

Jacob Hoke

(1825-1893)

United Brethren layman

Introduction

Jacob Hoke was born March 17, 1825, in McConnellsburg, Fulton County PA, where his father was a tinsmith. His formal education in the village school ended at age 12, when he began working as a clerk in a country store. He held this position until 1841, when he moved to Chambersburg and worked in various mercantile establishments before forming his own retail business in 1848.

Coming to Franklin County with no capital, he became the most extensive dry-goods merchant in Chambersburg. And slight as was his formal education, his acquired knowledge of literature and theology made him one of the most intelligent men in the community. Uniting with the First United Brethren Church when he first arrived in Chambersburg, Jacob Hoke developed into a leader in the local congregation, in the Pennsylvania Conference, and in the United Brethren denomination.

An able and much-demanded speaker, Jacob Hoke was given the title of lay-evangelist by the annual conference. His large Thursday evening Bible Study class was for decades a mainstay of the community's spiritual life. He served for many years as secretary-treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Pennsylvania Conference, and as a member of the General Board of Missions of the United Brethren Church.

Jacob Hoke was also an author. His published religious books include *Holiness: the Higher Christian Life* (1870), *The Age We Live In* (1871), and *Clusters from Eschol* (1882). He was a founder of and major contributor to the highly successful periodical *Highway of Holiness*, which began in 1874 and continued for over 10 years. But he is best known among secular historians for his series of forty-two articles collected and published in 1884 as *Reminiscences of the War* and his 1887 masterpiece *The Great Invasion of 1863: General Lee in Pennsylvania*, the classic authoritative account of the burning of Chambersburg and the Battle of Gettysburg.

In keeping with the theme of this volume of *The Chronicle*, this article concentrates on Jacob Hoke's personal involvement with the Battle of Gettysburg and its surrounding events. The article includes two major sections: one describing the situation in Chambersburg, the headquarters and staging area of the Confederate Army for their invasion of the North, immediately prior to the Battle of Gettysburg; the other describing the burning of Chambersburg by the Confederate Army one year after the Battle of Gettysburg. The article concludes with a letter to Hoke from Confederate General Jubal Early, a key figure in the Army of Northern Virginia and the Battle of Gettysburg, that illustrates the thoroughness of Hoke's research.

Writing in the third person, this is what Hoke says about himself in his 1887 introduction to *The Great Invasion*. He resided in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, during the entire period of the War of Rebellion, and for a score of years previous and ever since; he not only witnessed all the armed hosts, Federal and Confederate, which passed through that place, but had access to their camps and hospitals; he preserved important papers, and kept an account of events with the dates of their occurrence; he visited the field of battle and noted facts and incidents; he has corresponded with others, both Federals and Confederates, competent to impart important information; and he has made it a point to read and preserve everything related to the subject, which has come under his notice. The material thus carefully gathered he has compared, classified, and placed upon record in the following pages. He has been especially careful to be exact in the facts stated, and in the dates given. Errors may have crept into this record, but every precaution has been taken to secure entire accuracy. If he has not succeeded in giving the public such a history of the subject as its importance demands, he has at least rescued from oblivion much valuable historical matter, which, without this humble effort, would have been forever lost.

The events prior to the Battle of Gettysburg, as witnessed by Jacob Hoke, will be told using the words from his book *The Great Invasion* – with limited editing for brevity and continuity. As his dry goods shop was on the square in Chambersburg, and he lived on the second floor above the shop, he had the perfect vantage point from which to make observations.

Leading up to the Battle

Monday June 15, 1863.

On this day we witnessed the greatest excitement which had occurred up to that time during all the history of the war. Early in the morning farmers residing in the southern portion of our county began to pass through the town and on down the Harrisburg pike with their stock and valuables. The road was crowded with wagons, horses and cattle. Then came large numbers of colored persons, men, women, and children, bearing with them huge bundles of clothing, bedding, and articles of house-keeping. About ten o'clock forty or fifty [Union Army] wagons drawn by horses and mules came dashing down Main Street. They declared that the enemy were in close pursuit, that a large part of the train had been captured, and that the dreaded foe was about to enter Chambersburg.

[This proved to be a false alarm. A level-headed Union officer finally stopped the panic and got the wagons to proceed toward Carlisle at a more normal pace. But he did say that the pursuing Confederates would likely make Chambersburg by nightfall. Hoke's narrative resumes with events of that night.]

As the [Confederate] scouts came galloping down Main Street with their carbines cocked and leveled, the darkness prevented them from seeing some piles

of stone and sand in front of Mr. H.M. White's residence, then in the process of building. One of the horses fell, throwing its riding headlong and causing his carbine to go off. His comrades supposed that a citizen had fired on them. Simultaneously, Mr. J.S. Brand threw open the shutters of a second story window in his house to see what was transpiring in the street. A cavalryman, hearing the gun and the opening of the shutters, cried out that the shot came from that window. In a short time, after the arrival of other cavalymen, a number of them went to the place and knocked at the door, demanding admittance and declaring the purpose of hanging the man that fired the shot. Mrs. Brand, becoming greatly alarmed for her husband's safety, urged him to go into the attic and hide himself. Before it was quite daylight, a member of the John Jeffries family, who lived adjoining, came over and said that the rebels were all about the house waiting for daylight, and declaring their purpose to search it and hang the person found in it.

Those ladies, Mrs. Brand and Miss Jeffries, then hit upon the expedient of disguising Mr. Brand and having him leave the house. Accordingly, they arrayed him in one of Mrs. Brand's dresses, and a large flowing sun-bonnet was put on his head to hide his beard. In this disguise, Mr. Brand went out of his back door, passed up his lot in the presence of the enemy, and crossed over to the residence of Mr. Jeffries, where he was disrobed and where he had no further trouble with the enemy.

Tuesday June 16, 1863.

General Jenkins issued an order requiring all arms in possession of our citizens to be brought to the front of the courthouse within two hours; and in the case of disobedience, all houses were to be searched and those in which arms were found should be lawful objects of plunder. The pretext for this humiliating order was that his troops had been fired on by a citizen the night before. Many complied with this requisition, and a considerable number of guns were carried to the appointed place. Some, of course, did not comply, but enough did to satisfy the enemy and a general search was avoided. Captain Fitzhugh, Jenkins' chief of staff, an ill-natured man – the same person who figured so largely in the burning of the town a year afterward – assorted the guns as they were brought in. He retained those that could be used by their men, twisting out of shape or breaking over the stone steps of the courthouse such as were unfit for service.

During the whole of this day foraging parties were sent out to all parts of the surrounding country, gathering horses and cattle which were taken and sent south to Williamsport and handed over to Rodes' infantry. One of these plundering parties visited the Caledonia Iron Works, situated about ten miles east of Chambersburg and belonging to the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens. Under the promise that if all the horses and mules belonging to the establishment were delivered to them the iron works would not be burned, about forty valuable animals and harnesses were carried away. A week later these iron works were fired by the enemy and wholly consumed.

One of the revolting features of this day was the scourging of the fields about the town and searching of houses for negroes. These poor creatures – those who had not fled upon the approach of the foe – sought concealment in the growing wheat fields about the town. Into these the cavalymen rode in search of their prey, and many were caught – some after a desperate chase and being fired at. In two cases, through the intervention of a friend who had influence with Jenkins, I succeeded in effecting the release of the captured persons. Colored persons were taken and sent into southern slavery, even such as were born and raised on free soil. In some cases these negroes were rescued from the guards who were conducting them South by indignant people. A case of this kind occurred in Greencastle.

Wednesday June 17, 1863.

[Now this starts to get personal, as Jacob Hoke's dry good store on the square will be affected.]

About eight o'clock this morning General Jenkins ordered the stores and shops to be opened for two hours, and that his men should be permitted to purchase such articles as they personally needed, but in all cases must pay for what they got. Business accordingly went on very briskly for awhile with those who had not removed or secreted their entire stock. Fortunately for us and many others, but little was found in our stores; but what little we had which the soldiers could buy under the order was quickly bought up and paid for in all imaginable kinds of scrip. Not only Confederate notes were paid us, but shin-plasters issued by the city of Richmond and other southern corporations. While this traffic was in operation, a Confederate soldier seized a number of remnants of ladies' dress goods, which we had left lie on the counter, not thinking them worth hiding, and putting them under his arm walked out and down past Jenkins' headquarters. The General came quickly out and caught the fellow by the back of the neck and ran him back into the store on the double quick, saying to us, "Did this man get these here? And did he pay for them?" Upon being told that he had taken them and had not paid for them, the General drew his sword and, flourishing it above the man's head and swearing terribly, said, "I've a mind to cut your head off." Then turning to us he said, "Sell my men all the goods they want; but if any one attempts to take anything without paying for it, report to me at my headquarters. We are not thieves."

The news of the occupation of our town by the Confederates was known all over the country. Great numbers of people, as well as some Federal scouts, moved by curiosity or a desire to ascertain precisely where the enemy were, had come within sight. Seeing these, and hearing of the gathering of troops at Harrisburg, they were alarmed and fell back within supporting distance of the Confederate infantry at Williamsport. As the last of the soldiers was leaving town, they set fire to a large frame warehouse then belonging to Messrs. Oaks & Linn. The firing of that warehouse and the destruction of the Scotland railroad bridge were the only acts of real destruction attempted. True, many horses, cattle

and other things were taken, but all was within the rules of war, except the carrying away of free negroes.

Thursday June 18, 1863.

After Jenkins withdrew his force to the vicinity of Greencastle, he sent out foraging parties on all directions in search of addition plunder. One detachment of about two hundred and fifty men under the command of Colonel Ferguson crossed the Cove Mountain by way of Mercersburg, reaching McConnellsburg, the county seat of Fulton County, shortly after daylight on Thursday. The inhabitants were terribly alarmed as they arose from their beds to find the town in possession of the dreaded enemy. A vigorous search was at once instituted for horses, of which a large number were found. The stores and shops were also visited, and although the alarm had extended there and stocks were nearly all removed or concealed, a considerable amount of valuable articles was taken. In some cases these were paid for in Confederate scrip. The streets after their departure were lined with old shoes, boots, and hats which had been discarded for better ones. About a mile north of the town a drove of fat cattle, valued at about six thousand dollars, were grazing. These were taken, and together with the horses which had been captured, were driven and handed over to Rodes' infantry at Williamsport.

Another detachment was sent east, and after plundering the rich country about Waynesborough, crossed the South Mountain at the Monterey Pass. In the evening of the same day about one hundred and fifty of them entered Fairfield, taking with them all the good horses they could find.

Until Monday morning, the 22nd, the whole southern portion of Franklin county was plundered by these men, and the captures were transferred to Rodes' division at Williamsport. It would be difficult to estimate the value of the property taken in this raid, but it certainly amounted to not less than one hundred thousand dollars.

By Monday morning, the 22nd, the various detachments of Jenkins' command had all rejoined the main body between Greencastle and Hagerstown, where, on that day, the real invasion of the State was begun.

Tuesday June 23, 1863

About ten o'clock in the forenoon of this day, Jenkins' cavalry again entered Chambersburg. Unlike his former entrance, which was made in the night with a wild rush down the street, he this time came in slowly and confidently. Jenkins, through his chief of staff Captain Fitzhugh, made a requisition upon the citizens of Chambersburg for a large amount of provisions, which were to be brought to the courthouse pavement within a stipulated time. He also declared that if this demand was not complied with a general search of the houses would be made, and all provisions found taken. And as flitch after flitch, jowl after jowl, with a sprinkling of bread, cakes and pies, were deposited upon the pile in front of the courthouse, the name of the unwilling contributor to the stomach of the

Southern Confederacy was taken down, by which his residence would be exempted from search in case enough was not voluntarily brought in.

During the afternoon of this day, a raid of a most shameful and yet ludicrous character occurred in the neighborhood of where the new depot now stands. Upon the site of this depot stood a large frame building once used as a railroad freight warehouse. In this building were stored a large amount of government stores, such as crackers, beans, bacon, etc. The Confederates had not yet found these stores, and some of our people who had no scruples against taking anything from Uncle Sam – rather than have the Confederates take it – made a raid upon these stores and in a short time cleaned out the whole stock. Men, women, and children came running in crowds, and a general scramble took place. Upon every street and alley leading from the warehouse persons were seen carrying bacon and rolling barrels of crackers and beans. In the general melee some came in contact with others, when scolding and kicking and fighting ensued.

Wednesday June 24, 1863.

About 9 o'clock in the forenoon of this day the sound of music was heard up Main Street. Rodes' division of infantry, preceded by a band of musicians playing "The Bonnie Blue Flag," made its appearance on the brow of the hill by the Reformed Church. These were the first Confederate infantry that had ever penetrated a free State. Throughout this entire day long columns of infantry and artillery, with the usual accompaniments of immense trains of wagons and droves of cattle and ambulances, streamed through the streets. According to an estimate made by one of the citizens of Chambersburg, ten thousand three hundred men passed through the town this day.

About half past ten o'clock, a carriage drawn by two horses and accompanied by several horsemen was observed coming down the street. It stopped in front of the Franklin Hotel. One of the occupants of this carriage was a thin, sallow-faced man with strongly-marked Southern features, and a head and physiognomy which strongly indicated culture, refinement and genius. When he emerged from the carriage, which he did only by the assistance of others, it was discovered that he had an artificial limb and used a crutch. After making his way into the hotel, he at once took possession of a large front parlor. A flag was run out of a window, and headquarters established. This intellectual-looking and crippled man was Lieutenant-General R.S. Ewell, the Commander of the Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

The Burning of Chambersburg

While Jacob Hoke also details the burning of Chambersburg in his book *The Great Invasion*, his briefer telling of the story in a letter to the *Religious Telescope*, the denominational newspaper of the United Brethren Church, is more suited for this article and is here presented with slight condensation.

CHAMBERSBURG, August 10, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:

Not having seen in any published report, a satisfactory account of the late rebel raid on Chambersburg, and being a resident here, and an eye-witness, I will hastily sketch what came under my own observation, and what I have from reliable persons. In Thursday's *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the correspondent at Frederick stated "that our troops were in such numbers, and so situated, that for the first time in the history of the war, glorious news might be expected from the Shenandoah Valley." Very high military authority, but a few days prior to the raid, assured us "that every ford of the Potomac was strictly watched; that it was impossible for the enemy to cross; that if they only would cross it would be the best thing that could happen, as they could never get back again." In this way our community was lulled into comparative security, until on Friday noon, July 29th, it was announced that the rebels had crossed in considerable force at Williamsport, and also at Cherry Run. No one could depict the scene of excitement which then occurred. Merchants and others commenced packing, shipping, and otherwise disposing of their valuables.

At eight o'clock in the evening General Hunter's large wagon train commenced passing through our town toward Harrisburg, and continued passing during the greater part of the night. At least fifteen hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry passed through with that train as guards and as stragglers. That these men were not stopped here by General Couch, who did not leave town until three o'clock in the morning, is explained by the assertion that they were under orders from General Hunter to guard his train. That train was entirely safe after it had passed through Chambersburg, and that body of men, judiciously posted, could, with the artillery in town, and the citizens, have held the enemy in check until Averill could arrive, who was then ten miles distant, and threatened in his front by a force of rebels who, it is now evident, were only making a demonstration to hold him until the other and heavier column under McCausland and Gilmore, could effect their object in Chambersburg.

I sat at my window on the corner of the Diamond and saw them enter. Skirmishers, dismounted, led the advance, followed by cavalry. They came in simultaneously in all the streets and alleys, and called to each other as a signal, when they reached the centre of the Diamond. In five minutes after, a force of about five hundred cavalry filed around the Public Square, and immediately

commenced the work of plunder. The first building broken open was Mr. Paxton's shoe and hat store; then the liquor stores adjoining my residence. I met them at my store door and unlocked it, when about twenty entered and commenced a thorough search. Finding it empty, they inquired where I had my goods, to which I replied, I had shipped them to Philadelphia. Returning from the room, I locked the door, and sat down by it, and entered into conversation with a gentlemanly-looking man, who informed me he was the Chaplain to McCausland's command. He gave his name as Johnson, born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and said he was a Methodist preacher. During our conversation an officer dismounted at my door, tied his horse, and listened to our conversation, where he remained until the circumstance occurred to which I shall presently refer. The Chaplain said to me, "Do you reside in this house?" I replied affirmatively. He then said they were rolling several barrels of combustible matter into the Court House, near my residence; that they were going to burn it, and I had better try to save something from our house. Leaving these two men at the door, I ran up stairs and carried a load of precious articles from the parlor table, consisting of a valuable family Bible, books, photograph album, &c., to a neighbor's house, where I presumed they would be safe. They were all burned there, however. Next, I carried some bed-clothing to a different part of the town, and they were saved. Returning to the house, I encountered a rebel officer in one of the rooms. Said he: "Do you belong to this house?" On my replying in the affirmative, he said: "My friend, for God's sake, tell me what you value most, and I will take it to a place of safety. They are going to burn every house in the town." I told him if that was the case, it was no use to remove anything, as they might as well burn here as elsewhere.

By this time my wife and two other occupants of the house came down stairs each with a carpet-bag packed with clothing. The officer followed us to the door and entreated one of the women to mount his horse and ride him off, as he declared he did not want him any more in the rebel service. Another man unbuckled his sword and put it in our house, in disgust at the scene before him. It was afterwards found among the ruins. At the door I found the officer previously referred to, weeping bitterly. The flames were bursting from buildings all around us. "See," said he, "this is awful work. O God! O, my God, has it come to this, that we have to be made a band of thieves and robbers by a man like McCausland!" I have seen many men weep, but never did I see a strong, robust man hide from his sight, with his handkerchief, the appalling scene, and cry at the top of his voice, "O God! O mighty God!—See, see!"

Imagine the feelings of my family, when an hour before this, without intending to select any particular passage of God's Word, I read the 138th Psalm, in which the following words occur: "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me." We knelt in prayer and surrounded the breakfast-table under the conviction that it was for the last time in that dear home. Then came the hasty snatching of precious relics of dear departed ones, passing hurriedly from

room to room, leaving clothing, beds, furniture, library, pictures—all to the devouring flames. In our parlor hung the photographs of several of our bishops, with many others. These were either carried away by the rebels or burned. At the door we encountered the incident previously narrated. Leaving the weeping officer, we pressed through flame and smoke, amidst burning buildings, to the suburbs of the town, where we sat down and watched four hundred buildings in flames, two hundred and seventy-four of which were dwelling-houses, the affrighted occupants running wildly through the streets, carrying clothing and other articles, while screams of anguish from lost children in pursuit of parents, the feeble efforts of the old and infirm to carry with them some endeared article from their blazing homes, the roaring and crackling flames, falling walls and blinding smoke, all united to form a picture of horror, which no pen could describe, no painter portray. For three hours the fire raged. At about 11 o'clock, the rebels left town, as Averill's scouts captured five rebels within one mile of the town. In three hours after their exit, Averill filed through the streets.

In our flight through the streets, the rebel officer alluded to followed us half a square, entreating one of the women to mount and ride off his horse, declaring that he was done with the rebel service. No sooner did he turn away, than another rode up and demanded our carpet-bags; we ran on, and he turned back without them. Brother Winton, while fleeing with his wife and little children, was stopped by a cavalryman and compelled to deliver his shoes and hat. Hundreds of robberies occurred of hats, shoes, watches, money, &c. An old and very estimable lady, who had not walked for three years, was told to run, as her house was on fire. She replied that she had not walked for three years. With horrid curses, the wretch poured powder under her chair, declaring that he would teach her to walk; and while in the act of applying fire to his train, some neighbors ran in and carried her away.

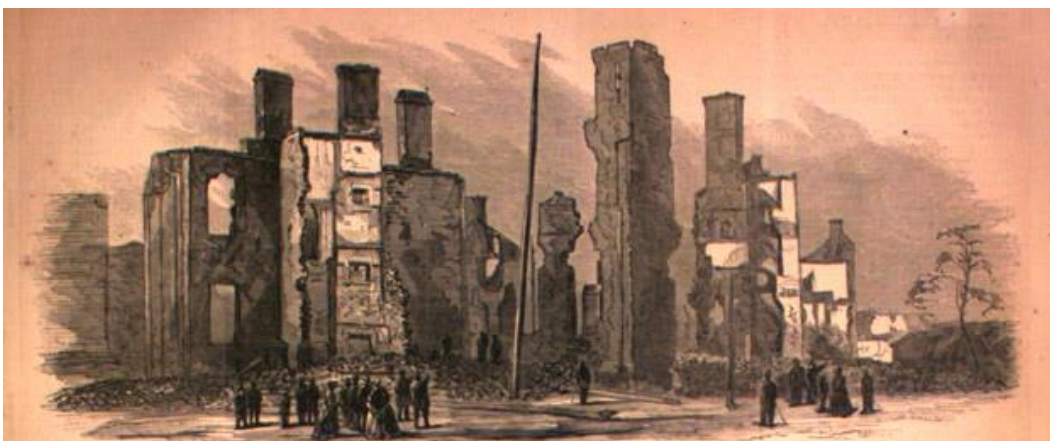
The burning mass appeared to converge toward the Diamond, forming fearful whirlwinds, which at times moved eastwardly along the line of Market street. At one time an immense whirlwind passed over where a large lot of bedding and wearing apparel had been collected. Large feather beds were lifted from the ground. Shirts and lighter articles were conveyed with fearful velocity high in the air, alighting at a great distance from where they lay. It was grand and fearful, adding to the horror of the scene. In many cases soldiers set fire to houses, and to the tears and entreaties of women and children they said their "orders were to burn. We will fire; you can do as you please after we go away." An officer rode up to our parsonage, and thus addressed Mrs. Dickson: "Madam, save what you can; in fifteen minutes we will return and fire your house." They did not return. Our church and parsonage were saved. The printing establishment of the German Reformed Church was completely destroyed, with all the valuable presses, books, the bindery, &c. Dr. Fisher estimates the loss to the Church at over forty thousand dollars. Those of our readers who know the town will understand the extent of this destruction from the following:

Beginning at the Presbyterian lecture-room on the north, the fire swept every building on the west side of Main street, except four, up to Washington street, four squares; from King street on the north, every building on the east side of Main street up to Washington, three squares; from the Franklin Railroad to nearly the top of New England Hill, five squares, on both sides of the street; also eight or ten dwellings over the top of New England Hill; from the Market-house down Queen street, both sides, to the edge-tool factory, and several buildings on the street running parallel with the creek, up to Market street, with many buildings on Second street from Market, up near the Methodist Church. The Methodist, German Reformed, and Lutheran churches saved the parts of the town in which they were situated from being involved in the general conflagration. The Associate Reformed and Bethel churches, the latter belonging to "The Church of God," were burned. The Associate Reformed was used as headquarters for drafted men; hence its destruction. The "Bethel"—so marked on a stone in the front—was supposed by the fiends to be a negro church. In most cases fire was kindled in beds or bureaus by matches, and in balls of cotton saturated in alcohol or kerosene.

I saw men and officers drinking liquor as it was carried from the hotels, the doors of which they broke open. Many were drunk. Women were insulted; cruel taunts and threats were repeatedly made.

I have thus hastily sketched the foregoing *facts, for such they are*. The reader will remember they are written by one who lost heavily by the fire; is now surrounded by the extended ruins; is aware of the sufferings and heart-breakings of over two thousand men, women, and children, many of whom have been reduced from affluence to poverty, are now dependent for the bread they eat, the clothes they wear, and the houses that shelter them, upon others more favored.

J. HOKE



**Ruins of the bank and Franklin Hotel after the July 30, 1864 burning of Chambersburg
Engraving from Harper's Weekly, 8/20/1864**

The following letter from General Jubal Early to Jacob Hoke illustrates Hoke's commitment to "getting it right" and the caliber of the information he was able to preserve because of that commitment. While this letter was written twenty-years after the fact, many contemporary documents have also been preserved in various locations. The original two-page handwritten orders of General Early to burn Chambersburg, for example, are preserved at the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond VA.

YELLOW SULPHUR SPRINGS, September 4th, 1884.

J. HOKE, ESQ:

Sir-Having been from home since the 5th of August, your letter of the 6th of that month did not reach me until a very few days ago, when it was forwarded to me from Lynchburg with a number of others.

As you desire my statement in regard to the burning of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, under my order in July, 1864, I send you a copy of my "Memoirs of the Last Year of the War," in which you will find, on pages 60 to 70, my account of that affair. All I have to add, is that on my march from Lynchburg in pursuit of General Hunter, and down the valley on the expedition against Washington, I had seen the evidences of the destruction wantonly committed by his troops under his orders, including the burning of a number of private houses without provocation, among them being the family residence, at Lexington, of ex-Governor Letcher; also the Virginia Military Institute at the same place, and a part of the town of Newtown, in Frederick County; and in addition there had been a wholesale destruction of private property, including even wearing apparel of ladies, and bed clothing; the beds in many cases being cut to pieces and the feathers scattered to the winds. In addition, there had been the destruction of several towns in the South by Federal troops, among them being the town of Darien, Georgia, in the year 1863.

When, therefore, on my return from the expedition threatening Washington, I found that Hunter, who had reached the lower valley on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, after his flight to the Kanawha Valley, had been engaged in his accustomed work, and had burned the valuable residences of several citizens of Jefferson County, I determined to demand compensation therefore from some town in Pennsylvania, and in the event of failure to comply with my demand to retaliate by burning said town.

The town of Chambersburg was selected because it was the only one of any consequence accessible to my troops, and and for no other reason. The houses mentioned with their contents, all of which were destroyed, were fully worth at least \$100, 000 in gold, and I required \$500,000 in United States currency in the alternative, for the reason that said currency was rapidly depreciating, being then nearly three to one in gold, and I determined to secure the full equivalent of \$100,000 in gold. I will add that according to the laws of retaliation in war, I would have been justified in burning Chambersburg without giving the town a chance of redemption.

Compare the expedition of Hunter into Virginia in June, 1864, the campaign of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina, of Banks in the trans-Mississippi, and Sheridan in the valley of Virginia, with General Lee in Pennsylvania, leaving out of consideration Beast Butler's performances in New Orleans, and then say whether the denunciations of those who applaud the destroyer of Atlanta, Georgia, and Columbia, South Carolina, and him who boasted that, besides burning the town of Dayton, he had so desolated the valley as that a crow flying over it would have to carry its rations, should have any terror for me.

Respectfully, J. A. EARLY.