

## Do You Remember?

(Compiled by Old 1875)

Do you remember George W. Newmyer Sr.? Mr. Newmyer was one of the old settlers who came to Lone Tree in 1875. During the Civil War he was a captain in the Union service. He was the father of the Newmyer boys, all of whom grew up here in Merrick County, and his daughters, Mrs. L. N. Boyd and Mrs. Overholt. Beginning with December the 1st, 1862, he kept a well written diary of all of the events that happened till the end of the war. Unfortunately I had access to but about two months of his experiences in the army, as he wrote them down day by day. The record was very interesting, and was written in long hand of course, as typewriters were unknown at that period. His penmanship was of the finest quality. Every word he wrote was like the duplicate of some copper script, perfect in detail. Sometimes he wrote in a large hand, but whenever he had a chance to find a good table to write on, his penmanship was as easy to read as the plainest type one would see in a book, (only it was written instead of being printed). He was noted for his fine penmanship and he wrote the Lord's Prayer on a space as large as a dime. If you think this isn't some feat to perform, get out your pen and ink and try it. Charley Newmyer must have inherited this art of writing, for I can plainly see a marked resemblance in the two hands. In his diary, I have written of the things that I thought would inter-

est the reader, and give the readers of the Republican an insight into just what army life during the Civil War really consisted of. Another thing that appealed to me in his recital of daily events was the fact that I had actually seen all of the places mentioned in his diary, and of course would naturally be more interesting to me at least, from that fact if nothing else. Perhaps the Civil War does not appeal to people in general as it does to me, but even though one does not care for things of that kind, I am sure everyone who reads this chronicle will get something out of it in the way of information as to the hardships those soldiers suffered throughout that period.

Members of the family no doubt have the rest of this diary during the years '63 to '65 and if they have them they should be preserved for posterity, not only from an historical standpoint, but from the fact very few

Along with this written record is a pencil sketch drawn by Lester N. Boyd, the husband of Mollie Newmyer and the father of George and Frank Boyd, both boys being brought up in Central City. George Boyd must have inherited his grandfather's taste for diaries, for he kept one of his daily doings for over thirty years. Lester Boyd's sketch drawn in 1894 was a perfect duplicate of Burnside's Bridge, which figured in the Battle of Antietam, at which battle he was a participant and from his memory he designed the drawing. It is a most perfect piece of work in every detail, and the finished sketch proved that Lester Boyd certainly had plenty of artistic talent in his make-up.

I also had the pleasure of reading part of a letter Mr. Newmyer wrote in 1862 from Leesburg, Virginia. While part of the letter is missing, the part that is still in existence is so interesting that in some future issue of the Republican I am going to reproduce it. Records of this nature now over seventy years old, giving actual first hand information, are really worth while, and I am sure my readers will agree with me.

Leesburg, Harpers Ferry, Berryville, Winchester, Fredericksburg, Fairfax Court House and Dumfries, Virginia, Charlestown and Martinsburg in West Virginia and other places as seen by Mr. Newmyer in 1862 I saw in the year 1927 and tramped over the same places in many instances. Sixty odd years would naturally make a lot of changes in these locations, and yet most of the same buildings and surroundings are still there as they existed during the Civil War period. Yes and even further back than that, back to the Revolutionary period, and still intact and exactly as they were then.

On Monday, December the 1st, 1862, the diary starts as follows: Concluded to keep a diary. We are Company B, 28th Regt. Pa. Volunteers, 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 12th Army Corps. Our corps is commanded by Major General H. W. Slocum; Division by Brig. Genl. Jno. W. Geary, acting Major General. We are in camp on Bolivar Heights, Va., and are prepared for winter. We came here Oct. 31st. I went to bed last night at 12:00 o'clock, got up at 6 and made out Co. Monthly returns. Commenced raining before daylight. Sent a letter to Rev. J. S. Lemmon, Mahoning, Pa., giving him a sketch of the Battle of Antietam. Capt and I commenced getting the Philadelphia Inquirer at 25 cents per week.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd—Was called up at 2 a. m. and ordered to march at 5. Started with the Division on a reconnoissance, went thru Charlestown, (at this place in West Virginia John Brown was hanged; this is a notation by Old 1875) and past Berryville. Had a skirmish with rebel cavalry and drove them back. Encamped in a woods for the night. Weather

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Wednesday, Dec. 3rd—Marched 6 miles toward Winchester, skirmishing with the enemy, and operating with batteries. Halted for the night in a field. Went on as officer of pickets. Stayed all night in a barn yard. Had chicken for supper and preserves next morning for breakfast. Hard freeze.

Tuesday, December 4—Marched in line of battle towards Winchester, (this was the starting point of Sheridan's famous ride; notation by Old 1875. I had the pleasure of seeing the spot, now marked where he started on his famous ride, his headquarters where this happened is now used by the Elks as their place of meeting) and took the fortifications without a fight. Encamped in a woods for the night.

Friday, Dec. 5th—Commenced snowing at 1:00 p. m. continued snowing till 10:00. Very disagreeable night for camping out. Cleared off at midnight and had a fine view of a total eclipse of the moon. Marched 16 miles today.

Sat., Dec. 6th—Morning very cold and stormy. Received a letter from home and the last one a good dinner of roast chicken.

Sun., Dec. 7th—Weather very cold. Did not rest well last night on account my poor sick children at home. Feel as if it was my duty to resign and go home. Had a good dinner of roast chicken, potatoes and pound cake.

Tues., Dec. 9th—Weather not so cold as yesterday. Rumors in camp that our corps has to march to Fredericksburg. Some say Harper's Ferry is to be evacuated, and some that we are to go to Winchester. Sent my Mississippi

rifle to John Brier for him to take home for me.

Thursday, Dec. 11th—Night very cold. Marched 15 miles today.

Friday, Dec. 12th—Marched 8 miles and camped at Gum Spring. Had biscuit and turkey for supper.

Sat., Dec. 13th—Marched a mile or two and got on the Alexandria Pike a good and perfectly straight road for miles. Marched to Fairfax C. H. and camped a mile from town. Marched 16 miles today.

Sun., Dec. 14th—Encamped near Occoquan Creek, country very hilly, very poor land all the way from Fairfax. Heard of the fighting at Fredericksburg and the death of Genls. Bayard and Jackson.



Monday, Dec. 15—Started at 8 a. m., crossed the Occoquan and passed the rebel fortifications, roads still very bad, passing over worn out fields and through woods of scrub oak and pine. 4 p. m., came in sight of the Potomac and saw vessels under sail. Marched 10 miles and camped in view of the Potomac, 3 miles from Dumfries. (This old town figured prominently in the Revolutionary War, and now is but a settlement of buildings that are so old they are fast tumbling into decay, the same buildings that were there when Geo. Washington was a boy at Fredericksburg; note by Old 1875.) Have not seen a good farm or farm buildings for the last two days. The boys killed a beef tonight, for the Headquarters and Body Guard.

Tues., Dec. 16—Commenced raining at 5 a. m., rained till near 10. Roads awful bad.

Went into camp at 12 M. Lost my pocket book.

Wed., Dec. 17—Started towards Fairfax. Weather cold and windy. Co. went with Hd. Qrs wagons. I was in command of the Company. Heard that the colonel of the 145 N. Y. was shot by one of his men. Heard that Burnside is driven back across the Rappahannock.

Thursday, Dec. 18—Very hard freeze last night. Roads awful bad. Camped in the Pines. Gen. Geary made a speech telling us that McClellan is again in command. Romantic appearance of the campfires among the pines.

Friday, Dec. 19—Marched two miles and camped in the pines a mile from Fairfax. Saw Lieut. Stanley from Falmouth; says our loss at Fredericksburg is 13,000 killed, wounded and missing. Had slap jacks and ham for supper. Genl. Geary called for a withe, and was going to whip two men suspected of stealing apple butter from him.

Sat., Dec. 20—Morning very cold. Ordered a pair of boots from J. B. Felgar. Saw today that Secv. Seward has resigned. Beautiful sunset view through the pines this evening.

Sun., Dec. 21—Got up late, morning very cold, had breakfast at 9:00 o'clock. Put up a big tent for the general. It is five months today since we were paid.

Mon., Dec. 22—Weather not so cold this morning. Sent my letters written yesterday and a sprig of mistletoe. Commenced reading "Great Expectations" by Dickens, presented to me by Lieut. Stanley. Sec. Chase has resigned and it is supposed the whole cabinet will resign. News today of Genl. Foster taking Kingston, N. C. (My father was under Foster and was there at the capture of this North Carolina port; note by Old 1875.)

Tues., Dec. 23—Got up early and commenced reading "Pauline of the Potomac", or McClellan's spy, Miss Pauline D'Estraye. 10 a. m. finished reading Pauline.

Weather very warm and pleasant. Capt. and I received a telegram from Fortress Monroe, signed John Bayley Corn.

December 24—Got up early, have suffered so much with pain in my back for several nights that I could not sleep much after midnight. Commenced to prepare decorations for Genl. Geary's tent. Keller bought a turkey for \$2.

Thursday, December 25—Got up early. Sent my letter with a sprig of mistletoe for Charlie. Had turkey for dinner. Commenced reading Lady Hutington and her friends. Weather warm and the day passed off pleasantly.

Monday, December 29—Started back toward Fairfax. Found three cavalymen of the 2nd Pennsylvania that were killed on Saturday. They were stripped of their clothing. The boys used up a Suttle's store today which they found in an outhouse, said to have been stored there by the rebels.

December 30—During the month of December have marched two hundred miles, occupying nineteen days and laying out seventeen nights. Weather pleasant, some rain.

Wednesday, December 31—Have no stove in our tent and it is too cold to make out pay rolls. Weather cold with some snow. We have now six months pay due us by the United States. So ends the memorable year 1862. God grant that the new year may bring peace to our country. (Instead of peace coming to the country, there followed two more dreadful years of the Civil War. Note by Old 1875.)

(Continuation of diary in some future issue.)

It is plain to be seen from this diary that John Newmyer got his name of Geary from his father's commander, Brig. Genl. Jno. W. Geary, and Geary liked that name about as well as my father liked his middle name. The last time I saw Geary in Lyons I called him "Geary" while we were talking in the bank of

which John is cashier. He called me down, saying "Don't call me Geary around here; they all know me as John." In my father's case he was never peeved till someone asked him what the capital "V" stood for. It seemed his father was a strong Democrat and named my father after that famous old democrat "Martin Van Buren". As my father was a rabid Republican, this democratic name attached to him failed to appeal to his better judgment, and he always resented it.

R

#### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

Sunday School 9:45  
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.  
B. Y. P. U. 7:00 p. m.  
Evening service 8:00 p. m.



## Do You Remember?

Compiled by Old 1875

Do you remember part of a diary I printed belonging to George W. Newmyer Sr., in a previous issue of the Republican? Here is a letter he wrote to his wife March 11, 1862, and dated at Leesburg, Virginia:

Dear Annie:

In the absence of anything of importance to write about, it is probably not wise to commence a letter, but as I have time at present unoccupied, and ample accommodations for writing, I will risk commencing at any rate, and if my letter proves uninteresting I hope you will attribute it to the circumstances, and not to any fault of mine. This is a most beautiful day, the air is fresh and balmy as spring, the sun shines brightly; birds are chirping their song of praise, and all nature seems ready to join in the chorus. I am very comfortably seated on a chair, which has not been a very common thing with me for several months, but which I find to be still a comfortable position. Company B still occupies the Court House. Our mess consisting of the captain, two lieutenants, Sergeant Armor, Corporal Mechlmg and myself, live in one of the jury rooms. It is an upstairs room about as large as my office at home, and has a good stove, a large table and several chairs. You may imagine, if you can, how we are taking a lay back, and resting after our hard work for the past week.

We have not been molested since we took possession of this place, though we are right on the road between Winchester and Manassas, at both of which places there have been rebels enough to eat us up, if they were hungry. The distance from here to Manassas is twenty-eight miles, and I think thirty-two to Winchester. The report that Banks had taken possession of Winchester seems not to be true, as we heard yesterday that he had advanced but six miles from Charleston, and it was even said that his advanced guard had been driven back by the rebels. We get no papers here, and as all kinds of rumors are afloat, we know nothing of what is going on, except what we do ourselves, or see around us. Two colored men came here a day or two ago, reporting that the rebels have fallen back from Manassas. Of course we do not know whether to believe the report or not. I heard that somebody got a paper last night, giving an account of a hard battle in Arkansas, in which our side got the worst of the bargain. Well it's the fortune (or the misfortune) of war, sometimes to be defeated, and we may expect no exemption in

our case. There seems to be considerable change in this place since Saturday when we first took possession. Then, the citizens seemed very shy of us; now they are more friendly, and we find a considerable number that are strong Union men, but like all the rest in this part of the country, they have been under the reign of tyranny, and dared not show their loyalty, or even express their sentiments. Yesterday a colonel and major of Virginia militia were arrested and brought into town. They both freely took the oath of allegiance. I made a visit this morning after breakfast to the jail, to see a Secession prisoner. He is Rev Charles M. Nourse and is a graduate of Jefferson College, Pa. I had no acquaintance with him, but he heard I had been a student of Jefferson College, and sent for me. I had a pleasant chat with him. He has lived here six years, preaching and conducting a female seminary. He is quite a pleasant gentleman, but unfortunately for himself, is a Secessionist, and I suppose will have to remain a prisoner of war. He condemns in strong terms the destruction of property, such as railroads, bridges and depots, grain of which the rebel army has been guilty all through this county. "The Washingtonian" printing office which we found deserted when we came here, had a lot of paper on hand, and we have concluded to make use of it in publishing our own newspaper. The men who understand the business are setting type, and I suppose it will be issued tomorrow. I was requested to contribute an article, which of course I did.

Then I was solicited to write another, as the first, was said by the editor, Lieutenant T. H. Elliott, to be very good, but I thought I had better save my credit. When the paper comes out, I will send you a copy. But I must stop for dinner.

Half past 2 P. M.

We have had dinner of bread and ham, and I have just had a long ramble about town with Ted. We have confiscated a good deal of flour since we came into Virginia, and have started a bakery here, to manufacture it into bread for the regiment. So, we will have good bread instead of crackers, at least for a while. The ham was also confiscated. The colonel with two or three hundred cavalry went out yesterday on a scouting expedition several miles into the country. Among other adventures, they came to the mansion of a very wealthy secession widow, who like many of the chivalrous sons of Virginia had fled from her home on hearing of the approach of the minions of the north.

And right there the letter stopped for the remaining pages have been lost or misplaced; but even at that the portion of the letter I

have reproduced was mighty interesting and I only regret that the balance of the letter could not be published.

Do you remember the mayors of Central City from 1886 to 1914? Chris Hostetter was the first mayor. Tom Hanson served terms as mayor. Ed Bishop served three terms as mayor.

The following served as mayor two terms: William Patterson, Martin V. Scott, I. S. Tyndale, Geo. E. Schiller.

The following served one term: J. B. Whittaker, W. H. Austin, W. M. Miller, C. W. Lemaster, Chas. Stitzer, O. T. Bishop, H. E. Glatfelter, R. Tooley, M. A. Chandler, George D. Bockes, W. A. McCullough.

Do you remember Charley Dawley? He lived in Central City for years, was engineer for a long time at the Vieregg Flour Mills, and water commissioner for a long period at the pumping plant, his last year at this job being in 1903. N. H. Baldwin, an old timer in Central City, a mighty good carpenter, after a number of years at this profession, was appointed water commissioner and served for many years in this work. Do you remember the suggestion made many years ago with reference to utilizing the stand pipe of the water works for a big sign, advertising Central City to the incoming and out going travelers by auto and train? A big sign running the full length of the structure with the name, Central City, on the west side of the stand pipe and a similar one on the east side in large enough letters to be read for many miles would be very valuable from an advertising standpoint, and I wonder why the city or the Chamber of Commerce have never followed out the idea. Cities all over the country are utilizing this space for the purpose mentioned, and why not Central City? You can't over advertise any city or town, and the cost would be nominal in comparison to the results that would be obtained from this publicity. Some organization in Central City is overlooking a good bet by not following out the idea. I wonder who will promote it?

Do you remember after the election in 1899 for a police judge, there being a tie between two candidates and neither being willing to qualify, an appointment to this office had to be made? W. H. Austin and J. B. Sagerty tied for police judge, and neither willing to qualify, James Henderson was appointed to the office.