

STEPHENSON'S DEPOT.

The Battles of the Rebellion Again Fought.

NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT O. V. I.

The Battle as Reported by A. H. Windsor, Chaplain of the Ninety-First Regiment O. V. I.

By request of some of our citizens who are members of the Ninety-First Regiment O. V. I. THE HERALD publishes the history of the battle of Stephenson's Depot: WINCHESTER, VA., July 22, 1863.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—Permit me, through your columns, to give an account of the late battle at Stephenson's depot. This depot is three miles from Winchester, situated near the pike leading from that place to Martinsburg. In this pike, and on either side of it for half a mile, raged the battle of the 20th of July. The rebel forces were commanded by Major General Rameur, and consisted of one division of three brigades, about three thousand in number, as the advance, and one brigade of a thousand men in reserve. These were all infantry. Besides these there were about fifteen hundred cavalry to protect either flank, and the whole accompanied by a battery of four twelve pound brass howitzers. The rebels fought strictly upon the defensive, and therefore had a choice position. Opposed to this force, and about to assault it, was the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Army of West Virginia, recently from Lynchburg, and more recently from the Kanawha Valley, very much reduced in numbers by hard fighting, and much more so by fatiguing marches and sickness. To assist in this perilous enterprise was a considerable number of cavalry, but greatly inferior to that with the rebels. The only thing in which we greatly excelled the rebels was artillery, we having twelve pieces, while they had but four. This in the morning rendered us valuable assistance in silencing the rebel guns, and thereby permitting us to advance through the open fields upon their position. But in the afternoon, when the real battle of the day took place, our artillery could not be made so effective without endangering the lives of our own men; indeed, it was silenced during a considerable part of the engagement; yet whenever it could be brought to bear upon the enemy the opportunity was quickly seized, and those huge monsters of death went whizzing through the air, inspiring a wholesome fear in the hearts of the enemy, bursting oftentimes amid their ranks, spreading death and destruction all around, and bespeaking the skill of our artillerists, as well as heightening the courage of our men. While we were moving at a distance through the fields towards the enemy's position, the roar of our own cannon, as it heralded our approach, sounded like sweet music to our ears, and was no doubt very effective. But when we rushed to the assault, and the enemy tarried to abide the onset—when the real encounter took place—when the "combat deepened," and the brave rushed down to the "Harvest of Death," to dispute for the possession of the field, in a hand to hand conflict, the artillery ceased to fire, the cavalry on either flank did little or nothing, while the "tug of war," in all its fury, fell upon the devoted men of that little brigade. Their musketry met the musketry and artillery of the rebels, and notwithstanding all the disadvantages, gained a most complete victory. On the morning of the 20th we arrived within two miles of the battle field at 11 o'clock. While a reconnaissance was being made, and a brisk skirmish was being kept up in front, the soldiers partook of the midday meal, very many of them for the last time, that they might with more zeal and energy wrest the victory from an unwilling foe, or offer up all of life to their country's cause. Immediately after this we advanced in line of battle. It seems that by this time the rebels were fully aware of our approach in force, and having ascertained as much about us as they could from scouts and skirmishers, they withdrew these and permitted us to approach very close before they opened upon us. This was the strategy they used, and having a superior force they thought doubtless by allowing us to come within short range, and then by an impetuous charge of overwhelming numbers, to utterly annihilate our little brigade. We advanced as unconcerned as if there were no rebels between us and Winchester. The rebels had

eminence, and in rather a thick forest extending for a quarter of a mile on either side of the pike lengthwise, and half a mile laterly. In the front of their position on the meadows on either side of the pike stretched away to the distance of a mile and a half, with no obstruction except in a single instance, where a forest of four or five acres upon the left flank of the enemy, served to protect our cavalry in the first engagement. Otherwise than this, the artillery commanded the whole plain, which was nearly level, and afforded the best possible position for a defensive engagement. If we would gain a victory here it must be done by hard fighting. We must walk up like brave men, amid the angry shower of grape that will be hurled against us, meet the leaden missiles of death flung from unerring muskets, and perhaps with the bayonet, precipitate ourselves upon the entrenched behind rocks and logs, with a terrible impetus, crying "victory or death," ere they will yield the palm to inferior numbers. At 12 m., our advance being within about half a mile of the enemy's position, they opened upon us with four pieces of artillery. It was in some measure a surprise, not that we were not in battle array, or that we did not soon expect to meet them, or that we were thrown off our guard, or that in any way we neglected to be vigilant, but it was the first intimation we had of the presence of artillery. "The cannon's opening roar always surprises, and as that first shell broke the stillness of the march, and burst immediately in our ranks, we became sensibly aroused to a realization of the fact that the battle was about to begin. Never was more life and animation manifested in so short a space. All the appearances of a complete rout were exhibited,—but it was only in appearance. The cavalry dashed off to the right and left, and took a position in perfect order, the infantry were already in line, and the road was soon cleared of that long line of artillery.—A few rapid evolutions and it was ready to reply to the unfriendly welcome of the rebels. The unnecessary guns and caissons, with their six horses attached, went flying down through the field to a place of safety, and a miscellaneous crowd of non-combatants went hurrying with "hot haste" to a more secure retreat. The music of our own artillery was soon heard, and never did it sound sweeter to the weary soldier than then. It began with a single gun, and scarcely a minute had elapsed ere it was a continuous roar, and ten were not gone when the rebel guns were silenced. In the meantime the infantry had gone forward, and were resting behind a stone wall. It was a cessation of hostilities—it was the lull that succeeds the first dash of the storm, the heavens are gathering a darker hue; the storm-god frowns, and the earth will only be satisfied when it is moistened with a copious shower of the blood of the brave. We have felt the premonitory symptoms of the battle; the strife is sure to follow. Bloody Mars will soon stride in triumph over the fields and smile with demoniac delight as he listens to the "din of battle," and beholds the contestants covered with human gore. General Averill reconnoiters the position, and tells Colonel Duval that he sees no reason why we should not advance. The Colonel is equally explicit. I see no reason why we may not take supper in Winchester. The command to move onward is given, and all move forward. It is a single line of courageous men, with no supports. If that line is broken, or if by any accident it gives back, defeat and ruin is the consequence. It is hazardous to do thus—a fearful undertaking to charge upon such a position, occupied by three times our numbers. It is well that we have listened to the roar of the cannon, and walked up undaunted to the entrenchments of the enemy, while their comrades fell fast around them. The Ninth Virginia and the Ninety-first Ohio, are to carry the enemy's center. They have fought on bloody fields and naught but success has hitherto crowned their efforts; and ere they will yield the palm of victory to rebels, or loose the prestige so dearly bought on other fields of strife, the field shall be crimsoned with the life tide of many a brave heart. Victory, despite the untoward circumstances, shall surely be ours. The rebel artillery had been silent so long, that many no doubt thought it totally disabled or taken from the field, but we soon learned to our cost that it was there to do fearful work. As I scanned the field for the omens of success, I could see naught but signs of defeat. At this moment the infantry, within fifty yards of the enemy, laid down in the grass to load. The artifice was successful; it drew the fire of the enemy, who invariably over shot our men. At this movement our cavalry on either flank were driven back, and all seemed lost, but an enfilading fire from the Thirty-fourth on our left flank, and the Fourteenth Virginia on the right checked the impetuous charge of the rebels, and drove them back finally with great slaughter. Our line then rose and advanced, and the battle raged with increased fury. The musketry was terrific. The artillery hurled its shower of grape into our ranks, mowing down our brave men as falls the grass before the scythe; and above it all you can hear the shout of the advancing column, and the yell of defiance from the woods. Veterans were here by accident to see the fight. They speak of it as the most brilliant charge of the war. I had seen the Ninety-first Ohio and the Ninth Virginia charge side by side at the battle of Cloyd Mountain—I had seen them dash in triumph upon the rebels at Lynchburg, but their present charge far surpassed all their

could withstand their impetus and determination. The charge was so quick, and the onset so sudden, that some of the rebels were clubbed over the head with the butt of the musket, ere they could rise from their hiding places; many were taken prisoners; many threw away their guns and took to flight. The four brass field pieces were captured, two by the Ninety-first Ohio, and two by the Ninth Virginia, together with the horses attached to the caissons. The defeat was complete. They fled through the woods pursued by our forces, and in the open fields beyond, large numbers were killed and wounded. The chase was stayed, and when night gathered around us, it was not unwelcome to those weary soldiers who had stood "the burden and the heat of the day." We lay down to rest that night proud of the achievements of the little brigade, and realizing that "the battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Yours Truly, A. H. WINDSOR, Chaplain 91st O. V. I.

An Anecdote of Professor Stowe.

Calvin E. Stowe was a man of mark in college, and was universally esteemed and respected. He was an untiring student and a deeply religious man, yet full of wit and quaint humor, which he strove to subordinate to his graver thoughts, that he might the better qualify for the important life-work in which he so eminently excelled. Stowe, though usually calm and unruffled, did on rare occasions show that the old Adam in his nature could be provoked to wrath. In my Freshman year, prompted by the spirit of good-natured mischief, I blackened my face one night, and assuming the air of deference befitting a colored messenger-boy, I entered Stowe's room holding out a letter. He was deeply engaged with a book, but he rose to receive the letter, remarking, "Oh, it is from Mr.—" at the same time taking out a piece of money to pay me for my trouble. This unexpected boon so upset my gravity that I laughed outright. Stowe was first surprised, then provoked, by my impertinence, and he seized the tongue and cried, "You black rascal!" Whereupon I beat a hasty retreat, closing the door behind me just in time to escape the tongs which came clashing against my guardian shield. I think that Stowe did not suspect me, for we never spoke of the silly prank for more than fifty years. But after that long interval, having received a kind message from him, asking me not to pass through Hartford without calling, I went to see him, and we had a pleasant talk about old times. Then I made my tardy confession, to which Mrs. Stowe was an amused listener, and she seemed to enjoy hearing this proof of her husband's ebullition of temper in his early manhood, which I thought it safe to divulge after the lapse of so many years.—*Horace Bridge, U. S. N., in Harper's Magazine.*

Mind's Mysterious Workings.

In the Marchioness of Dufferin's *Canadian Journal* there is an account of one of those "coincidences" which Dr. Weatherly is at much pains to explain away: You remember that I told you that a poor man servant of ours was drowned at the Mingan. As we knew nothing about his people we were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so D. ordered any letters that might arrive for him to be brought to himself. The first of these—which we have just received—was from a servant girl to whom he was attached at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the accident. In it she said: "I have been in my new place a week and I like it very much, but I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival. I dreamt that you and Nowell were upset in a boat together, and that Nowell was saved, but you were drowned." As the spot is in an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrador, more than five hundred miles from Ottawa, without either telegraph or posts, it was impossible that she should have received the news of her lover's death when this letter was written.

Alexander was proud of the huge elephants of his court and fond of showing their intelligence; and the trainer who succeeded in making the elephant accomplish the most wonderful deeds was highly honored. On one occasion some elephants were being shown to an eminent general, when the latter remarked that evidently they could perform any service that a man could. "They might even bridge a stream," he added.

No sooner were the words uttered than a signal was given and the herd was marched into a stream that rushed by the camp. The well-trained animals waded into the water, which was four or five feet deep, and arranged themselves side by side, some heading up-stream, and others down. Men now ran forward with planks, which were placed upon the backs of the animals, while others were continued from back to back, and in a remarkably short space of time an elephant bridge was ready, over which the soldiers passed, while the huge animals trumpeted and sent streams of water whirling into the air. On another occasion one of the generals of the army, who had displayed especial bravery, was ordered before the chief, who publicly thanked him. "Even my elephants," said one of the elephantarchs, "can distinguish the hero."

At this the crowd fell back, and a gorgeously ornamented elephant approached, bearing in its trunk a wreath of oak-leaves. Walking up to the hero of the hour, it dropped upon its knees, placing the wreath upon the officer's head, and then retired amid the shouts of the admiring soldiers. Undoubtedly the driver who sat upon the animals head had much to do with this performance, but we must admit that the elephant exhibited wonderful intelligence in so exactly carrying out orders.—*Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never to be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow." It particularly recommends Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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A Fatal Mistake.
Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It should be in Every House.
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

A Mystery Explained.
The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

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Startling Facts.
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphasos Humpling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Tolner, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds in an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastur Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much headach, dizziness, backach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke, & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

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