NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

The Diary of Josephine Forney Roedel

Josephine, daughter of Samuel S. and Eliza Swope Forney, was born in Gettysburg, November 7, 1825. On March 24, 1852, she was married to the Reverend William D. Roedel, who had been graduated from Gettysburg (then Pennsylvania) College in 1848, and from the Gettysburg Lutheran Theological Seminary three years later. In 1855, he accepted the presidency of the Wytheville, Virginia, Female Seminary, a position which he held until his death, December 12, 1865.

On October 28, 1863, Mrs. Roedel left her home in Wytheville to visit her family in Gettysburg. The diary which follows records the difficulties and delays which attended her passage through the lines of both armies. While waiting impatiently for permission to return southward through the Union lines she visited relatives in Maryland and Pennsylvania. In this connection she appealed to Thaddeus Stevens, who, for twenty-five years, had been a neighbor of her family in Gettysburg. Her comments on the war and on conditions in the North and South are interesting. Her record reflects the thoughts of a woman whose normally quiet existence was thrown out of gear by war, and suggests some of the problems which arose in families whose members were divided between the North and the South.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Roedel returned to the home of her childhood and lived there until her own death, November 23, 1904. She was a beautiful woman in her youth and was admired and beloved throughout her life. Her portrait, painted by her brother, David Forney, a self-taught but skillful artist, is in the possession of her niece, Louisa Forney Picking of Gettysburg.

This diary, a tiny volume in which Mrs. Roedel wrote during her absence from her husband, is published with the permission of Mrs. Picking. In transcribing the diary it has not seemed necessary to correct a few excusable discrepancies between days of the month and
days of the week. Annotations have been contributed by Mrs. Picking and by Dr. Robert Fortenbaugh, Professor of History at Gettysburg College. Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman has kindly explained the allusion to a truce boat.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Elsie Singmaster

The Diary of Josephine Forney Roedel

Oct. 1863.

On the morning of the 28th I left my dearest husband to undertake a journey the result veiled in such mystery and uncertainty, that I left him with sadness and tears. But the duty I felt resting upon me to once more visit and cheer my aged parents, induced me to brave all and make the journey, feeling that as we are commanded to "honour our parents," the Lord would lead me safely through all the trials if it was his will I should reach my childhood home. So into his hands, I committed my beloved husband and myself during our long separation.

Mrs. Crockett\(^1\) from Kentucky accompanying me, we reached Lynchburg on the evening of the 28th in safety, having on the whole had a pleasant ride. 29th. We went to Charlottesville, remained several hours, and again took train, for Staunton, where we arrived at 6½ o'clock, not having had anything at the hotels palatable, and knowing nothing better was to be expected in S, I left Mrs. Crockett at the hotel, and went up to Mr. Arnall's, hoping there to enjoy a cup of good coffee which I did. After supper when I wanted to return to the hotel, No, said Mr. Arnall, you shall stay with us, and forthwith went to the hotel and brought my carpet bag. And with the kind family I remained 5 days.

There I learned, that had I been to town that morn, Gen. Imboden,\(^2\) would have given us a pass out of his lines, but not being able to hire a horse, at any price, to send to camp 16 miles off, we were detained in a state of uncertainty for 5 days, sometimes with hope for our ultimate success, and at other times despairing. When

---

\(^1\) A relative of the Crockett family of Wytheville.

\(^2\) Brigadier General John D. Imboden, in command of the Confederate lines in the Valley of Virginia.
thoughts of my dear husband had the ascendancy, I wished to be turned back, but when of my dear anxious Mother, I wished to go on. On the evening of the 4th day, not yet hearing anything from Gen. Imboden, I would have gladly turned my face homeward, my love for him I had left behind then being in the ascendant I was hopeful of a refusal, hearing that night that the Gen’s command were moving; but Mrs. Crockett being so anxious to remain another day, I consented and the next morning brought the welcome announcement that we would pass out of the “Confed” lines, though the pass was reluctantly given, as there were fears entertained of a Yank “raid” and movements in the “Valley.”

Nov. 4th, we took stage for Woodstock, having in addition to the Gen’s pass procured a pass from the Provost Marshall. Three stage loads of passengers started together, and at each stage door, stood a guard, with bayonets, demanding “your pass.” We had a very pleasant company in our stage, meeting Mrs. Gen. Marshall and daughter, bent on the same journey—going to the North, and several members of the Virginia legislature. The fare from S. to W. was $15.00.

At noon we reached Harrisonburg, a beautiful place, where we took lunch, again reported ourselves to the Provost Marshall. When I thought I’d try to see if we could have gotten through without the Gen’s pass, I showed the pass from [the Provost Marshall at] Staunton, and was asked are you going further than Winchester? Yes, we are going to the U. S. “I regret it, ladies, but we are not at this time permitted to allow any person to go further,” very politely said a very respectable young officer, whereupon I very complacently handed him Gen. Imboden’s pass.

“Certainly, certainly, ladies with that you can register your names and pass on.” Which we did, feeling now all secure, until we again arrived at the Union lines. At 1 o’clock we again took stage, having at Harrisonburg parted with all our morning travellers. We had again, as we took our seats in the stage, to be saluted by “Show me your pass, Ladies,” which was easily done.

For some hours as we traveled along through that beautiful valley, we had only the addition of 2 young Confed. officers in our stage, whom we found to be agreeable gentlemen, one, Captain Welsh of Fred.[erick] Co., Md., was quite attentive and useful, when we dis-
covered that an uncle of mine was his father’s neighbor. "He is a first rate man, only a strong unionist," said he.

As night approached, passenger after passenger was added to our number and until we arrived at Woodstock, we were crowded, the advance guards of Gen. Imboden, being in that neighborhood. At 10 o’clock we reached Woodstock, tired and sleepy, but late as it was, it was soon known that two ladies wished to go to Winchester the next morn, and a very genteel man, son of the P. M. of Winchester offered to take us there for $15, in a very large comfortable buggy. We that night made the arrangements for him to take us, and feeling that burden removed, I laid me down to rest. Not since I had undertaken the journey, not in fact for many nights before, had I had one good night’s rest. Having a good clean comfortable bed, we next morn, rose much refreshed, and more cheerful.

The 5th was again, as every day had been since our journey, a bright and beautiful day, balmy as a summer day. Oh how beautiful and grateful such days are to weary, troubled travelers! We found our driver in a state of intoxication, unfit to take care of himself much less of 2 ladies, though having promised him I would have gone, but Mrs. Crockett refused and my friend Cap. Welsh said it was hardly safe. Just in our straits up drove a carriage with a plain benevolent old man inquiring if some one did not want to go to Winchester. Mrs. Crockett directly while I was talking to the farmer, engaged him, had our baggage put on and herself seated, for which I rejoiced, as it freed me from breaking a promise. When he saw how his situation had lost him his passenger, he got into his buggy and in his rage whipped his spirited looking horse, until the horse became wild, and such fury as both man and beast exhibited, it was a mercy his life was spared. Oh! how thankful I felt that we were in safe hands and that Providence had provided a safe way for us.

Now began the devastation of war; that beautiful and fertile valley laid waste, trees all cut down, fences destroyed and houses looking desolate, for miles as we journey no signs of fences or of thrift. Even nature looking as if no use to produce—man will only make it a barren waste. The distance from Woodstock to Winchester, 28 miles, took the greater part of the day but our old friend was kind and slow and his favorite horse "Billy," was often admonished to
“Get up” and the remains of what had been a whip applied to him, but Billy knew his master and would not be hurried. So we jogged along and had time to see and admire what had before the war been the most beautiful valley in Virginia, but now marred by the hands of contending armies, was a waste barren land. At 4 o’clock in safety we arrived at Winchester where all presented the appearance of desolation, houses closed, fences destroyed and streets in disorder.

Our old friend William Forney took us to what he called the best hotel, but if that was the best, preserve us from even getting to the next best. Yet they were kind and in their thoughts no doubt imagined all things good. The house was cheerless, the supper table dirty, and the coffee which the hostess told me was pure “Yankee coffee” for she “used none else and knew how to make it good” was just tastable, not drinkable. After having the monotony removed by a short visit from Rev. Dosh,\(^{3}\) we adjourned to the kitchen, the only place where there was fire, and being entertained by mine hostess with a history of her married life, and the many comforts of her comfortable hotel, which was to be, when she got her cane-seat chairs home, which she was having done up, etc., etc., we concluded at 8 o’clock to retire, if not to sleep at least to be relieved from uncongenial company.

Our old friend, having promised to take us next day to Martinsburg, if we would be willing to start at 4 o’clock, which we felt perfectly safe in doing with him. So we before retiring paid our fare and our $2.50 Confed. money was received by the landlord for supper and lodging with as much importance as if he were proprietor of the “Continental” at Philadelphia. At four o’clock, November 6th, our driver came and finding us up and ready we started, and a most gloriously bright balmy morning it was. . . . But how short was the time when feelings of praise ascended to Heaven for now we were nearing what seemed to us the great and fearful ordeal. Would we be favored with a look only into the promised land, or would we be passed safely over?

So many raids were constantly occurring that we feared we might meet one and then what might the consequences be? Thoughts were magnified to such a degree in the mellow’d light of the declining moon and in the dark hour before the dawn trees were magnified into

\(^{3}\) The Reverend T. W. Dosh, Lutheran pastor at Winchester, 1862–1872.
men and fences into horses. Yes, often I thought here comes a party—what will we do? But darkness vanished, morn with all its beautiful tints dawned and presently the gorgeous sun in all his splendour burst upon us and with the night departed our sorrow and with the morn came joy. So we journeyed on, each absorbed in self, fearing yet hoping until hour after hour passed and yet no enemy until we got in sight of Martinsburg. The driver said, "There, ladies, are the pickets." The very sight of a blue coat filled us with horror. But the salute was respectful and we were told to pass on to the next guard. There we were told the driver could not go into town, but that we should leave our baggage and a guard would accompany us to the Provost Guard. We did so, and as we advanced into the town, the sight of blue coats became less fearful and with our guard we had a pleasant chat. When presenting ourselves before the office the provost was out, and we were shown by our guard to a hotel where he left us. Here we are, in sight of home; oh, how our hearts swell with conflicting feelings, hope and fear. Will we be turned back or go on? We reached town at 10 A.M., having paid $54 and $50 in Confed. money to Winchester and $4 in gold to Martinsburg. We made a second visit to the Marshall's with no better success, he referring us to Gen. of Harper's Ferry, then again a third visit, hoping by our importunity to gain admittance to the promised land—still unsuccessful.

I then determined to telegraph my brother Henry⁴ to come and help me. So in a state of mind better imagined than described, we spent the day and at an early hour retired to bed. Sleep scarcely visited my eyes—to be in sight of home, as it were and yet not be permitted to visit there, was almost more than we could endure. After pleading for grace and help from above, I became more reconciled and determined that if my brother didn't arrive in the night train I would make one more effort, before turning back.

At an early hour, Nov. 7th (my birthday) I was ready to receive my brother, but no brother made his appearance. So after breakfasting, told Mrs. Crockett of my intention. She begged me to wait for brother, saying "no use to go alone and get another refusal." Well, said I, if you are unwilling to accompany me, I will, for I must go and go I did. The Marshall said he had no authority to send me,

⁴ Henry S. Forney, 1815-1877. In 1863 in business in Baltimore.
but said he’d telegraph to Gen. Sullivan.\(^5\) No, said I, that is equivalent to going back, you do what you can for me. Well, said he, go to the next office and see Col. Rogers, which I did with a palpitating heart, and yet with a prayer upon my lips. I stated to him [my] object in coming north and that unless he would consent to my return to the duties of home and husband, I would forego the pleasure of a visit to my parents. Asking me whether I had anyone to vouch for what I said in town. “No, sir, you must take my word for it or turn me back.” “Well, Madam, yours is a peculiar case, I will let you pass.” Oh, what joy and gratitude filled my heart to think that the Rubicon was at last crossed.

I then told him of my friend. I went joyfully after her, hoping that she too might be so successful, but alas, No! hers was a positive refusal, even though she said she would remain in the north during the war. With what different feelings we returned to the hotel, my joy was gone at seeing her grief. When we arrived at the hotel I found my brother who had just arrived, having been detained by an accident on the road. The first question was, How is Mother? “Better off than we, she is in Heaven.” My dear Mother, gone without my seeing her, oh, how sorrowful it made me! But the Lord had seen fit to remove her and I must be reconciled. I then spent the little time left me in writing the particulars of our journey and the sad news of Mother’s death to my dearest husband, and then in sadness parted from Mrs. Crockett, hoping that by her importunity she might induce them to let her pass.

We arrived in Baltimore at 6½ P. M., in safety, where I found my friends all delighted to see me but regretting my husband was not along.

Nov. 14. Spent a week in Baltimore, resting and making some purchases of clothing. Rest was needed because I was almost entirely worn out, having been ill 11 days on the way with a disturbed mind. How many changes I see, friends looking older, their heads with a few more frosts upon them, children grown to manhood and womanhood. Am I too so much changed? I didn’t feel it, but doubtless they see it. My sister\(^6\) has moved to 188 West Lombard

---

\(^5\) Probably Brigadier General J. C. Sullivan.
\(^6\) Mary Jane Forney, wife of John Bridges.
to a most delightful house, her children too grown and improved. Julia B. and Alice F.\(^7\) both at Lutherville school.

My brother and I left Lutherville for home, arrived at Hanover but found the cars gone, was glad of it as it gave me an opportunity of seeing my relatives in H, whom I had not seen for years. They all seemed very glad to see me. One aunt remarked, "Well, Josie, I am glad you came because some of the friends said you didn't want to come to see your mother, or you could have gotten here."

At 5 o'clock we again took train and arrived home (Gettysburg) at 6. We accidently met my sister Louise\(^8\) and little Will, on their way home to join me. How overjoyed my poor old father was to welcome his long-absent daughter, but how changed seems the home—no Mother to welcome me. My heart is too full. How can all around me seem cheerful when I am so sad, Pa seems to feel as I do and all his talk is of Mother.

Thursday, 18th. This week has been spent in the greatest preparation for the consecration of a National Cemetery in G.\(^9\) I have seen only a few of my friends, all are engrossed with preparations. At first I wished my visit had occurred at any other time as my heart is so sad, but never in my life will I have the same opportunity of seeing so many of the great men of the nation.

Friday eve. The great day is over and I am so glad I have been here. The President, Governors, Cabinet, in fact so many until 30,000 will hardly cover the number. I was one of the fortunate ones, seeing all the mass of people who passed through the town in procession and then getting on the ground in advance of the procession, again getting a good look at Father Abraham and his retinue. Following after, worked my way in front of the stand where I saw and heard all—prayer by Dr. Stockton,\(^10\) address by Everett,\(^11\) and the brief dedication by the President. When all was over the crowd returned to town to partake of dinner, but where such a crowd can be accommodated in G. is a mystery. Everything passed off very pleasantly and scarcely one drunken man was to be seen. Another

---

7 Daughters of Henry S. Forney.
8 Louise Forney, wife of Horace Rathvon of Lancaster, Pa.
9 Dedication of National Cemetery, November 19, 1863, at which President Lincoln spoke.
10 Thomas H. Stockton, Chaplain of House of Representatives.
11 Edward Everett, America's foremost orator, President of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, U. S. Senator, Minister to England, Secretary of State.
thing struck me very forcibly—so many hundreds of soldiers and yet none without limbs. Why, at home, we are constantly seeing the poor soldiers, hobbling along with one leg, or none, or armless as the case may be. When I remarked the difference I was reminded that I was in the land of plenty where limbs and everything else were easily gotten by all.

Such homage I never saw or imagined could be shown to any one person as the people bestow upon Lincoln. The very mention of his name brings forth shouts of applause. No doubt he will be the next President, even his enemies acknowledge him to be an honest man. And no doubt the popular tide will increase as the time approaches.

20th. My uncles, Sam, Dan and Henry\textsuperscript{12} are here and insist upon my going home with them, but if I go, which I am very anxious to do, for I love old Taneytown and all my friends there, I will have to make up my mind to stay until after Christmas, which I will do so I can reach my beloved by New Year’s day, his birthday. I will now write to him and to several friends before I start.

27th. Have just returned from Maryland, spent a very delightful week. Aunt Henry [Henrietta] was delighted. Oh, what changes and yet Taneytown is less altered than any other place. With sad pleasure I visited the graveyards where lie all my dear departed relatives. Spent several days with Uncle Henry near Liberty.

Dec. 3rd. Tomorrow I must bid my poor father farewell, perhaps forever, he is not well, nor has he been for several days. He would prefer spending his declining days with us and yet we are the far-off ones which makes it impossible. I have seen very few of my old friends, they hardly know I am here, I feel so little like leaving my father.

Dec. 4th. Arrived safely at Lebanon,\textsuperscript{13} having, as has been the case all along on my journey met with kind friends. Maggie met me at the depot. Oh, how changed is the home; no one here save Jacob and Maggie. Father and Sis are in Philadelphia. The house looks natural enough, but so few in it, Mother and Grandmother both gone.

Monday 7th. Father [Roedel] has returned home and seemed overjoyed to see me, the burden of his prayer was Thanksgiving for my

\textsuperscript{12} Samuel, Daniel and Henry Swope of Taneytown and Liberty, Md.

\textsuperscript{13} Lebanon, Pennsylvania, the home of Mr. Roedel’s family.
safe arrival, and for my husband’s protection and speedy return. It caused me to weep to be thus offered up on the strong arms of faith. Yesterday heard Mr. Gotwald their pastor preach. . . . Here as at Gettysburg—the war is the all absorbing topic and all who are not true Union people had better go south, they have heavy burdens to bear.

Saturday, 12th. Left my kind friends in Lebanon at 12. and reached Harrisburg in a hard rain, just 20 minutes after the Lancaster train had left, so had to remain until 5 P. M. a disagreeable time it would have been, had I not had kind old Mrs. Herr to visit, with her I spent the time very agreeably, and arrived at Lancaster at 6½, found Mr. Rathvon waiting me—but his head and beard had become so frosted over that I had some close looking to recognize him. Sunday went to hear Mr. Conrad, pastor of Trinity. But his was no sermon, his prayer was a political essay and his sermon the same, the gospel with Christ and him crucified was forgotten and the closing music was the “Star Spangled Banner.” Oh that ministers would confine themselves to their calling—and let politics alone—they would accomplish far more good for the country.

Saturday, 19th. Oh, sad to be so often saying good bye, the pleasure of meeting is hardly over, until the pain of parting comes. We part, I to return to my home in troubles and distress, if only my husband could be here with me! but it is decreed otherwise. I must now start for Phila, now my face is turned home; how dear to me has become that place, home, since separated by such insurmountable difficulties, if I could only hear from them but even that delight is withheld from me. But into the hands of our God is the keeping of us all. I will not allow myself to trouble. I wanted to start yesterday and stop over night at my old home but I yielded to the entreaties of my sister, and the pleasure of spending a day among our old parishioners was denied me. I reached Phila in safety but without my trunk, it having been left behind must follow by express. I am anxious to spend the Sabbath in the city, but fear I will not get my

14 The Reverend L. A. Gotwald, pastor of the Zion Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa., 1863–1865.
15 Mrs. Roedel’s brother-in-law, Horace Rathvon.
16 The Reverend F. C. W. Conrad, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., 1862–1864.
17 Mr. Roedel had been pastor of Lower Merion Charge, 1851–1855.
trunk. Found my brother’s\textsuperscript{18} family well, they having two fine healthy boys.

Tuesday, 22. My trunk didn’t reach me until Monday afternoon, so not being fit in my traveling clothes, I did not get to church in the morning. At night went to hear Mr. Hutter.\textsuperscript{19} On Monday did some shopping and looked at the windows decorated so temptingly for the holydays but my mind being so much occupied with the hope of soon now meeting my husband, I failed to see half the beauties of the city. Some of our old friends from Merion came in to see me, Mrs. Libby, Kate Kugler and others. Kate remembers Va., with love, says tell them all “I am strong for the Union, but no abolitionist.” Called with Miss Long to see Mrs. Col. Reynolds and others and took tea with Miss L. This morning on my way to the depot called to see Dr. Gilbert,\textsuperscript{20} all well, and also called at the Lutheran publication rooms, then met Dr. Krauth,\textsuperscript{21} who had many inquiries to the Church in the south and saw L. Albert,\textsuperscript{22} Heck\textsuperscript{23} and others, all anxious to hear from my husband and to know his sentiments on the war subject, they looked well, but older of course—years bring the furrows and snows. But how flattering—I see all looking older, and yet all tell me I am looking younger and better than for years. Reached Baltimore in safety but long after the time, so it was dark and I had no one to meet me. Lost a leather bag in which I had several little presents for my husband. I regret the loss exceedingly. I will now remain here until Tuesday 29th, when by regular traveling I may yet reach my home by Jan. 1st which God grant I may.

Monday, 28th. Christmas again passed, but of all days it was the saddest to me, oh that I could have spent it with my husband. Why did I allow my time to be changed by friends, had I steered my own course, I would if nothing had happened, have been home, so it goes, when we are influenced, we often have cause for regret. I have seen

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{18} Mr. Roedel’s brother.
  \item \textsuperscript{19} The Reverend E. W. Hutter, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, 1850–1873.
  \item \textsuperscript{20} Dr. David Gilbert, 1803–1868. Resident of Gettysburg until 1844, then in Philadelphia until his death.
  \item \textsuperscript{21} Dr. Charles Porterfield Krauth, editor of the Lutheran and Missionary, 1861–1864, Philadelphia.
  \item \textsuperscript{22} Dr. Luther Albert, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Germantown, 1851–1904.
  \item \textsuperscript{23} The Reverend J. H. Heck, pastor at Ardmore, Pa., 1861–1868.
\end{itemize}
some of my friends and have made all my purchases, spent my money, and tomorrow God willing I will start for "Dixie." My visit north, has been very delightful, though sad and troubled, and farewell has now been taken, and all must be left behind, not knowing whether we shall again meet if ever in this world.

Tuesday night. With a bounding heart, Mrs. Kloman and I left all and took the cars for Martinsburg, scarcely fearing a refusal so confident I felt at being passed through the lines. But with what different feelings we retire this night! Col. R. [Rogers] refuses to pass us through and we must retrace our steps. The refusal falls on stone, so little seeming impression did it make! I feel as if it was providential and yet, why could we not have taken all the risks, and gone? Soldiers would be no obstacle to us—even though the Valley is full and skirmishing brisk. But no, sad and dispirited we must return a similar night to the one on Nov. 7th, spent in the same house. Hope urges me on and says try another way. Go to Washington and try there! Yes I will and will try to retire to rest, for I need it. During our excitement coming north, Mrs. Crockett could go to comfortable sleep, as soon as her head rested on the pillow, Mrs. Kloman says she can do the same, but I must lie awake and think and plan until my very brain aches....

Jan. 1st, 1864. Washington. Lo! here I am in the great Capital of this wonderful Nation and likely to be detained some days. My brother came with me yesterday and returned. Called to see Mr. Stevens, but found him in Lancaster, will look to him for aid. My dear husband is I hope having a more agreeable birthday than his wife is spending here. My cousins are very kind, but my heart is oh so sad; and yet I must appear cheerful; how hard to act a part we do not feel. It's a cold disagreeable day—yet I feel not the cold occupied in one all absorbing theme.

Jan. 2d. I called to see Mr. Stevens who kindly gave me a letter to Stanton, but it cannot be delivered until Monday. Mr. Stevens was very kind and had he the power to pass me through I'd have no trouble.


Jan. 4th. Mr. McPherson\textsuperscript{26} called with me to see Stanton at the War department, but his (Stanton's) very appearance shrunk me within myself—he is a cold disobliging man, and refused me a pass. Must wait for a boat.\textsuperscript{27} The day is very cold, snowing and in every way disagreeable. How glad I'll be to get away from this disagreeably dirty city. Yesterday heard Mr. Butler\textsuperscript{28} preach. The snow falls fast, and 'tis now several inches deep, my friends refuse to let me start, so here I must stay one night longer.

(Baltimore) Tuesday, 5th. Again I went, disagreeable as is the walking to the War department, hoping to have something more done for me, but alas! I am just where I was. A boat is promised to go south, but no time fixed.

How glad to get away from Washington, I saw nothing when there to interest, being wholly absorbed in my own affairs. Gladly did I take my seat in the cars and happy to feel the cars move off to carry [me] from that disagreeable city. I did enjoy the ride. All nature was pure and white, a slight wet snow covered trees, shrubs and the earth, and the bright sun upon it made it look a most lovely picture, glad and rejoicing in the beauties with which our Creator has strewn all over this beautiful earth and yet how marred is all this beauty, at every cross road stand soldiers with bayonets in hand saluting every person who dares to travel the road. No longer can we go and come at our pleasure and how keenly do I feel this military power.

Wednesday, 6th. Got a letter from Sissie\textsuperscript{29} saying Pa was in bed, and had been for several weeks with rheumatism, so I will tomorrow go to Gettysburg and while detained in bondage, add to his comfort as best in my power. Friends all say, "I am sorry for you." "I wish you could get home," how little can they, absorbed in their own prosperity and pleasure, feel for or sympathize with me!

Thursday, 7th. Reached home again in safety and found Pa very ill, but so much overjoyed at having me back, that dare I wish I was


\textsuperscript{27} A "flag of truce boat" carried exchange prisoners of war from Fort Monroe to Aiken's Landing below Richmond.

\textsuperscript{28} The Reverend John George Butler, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Washington, 1849–1873.

\textsuperscript{29} Apparently Mrs. Bridges, who was staying with her father.
on my way home? He says, "I did pray fervently that if it was best, you might return to me, and my prayer is now answered." And may it not be a Providential thing for me to be sent back? God grant I may feel it such.

Jan. 28th. My poor old father has been a great sufferer, ever since I am here, I have not left his room, only to eat my meals. I don’t know what he would have done if alone, Sissie had not time to be with him having store and house to attend to. I think he is now improving and with care will be about again soon. . . . My duty to him was gladly performed but my heart was full of other scenes and duties, and to always appear cheerful—when the heart is sad—is almost more than I can do. If only I could hear from home, but have now been absent for three months and heard but once. Ah me, what grace it requires to feel that ’tis all for the best. Oh how eagerly do I search the papers for the promised “boat” to bear me to where my home is. Friends say, “oh you may be glad you are here—you have everything and are more comfortable,” but what care I for all these things, when others I love are far away and need my presence?

Feb. 22d. Time passes and tide waits not the pleasure of any. Had I known that this time would still have found me in the U. S. I hardly think I would have ventured on the journey. The disappointments of one day create hope for the next and so have passed days and weeks and months. This being a holyday how I’d enjoy it at home with my husband—wonder what he is doing. Not much joy is afforded us by dwelling in the past and how my heart bounds at the thought of being once more permitted to be welcomed at home. And yet I sometimes feel as if I did wrong to dwell so much upon self and pleasure—when so many thousands of wives and mothers are mourning the absence of their loved ones—in ignorance of their whereabouts or even of their living at all. Pa is much improved in health, tomorrow we will take him to Taneytown and see our kind uncles there. Attended a concert of the German Reformed school tonight was highly pleased. . . . Today I made another effort to get home, I wrote to B. F. Butler to pass me through his lines at Fort Monroe. Tis said he will do a kindness when in his power and oh! that he will do me the greatest kindness now Mortal Man can do me.

30 General B. F. Butler, in command of Fortress Monroe.
Thursday, 24th. Yesterday, John, Mary, Pa and I went to Taneytown and had a delightful little visit, how I love my kind uncles and aunt. They want me to make them a visit if I remain north. Remain north! Why what would become of me compelled to remain north with my husband south! God forbid that such a lot is in store for me.

Sabbath eve, 27th. We all spent this holy day out at John's, hardly the right way to spend the Sabbath, yet it was the only day we could all be together. I walked over part of the battlefield and to see hundreds of men buried in holes hardly deep enough to cover them is heart-rending but such is the case, hundreds are lying around his house just in that condition. Most of them are from N. C. The Union soldiers are carefully buried but the enemy lying neglected.

March 1st. The first day of spring—all Nature is dressed in a mantle of purity just from the hand of heaven. We have had several cold—extremely cold spells this winter but the most part has been mild and pleasant. On Feb. 23 the bluebirds sang sweetly, telling us that spring was coming. But a poor welcome spring will get from me if I am kept here in bondage when I know my husband is sighing for me and the duties of home require me.

March 12th. For two days past it has been rainy and cold but having had so little rain for months it is needed.

March 13th. Left home this morning with my father for Baltimore, left in a snow storm which did not last long but was cold and disagreeable all morn found our friends all well glad to see us. I am going right to Washington to make another effort to get home.

Sabbath, March 20th. On Wednesday I went to Washington. My first visit was to Mr. Stevens who I found had gone to the Capitol. Then went to the Capitol found my cousin Jacob who took me through the building to see all. Then went to his home and with them remained until Saturday. On Wednesday eve we called on Mr. Stevens who kindly offered to accompany me to see the President if I could wait until Saturday as he would be constantly engaged up to that time. The room was full of visitors all like myself desiring his influence and aid. Poor man, I wonder that he can meet with kindness so many who visit him over their own affairs. On Thursday

31 John Forney & his wife Mary Shriver. Iverson's North Carolina brigade charged across his farm on Oak Ridge.
I called to see Mr. Butler who could render me no assistance and advised me to remain until Saturday for Mr. Stevens, but not being willing to remain that long inactive, I called on Ed McPherson, to see if he could do any thing for me. My desire was to get across through some person of influence to the President. Ed kindly took me to the White House to introduce me to the Secretary of the President who would attend to me in time, but he advised also to wait as the President had the subject of sending ladies south under consideration and was anxious they should go.

So I yielded and rode to the Capitol with Ed where I found Jacob who went sight-seeing with me. Wonderful are some of the works of Nature collected at the Smithsonian. I could have spent days looking at a meteoric stone, weighing 1400 lbs. To think of the tremendous mass of iron falling to the earth, it fell in 1860, I forgot where. Thursday eve I took tea with Mr. Butler and spent a pleasant eve living over the past. Only one drawback to my plans and that has been a constant load for months past—the want of my husband—if I could only hear from him, but no, no, that pleasure is denied me, patience my heart—hope urges me on—a happy day of reunion awaits us if God in his Providence wills that we should meet again.

Friday I remained indoors enjoying the society of Sissie and her children. Saturday Mr. Stevens called for me and we started for the President’s mansion, but Mr. Stevens advised me to go to Stanton so, fearful as I was of the result, I concluded he knew best and he talked Stanton into the promise of a pass but for reasons known to himself would not grant me a pass for a week or 10 days. Still I have the promise and so far more hopeful than ever. I shall ever with gratitude remember the kindness of Mr. Stevens but regret that I did not see the President, the man said to be raised up by God to fulfill his purposes to this great Nation.

I left Washington at 3 o’clock and arrived Baltimore at 5 found my father overjoyed to see me, poor old Pa, what will he do without me—he has become so dependent upon me. My heart aches to see him cling to his cane—a cane is truly emblematic for an old man—they become inseparable. Often I would say, Pa don’t lean over your cane so much it makes you stooped, his reply was “an old man has

32 The Reverend J. G. Butler.
33 John G. Nicolay.
little comfort in his world but his cane for a support and in living over the memories of the past.” Sabbath went to hear Dr. Stork, but I am unfit to attend the house of God. I cannot keep thoughts on the instructions imparted, they wander far, far away. I leave without the least benefit. . . .

Good Friday, March 25. This morning Pa and Henry left us for home. How sad it was to part with Pa—we have more than likely parted for the last time, he seems so much concerned that I should get back to my husband. Yesterday was our anniversary day. Married twelve years—how I longed to be home.

Sabbath 27th. Communion at Dr. Stork’s, a solemn day, he received into the church 28, his whole congregation, it seemed to me partook of the holy supper. Yesterday it poured rain all day and some snow but today is a beautiful day—nature rejoicing with man for the glad sacrifice or resurrection of our Savior. . . .

Friday, April 1. Rained all day—Saturday rained and snowed. The snow fell thick and fast for some hours. Sunday was dull and murky but no rain. In one respect glad for the bad weather but it has more influence upon my spirits than ever before. Dr. Stork preached from the text “Fight the good fight of faith” a most acceptable subject, to one whose faith so often is weak and wavering.

This day, Monday April 5th, is I fear the beginning of another blue week, I am oppressed and dispirited. Went to a lecture tonight by Rev. Riley on the times, taking the 11th chapter of Revelations, as his basis, an able production and if properly explained we are on the eve of most important events and by autumn this dreadful war will be over. Rain and snow again.

Sabbath eve. This has been a long lonely day. I have for a day been suffering greatly with pains in my limbs and sore throat. Last night the appearance of my throat alarmed my brother and in fact seeing it so highly inflamed and white with ulcers alarmed me. Mr. Stevens wrote to me on Friday evening saying that Stanton refused the promised pass but that he would see him and urge my case whenever opportunity offered.

Saturday, 16th. Though the weather has been cold and rainy 4 days out of 7, the peach trees are coming into blossom. . . .

Saturday, 23d. On Thursday rec’d a letter from my husband, the

34 The Reverend Theophilus Stork, pastor of St. Mark’s, Baltimore, 1860-1865.
first direct communication since December how thankful that through this long winter he is well, but so anxious to have me back. I will go again to Washington and see what further can be done there I can’t stand it any longer.

26th. This day I have been gladdened by the arrival of 2 letters from my husband and he has at last rec’d a letter from me and again have I written him, hope it too may in safety reach its home. My friends dissuade me from going to Washington thinking Mr. Stevens will do all he can but I am not satisfied. Cousin Mark Barnitz also is trying through his friends to get me home but I lack faith. The weather is becoming like spring first the birds and frogs then come the swelling buds and soon the bursting flowers—oh will I get back to the mountains to enjoy the opening spring? Rapidly the buds are bursting and some trees as the horse chestnut are in leaf. The thought of my continued captivity prevents my enjoyment.

Sabbath eve, May 8th. 6 months since my arrival. Yesterday rec’d letters from North, South, East and West but the one freighted with the most cheering news was from my husband simply saying “All here well.” Another from Mr. Stevens saying he hoped I had rec’d my pass as he had forgotten my number and sent it to the City. They went to the P. O. but no letter could be found. I immediately wrote back for another—oh how glad when I will have it safely in my possession! Report says a severe battle which has been over hanging us for weeks is in progress. What dreadful times! What numberless souls hurried into eternity! The people here seem sanguine of ultimate success. Both sides are hopeful, each feeling they will be the victors.

Tuesday 10th. I have my pass! but alas! it comes too late to enable me to get home before this dreadful battle.

Thursday 12th. Now the fighting has lasted a week and the papers report 40,000 killed and wounded! This side claims success so far and all looks bright for the Union cause.

Monday 16th. Oh how sad and troubled am I, in view of the great battle and my separation from my home. I hardly know what to do, say or think—but try to submit, knowing that God overrules all for good and will bring all to praise Him in the end. If only He spares us to get together in safety again.

35 Battle of the Wilderness.
22, Sabbath eve. What is my dear doing? If sad as I am sorry for him for oh my heart is desolate and lonely. The papers report a raid into our [Wythe] Co., and destruction of life and property. What may be the fate of my home? I pause and tremble but still trust in God who upholds his children through all trials and I try to say "Thy will be done." This morning heard Dr. Stork on the subject of liberality. Tonight heard Mr. Officer\(^\text{36}\) the African missionary, a very interesting account of the progress of Religion among the poor benighted Negroes and the providential way in which as a nation they are becoming converted.

Monday, 28th. This day I have another welcome message from my husband, a longer letter than I have had, written April 30, and oh! how sad! His grief at my detention is great because it involves him in so many troubles, oh if he only knew my feelings and the why I do not go home he would not think hard of my not going.

June 15. Started for a visit to Shepherdstown arrived at Frederick at noon. Met Dr. Z. and wife who begged me to stay but I had my plans laid out, and I don't often allow myself to be turned from my course. At 4 the stage landed me at Mr. Copenhaver's where with old friends I spent the night very agreeably and was on my way for the only place which would enable me to reach the desire of my heart, Home. With fear and dread but safely I reached Mr. Hamme's and will remain until arrangements are made to get me through the lines.

Sunday, July 1st. Time hangs heavy when impatience is the feeling of the heart—more than two weeks and just now the time has come, tomorrow our baggage will be smuggled through and on Monday we will follow. Mrs. Kloman joined me here.

July 3d. Aroused at 3 o'clock by the report of a cannon which informed us that the Rebels were in the neighborhood.\(^\text{37}\) No one seemed to be conversant with their move, yet they have been anxiously looked for all summer. The whole neighborhood were aroused but no one could find out anything until a few straggling

\(^{36}\) The Reverend Morris Officer, 1823-1874. Founder of Muhlenberg Mission, Liberia, Africa.

\(^{37}\) Early had been sent by Lee to drive the Union forces out of the Valley. This Early did, and entered Maryland to threaten Washington from the north, reaching Frederick on July 9, with 20,000 troops. On July 11, he appeared from the north before the defences of Washington.
Yankees came along. When the people all were joyful—"a retreat, a retreat" was in every mouth and sure enough it was. All morning they passed in squads, acknowledging that the Rebels had surprised them and they had had no breakfast which was a grief to a well fed Yank. About 2 o'clock the whole force, 3000, passed in orderly but full retreat. Not more than 10 minutes, a squad of Rebels came in full speed and away started man, woman and child to welcome their friends. They fired a pistol and told us to return to the house for the Yankees would be back and away they went the road they came. And true enough in a few moments we saw the Y's throwing out their line of skirmishes on all the hills around the house and in less time than it takes me to write it, their whole army again came in sight.

We very much feared that the rebels were over the hill and might have another skirmish around us but fortunately they moved a mile away, and there the Yanks gave battle to about 35 rebs behind a stone fence but as their position became too warm they retreated and the others, fearing it might be a trap to draw them on (which it was), also again took up the line of march and passed the house more rapidly than at first. They crossed the river at Shepherdstown. The Yanks said they lost about 60 in the moving—the Rebs only a few wounded and three prisoners.

We saw or heard nothing more from the Rebels until Monday morning when they again came in view. While looking at them, I heard my name called and was recognized by Bob Baily, of Wythe, soon I was surrounded by all the boys of Wythe Co. For a day I was more sought after than ever before. All the poor soldiers were anxious to send letters back to their homes and it was a pleasure to carry them. Tuesday they crossed into Maryland for what purpose they knew not. But I wish they would stay this side of the river, no good will result but much cost for the future.

At eleven o'clock we started homeward bound! Oh what joy filled our hearts. No obstruction now on the road, freely we traveled across the Rubicon without any demand for a pass or any thing else, after a few minutes we stopped and got our baggage which had been safely smuggled through on Saturday. At one o'clock bade a final farewell to the borders of Yankeedom, hoping not to see them again until the cruel war is over. Our party consisted of four—Mr. Entler
who took charge of us to Staunton for $25, Mr. Rensch, Mrs. Kloman and myself, a happy comfortable party we were and cheerfully the time passed. At sundown we halted for the night and were kindly entertained by Mrs. Carter who has like most in the valley been a severe sufferer by the armies being so often there, not one fence is on the farm, horses all taken and only two cows left which she keeps in her smoke house for safety. She is just a specimen of all. We paid our way, 50 cts. in greenbacks, went to bed and rose at 4 and enjoyed the travel at that early hour—every where was beauty the birds singing and the fields groaning under their heavy harvest. Such crops I never saw, but the people live in fear and dread of having all taken from them. The Yanks say if they can't destroy the south by fighting, they will by destruction—of home and crops.

About six o'clock we stopped at a comfortable-looking home. I took my coffee in the coffee pot and asked permission to make some coffee which was kindly permitted me. The lady also gave me cream and butter and under a shade along side a beautiful meandering stream we enjoyed a hearty breakfast of chicken, biscuit and coffee and again we started, being refreshed, and traveled very comfortably passing through Winchester. It presented no more cheerful appearance, than it did last fall. Saw that the town was full of Rebel soldiers and prisoners, whom they had captured at North Mountain. At night we stopped at Winchester. Passed the Kernstown battle ground, where two years ago Jackson's men caused much slaughter. Newtown 8 miles from Winchester looked neglected. Middletown, Strasburg and Mt. Jackson all presented the same appearance. Many fine fields of corn and grain were growing unmolested along the road without a fence to protect them, but as cattle are scarce, unless the armies turn their horses on them, they are safe. The only horses the farmers can keep are broken down blind ones—yet the people are cheerful and trustful that ultimately their cause will be successful. At Mt. Jackson we stopped and found a very pleasant hotel and good accommodations, for which we paid $6.00 for supper and lodging.

At 4 again we started and by constant travel reached Staunton at 10½ at night where by the time we arranged our affairs, wrote

38 March 23, 1862.
letters back to our friends it was 2 o'clock. At 3 again we were aroused to take stage for Salem for which ride over dusty, rough roads we paid $80. At Staunton we paid $5 for four hours sleep. We passed through little towns which like all others were desolate and the only thing which seemed to interest the people was the war news. "What's the news?" was the eager question of the driver almost before his horses stopped. Destruction was visible all along the road for it was the route Hunter took through the state. At Lexington all public buildings and bridges destroyed and private property spoiled. Tired, dusty and wearied we at 9 reached the Natural Bridge having seen desolation enough on the road. After a comfortable night's rest we before breakfast visited the bridge which well repays the beholder—one bridge at least in this beautiful land there is, that the wrath of man can't destroy.

After breakfast we started having again paid $15, and at 6 reached Salem where we were kindly received and entertained by my friends. But sad to say our great desire was checked. No train goes west until Tuesday—how long will the time be—to be this near the desire of my heart and yet can't get there.

Tuesday 12th. Today again we bid farewell to kind friends and oh so cheerfully we hurried to the depot—but here again we have been detained for hours—and now the train will not be here until 4—oh how slowly the time passes and what inconveniences occasioned by the Yanks' having been here, the road destroyed and submission must be ours until the glad signal sounds.

Wednesday (July) 13th. After a disagreeable ride, being crowded in a car full of wounded soldiers, on their return home, but who behaved themselves very respectfully, at 10 at night we arrived at Central depot, got a comfortable bed, and at 6 o'clock again started for my haven of rest. The Engine being worn out we traveled very slowly, often stopping to get up steam, and fearing every stop might be the last. We sat in great fear but at 10 o'clock A. M. we came in sight of home. Oh what joy and thanksgiving filled my heart, to be in the embrace of my husband once more. Home looks so natural that already I seem only to have awakened from a dream—at home, thank God! Amen—Amen.

39 Now Radford, Va., sixteen miles from Wytheville.