

# MILROY IN WINCHESTER—A FAMILY DRIVEN FROM HOME.

The family of Mr. Lloyd Logan, of Winchester, consisting of his wife, three daughters and two sons, having been driven from their own elegant home; by order of the brutal General Milroy, that it might be occupied by Gen. Milroy and his family, arrived at this place last week. Whilst Mrs. Logan and her children were engaged in morning worship, the heavy footsteps of Milroy's robbers and plunderers were heard in the hall. As soon as the devotional exercises were concluded, the intruders entered the room and apprised Mrs. Logan that they were commanded by General Milroy to turn her and her family out of house and home, and that General Milroy and his family would take possession of it. Mrs. Logan protested against being expelled in that summary and ruthless manner from her own home and maintained that it was her husband's property, and that they had no right whatever to molest her in the enjoyment and possession of it. They replied that their orders were peremptory, and that she and her family must be ready to leave the house by 12 o'clock, and that they would be sent beyond their lines.

One of them stepped up and demanded all the keys belonging to the premises. Mrs. Logan refused to give them up. But in the mean time some had taken possession of every room from the basement to the attic, including the chambers of her daughters. One of her daughters who had just left her chamber and had witnessed what they were doing, ran down and besought her mother to give them the keys, for they were breaking every lock in the house. The keys were then given to them. They entered every room and ransacked every drawer and stole whatever they could lay their hands upon. They stole all the money they found, and would not allow Mrs. Logan to take a single garment of clothing belonging to her husband and sons. They did "condescend," however, to allow her and her daughters to take a part of their wardrobe. One of the Yankees dressed himself up in one of Mr. Logan's suit of clothes, and no doubt thinking that as he had on a gentleman's clothes, he looked more like a gentleman than he ever did before, walked up with a air of pride and asked one of the daughters, "How she thought he looked in her father's clothes?" She wilted him with the prompt reply: "You look, sir, the personification and embodiment of a rogue, which is your true character."

None of the family got any breakfast, except one son, over whom the Yankees, with bayonets, stood guard whilst he was eating. The other son was in the guard house, having been taken the day before. Mrs. Logan declared that she would not leave the house till her son should be released. She told them that they might take her life, but that she would not leave till she had her dear boy with her. Seeing that she was determined, with Spartan courage, to brave all dangers, and that she could not be persuaded nor intimidated, they sent to Gen. Milroy for instructions, when the messengers returned with the message that her son would join her on the way. She told them that would not do, that her son must be with her before she would be taken a step from home. Seeing that she was determined, and that she could not be duped by a shallow trick of treachery, they released her son and sent him to her.

Before this time, Mrs. Milroy, worthy to be the wife of her husband, had arrived with the view of taking possession of the fine mansion.—When the family were thus thrust from their own house, Mrs. Milroy clapped her hands with exultation, and exclaimed, "Go ye secesh, I hope you may be made to starve." They were taken under guard of sixty cavalry to Newtown, where they were left, as the Yankees supposed, without the means of getting farther. When Gen. Milroy was asked by some of the prominent citizens of Winchester what charges he made against this family that he treated them so, replied that they had observed the day appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer! This is such conduct as could be committed by no other than one who has become intoxicated with his exultation from boatman on the Ohio River, to head porter in a Cincinnati Hotel, and then from porter to Major-General of thieves, plunderers and murderers.

The old servant woman, the cook, who had been faithful under all trials and temptations, went to the Yankee who had the basket of keys belonging to her mistress, and demanded the smoke-house key, saying that, as her mistress had neither breakfast nor dinner, she was determined to cook her something to eat before she left. This faithful negro cook happened to be possessed of a tongue which could run, when provoked, as fast and foul as a fish woman's. When the Yankee refused to let her have the key to get her mistress something to eat, she poured out upon him a stream of denunciatory epithets which he had richly deserved, but which it would not be proper for us to publish. The reader may form some idea of what she said from the following, which are some of the mildest epithets used in the old woman's vocabulary. "You mean, trifling, dirty, poor white trash, you ain't fit for nothing but to rob and steal. You poor cowardly robbers, that's jist fit to steal niggers and den rob der masters and mistresses what ain't got nothing to fight you wid. Why don't you go up the Valley, whar Massa Jackson is. He's got guns, and swords, and bayonets, jist like you is, why don't you go up dere and see him, you mean, sneaking, cowardly poor white Yankee trash, de wus kind in de world." The old cook gave them "Jessee," and as she was in the panoply of an Ethiopian skin they were compelled to take it.