

# MEMOIRS

Of

*L. Victor Baughman*

*Member Of Co. D. First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A.*

*The Boy Soldier Of The Regiment*



Those familiar with the busy and exciting scenes which took place throughout Maryland from 1861 to 1865 will not be surprised to learn of the high state of excitement which characterized the people during those years of strife and carnage. At the first gun from Sumpter, which inaugurated the Civil War and which called every true Southern Sympathizer to enroll himself as one, to do or die for Southern Independence, the men of Maryland, who believed in the sovereignty of the States, did not hesitate to take their stand and whilst the State did not secede, sent thousands of her most gallant sons, to represent her in every department of the Southern Confederacy. The close proximity of Frederick City to the Capital, at Washington, rendered it a very conspicuous place. The necessity of guarding the banks of the Potomac, to prevent Marylanders crossing to join the armies of the South, made the city a garrison for Federal soldiers. The streets daily patrolled by armed men, cavalry, infantry and artillery, with wounded in ambulances passing to and fro, caused one to realize something of the horrors of war. Added to this the arrest and imprisonment of citizens, who dared to uphold the cause of the South, the banishment of others, bolder in their expressions, with the confiscation of their property, will enable one to realize what a condition of affairs existed in our midst during the years above mentioned.

Many here also adhered to the cause of the Union; the people were divided, those who sought protection of the strong arm of Federal power, aided in many cases in keeping up the bitter feelings, which existed between the two factions of the people. Men and women who upheld the South were watched and spied upon by day and night.

To attempt to portray the hardships, the insults endured would be impossible. The arrest of J. W. Baughman and his incarceration at the old Capital, was one of the first arrests of a private citizen, by the arbitrary power of the Federal Government. From his prison windows, it was his delight to witness the retreat of the Federal Army to Washington, after the famous battle of Bull Run.

Later on, amidst the stormy events of those days, the "Citizen" then the open advocate of Southern Independence and champion of the right of the states to secede, passed through an eventful career, having been refused by Postmaster General Hon. Montgomery Blair, the use of the U. S. Mails. The young men of Maryland were every day running the blockade, campfires were burning by night and anxious guards watching by day, from the head-waters of the Potomac to the extreme southern counties of the State. Reports of the battles won and lost so inflated the hearts of the people, that excitement was at fever heat. Meetings were held throughout the State, at the homes of Southern Sympathizers, to devise ways and means of assisting the South. Money and clothes were collected, men were aided in passing the federal guards and letters were constantly being received and sent by the underground line.

At the home of one of the most conspicuous of Southern Sympathizers Confederates were constantly meeting to discuss their plans, for dangers were nothing to the head of this household. Amidst such scenes it was not surprising, that the desire to be one of the men who wore the gray, should have taken possession of the younger members of this family.

When Lee crossed the Potomac for the first time, to invade the North, the eldest of the sons of this household, had just gone to Mt. St. Mary's College, situated on the northern section of the county. News soon filled the college halls of the confederates having crossed the blue waters of the Potomac. Stewart had made his famous raid and reports of a startling character filled the minds of the hundreds of anxious students of the old mountain college.

Awaiting the first moment of freedom from prefects and teachers, L. Victor Baughman, with his companion Wm. McSherry, escaped from the vigilance of the authorities, made their way to "Clavaux," the home of Dr. Shorb, near the College and obtaining information regarding the movements of the armies, they determined to walk home and there join the southern forces. Whilst on their midnight march, they were arrested at Mechanics-

town as Southern spies and arraigned before a Justice of the Peace. Here they were questioned and searched—finding nothing but some college biscuits and stogies and being vouched for by someone who knew their fathers, they were released.

Plodding along their weary march, talking of the battles to be fought, they constantly encountered people flying from the invading army. When near Wormsn's woods, the Southern camp-fires met their gaze. On they went until "Halt!" rang out upon the air—"Who comes there?" "Friends" was the hasty answer. "Advance one of you!" So this, the first word of command, the first word in the language of war, which was afterwards to become familiar to one of the party, was heard. Advancing, young Baughman related to the sentinel that they were boys from college, going to join the Southern army, that they lived in the city near-by.

"Sargeant of the Guard!" rang out upon the stillness of the air: the sargeant appeared and to the guard tent the boys were conveyed. Here, after consultation, a guard was formed to conduct them through the camp. Through smouldering campfires, through squads of men wrapped in blankets, through lines of cavalry and artillery, the boys passed.

This was the famous Stonewall Jackson Brigade encamped on the outer edge of the city, which the next day passed down Mill Alley, of the city, and struck Patrick street above the bridge and above the home where Barbara Fritchie lived. The gallant commander Stonewall Jackson had stopped at the home of his old friend Rev. Mr. Ross, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, on Second street, near Markey's lumber yard, and after a few friendly words, rode back to the alley, crossed the creek at the old town mill and then on, with his command, out the West end of Patrick street.

These were memorable days for Frederick. Open hearted hospitality reigned supreme. The barefooted boys of the South, those who wore the tattered gray, marched on, cheered by the smiles of our lovely women and encouraged by hundreds of Marylanders enlisting in their cause.

The surrender of Mills at Harpers Ferry, the battle of South Mountain and Antietam, fast following upon the entrance of Lee into Maryland. After this followed the long line of ambulances filled with the wounded and dying, hospitals were made of churches, of schools, of halls and every conceivable place suitable for the unfortunate of both armies. The tenderest care was bestowed upon all. The entreaties of young Baughman's mother delayed him from joining the Southern forces at this time, she giving an assurance, however, that later on he would be allowed to go, and so the ravages of the great war were continued. Victory and then defeat rested upon the banner of the South. Many of the gallant leaders had fallen, Stonewall Jackson had passed away, the ranks of the South were being thinned by the murderous shot and shell, and few were left at home to take the vacant places.

The North, with millions to command, was enlisting the foreigners from every nation and as thousands fell, thousands were obtained to take their places. At last the time had come for our school-boy to play his part in the great drama of the South. A trusty negro servant, old "Uncle Jim" was taken into his confidence. Night after night the old negro, who had been the body servant of the late Baker Jamison, the grand-father of young Baughman, was told of all the plans, a horse had to be ready at a given time, and thus we see the manner in which the negro in those days, was treated by Southern people.

Capt. McAleer, of the First Maryland Infantry, had been sent by the Confederate Government to get drawings of the fortifications of different cities of the North, on his return he was to communicate with trusted friends in Frederick. Gen. John C. Breckenridge was a devoted friend of J. W. Baughman. When Vice-President, with Buchanan, he made Mr. Baughman Appraiser General of the Port of Baltimore.

Capt. McAleer had important letters to Mr. Baughman and with Dr. Charles Smith

secret meetings were held. It was at this time that young Baughman determined to go South. Making his plans known to his cousin Dr. Chas. Smith, it was arranged that he should join Capt. McAleer on his return to the South.

One bright morning two horsemen might have been seen riding down the Buckeystown pike. One was Victor Baughman the other Dr. Robert Claggett, best as was supposed on a fishing expedition to the Potomac, as both carried fishing rods. At Mr. Jones house, at the Three Springs Farm, the riders stopped for dinner. There the movements of their leader was learned. At night the Sugar Loaf Mountain was reached and under the guidance of Old John Taylor, well known to blockade runners, the Potomac was gained. The waters were swollen from recent rains, and it was found impossible to cross with horses. Back to the mountain the party went, now reinforced by Monroe Heiskell, who had escaped from prison, and by Benjamin Canby, a member of Co. A. First Maryland Cavalry, who was returning to his command after a dangerous visit to his home. Together the little band sought the shelter of the bushes in the mountains. Claggett returned to Frederick taking back his friend's horse. That night he informed Mr. and Mrs. Baughman that their son had gone South, and would cross the Potomac the next day. So distressed was the mother, that she insisted that Mr. Baughman should go at once and carry her consent and prayers to her boy. Imagine, after a restless night, the young man awakened by a gentle shake of the arm, and opening his eyes, he saw his father gazing down upon him. The first exclamation was: "Well, father, I am not going home, I have determined to go South, and you must not prevent me now." "No, my boy," said the old Spartan, "I have only come to bring you the consent of your mother and her blessing." "My only request is, never to turn your back on the South. If you will go, be a soldier in every sense of the word, and may God bless you and send you back with victory to your home." Thus in tears, the parting was made.

That night, in a little skiff, the four Southerners, with two blockade runners, started on their trip. The sentinel fires were brightly burning along the river casting their light way out upon the waters. The heavy rains caused the river to run high and swift, and before they could realize the danger, they had drifted into the light of the Yankee camp-fires. "BANG!" went the muskets of the sentinels, "BANG! Bang!" and drifting down the stream they were hid again in darkness. The Virginia side was reached. The Yankee scouts had been notified that the blockade runners were out, and so their dangers commenced.

The home of Capt. Ball, the father of Mrs. Wm. Chiswell, of Buckeystown, was the first place they reached, where the old time Virginia hospitality and kindness were shown the party, then on to the Hempsteads, near Leesburg, then over the hills, through valleys, across rivers and on to the home of the Fitzhughs, near Upperville, then to the Earlys, near Charlottesville, then on the freight trains to Richmond.

At this point Capt. McAleer delivered his papers and joined his Command, then near Polard's farm. Here young Baughman joined McAleer's company, meeting Gus. Obenderfer and Veit, the only boys he knew from Frederick. The morning broke with the riad of battle near-by. A musket, cartridge box and knap-sack were given the young recruit. "Fall in!" was the order—"March! Halt! Aim! Fire!" and before an hour had passed, into the jaws of death, with shot and shell, marched the First Maryland Infantry.

This was practically the last battle fought around Richmond, for an order had been issued by the Commander in Chief, the peerless Robt. E. Lee, for the army of Northern Virginia to move on the north side of the James River. Here followed the long march of the men who had been behind the guns and had held the breastworks and trenches from the repeated attacks of the constantly increasing Federal Armies. In the Maryland Infantry there were a number of dismounted Maryland Cavalrymen, the army was moving far from the cavalry operations, and news had reached the Commanders that Early and Breckenridge were moving down the Shanandoah Valley and would cross into Maryland for the purpose of making an attack upon Washington. At the advise of Capt. McAleer young Baughman determined to join the Maryland Cavalry, and in company with Wm. Delashmutt, of Frederick

and several other Marylanders, they made their way to Richmond, where, through the courtesy of Marshall Kane, formerly Mayor of Baltimore, who was the Acting Provost Marshall of Richmond, letters were obtained allowing free access into all Confederate lines. Arriving at Staunton, a weary tramp was started down the Valley of Virginia. The two Frederick boys plodded along, passing Harrisonburg, New Market and Winchester, subsisting off the country and sleeping in the newly cut shocks of wheat, which were thinly scattered in the fields along the route. Arriving at Shepherdstown, the Maryland cavalry was found to be engaged in sharpshooting with the enemy on the Maryland side. It was in this engagement that Newton Johnson, of this County, was killed in sight of the hills of his native home.

Crossing the Potomac on the Fourth of July and tramping along the rear of the advancing army, the camp of the First Maryland Cavalry was reached just outside of Boonsboro. Here the two tired soldiers were welcomed by their hosts of friends. Delashmutt was a member of Company D, Welsh's Company, and this Company young Baughman joined. A horse was secured and on went the army over South Mountain through Middletown, with the roar of cannon filling the air. The Federal forces were being driven back by the advance guard of Early's Command. Up the pike, beyond Middletown, the Baltimore Light Artillery disabled a Federal Battery, killing several men and horses. At the old Keller barn, standing on top of the mountain and overlooking Frederick and Middletown, many of the Maryland boys passed the night, Baughman among the number. In the morning he was detailed with Calvin Brady, of Adamstown, to lead McCauslin's Cavalry over to the Jefferson road to prevent a rear attack from the Federal Forces stationed at Harpers Ferry. Back to the Command, the two scouts were in time to join in Welsh's brilliant charge with the Maryland boys routing Cole's Cavalry and driving them into Frederick. The Cavalry, under General Bradley Johnson, was ordered to the left of the City and given instructions to destroy the home of Ex-Governor Bradford, near Baltimore, in retaliation for the burning of the home of Governor Letcher, near Lexington, and then to join Early near Washington. The troops rested at the Mainhart farm belonging to Col. J. M. Kunkel, and whilst here permission was obtained from the General in command, for the two Frederick men to go to their homes. Phil Rogers, of Company C. joined Baughman, and went with him to his old home. Entering the parlor, somewhat dilapidated from travel and dust and weather, he found his father, Col. Jacob Kunkel surrounded by a crowd of Confederate Officers. This meeting of the boy soldier with his father, in the midst of battle-scarred veterans, was most affecting. He had hardly been seated before an orderly with Tom Roach, of Baltimore arrived, stating that he had an order for young Baughman, to report at once to General Breckenridge, to act as scout and guide in showing the fords on the Monocacy river.

The Federal troops, under General Tyler, had taken possession of the Monocacy hills at the Junction. Breastworks had been thrown upon the farms of Col. Keefer Thomas, John T. Worthington and James H. Gamb'ril. Here a battle was to be fought and the advancing army of the Confederacy was to be checked on its march to the Capital.

The people of Frederick well remember the tramp of Infantry, the noise of Artillery, the clash of the Cavalry sabres, as troops were hurried through Fredericktown to the banks of the old Monocacy.

The battle was sharp and decisive. The Confederate Infantry crossed the river about Jarboe's farm and got in the rear of the Federals. The loss of life was fearful. General Tyler was badly defeated and routed and in short time. As the Confederates passed out of the City, the Federal Forces which had been following them, took possession. Here a number of young men joined the Southern Forces. John Palmer, Edward McSherry, Charles Shields, from Mississippi, a student from Mt. Saint Mary's, Morris Burns, of La. and Emile Noel, of New York, and Jesse Downey, of New Market, all fell in with Baughman and Rogers and left the City by the Baltimore pike, overtaking the Confederate Forces near Urbana.

The troops were in a most deplorable condition, the long marches, the constant battles,

the meager food had worn them out, the roadside was filled with stragglers, but ON went the advancing columns.

At Silver Spring, the home of the Blairs, a rest was made. It was whilst at the home of Montgomery Blair that General Breckenridge urged an immediate advance of the Forces on Washington. The cellar of Mrs. Blair had been invaded and a number of brandy peaches had been secured, with wines and other liquors. They proved most tempting to even the officers, and their influence, it is claimed, had a most startling effect upon the marching troops. The army did not move that night. It is said that Mrs. Blair's peaches and fine wines saved the Capital of the Country, for it is a well known fact, that had an attack been made upon Washington, the first night the Confederates encamped outside the City, no resistance successfully, could have been made, as but few troops were there. The next day, however, reinforcements from Virginia had arrived, and the fortifications were soon filled with "Blue-coats" and artillery was making havoc in the ranks of the Confederates.

The order to fall back across the Potomac was given, and through the streets of Rockville and Poolsville the boys were marching. Crossing the river, daily skirmishes were had with the enemy. At the battle of Kernstown, just prior to the engagement, Baughman stated to Lieut. Welsh, Spencer Jones and Lewis Trail, that someone had stolen his arms, and then asked what should he do. "Why, go in and capture them from the Yankees," said the old veterans, laughing at the predicament of the young recruit. When the word to charge was given, Baughman was found in the front ranks yelling to the Yankees to surrender, and finally returned with two Yankee prisoners, having secured their arms, presenting his friend Downey with one of the horses, a carbine and sabre, McCauslin's Brigade, with the First Maryland Cavalry, were ordered to the North. Martinsburg was reached, then across the river at Sharpsburg. At Clear Spring, Gilmore's command and the First Maryland Cavalry were together. They drove back the Federal Cavalry and Infantry which had been sent to intercept the movements of the Confederates. It was here that young Rogers, of Company C was killed. Rolf, one of his comrades, helped to put him over the front of Baughman's horse, and amidst the fires of the enemy's sharpshooters, the daring deed of removing a wounded comrade was witnessed by the entire command. A few had volunteered to bring Rogers from the field. He fell from Baughman's horse, but was finally taken from the field and conveyed to a house in Clear Spring, where he breathed his last.

Then followed the march into Pennsylvania, the destination being Chambersburg, which town was to be destroyed, in retaliation for the burning of the homes and towns in the South. Ex-Governor's home had been burnt in Maryland, and now a Northern town was to pay the penalty for the wanton destruction of Southern property by Federal soldiers. "An eye for an eye" was to be the future policy of the Confederacy.

Chambersburg being left in smouldering ruins, the return to Dixie was made via Hancock, on the Potomac River. While in Pennsylvania, the Confederates were compelled to subsist off the enemy's country. Baughman was put in command of a scouting party consisting of Charles Funk, Charley Geesey, Thomas Myers and several others, to forage for provisions for men and horses. As he would return to his Command, loaded down with the famous big Pennsylvania loaves of bread, sides of bacon and crocks of apple butter, he was always received with cheers by the hungry crowd ever ready to welcome him back to camp.

At Hancock, on the return march to Virginia, the news of the suppression of "The Citizen," and the arrest and banishment of Baughman's family were first made known. General Bradley Johnson had his headquarters at the home of Mr. Bridges, a well known citizen of that place, and whilst there, the General handed him a Philadelphia paper containing the news of the arrest and banishment from home of his entire family. General Hunter, in command of the Federal troops in Maryland, sent Captain John I. Yellott, Provost-Marshal of Frederick, an order for the arrest and banishment of Mr. Baughman and the suppression of the "Citizen" which had been one of the foremost journals of the country in sustaining Southern rights and earnestly striving for Southern Independence.

Mr. Baughman was sent to a guard house at Harpers Ferry, where he was robbed of his

watch and the money he had secreted in his clothing. It is generally understood that Captain Yellott telegraphed to General Hunter, if he should not also send Mrs. Baughman and her children to follow her husband, as they were all known Southern Sympathizers and had aided the Southern soldier in every way. The order for the arrest was promptly received, and Mrs. Baughman with her two little girls and her two sons J. William and Charles H. Baughman were placed in a carload of drunken soldiers, where all kinds of insults and jeers were heaped upon her, and sent beyond the Federal lines into Virginia. Mrs. Baughman and her family were put on the public highway.

After securing a home for his family at Col. Dearmont's, near Berryville, Mr. Baughman and his son William went on to Richmond, where they obtained employment in the General Auditing Office of the Confederacy. Mrs. Baughman and her daughters, with her youngest son, after many months of exile, through the influence of friends in Washington, were permitted to return to their home, which in the meantime had been used as a Federal guard house, stripped of valuable articles, and the cellar rifled of valuable wines and liquors, which had been obtained by Mr. Baughman whilst Appraiser General of the port of Baltimore.

At this time, a letter, under flag of truce, was sent to Mr. Baughman, granting him permission to return to his home and resume the publication of his paper, provided he would take the oath of allegiance to the Union and become a loyal supporter of the Government. This, Mr. Baughman positively declined to do. Not until after the surrender of Lee did the exile return.

Wasted in health, broken in spirit, he resumed the publication of "The Citizen" and obtained possession of his home, which had been ruined and depleted of everything of value, by the Yankee soldiers.

The rear guard of the Confederates was constantly engaged in skirmishes with the Federal troops, who followed the Confederates, after the burning of Chambersburg. The night of the evacuation of Hancock came near being a disastrous one for Baughman. Fatigue and hardships had well nigh finished the young soldier, and as the Command rode over mountains and through dangerous passes, his comrades, Herring and Boyle were absolutely obliged to ride on either side to keep him from falling from his horse. Herring was a brother of the new Comptroller of the State of Maryland, and Boyle is now a well known physician, practicing medicine in Hagerstown.

The troops crossed at Old Town, where the Baltimore Light Artillery made one of the greatest shots of the war. A ball was sent through the boiler of an engine, which had brought a train-load of Federal troops from Cumberland to intercept the Rebels. These troops were captured and paroled.

This was one of the hard marches of the war. Men and horses were completely exhausted, and after crossing the South branch of the Potomac in the beautiful Moorefield Valley, a halt was ordered, and never did soldiers more willingly bow to a command. The weary soldiers were soon resting, and whilst here, the memorable capture at Moorefield took place.

General Averill had been following up the Confederates. His advance guards were dressed as Jesse scouts, and in rebel uniforms, they passed the outposts, passed the reserves and effecting their capture, soon the entire command of Averill were among the sleeping and worn out Confederates. That night, Captain McNeal had sent word of the approach of the enemy, and an order to "Saddle up" had been given, but shortly afterwards the men were ordered to "Lie Down."

Baughman was sleeping at headquarters with Captain Welsh, Captain Tom Griffith, Adj. Post and the Chaplain of the Maryland Cavalry. All hands were aroused by the rapid

firing of musketry. Confusion reigned in the Camp. The voice of the fearless Welsh could be heard urging the men to rally. Soldiers were being kicked from their blankets, and captures were being made on all sides. In the orchard where the headquarters were located, a gate let into the barnyard of one of the McNeal's farms. It was here that Welsh emptied three saddles, leaving three Yankee dead upon the field to prove his unerring aim.

Baughman's horse had escaped and Captain Tom Griffith, of Company A, had considerable trouble in quieting his old sorrel, and finally abandoning him, he captured one of the Yankee horses whose rider had been shot by Welsh. Baughman secured Griffith's horse, and with Allie Jones, of his Company, Lloyd Dorsey, of Company A, and the Chaplain, made for the mountains, pursued by numbers of the Pennsylvania Cavalry.

All hands were captured a short distance from the Camp, owing to the high fences used for cattle in that valley. They rode against them, but they stood blocking their way. Baughman, after surrendering, received a sabre cut from a Pennsylvania soldier. Allie Jones would have been killed then and there, as he had tried to conceal himself in the high grass and was discovered by the Yankees, who were about to shoot him, when Baughman urged him to surrender.

The little crowd was taken back to camp where some two hundred of the captured brethren awaited them. That night, the Maryland boys were marched to New Creek, where they were kept under guard, and sent as prisoners of war to the receiving prison in Wheeling, West Virginia. It was here that our young soldier received some courtesies from his captors. A lieutenant on Averill's staff, seeing his condition, and touched by his boyish appearance, gave him a horse to ride. In conversation, he soon learned that he was from Frederick, and had much to tell him of the people, of a dance he had attended at General Shriver's home, a few nights before he had joined his Command. Marked kindness was shown by the Lieutenant, and permission was given to the young soldier to write a letter to his mother, and when the letter was handed to the Lieutenant, he asked if it contained anything of a contraband character. When told not, he sealed it and said: "I have too much respect for a brother soldier to read a letter to his mother."

Passing through the streets of Wheeling, Miss Johnson, a daughter of Col. Richard Johnson, of Cumberland, with Miss Tenie Wheat, recognized their young friend from Frederick, and obtained permission to send him some delicacies, which were most acceptable. From Wheeling the prisoners were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where they were detained as prisoners of War for nine long and weary months.

Whilst in Camp Chase, while seated about the smouldering embers of a little fire preparing a scanty meal for himself, our soldier boy was surprised to hear his name called out by the Corporal of the Guard. Advancing to the gate, he met Lieut. Sankey, who was Provost Marshal of the prison. He was ordered to give his parole, not to attempt to escape, or give any information as to what he saw about troops on the outside. He was conducted to Col. Richardson's headquarters, and all this time he was in ignorance of what was in store for him. At that very hour the men of his barracks were engaged in the dangerous enterprise of tunnelling out of the prison. Col. Richardson soon relieved him of all fear, however, by informing him that a lady was awaiting him in the parlor. Walking in, he recognized Miss Mollie Craddock, whom he had known while she was at the Convent in Frederick, and was visiting the wife of the Commandant of the prison. Miss Craddock is now Mrs. Hugh McAleer, of Brooklyn.

Returning to prison loaded down with tobacco, packs of cards, books and blankets, it is not amiss to say that there was at least one happy man in Camp Chase that night.

A debating society in the prison was a source of intense interest. Among its prominent members were Samuel Lyons, of Company C, now of Baltimore. Mr. Bell, now on the Baltimore Sun; Robert Keen, of Baltimore; Oscar Baugher, who was known as Oscar Barber, and a number of others well known throughout the Country. Thomas Hunter, of Company A, was Sargt. of the Maryland Barracks.

The men took their turns in cooking, the supplies being sent to each barracks. The rations consisted of a quarter of a pound of meat, and four hard tacks or a small portion of bread. Occasionally, fish would be given, one mackerel to four men. Several efforts were made during the imprisonment to tunnel outside the high fence which surrounded the enclosure of the prison. At each time, the men were detected or informed upon, and severe punishment followed.

A prisoner's life under the best of circumstances, is a burden, but a prisoner's life at Camp Chase was one of horrors with which Andersonville did not compare. It has been the custom of the Northern press to expatiate on the horrors of the Southern prisons. It should be borne in mind that the men in Libby and other Southern prisons received the same rations that were being given to the worn out soldiers in the trenches around Richmond; the same rations that were given out to the women and children whose husbands and fathers and sons were behind the guns of the Confederacy. These prisoners were not tortured with the freezing blasts of a Northern clime, and necessity, upon the part of the impoverished South, compelled a scarcity of rations to them as it did to their own people. In the North, how different, a land of plenty and abundance. With millions at command and yet rations hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together were dealt out to weary, worn and sickly men. Clothing was denied them, fire was refused them, and amidst the cold of December, in freezing, wooden sheds, many a brave soldier, who had stood before shot and shell and had repelled advancing charges, succumbed to Winter's blasts, and passed away absolutely freezing and starving to death.

So let us, for the sake of humanity, cast the mantle of forgetfulness over the real and imaginary horrors of the prison life of the men who wore the blue and the gray.

On the 4th of March, 1865, our soldier boy was exchanged, reaching Richmond on the 12th following. There, after meeting his father, he obtained a furlough for thirty days to recuperate his wasted health. His time was spent at the home of Mrs. Palmer, the mother of Mrs. Dr. Frank F. Smith, on the banks of the beautiful Rappahannox river. Whilst there, Lee surrendered his brave but wasted army at Appomatox, to the successful General of the Federal armies, Ulysses S. Grant, and thus ended the greatest contest for independence and liberty ever known in the annals of civilization.

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