undisguised astonishment. — At last, one of them asked, with a sarcastic expression of countenance, which the writer did not fail to notice, though he could not understand it, "where the Harper's Ferrians kept the thousands they, every day, caught?" The bewildered historian, somewhat tartly, replied: that many of them were daily consumed, in every family, at the place and that the surplus was sent, by Express to Baltimore and other places, where a market was, always, ready for them. The Englishman made some further remarks of a bantering kind and it was evident that he regarded the tale with a good deal of skepticism. — The author's "Irish" was rising rapidly. He felt injured, because the only piece of whole truth he had told them was doubted and he felt, at the same time, astonished that so probable a tale should be looked on with suspicion, especially as his audience had, up to this time, exhibited great capacities for swallowing "tough yarns." Finally, one of them asked "if the people of Harper's Ferry set traps for them or hunted them with dogs?" The author's blood was, now, up to fight.
ing heat. He replied that the best way for catching them was, with
a hook and the best bait a piece of a d—d fool and that, if the stran-
gers did not, soon, leave town, there was a good chance of their be-
ing put to a better use than they had, ever before, served. This dis-
play of anger greatly disconcerted the strangers who, no doubt,
changed the opinion they had, before, formed of the author. Instead
of a stupid joker, they, probably, now, considered him a dangerous
lunatic and they beat a hasty retreat, followed by a volley of sarcast-
ic comments from the mouth of the enraged author. The English-
men related the circumstance, that day, to some parties who ques-
tioned the author about it and, when he gave his account of it, the
mistake was understood and long and loud was the laughter conse-
quent. This adventure has, ever since, formed one of the standing
jokes which the Harper’s Ferrians are so fond of relating at the poor
historian’s expense. Mutual explanations followed between him and
the Englishmen and a treaty of peace was ratified, over several jorums
of whisky punch and “’alf and ’alf.”

WAS HE HIMSELF OR SOMEBODY ELSE?

The following anecdote may, perhaps, be familiar to some of our
readers. The writer saw it in print, some years ago, but it was not
credited to Harper’s Ferry. As it is, really, our property and, as it
claims the right to be inserted in our chronicles, we will publish it,
at the risk of offending our readers, by telling them a stale joke.

Some years ago, there resided here an old chap whom we will call
Tom Brown, although that was not his real name. He owned a horse
and cart and used to do a good deal of hauling. One night, as he
was returning home, he fell asleep in his cart, having imbibed a little
more than his usual quantum. The horse stood still and some of “the
boys” passing that way and seeing “the situation,” concluded to play
a prank on Uncle Tom. They disengaged the horse from the cart
and led it to a neighboring shed, leaving the cart with Tom in it.—
Some time in the night, Tom woke up and missed the horse. His
intellect was somewhat confused by the potations of the day before
and his subsequent sleep, and the absence of the horse tended, still
more, to mystify him. He might have accounted for the circum-
stance, on the hypothesis that he had arrived at home, the previous
evening, and stabled his horse, without his remembering it, but, then,
what was he doing in the cart and how did it get to be so far from
home? After a long time spent in profound meditation on this pro-
blem, he gave it up and in the absence of any better solution, he con-
cluded that he was not, at all, the man he had supposed himself to
be or, at least, he considered it doubtful. He, then, soliloquized: "Am I Tom Brown or am I not? If I am Tom Brown, I have lost a horse, and if I am not, I have made a cart." At what time, in the morning, he was able to establish his own identity, is not mentioned in the public records, but that he did so, we have ample testimony in the fact that, next day, he offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the joke.

A POLITICAL JANUS.

Some years ago, there were two mechanics at Harper's Ferry Armory—one an ardent Whig and the other a staunch Democrat. There was an important election close at hand and, of course, frequent and heated arguments, arose, between the adherents of the two great parties which, at that time, contended for the handling of the public purse. No two had more frequent discussions than those referred to and, although, they were, generally, friendly enough towards each other, whenever the subject of politics was started, they were sure to "pitch into" one another, unmercifully. One morning, they had a very angry debate and they parted in high dudgeon. When they stopped work, for dinner, the Democrat picked up a newspaper with which he amused himself, until the hour arrived for resuming work. In the paper he saw an account of a Lusus Nature which had appeared, somewhere. It was an infant, born with two faces, one in front and the other at the back of the head, like the representations of the God Janus we see on Roman medals. He read the account for several who were standing near, among whom was his friend the Whig.—"What a wonder!" exclaimed the Democrat; "A child with two faces." "Oh!" said the Whig, "Take good care of him and try to raise him, for he'll make an excellent Locofoco."

DID NOT RECOGNIZE AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW GARB.

There is an old citizen, at Harper's Ferry, who has resided there, a great many years. He is very popular, on account of his genial disposition and love of innocent fun. He once owned a fine cow which he prized very highly and fed regularly, several times in the day. Some wags concluded to play a prank on him and, one night, they painted the cow, all over, of a color different from the hue with which she was furnished by nature. In the morning, as usual, he provided a tub of slop for his pet, but was astonished that she did not make her appearance, as she was accustomed to do, in anticipation of a good breakfast. Instead of her, however, a strange cow presented herself.
but, was, of course, refused and driven off. She returned and was, again, driven off. He started his servant to look for his own cow, but the colored boy returned, after several hours search, with no tidings of the lost one. All this time, the strange cow persisted in presenting herself, before him, until he, getting angry, picked up a stick and beat her away, notwithstanding which, she would return. At last, he turned in and gave her a severe drubbing, so severe indeed, that she changed color, the stick, at every application, removing some of the paint, for it was his own cow, at last. Finally, he beat her into her natural appearance and, thus, recognized her. It has been many years, since this occurred, but, it is still, “poked at him” and will be, as long as he lives.

A DUMB SET.

The hero of the above anecdote is an inveterate wag, but, the best of it is, that, unlike many of that ilk, he can take as well as give a joke and many of his best yarns are at his own expense. The following perpetrated by our hero on a green-looking stranger is related by many eye witnesses.

Some years ago, we had at the place, two deaf mutes named Jameison and Fisher. They had been well educated, at some institute and they could converse with each other volubly (if we may use the expression,) by means of signs well understood by themselves. The former was a fierce Democrat and the latter was quite as strong on the Whig side. Every day, “between bells,” that is, at the Armorers dinner hour, Jameison and Fisher would walk, together, to the Railroad to view the train arrive and depart. While they were sauntering about, their fingers would be busy forming letters for the words of their conversation which was, always, on politics, and by their gesticulations, the by-standers could tell when they had warmed in debate. When the train arrived, they would cease conversing, to look at the passengers, and a stranger could not, of course, know that they differed from the most of others, in the matter of speech or hearing.

One day, a wild-looking mountaineer stepped off the train and approaching Jameison, inquired, where the Government shops were situated. Poor Jameison made signs, by putting his finger on his mouth and ear, that he was deaf and dumb and could not reply. — The stranger, then, approached Fisher who went through the same motion. This, somewhat, disconcerted the stranger, but, having a strong curiosity to see the Armory, he pushed his inquiries farther by approaching the next man to him who happened to be our hero and propounding the same question. Our wag touched his lips and:
ear, as the mutes had done, and the stranger who was a somewhat impatient and profane fellow, being, now, thoroughly disgusted, cried out, “G—d d—m such a town! Is there nobody in it who can talk?”

The "boys," all, took the hint and every man on the platform touched his lips and ear and the stranger, immediately, retreated to the train, amid a loud explosion of laughter, no doubt, considering that seeking information at Harper’s Ferry was a work of peculiar difficulty.

VALEDICTORY.

Gentle reader who hast followed me through the foregoing pages, a word in thine ear. I feel that you and I are friends and that we are connected by the strongest tie that can bind man to his fellow—self interest and a reciprocity of favors. You have purchased my book and replenished my purse and I have, it is to be hoped, added to your stock of ideas. I will remark that I heartily wish you did not want the latter as much as I did the former, but, if you did, I advise you to read my book, again, or any other you can find. I feel so friendly to you that I will tell you something of great importance. There was, once, a city, situated, not between two hills, like Harper’s Ferry, but, on seven. It was called Rome and it was fully as large and famous as Harper’s Ferry. Like the latter, it rose, declined and fell, and, it now, presents a melancholy picture of fallen grandeur. At one period of its existence, a great writer named Livy, a citizen of Rome, wrote its history and the few books of his writings that remain go to show that he did full justice to the subject. Most of his books are lost, however, and the literati, all over the world, have for centuries, bewailed the loss. Would it not be well, then, to guard against such a calamity in the case of Harper’s Ferry? It is hard to say what ruthless tribe of Goths or Vandals may make a raid, some day, and destroy your copy of "The Annals." The same misfortune may befall your neighbors and posterity may be deprived of the exquisite pleasure you have enjoyed, in reading my pages. I would counsel you, then, to induce every body you can, to purchase my book, so that, in case of invasion, there may be as many chances, as possible, for its being transmitted to future generations. But you may ask, like the Irishman, what has posterity done for you? I will anticipate the question and reply by asking, "what did you do for your ancestors?" They furnished for you a Josephus, (senior,) a Livy, a Gibbon, a Hume, and a host of other famous historians. Will you, then, refuse to unborn generations the same boon that you received from your ancestors and deprive them of the many advantages that a perusal of "The Annals" will be sure to afford them, if you will do your duty? But I feel that I do you an injustice by the mere suspicion and, if I could recall what I have said, I would do so willingly.

There is, however, on the other hand, such a thing as too much zeal and, for the sake of humanity, I would suggest that my admirers observe a little moderation in their demands for the book. Printers and Express Agents must eat and sleep, like other people, and I would be sorry to learn of any body’s being worked to death in supplying the demand which I fear will be clamorous. This idea haunts me and it is the only drawback to the pleasure I feel in my anticipated triumph.

JOSEPHUS, Jun’ns.