SKEDADDLE

NINETEENTH CENTURY ANECDOTES, POETRY, AND INCIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

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A view of the war unfettered by 20th and 21st centuries filters and not blurred by revisionist history.

A Scout To East Tennessee

By the Lochiel Cavalry

AT sunrise, on December 20th, 1862, ten companies of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry—460 men, under command of Major Russell, and eight companies of the Second Michigan—800 men, under command of Col. Campbell, marched due east from Nicholasville, Ky., on a secret expedition, for which thirty days were allotted for those who should be so fortunate as to return. The orders were to move "light and easy," without tents, baggage or extra clothing; carry on your horse all you wanted, and two shoes and twenty nails for him. There were ten days' rations issued, which each trooper carried. Marching through the farms and by-paths to avoid all towns and villages, crossing the Kentucky river at an out of the way ford, and ascending Big Hill south of Richmond, we arrived at McKees, county town of Jackson county, Ky., containing six or eight houses, being the first village we had passed through. We were halted here one day, for a corn and provision train to come up that had pack-saddles in it. There were fifty mules packed here with two days' rations, and the wagons sent back to Lexington with half team force, leaving corn for our return, there being none in Jackson county. *Continued on page 2*

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A Scout To East Tennessee (*continued from page 1*)

December 24th.—The weather had been very fair and beautiful, except this last day, which was rainy and cold, and we marched out in the rain for Goose creek, near its junction with the Red Bird fork of Kentucky river. Halting in the meadow an hour to give the horses a bite of hay (the first they had for four days, and about all they ever got on the march), we were joined by the Seventh Ohio Cavalry—240 men—from Winchester, Ky., under command of Major Reany. The whole force now numbered 1,000 men, and was under command of Brig. Gen. Carter, having on his staff Col. Carter, Col. Walker, Col. Garrett, Capt. Watkins, Capt. M'Nish, Capt. Easley and others, all acting as aids, assistants, or guides. We now ascertained we were sent to burn the bridges on the East Tennessee railroad, and were expected to foot it half the way over the successive steep and rugged mountain ranges of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, and recommended to cheerfully endure all the hardships and place ourselves on half rations to begin with.

I will say for the soldiers that no man cavilled at it, or wanted to turn his back, but all went cheerfully forward, bearing their own burdens as best they might, without sleep, on half rations, food half cooked, and boots worn off their feet by tramping over the rocks to ease their own good horses, and trusting to Providence to keep down the wide and swift rivers that drain these wild mountains. There was to ford, on going and coming, the Cumberland, Powell's river, Wallen's river, the Clinch, North Holston, South Holston and the Watauga, the Holston and Clinch being navigable for steamboats when the waters are up. *Providentially* they were kept down for us. In three days after our exit they were in full flood, so that they could not even have been swum by our horses, from Goose creek we had only bridle-paths, and marched by file across a deep depression in the ridge to the Red Bird, up that and across it scores of times to its topmost spring.

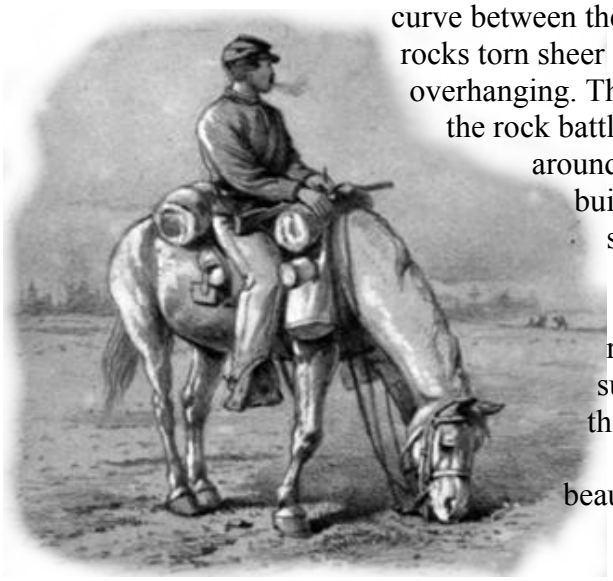
December 27th.—Crossing the Kentucky Ridge, and down to the waters of the middle fork of Kentucky river. Crossing and rising that, we came down to Straight creek and halted for half an hour to breathe, ere breasting the pine mountain that appeared to push its rocky side up like the wall of a house to near the clouds then lowering and dripping on our heads. The zig-zag paths up the face of this mountain turn and return on each other as often as a fox trail, and the toiling men and horses crawling up its side, looked, from the valley, like flies ascending and sticking to a wall. Its sandy eastern front was too steep to ride down, and there were several miles of arduous marching over the Pine Mountain ere we reached the Poor Fork at the Cumberland. Marched up its quicksand shores and beside the horizontal rock ledges that are natural fortresses, ready made to the hand of the men of Harlan county to defend themselves from invasion, by way of Cumberland Gap or any other in the mountain range. Fording the Cumberland and Clover Fork and following up Martin's creek, we camped during the rainy night and slept by the fires for the last time for many days until our return into Kentucky again.

Marching over a high ridge, the bold and beautiful Cumberland mountain rose majestically before us, and extended like a frowning barrier to right and left as far as the eye could reach without a perceptible break in the uniformity of its crest. Two-thirds of the way up the mountain was a level shoulder, as it were breaking the uniformity of its side and appearing as if there had been great waves running the length of the mountains, and thus arrested and changed to rock while in motion adding greatly to its beauty while the softened rays of the declining sun shone in contrasted light and shadow on the gray rock waves, the green pines and the bare, brown poplars and oaks. Halting beside the little stream in the pleasant valley, an hour was spent in giving corn to the jaded horses, sending back the whole pack mule train, all inefficient horses and a few sick men to Lexington.

At sunset leading our horses for a two mile march up, and a one mile march down, we cheerfully addressed ourselves to the task of crossing the Cumberland mountain. We reached the summit in two hours under the light of the full soft moon that silvered and beautified the scene, and passed over into the State of Virginia through Crank Gap, so called from its tortuous break in the horizontal rock crest of the Cumberland, some 200 feet deep and a quarter of a mile in width. This pass is more beautiful and picturesque than anything I have ever seen. It arrested the attention of every soldier and according to his temperament he viewed it to right and left in silent admiration at the wonderful works of God, or in rapturous comment as the soft moonlight silvered o'er and smoothed the ruggedness of each natural "frieze and coign of vantage" that was broken or rounded and carved, and overhung our winding path with all the softness of a summer Italian landscape by Claude Lorraine.

Passing the crest we turned to the left and went down an easy grade on a projecting Sierra from the face of the mountain, with a precipice on each side. Reaching the end of that we turned short again to the left with our faces to the mountain and slipped down into chaos, pitching and sliding from rock to rock into a wild gorge. Looking directly up to the Kentucky heights was rock scenery of such savage character over our heads, as would have delighted the heart of Salvator Rosa. It would but have required a camp fire while our troops were filing and plunging down, and his pencil, to more than rival his scenes in the Appenines. The cliffs here were in shadow from the moon, and crested the whole northeastern face of the mountain in one rude unbroken strata, and projected like a threatening arm from Kentucky, raised to chastise any invader. It is not to be wondered that the white man had his superstitions in invading the western home of the Indian while climbing these cliffs from the east.

This Crank pass has the singular appearance of having fallen two hundred feet into some subterranean gulf, the pass being level for a quarter of a mile in width, winding over the mountains in a curve between the buttressed walls for more than half a mile, with the rocks torn sheer down from both sides, leaving the singular rock walls overhanging. The pass has the same kind of soil and trees on it that cap the rock battlements, and to soften the wild scene, were glassy glades around a dilapidated house, where some mountaineer had once built him a home, now abandoned. Below his house the sounds of falling water greeted our ears as we crossed the sunken pass, through an avenue of hemlocks and gigantic rhododendrons, intermingled with isolated rocks, moss covered by the falling waters, that were of such enormous sizes as would have made dwellings for the Genii or the Titans.



Turning with a sigh from all this wealth of natural beauty, thinking how much it would be endeared to us could

the loved ones at home be at our side to appreciate it, and pondering on the thought of how far distant was the day when we could visit it with smiling peace waving her wing over the land, we looked the present toils and dangers fully in the face, and strode manfully on. Passing north up Poor Valley to avoid alarming Jonesville, we forded Powell's river and crossed Lee county during the night, reaching Wallen's Ridge at sunrise, where resting two hours, cooking our coffee and toasting our meat on long sticks or eating it raw (as many preferred), and feeding our horses with the corn we carried over the Cumberland we pushed on for Tennessee, crossing Powell's mountain. At sunset we reached the broad and swift Clinch river; fording it, we halted at a very picturesque spot, where was a large old-time mansion and the only good flouring mill we had seen in our travels, with its very large wheel driven by the tumbling waters at a mountain brook poured on , the top of it, glistening like silver in the soft twilight, while the river waters murmured by. Halting here for an hour for coffee, and to give to the horses a good feed of corn, which the mill and farm-house furnished, and was paid for in "greenbacks," though under the confederate iron rule the miller would not dare to use them, we pushed on through the mountain passes at Purchase Ridge and Copper Ridge for Estillville.

We had captured many small squads of confederate soldiers and conscripts on our way, paroling them all. We this night captured several, under charge of a lieutenant, who were halting at a farm-house by the road-side. Before starting, orders were given that we were to report ourselves to inquirers along the road as confederate Georgia and Tennessee cavalry returning from a secret expedition, and every one along the road was deceived by it, as they thought we were purposely disguised in blue clothes.

Passing Estillville, crossing Scott county, Virginia, and fording the north fork of the Holston at night, we reached Blountsville, Tennessee, at eight A. M. The Ninth Pennsylvania and Seventh Ohio were halted here an hour, and the Second Michigan were pressed forward six miles to Union Station, where the East Tennessee railroad crosses the south fork of Holston on an expensive bridge 1,000 feet long. Here, as we had understood from our prisoners of last night, were stationed three companies of the Sixty-second North Carolina confederate troops under Major McDowell. After all our marches, toils and trials, here was to be tested the complete surprise and success of our expedition, or we were to be met by the enemy, repulsed and driven back over the mountains without accomplishing our object. It was a moment for anxious thought on the part of General Carter, which was fully shared by each one in the expedition from highest to lowest.

As it proved, the Almighty was pleased to bless our cause, for never was surprise more complete. We had outtravelled all certain information, but rumors of a coming host had preceded us like the mutterings of a thunder storm. Within eighty rods of the station Sergeant Whitemore, Co. A, commanding the Michigan Videttes, met six citizens riding up; they asking who our troops were, were answered First Georgia Cavalry. They were delighted, shook hands with the Sergeant and said, "The d—d Yankees were in Estillville, fifteen miles off, five thousand strong" —that "they had raised a hundred men besides the troop, and were going out into the country to raise more men to defend the post—that the Major was coming along right up and the Sergeant would meet him before he got to the bridge."

Col. Carter came up to the citizens at that moment and passed them to the rear. The Sergeant told him he would go down to meet the Major. He said, “Yes, do so." The Sergeant moved forward to a sharp curve in the road and saw the Major and two citizens, at sixty rods distance, talking to the sentinels at the bridge. He came back out of sight, dismounted three men and himself, sent the horses back to the column halted up the road, and secreted his men in a fence corner behind the road curve to await the Major's coming.

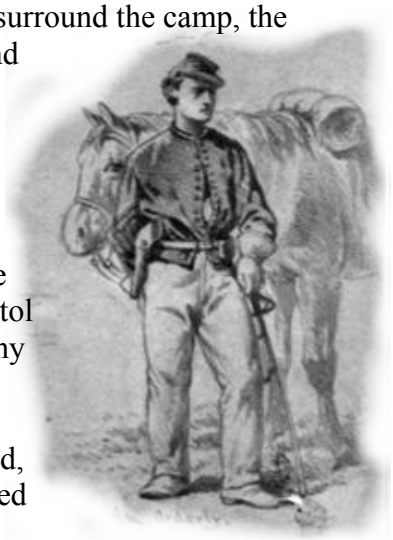
When the Major and the two citizens came up, conversing about the "Yankees" to within five feet of the ambush, they were appalled by the sight of the bright revolving rifles close to their heads at

full cock. The Sergeant said," You are my prisoners." Involuntarily they halt, wheel their horses to flee, when a sharp halt! brought them to front face again. The Sergeant moved them up toward the column. Colonel Campbell had come to the point with Colonel Carter. Colonel Campbell addressed the Major, took his hand and told him he had come to take his post, and if he did not surrender unconditionally he would take it at any rate; saying also, "My men are posted to fire on you—you have not a moment to lose to avoid use-less bloodshedding.

The Major wrote a note to the Captain in command at the post and advised its surrender. It was sent down with a flag of truce and the place was surrendered at once; the rifles peering across the Holston from the hill commanding the camp being persuaders too potent to be gainsaid. The telegraph was instantly destroyed before an intimation of our presence could be conveyed and the railroad bridge fired. The two hundred prisoners (who appeared to be rejoiced) were placed under guard, and the Ninth Pennsylvanian and Seventh Ohio ordered forward from the Blountsville road.

On their arriving, an expedition was ordered under Colonel Walker and Colonel Carter to capture and burn the bridge nine miles south-west across Watauga river, consisting of companies A, C, and D, the twelve rifles of Co. B, fifteen of Co. F, Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry; companies A, and F, Second Michigan Cavalry, and two companies of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry. The balance of the troops were kept back by General Carter to destroy the county bridge, the turn-table, cars, ammunition, camp and commissary stores, and to follow us down to Watauga and defend our rear from the enemy's 800 troops at Bristol, fourteen miles by railway, and Humphrey Marshall's force at Abingdon, thirty miles off by railway. At five miles out the Watauga expedition heard a whistle. The troops were instantly dismounted and ambushed at both ends and besides a deep cut, a rail cut out with our axes in front, and men ambushed with orders to cut out a rail in her rear the instant the engine ran into the deep cut—all in less time than it takes me to write it. A locomotive and tender came in sight, ran into the cut, saw the rail out, reversed and backed out instanter, but not before the rail was up in their rear, and they were fully caged on the rifles peering over the bank. We had gotten a prize, having captured Col. Love, of the Sixty-second North Carolina, a Major, a Captain and a telegraphic staff coming up to ascertain why the telegraph would not work. Five minutes sufficed to put a guard on the locomotive and run her down after us, and we were again on our way and on the alert.

It had been raining slowly all day and now came on heavily. Nearing the rebel camp, Col. Carter, who knew all the ground, arranged the attack, Col. Walker assisting. Companies A and F, Second Michigan, dismounted on the right; the twelve rifles of Company A, Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the centre, and Company D, Seventh Ohio, with their rifles, on the left, were to surround the camp, the balance of the rifles being posted as rear guard and on the left of the road, and then it was to be summoned to surrender, to save useless bloodshed. Unfortunately there were some rebel soldiers on the outskirts of the camp chopping wood, six of whom were captured as the troops deployed, but two ran in and alarmed the camp. A shot was fired by some one on the left, and the attack became general. The rebels were under arms and the firing was very heavy on both sides for the numbers engaged, for ten minutes, when the Ninth Pennsylvania, followed by the Seventh Ohio, charged on the camp pistol in hand, and the enemy fled. Companies C and D and the balance of Company A, Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, had been formed in fours around the hill to charge with sabre should there be resistance. When the firing slacked they were ordered to charge, and did so, on the camp. Finding it almost abandoned, they galloped over the Watauga. Companies C and D filed left into a ploughed



field to head off the retreating enemy. Company A kept the road, and at full charge came on them drawn up in two ranks by the roadside. Capt. Jones ordering them to throw down their arms at thirty paces, the rebels were so startled by the rush of horses and glancing of sabres that they all' obeyed the order, but a half dozen, who came near losing their lives by not doing so.

There were two lieutenants and seventy-two men who surrendered and saved much blood-shedding. They were making their way to a log house close at hand—a capital fortress—which we would have been compelled to have stormed at once. Companies C and D went down the road and overhauled sixteen more. The short, sharp action cost several lives. One man of Company D, Seventh Ohio, shot dead; one man of Company A, Second Michigan, mortally wounded in the abdomen, and two of the twelve men, Company A, Ninth Pennsylvania, wounded in the leg; one had to be amputated and the man left with the rebel wounded. Of the rebel forces, there were two killed and fifteen wounded. Our surgeon assisted in dressing their wounded, and two of our wounded men were left at the station, Col. Love and Lieut. Hill promising they should have the same care as their own men. The two Lieutenants, Hill and——, of the Sixty-second North Carolina, fought their commands with great gallantry. What a pity that it should be exerted in so evil a cause as the disruption of their country.

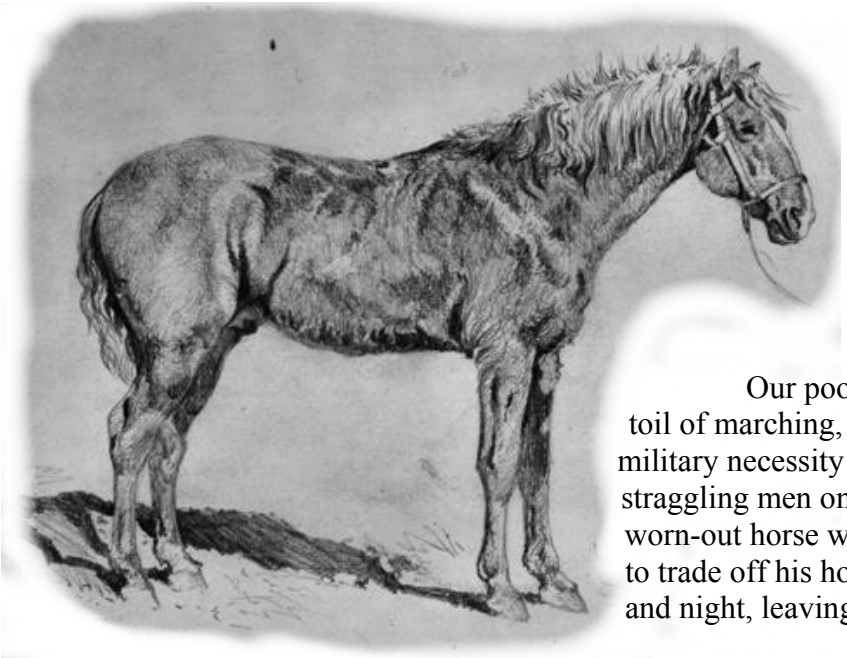
Our prisoners were all paroled on the road, and here, amounting to near four hundred and fifty, inclusive of one Colonel, two Majors, two Captains and five Lieutenants.

It was now dark. The telegraph was instantly destroyed, the camp and the bridge fired, the arms broken and put on the locomotive, and after the bridge had fallen, steam was drawn on the engine and she was run over the abutment on to the burning mass below with a great crash.

In our haste to expedite these matters we lost a prize of another locomotive and train that came up in sight at the burning bridge, reversed her wheels and scudded down the road toward Knoxville. Jeff Davis himself might have been on the train. It is the only thing we have to reproach ourselves for during the expedition as being left undone, or half done.

There were two hundred and fifty cavalry came up after dark to reinforce the infantry. Hearing of the fight they wheeled about and marched over into .North Carolina, reporting there were thirty thousand of us at the railway.

Our men were ordered to feed their horses on the rebel corn, and rest for a few hours; but there was no rest after the excitement of the day and night, and at one o'clock on the night of December 30th, we commenced our retreat, and by strategy to baffle the enemy that our scouts told us were massing to cut us off and pursue us. We felt confident they must be great adepts if they could outmanæuvre Gen. and Col.. Carter and our guides.



Our poor horses were sinking under the severe toil of marching, and it became a matter of prime military necessity to replenish the stock or leave straggling men on our retreat. Every man having a worn-out horse was sent out with a sergeant or corporal to trade off his horse at any farm-house right or left, day and night, leaving his own horse in exchange, it taking

only one to make a horse-trade Morgan fashion. Some hundreds of horses were thus pressed into the service, but some six unwary men fell behind the column and were captured by the rebel troops that were following us at a safe distance for themselves in our rear.

I find that the Richmond papers give us the credit of doing no marauding, nor injury to private property, Our scouts informed us that five hours after we left Watauga river the enemy had sixteen hundred infantry and four pieces of artillery brought up by railway from Jonesboro or Greenville, and put upon our trail. We laughed at the idea of footmen and field-pieces following up the paths we came across the farms and lanes and ravines. Our guides certainly must have been coon-hunting over that country all their lives at dark nights, to have guided us so unerringly. We got so that we left the horses to follow up in the dark, and although it felt sometimes as if both horse and saddle were going from under one and we going to perdition, we came out all right on the ravine bottom at last.

Humphrey Marshall moved troops from Abingdon to Blountville on our right, and troops were moved from Rogersville to Kingsport to intercept us; but we passed between "Scylla" on the one hand and "Charybdis" on the other, and came out ahead of them all. While on our rout to Kingsport, a man by the roadside told me that the infantry and artillery stationed there had crossed our route six hours before marching to Blountsville, expecting to intercept us there.

While on the high ridge above Kingsport we had a beautiful view of a snowy mountain, illumined by the setting sun. At fifty miles distance towered up the black mountain of North Carolina, six thousand nine hundred feet in the air,—the highest land in the old United States proper, standing like Saul a full head and shoulders over all his companions. It looked exceedingly rugged at that great distance, with its rude concave side towards us, seamed and furrowed by tremendous chasms from top to bottom. It had a crest of two or three miles in length, and is crescent-shaped on top, very steep on both ends, and towering so high above all others, seemed not to be a member of any chain of mountains that I could perceive in the distance. For an isolated mountain it was very picturesque in appearance, and was beautified by being covered with snow, while the surrounding landscape was dark. It looked a-rifted, inaccessible, and uninhabitable as the high Alps of Switzerland.

Riding at night down the South Holston at Kingsport,—there a broad and beautiful stream fit for steamboating,—we were fired upon from over the river, the bullets whistling over our heads and striking the fence between our horses. I got tired at the one-sided arrangement and ordered some of my lads, who are adepts with their rifles, to try some long shots in the moonlight—dismounted; they never require a second bidding for that kind of work, and the popping from over the river was quickly ended. I cannot tell if there was "anybody hurt," but we came off clear.

After fording the north Holston at its junction with the main stream, we marched on to a very fine and extensive farm, where the horses were fed and the men had their coffee. The night had become unusually nipping, and large fires with fence-rails were a great luxury to benumbed fingers and toes.

The enemy would not let us rest in peace to enjoy our coffee, but kept popping at us from the hill-tops occasionally. There was quite a little skirmish back in town. Some of the cavalry following us up had the audacity after dark to attack Col. Carter, his orderly and a private, at a hotel in Kingsport, where he was acquainted, and had halted behind the column to appease his hunger. Some twenty or thirty shots were exchanged in the dark. The orderly got a ball through his hand, and our force of three were compelled to beat a retreat to camp across the North Fork. Our pickets dashed into the town, but the enemy had fled and all was quiet again.

After resting three hours, we were in the saddle again at midnight, understanding there were some two hundred cavalry forward of us whom we desired to capture. Our advance came near their camp near Clinch river, but they fled and our poor horses were too jaded to pursue them.

The "bush-whackers" had quite a busy time, popping at us crossing Clinch river. Rested at night for a few hours on a limestone mountain, and exchanged a few long shots with the enemy to no purpose. Started at daybreak, without breakfast or horse-feed, on our last long day's march to the Cumberland mountain, crossing Powell's mountain, river, and valley. The "bushwhackers" here had an unusually busy day at it, even for them, lively as they are. But they are either miserable shots or have miserable guns, for they have not touched a man since we left the railroad, except Col. Carter's orderly, shot in the hand-to-hand fight; whereas two of the Michigan sharpshooters "incontinently" rolled two of them down the rocks at about seven hundred yards. While I was fording Powell's river, they were darting in and out among the trees and rocky hill-tops and throwing down some lead in a very spiteful way, but did no damage. I concluded, after crossing and seeing one fellow blazing away among the rocks, to try and cure him with a little saltpetre, as salt was scarce, and called two of my lads out of the ranks. One of them drew a sight on him, and he cut up some very ludicrous antics for a sane man. He flew round and scrabbled about among the rocks, and then made a dart up the hill, rattling down the stones at an alarming rate; he bounced about it as if burnt with a hot iron, and not at all pleased with the impression made.

At Jonesville, Va., the rebels had quite a force. After our column had passed they engaged our rear guard of the Seventh Ohio, and we were all halted, the General sending back the rifles of Co. B, Ninth Pa. Cavalry, to deploy as skirmishers and engage them in the open field, and Co. D, Ninth Pa., with sabres. It was understood that they expected to engage our attention, so long as to enable a force to move around by Poor valley, occupy the mountain pass, engage our front, and have us between two fires. We were crossing at our old gap (only twenty miles from the Cumberland Gap), contrary to their expectations. There was some little firing on our front, and quite a brisk little skirmish in the rear. As usual they kept at too great a distance for their shooting and did no harm, but there were several rebels shot down by our rear guard and skirmishers, among whom were some Michigan rifles, when they concluded to draw off and let us go on our "winding way," which we did without further molestation.

We had made a very severe day's march, with a little sprinkling of fighting, and nothing to eat since the night before for man or beast, and while we were at Jonesville, there was a very fair prospect of a regular mountain battle for the possession of the pass. I had been giddy from want of food and rest, while marching down to Watauga, but did not feel it much during the excitement of the homeward march. I slept on my horse during the bushwhacking of the day; and while waiting for the rear to scatter the enemy at Jonesville, one of my men said he was hungry. I had entirely forgotten that I had not eaten for twenty-four hours, and felt no symptoms of hunger, and told him that we might yet have a two days' fight up the cliffs of the Cumberland mountain without coffee, and I felt as if I would be able to stand it for three.

We moved on to the foot of the mountain, and now there was the excitement to know whose horse would reach the top and whose would fail. They were all very carefully bandied, but many a one of them failed, and the poor cavalryman would be seen breaking up his saddle with a rock and cutting up the leather with a knife to prevent secesh from using it. The poor horse wanted no quietus, he generally dropped dead in his efforts to scale a rock, and fell over out of the path, except one that made a convenient stepping-place for his more fortunate fellow horse. There must have been thirty horses fallen dead ascending the Cumberland. The men shouldered their blankets, gave one last look at their steed stiffening in the keen frosty night air, and clambered on over the rocks.

When I reached the topmost crest I cried, "All hail, Kentucky!" and stretched out my arm as if to grasp and welcome a long lost friend. The excitement was over, and I felt faint and giddy. I scarcely know how I got down; and when I reached the little valley at the foot of the mountain, and had a fire of rails kindled, fatigue overpowered all the animal wants and ailments, and the moment I lay down upon the frozen earth, I was fast asleep, and so continued until well shaken after sunrise.

Our horses had corn here, but we were on short rations. The ground was frozen hard, and all the shoes had been put on the horses' feet, and none short of Richmond or Nicholasville. There had been no kegs of shoes brought to McKees with the corn, and the prospects ahead were dark for the men who had limping horses whose feet were worn to the quick. I saw them cut up clothes and blankets and tie them on their feet, but it did no good; nothing but iron would answer on the frozen and rocky creek beds and gullies which formed our path. We had been signally favored by Providence with unfrozen roads in the enemy's country, but now they were telling on horse-flesh.

Every day a score or more of men were compelled to drop their horses and shoulder their muskets. There was no murmuring; nor did I hear a "whimper from any man who marched twenty or thirty miles in a day (all unused to walking as he was), with his boots worn and torn, and his feet on the rocks and frozen ground.

Two days after our arrival on Kentucky soil, we encountered a storm, which raised all the Tennessee rivers and made them unfordable. Two days after our arrival here at Nicholasville, has come upon us the heaviest snow-storm for many years. I lift my hands in praise when I think of our escape from this storm among the mountains, and shudder at the thought of what would have been the condition of man and beast there without food or forage. We should have been compelled to adopt proposed to Napoleon at Moscow: to slaughter, salt, and eat his horses to save his men. Our most arduous and hazardous march of five hundred miles to and fro in twenty days, over an almost impracticable mountain country in mid-winter, has been a complete success. Of one thousand men, there were only two killed, two wounded, and six missing—supposed to be captured.

I must relate a little incident of the march coming down the Red Bird, in a country where “corndodgers" are worth a dime. A part of one I have preserved as a curiosity, for its fossil-like appearance, to show what a soldier can subsist on when he is put to it. I think I must have it engraven for Harper or Frank Leslie, with all the finger-marks on it. The "corndodger" is an institution; and he is fitly named, as any one can tell who takes him in hand; for if he is mixed up as usual with water and no salt, and well baked and thrown at you ,if you do not dodge, and he hits you, his name will be remembered for many a long day, I warrant it

In the western counties of Kentucky saw-mills and grist-mills are known to but few inhabitants. The corn is broken into coarse grains with a pestle attached to a spring-pole, or grated on a piece of tin or iron punched out rough with a nail. The country is clear of wind-mills or sieves to clear it of husks; such superfluities have been played out, or rather they have never been played in; but hospitality has not been played out. I will relate an incident. The horse of one of my soldiers yielded up his life on the

rugged paths this side of the Cumberland mountain. The soldier was making his way in the rear of the column over the rocks of the Red Bird, with his pistol at his belt and his trusty rifle, which had done him such good service at Watauga river (his " Betsy Ann," as he called it), on one shoulder and his blankets on the other, trudging along at sunset for the camp, miles ahead of him, and "whistling as he went for want of thought," when a native over-took him. "Stranger," said he, "you have a heavy load; give me your blankets" (and he took them off his shoulder). "You must come and stay with me to-night down to my house at the Big Rocks." So soldier, nothing loth, acquiesced, and they trudged through mud and over rocks, and in the bed of the creek for some miles, and arrived at his clay-chinked cabin, where were his "household gods" in form of a wife and a host of children, such as are to be found in every poor man's cabin in Kentucky. You will almost see the exact counterpart of the primer-book picture of John Rogers' wife, excepting there will be ten, eleven, or twelve children who can just peep over each others' heads in regular gradation beside "the one at the breast." The host says, "Mary Ann, can you get supper for this tired soldier?" "Yes," says the wife, "if you pound the corn," and she handed him four ears, which he soon manipulated with his spring pole and pestle in the yard. The supper was soon prepared of the corn mixed with water (no salt, for they had none), and scraps of bacon fried, and he ate on the principle of the Indian, "eat much, get strong!" The tired soldier, who had not seen the inside of a house for months, rested, after six days' march and no sleep, as only such men can rest when they know the pickets are posted and the guard mounted; he taking the Kentuckian for his guard. At sun-rise he was wakened by the "thud, thud," of the corn-grinding machine, and presently the good dame invited him to sit at the table to the corn-dodgers, the bacon-scraps, and the corn-coffee, innocent of sugar or cream, so as to expedite him on his way before the children were up to have their remnants of clothes put on them. After he had eaten, not before, his host apologized for the lateness of his breakfast, saying that his corn was all eaten over night, and he had to go four miles to borrow some of his near neighbor for the soldier's breakfast. The soldier donning his load, having received no pay for more than four months, thanked him as he should have been thanked by a man ready and willing to pay, but having no money in his pocket, and with unwonted full stomach went on his way rejoicing to overtake his comrades.

Where indeed among the rich will such hospitality, such abnegation of self be found? or where among them the man that will contribute such a mite to his country? It is like the scriptural widow, who, out of her poverty "gave even all that she had."

When we arrived at Big Hill we were met by a wagon train ladened with rations and corn that had been sent for by Gen. Carter's messenger pressed on before us at Manchester, on our homeward route, to order the train forward to us. When the white-topped wagons were seen by our men, one universal shout went up as a glorification for the hard bread they knew them to contain. To men who had been roasting lumps of corn meal or of wheat flour in the ashes for days, the transition was great indeed, and ere dark the "slow enough" coffee was boiling, the bacon toasting on the sticks, and "there was a great feast of fat things" that night.

Resting at Big Hill a few hours, with the cares and perplexities of the march off my shoulders, I had time to look back at the beauties of the place, which I had not done when we moved forward. Here is a table-land four hundred feet high, which was once the shore of the great lake of which the "blue grass region" is the bottom. The sand-stone strata of seventy feet crowning this table land has been washed, into many singular and unique forms, each cliff so unlike the other that each would make a separate picture. In one place there is a genuine mountain, apart as it were. The water had washed entirely around it. The soft under strata giving way was only saved by the capping, which, covered with some earth and trees, once formed an island in the lake some distance from shore. Moving along for several miles these sand-stone cap rocks are seen in fantastic array succeeding each other, and you are astonished at the varied forms of them and at the sudden change in the form of each as you view it from another point. They are all well worth transferring to canvas, and as they have been somewhat noted in these wars, they should be placed with its illustrations. The quiet "blue grass region" possessed a great charm to our worn and anxious minds longing for rest, and the old walnut-trees near Richmond, covered with mistletoe until they looked like pine-trees, had a charm of still life in them that was very soothing, lulling the mind into dreams of the Druids and of that olden time when rushing, fiery modern wars were unknown.

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Moore, Frank, *Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War: North and South; 1860 – 1865*, collected and abridged, New York: Publication House, 1867

(The images in this article were created during or after the war by Edwin Forbes, a Civil War reportorial artist for *Leslie's Illustrated* newspaper. The images did not originally appear with this article.)

Salt

From "Domestic Economy in the Confederacy," by David Dodge

From first to last, salt was the most precious of all commodities. To be worth one's salt was to have a value indeed. Its price, scarcity, and the methods by means of which its use could be largely dispensed with were subjects uppermost in every mind, and topics as common as the weather in every conversation. Its exposure for sale could draw even the long-hoarded pittance of silver from its hiding-place; and when the Confederate government could purchase supplies on no other terms, an offer of part payment in salt never failed to work wonders. It was possible to subsist, or at any rate to exist, with little leather and less iron. Old utensils might be mended and mended again, and their use extended almost indefinitely; people might go barefoot and yet live; but at least salt enough to cure the bacon was a *sine qua non*.

The State of North Carolina, after making it unlawful to speculate in salt, appointed a salt commissioner and made an appropriation to establish evaporating stations on the coast; and when these proved inadequate, and the approach of Federal fleets and armies rendered them insecure, state works were established at Saltville, Virginia, the great saline of the Confederacy. Even this last resource was uncertain, and the supply never continuous. Sometimes the government monopolized the wells, still oftener the transportation; while the danger of having teams impressed at the works by the military authorities became so great that nothing save extreme individual necessity could induce the people to run the risk. At times not a pound of salt could be bought at any price. Many were driven to dig up the dirt floors of their smoke-houses, impregnated with the meat drippings of years, and by a tedious process of leaching and boiling to obtain an apology for salt. Every method practiced by civilized or uncivilized man for the curing of meat without or with a modicum of salt was attempted. While many of these

processes were failures, occasioning the loss of more or less priceless bacon, some effected cures which in point of durability might have competed with petrifactions themselves, and with fair prospects of success, supposing them to have been subjected to any agency of destruction short of Confederate hunger.

Boundless was the excitement and indignation in North Carolina when, in 1864, it was falsely rumored that the governor of Virginia had determined to prohibit by proclamation the removal of salt beyond the borders of that State, as the governor of North Carolina had long before done in regard to cotton and woolen fabrics. "We give Virginia blood," cried the press, "and she refuses us salt. We have paved her soil with the bones of our best and our bravest, and now she forbids us to gather what may without blasphemy be called the crumbs of life, which she lets fall. Our women and children must die at her hands, in requital of their husbands and fathers having died in her defense."

All the salt that the State was able to procure from Saltville and through the blockade was sold to the people — giving the wives and widows of soldiers the preference — at cost, which was usually about one fourth the market price. The greater part of the former was of very inferior quality; the "coast salt" especially, being quoted at just half the price of the imported article. The last installment of state salt, issued for the hog-killing in December, 1864, was at the rate of six pounds per capita of population. Shortly after that the works were destroyed by a Federal raid. Indeed, it was a matter of wonder to us, considering the vital importance to the Confederacy of this unique place, which had sprung into being and prominence with the suddenness of a mushroom city of the West, that the Federals should not earlier have put forth even more strenuous efforts than they did for its possession.

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Dodge, David; "Domestic Economy in the Confederacy," *The Atlantic Monthly,* Volume 58, Issue 346; pp. 229-243; August 1886; Boston: Atlantic Monthly Co.

Virility.

from a series of sketches by J. W. De Forest: "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southrons."

It seems to me that the central trait of the "chivalrous Southron" is an intense respect for virility. He will forgive almost any vice in a man who is manly; he will admire vices which are but exaggerations of the masculine. If you will fight, if you are strong and skillful enough to kill your antagonist, if you can govern or influence the common herd, if you can ride a dangerous horse over a rough country, if you are a good shot or an expert swordsman, if you stand by your own opinions unflinchingly, if you do your level best on whisky, if you are a devil of a fellow with women, if, in short, you show vigorous masculine attributes, he will grant you his respect. I doubt whether a man who leaves behind him numerous irregular claimants to his name is regarded with disfavor at the South. He will be condemned theoretically; it may be considered proper to shoot him if he disturbs the peace of respectable families; but he will be looked upon as a nobler representative of his sex than Calebs. The good young man, as pure as a young girl, whom one finds in the Abrahamic bosom of Northern Puritanism, would not be made a Grand Lama of in Dixie. The chivalrous Southron would unite with the aristocracy of Europe in regarding him as a sort of monster of neutral insipidity. I doubt whether even the women of our meridional regions admire that sort of youth. "I shouldn't fancy a hen-husband," said a lively Southern girl, alluding to a man without vices.

It may be taken for granted that a people which so highly prizes virility looks upon man as the lord of creation, and has the old fashioned ideas as to what is the proper sphere of woman. If the high-toned gentleman continues to be influential at the South, it will be a long time before the "strong-minded" obtain much of a following there, a very long time before they will establish female suffrage. Next to our supposed passion for putting the negro on an equality with the white, there is nothing in Northern life so abhorrent to the Southerners, of both sexes, as the movement in favor of woman's rights.

"I do think," said an emphatic old planter to me, "that your free-love business, and women's voting, and all that, is just the miserableest mess that ever was invented. I don't see what ails you to go for such vile nonsense. But then you always were as full of whimsies as the devil."

It would have been useless to tell him that he was binding in one fagot ideas which had no connection. I did my wisest by him; I left him unanswered.

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De Forest, J.W., "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southrons" *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Volume 38, Issue 224, January 1869; New York: Harper & Bros.

Wilmington, N.C., During the Blockade.

By John Johns, "a Late Confederate Officer"

AFTER the capital of the Confederacy there was not in the South a more important place than the little town of Wilmington, North Carolina, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear River, noted in peace times for its exports of tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber. The banks of the Cape Fear had been settled by Sir Walter Raleigh's emigrants and Scotchmen, and to this day you find the old Highland names, and see strongly-marked Scottish features among the inhabitants. The people still retain many of the traits of their descent, and are shrewd, canny, money-making, and not to be beaten at driving a bargain by any Yankee that we ever saw. They are hospitable, intelligent, and polished; many old families, who for years have lived in affluence and luxury, residing there, who have intermarried with each other until they form a large "cousinhood," as they call it.

Previous to the war Wilmington was very gay and social. But the war had sadly changed the place—many of the old families moving away into the interior, and those who remained, either from altered circumstances or the loss of relatives in battle, living in retiracy. When we first knew it, Major-General W. H. C. Whiting was in command. He was an old army officer, who for a long time had been stationed at Smithville, near the Old Inlet at the mouth of the river, where prior to the war there had been a fort and a garrison, though for some years disused. Whiting was one of the most accomplished officers in the Southern army. He was a splendid engineer, and having been engaged in the Coast Survey for some time on that portion of the coast, knew the country thoroughly, the capability of defense, the strong and the weak points. His manners were brusque, but he had a kind and generous heart. He was fond of the social glass, and may have sometimes gone too far. He was not popular with many of the citizens, as he was arbitrary, and paid little attention to the suggestions of civilians. He was a very handsome, soldierly-looking man, and though rough sometimes in his manners, he was a gentleman at heart, incapable of any thing mean or low, and of undaunted courage. Peace to his ashes!

On Whiting's staff were three young officers of great promise: his brother-in-law, Major J. H. Hill, of the old army, now an active express agent at Wilmington; Major Benjamin Sloan, his ordnance

officer, now teaching school somewhere in the mountains of South Carolina; and Lieutenant J. H. Fairley, a young Irishman, who had been many years in this country, and who hailed from South Carolina. Fairley was noted in the army as a daring scout and very hard rider, withal one of the quietest and most modest of men. He is now drumming for a dry-good house in New York, instead of inspecting the outposts. We wonder if he recollects the night when the writer hereof picked up a rattlesnake in his blanket at Masonboro Sound.

Whiting scarcely ever had enough troops at his command to make up a respectable Confederate Division. In '64 he had at Wilmington Martin's Brigade, which was a very fine and large one, composed of four North Carolina regiments, remarkably well officered; two or three companies of heavy artillery in the town, doing provost and guard duty; at Fort Caswell, at the mouth of the Old Inlet on the Western Bar, a battalion of heavy artillery and a light battery; at Smithville a similar battalion; at Baldhead, opposite Caswell, an island, Col. Hedrick's North Carolina regiment, about 600 men effective; at Fort Fisher Lamb's North Carolina regiment, about 700 effective men; a company at Fort Anderson; a company of the 7th C. S. cavalry at the ferry over New River, 60 miles northeast of Wilmington, on the Sound; two companies of cavalry, a light battery, and a company of infantry at Kenansville, 40 miles north of Wilmington and 7 miles west of the Weldon Railroad. These, with two or three light batteries scattered along the Sound, from a little above Fort Fisher up to Toprail, constituted in the spring of '64 the whole Confederate force in the Department of Cape Fear.

With this force, and Whiting's skill and bravery, we military men thought we could hold Wilmington. For we justly regarded the General as one of the few eminently fit appointments that the War Department had made. It certainty made some curious selections, *e.g.* the placing of the dashing, impetuous Van Dorn in command of a Department—the last place in the world he was suited for—instead of giving him a cavalry command of 10,000 men and placing him in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Had the latter been done the Federals would have found Van Dorn a troublesome customer in Missouri. But in Whiting we had implicit faith. So, though there were constant rumors of expeditions against the place, we scarcely believed they were coming, so long had the thing been delayed, and, in fact, an attack was wished for by the youthful Hotspurs to relieve the monotony of the garrison life at Caswell, Baldhead, and Fisher. Wiser people knew better. In fact we had lapsed into a dream of security, or thought, at least, the evil day was far off. We ate, drank, and were merry, and there was marrying and giving in marriage, as in the days before the flood.

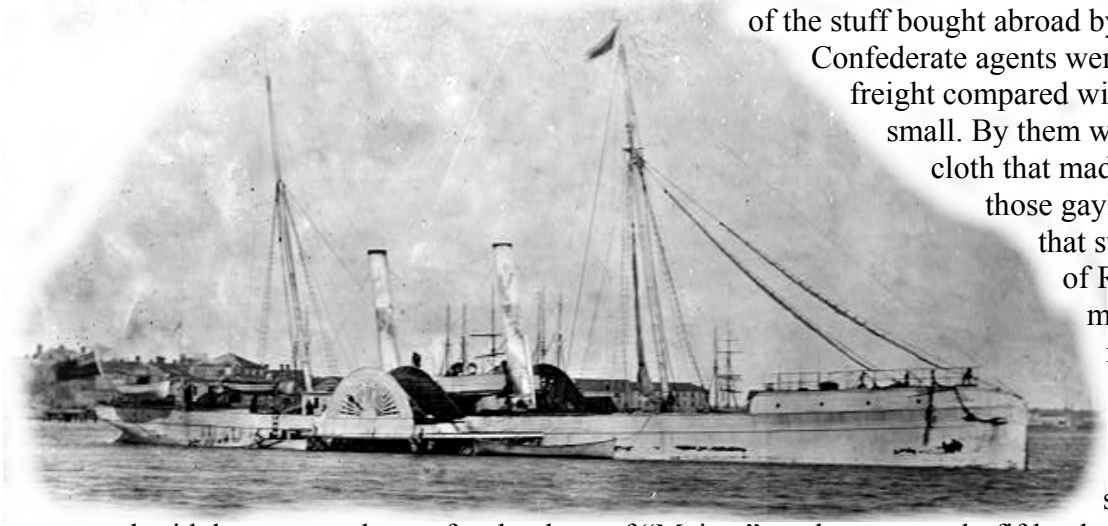
Whitworth Gun

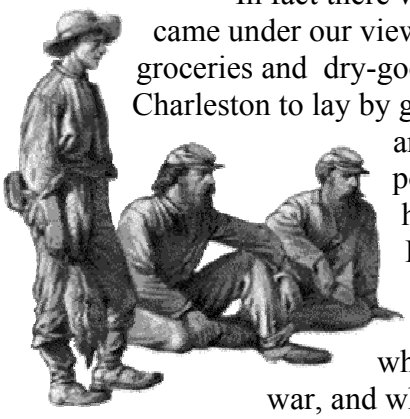
Armstrong Gun at Fort Fisher

It seemed singular to us that the United States should so long neglect to close the only port almost of the Confederacy into which every "dark of the moon" there ran a half dozen or so swift blockade—runners, freighted with cannon, muskets, and every munition of war— medicines, cloth, shoes, bacon, etc. Through that port were brought till January '65 all the stores and material needed by the indefatigable Colonel Gorgas, the Confederate Chief of Ordnance, the most efficient bureau officer the Confederacy had. Through it came

those famous Whitworth and Armstrong guns sent us by our English friends. Into Wilmington was brought by Mr. Commissary-General Northrup rotten, putrid bacon called "Nassau," be cause it had spoiled on the wharves of that place before reshipped for Wilmington. It was coarse Western bacon, bought by Confederate emissaries at the North; and many a time have we imprecated curses both loud and deep on poor old Northrup's devoted head as we worried down a piece of the rancid stuff. We must say, in all candor, that he was impartial in his distribution of it, and ordered it given to both Confederate trooper and Federal prisoner. Northrup himself ate none of it; he lived on rice—of which he would buy a hogshead at a time from the Commissariat. We became so vitiated in our taste by eating it that at last we came to prefer it to good bacon, and liked the strong, rancid taste. We could not afford to permit our stomachs to cut up any shines, and forced them to stand any and every thing by breaking them into it.

But the cargoes of those white painted, bird-like looking steamers that floated monthly into Wilmington, producing such excitement and joy among its population, unfortunately for the Confederates did not contain Government stores and munitions of war alone, bad as the bacon and much of the stuff bought abroad by worthless Confederate agents were. The public freight compared with the private was small. By them were brought in the cloth that made the uniforms of those gayly-decked clerks that swarmed the streets of Richmond with military titles, and read the battle bulletins and discussed the war news. From that source came the braid, buttons, and stars for that host of "Majors"—who were truly fifth wheels, and did not even have the labor of "following the Colonel around"—with which the Confederacy was afflicted. From it came the fine English brandies, choice foreign wines, potted meats, and conserves, jellies, and anchovy paste, etc., that filled the pantries and store-rooms of many of the officials at Richmond, and were spread out in such profusion at the dinners or suppers or déjeuners given by the "court circle" (as it was called) to officials when the "circle" wanted any of their pets promoted or assigned to good positions. From it came the loaf-sugar, coffee, tea, etc., that staff-officers, blockade-runners, and their relations and friends luxuriated in, while the ragged, dirty Confederate soldier, musket in hand, broiled or soaked in the trenches before Richmond and Peterburg, watching the foe with stout heart but faint stomach; starving on a handful of meal and a pint of sorghum molasses, probably varied every other day with the third or quarter of a pound of Mr. Commissary General Northrup's savory "Nassau Bacon." Meanwhile his wife and little ones suffering in their far-off Southern home for the necessaries of life. It was this that broke the spirit of the Southern army, and caused such numerous desertions from General Lee's camp during the memorable winter of '64 and '65.





In fact there were numbers of Confederate officers, during the period blockade-running came under our view, whose sole business it that seemed to be to lay in that way stocks of groceries and dry-goods, and by speculating and shipping cotton from Wilmington and Charleston to lay by gold in case of an evil day. Many of them came out of the war rich men, and doubtless with comfortable consciences, for who respects or likes a poor man? We will say, however, that we never heard of but two officers of high rank who were accused of this; and one thing was very certain, that Henry Whiting's skirts were clear of such transactions, and that he left his family badly off. It was the small fry generally who engaged in this discreditable business, to the neglect of their soldierly avocations, men who had been either in the retail grocery or dry-goods business before the war, and who could not keep their hands from such pickings, or get over their old "store" habits. It was seldom you caught a West Pointer at this trading business, poor as most of them were, though it must be confessed that two or three of them did fall from grace in this particular.

Talk about Yankees worshiping the almighty dollar! You should have seen the adoration paid the Golden Calf at Wilmington during the days of blockade-running. Every body was engaged in it save the private soldiers and a few poor line and staff officers, who were not within the "ring," and possessed no influence or position there by which they could grant favors.

When a steamer came in, men, women, children rushed down to the wharves to see it, to buy, beg, or steal something. Every body wanted to know if their "ventures"—the proceeds of the bales of cotton or boxes of tobacco sent out—had come in. No people were more excited than the women, expecting gloves, parasols, hoop-skirts, corsets, flannels, and bonnets, silks and calicoes; for these things became frightfully scarce and dear in the South during the last year of the war. The first people aboard of course were the agents—on such occasions very big men. Then swarmed officials and officers, "friends" and "bummers," hunting after drinks and dinners, and willing to accept any compliment, from a box of cigars or a bottle of brandy down to a bunch of bananas or a pocketful of oranges. Happy the man who knew well and intimately the steward of a blockade-runner, or could call the cook his friend, and get a part of the stealings from the pantry or the drippings from the kitchen!

How it made those bluff; coarse, vulgar Englishmen stare, who came in as pursers or officers, to see well-dressed gentlemen thus degrading themselves by sponging and loafing and disgracing their uniforms! We have seen many a fellow, bearing a commission, for hours eying from a standpoint on the wharf a blockade-runner as a cat would a mouse, and then just about lunchtime drop aboard to enjoy the Champagne or porter, the sardines or Parmesan and English cheese. We never heard them express it, but we can imagine the intense disgust that such men as John Wilkinson, Robert Carter, and other old navy officers, who occasionally commanded such ships, must have felt at this method some of their Confederate brethren had of living at other people's expense.

As for ourselves, we never had the pleasure of this sort of thing hut twice. Once by invitation of our friend George Baer (alias Captain Henry), who immortalized himself by writing that celebrated protest as to the capture of the *Greyhound*, and by his escape from his captors in Boston. Baer invited us to a fashionable 10 o'clock breakfast on the *Index*, which he then commanded, and the consequence was we nearly stuffed ourselves to death, and came near having an apoplectic fit. The second time we went by invitation on board the *Advance* to dinner, and were treated like a "snob," as we deserved to be, for our pains. We shall never forget the cool stare of the steward when we had the audacity to ask for a second piece of pie. We ate it—humble pie indeed—and that awful man's look, which we shall never forget to our dying day, though it came near killing, cured us of any propensity of dining and wining on

board blockade-runners. We loved fresh meat and Champagne dearly, but we never sought it again in that quarter.

Wilmington during that period swarmed with foreigners, Jews and Gentiles. In fact, going down the main street or along the river, you might well imagine you were journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho. As to the falling among thieves we will make no mention. The beggars at the gangways of the newly-arrived steamers were as thick as those in Egypt crying "bucksheesh."

At every turn you "met up," as our tar-heel friends say, with young Englishmen dressed like grooms and jockeys, or with a peculiar coach- manlike look, seeming, in a foreign land, away from their mothers, to indulge their fancy for the *outré* and extravagant in dress to the utmost. These youngsters had money, made money, lived like fighting-cocks, and astonished the natives by their pranks, and the way they flung the Confederate "stuff" about. Of course they were deeply interested in the Confederate cause, and at the same time wanted cotton. The Liverpool house of Alexander Collie and Co. had quite a regiment of these youngsters in their employ. Fine-looking fellows, with turned-up noses, blue eyes wide apart, and their fluffy, straw-colored, mutton-chop whiskers floating in the wind, to the great admiration of their *chèr amiés*, the handsome quadroon washer-women, on whose mantle-pieces and in whose albums were frequently to be found photographs strikingly resembling the aforesaid young foreigners. They occupied a large flaring yellow house, like a military hospital, at the upper end of Market Street, and which belonged to a Mr. Wright. There these youngsters kept open house and spent their pas' and the Company's money, while it lasted. There they fought cocks on Sundays, until the neighbors remonstrated and threatened prosecution. A stranger passing the house at night, and seeing it illuminated with every gas-jet lit (the expense, no doubt, charged to the ship), and hearing the sound of music, would ask if a ball was going on. Oh no! it was only these young English Sybarites enjoying the luxury of a band of negro minstrels after dinner. They entertained any and every body, from Beauregard and Whiting, or Lawley, the voluminous correspondent of the London *Times*, down to such "bummers' as Vizitelly or the most insufferable sponge or snob who forced his society upon them.

But alas! there came a day when these Masters Primrose, with brandy-flushed faces, faded away, and were scattered like their namesakes before a chilling northeast wind, and Wilmington knew them no more. We doubt not that the population of Wilmington, both white and colored, miss and mourn them sadly.

Of course there were many American houses, and American agents representing English houses, some of whom would fain have aped the hospitality of these young Britishers if they could; and others who upon no account would have done so. There were Crenshaw and Brothers, Confederate Government Agents; Ficklin and Finney, Agents for the State of Virginia; Mitchell and Gervey, of Charleston, Agents of the Bee Line; Salomons and Co., of New Orleans; and a host of others of less importance, or no importance at all. Of course they all made fortunes—some at the expense of their country, some at the expense of their companies; which latter, in consequence, often had small dividends to make.

The tribe of Benjamin was very well represented at Wilmington, as you may imagine, the unctuous and oleaginous Confederate Secretary of State having well provided for "his people." A great many gentlemen of strongly Jewish physiognomy were to be met with on the streets, in very delicate health, and with papers in their pockets to keep them out of the army from the Secretary of State, but still in hot pursuit of the "monish." When the conscript officer became very zealous and pressing they fled away to Nassau and Bermuda. We recollect, upon one occasion, when a very distinguished naval officer in the Confederate service was going to run the blockade, three men, representing themselves as being intended for the crew of a Confederate cruiser abroad, presented themselves with notes from a

high Government official, requesting that passage be furnished them to Nassau. Lieutenant J— told tbem:

"Gentlemen, if I take you under these circumstances, you can not go as passengers; you will have to go in the forecastle, as common sailors."

"Very well," said they; "any way will do."

So they went out with the nominal purpose of joining the crew of the cruiser that was being fitted out in Europe. When the vessel got to Nassau, in a few days one of the party had his sign up as a practicing physician; the other had gone into business in a store; and the third came to Lieutenant J—, and begged him to take him as his steward.

"Why," said the officer, "you are a gentleman by birth and education; you are not fitted to he a steward—a waiter."

"Never mind," replied the unhappy impecunious individual; "I am out of money, and must do something."

There were many other such instances of refugees from conscription. In Richmond they used to get through the lines in coffins. At Wilmington scarce a steamer went out without some "stowaways," whom it was not always possible to smoke out, or without some weak-kneed individual who, by hook or crook, in some mysterious way managed to get a passport and to escape the conscript officer.

The Confederate Government used to send some queer agents abroad at the expense of the people. A Mrs. Grinnell was sent out by the Surgeon-General—so she stated—to get bandages, etc., which nobody else, we suppose, but Mrs. Grinnell could get. She was an English-woman, of that class

(Continued on the next page)

Taken by the Pirates **(an excerpt)**

And now, when I think of the scenes I have passed through since I left New York, (the scenes of a honeymoon excursion,) what impressed me most was the almost death-like solemn appearance of Charleston, and the entire absence of anything like business. It appeared as if a Scotch fast day was being observed. At least one half of the stores have "To Let" posted upon the shut doors, and those which are occupied are all closed at noon every day, and every man has to turn out to drill, or be fined by the police the next day.

Another thing which struck me was the almost entire absence of "hard cash." One of my companions and I went into a bar-room to have a drink, and the only money we had to offer was Spanish. My friend offered a two dollar piece, but the bar-keeper was bewildered; he did not know its value, and asked us what it was worth. Being informed that it was worth two dollars twelve and a half cents in Cuba, he offered two dollars twenty-five cents in paper change. Then a crowd gathered around us, staring their eyes out of their heads, almost, at the novelty of the sight of gold, and many of them seemed really anxious to be the possessors. We saw no small change except pieces of paper, which certify that they are "good for five cents," "good for ten cents," and so on.

I must say that men, women, and children in Charleston seem united in the cause of secession. When they found that one of my fellow-passengers and myself were Scotchmen, they treated us very respectfully. Though our Consul did not at first seem to sympathize with us, still he exerted himself well on our behalf when he found that we were in prison. All seemed to have great respect for him in Charleston.

Moore, Frank, *Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War: North and South; 1860 – 1865*, collected and abridged, New York: Publication House, 1867

(continued from previous page) and with those manners which any man, if he has traveled much, has often seen. She gave herself out as a daughter of an English baronet, and had first come to New York several years prior to the war. Then there was Belle Boyd, who represented herself we believe, as an agent sent out by Mr. Benjamin. She was captured, with our friend George Baer, on the *Greyhound*. Another was a Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore. She represented herself, we believe, as an agent of old Mr. Memminger—that compeer of Gallatin and Neckar— who, by-the-way, ever since the surrender has been hiding away somewhere up in the mountain fastnesses of South Carolina, in mortal terror; and who, whenever he hears of even a bureau agent in the shape of a chaplain being in the neighborhood, immediately hies himself off to his retreat, not to reappear till the representative of the United States has departed the vicinity. The fact is, the United States ought to send old Mr. Memminger a free pardon and grant him a pension. He did about as much as any other man we know of to break down the Confederacy. Mallory should be taken care of for life. And as for Benjamin, the United States never can repay the debt of gratitude it owes him for having, by his unfortunate counsels, assisted it in the destruction of " the rebellion." They should send a public ship to bring Benjamin back to his sorrowing country, which so deeply mourns his loss.

Mr. Mallory's navy was always the laughing-stock of the army, and many were the jeers that the Confederate "mud-crushers" let off at his ironclads, formidable things as they were, had he managed properly the Confederate navy. Captain Lynch was the flag-officer of the Cape Fear squadron when we first went there. His fleet consisted of the iron-clad ram *North Carolina*, which drew so much water that she could never get over the bars of the Cape Fear River Inlet—except, possibly, at the highest spring-tide, and then the chances were against her ever getting back again; the *Raleigh*, another iron- clad, not completed till late in the summer of '64; and two or three little steam-tugs. They all came to grief. The *North Carolina*, the bottom of which was neither sheathed nor prepared to resist the worms, was pierced by them till her hull was like a honey-comb, and finally was sunk opposite Smithville. The *Raleigh*, after going out and scaring off the blockading fleet at the New Inlet, was beached and lost on a bar near Fort Fisher in returning. The tugs were burned on the river subsequent to the evacuation of the town.

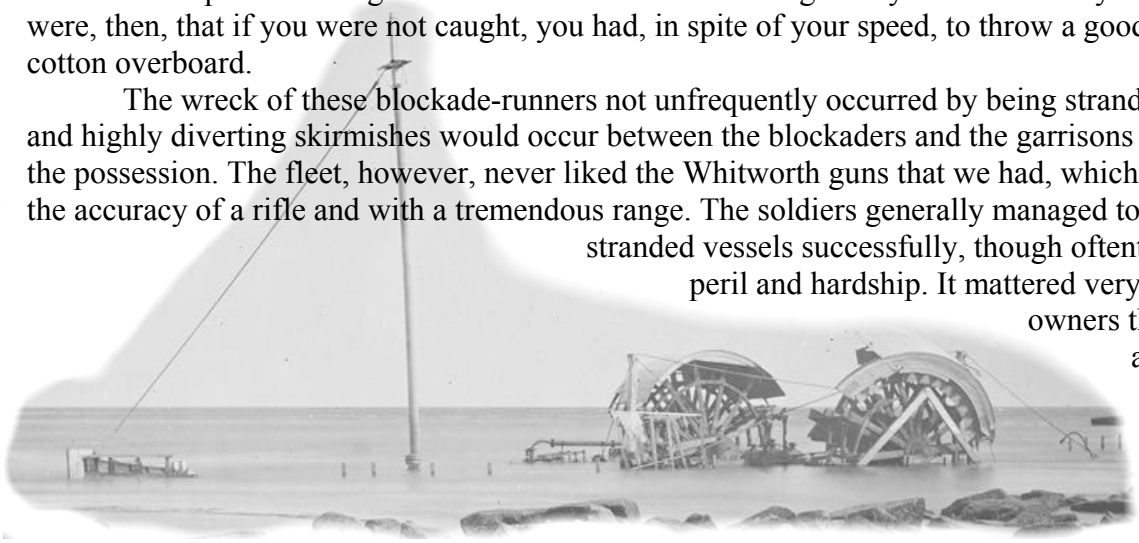
Whiting and Lynch from some cause or other never were on good terms, jealous of each other's authority, we suppose. It finally came near culminating seriously. There had been an order sent by Mr. Mallory to Lynch, in pursuance of an act of the Confederate Congress, not to let any vessel go out without taking out a certain proportion of Government cotton. Lynch was commander of the naval defenses of the Cape Fear. By some oversight the Adjutant-General's office at Richmond had sent no such order to Whiting, who commanded the Department, and consequently the port and its regulations. One of Collie's steamers was about to go out without complying with the law. Old Lynch sent a half company of marines on board of her and took possession. This Whiting resented rather haughtily as an unwarrantable interference with his authority as Commander of the port, and marching in a battalion of the Seventeenth North Carolina Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, ejected the marines, and took possession of the steamer and hauled her up stream to her wharf. Lynch said he did not care how far Whiting took her up the river, but he vowed if any attempt was made to take her to sea he would sink her, and he shotted his guns. Matters looked squally and excitement was high. A collision was feared. They were both summoned to Richmond to explain, and both returned apparently satisfied. Lynch, however, was shortly afterward relieved, and Commodore Pinckney took his place.

We had often wondered why the port was not more effectually closed. To tell the truth it was hardly closed at all. Many of the blockade-runners continued their career till the fall of Fisher. An experienced captain and good engineer invariably brought a ship safe by the blockading squadron. Wilkinson and Carter never failed—good sailors, cool, cautious, and resolute they ran in and out without

difficulty many times. The great danger was from the exterior line of the blockaders some forty or fifty miles out.

But owing to the configuration of the coast it is almost impossible to effect a close blockade. The Cape Fear has two mouths, the Old Inlet, at the entrance of which Fort Caswell stands, and the New Inlet, nine miles up the river, where Fisher guards the entrance. From the station off the Old Inlet, where there were usually from five to six blockaders, around to the station off the New Inlet, a vessel would have to make an arc of some fifty miles, owing to the Frying Pan Shoals intervening, while from Caswell across to Fisher it was only nine miles. The plan of the blockade-runners coming in was to strike the coast thirty or forty miles above or below the Inlets, and then run along (of course at night) till they got under the protection of the forts. Sometimes they got in or out by boldly running through the blockading fleet, but that was hazardous, for if discovered, the ocean was alive with rockets and lights, and it was no pleasant thing to have shells and balls whistling over you and around you. The chances were, then, that if you were not caught, you had, in spite of your speed, to throw a good many bales of cotton overboard.

The wreck of these blockade-runners not unfrequently occurred by being stranded or beached, and highly diverting skirmishes would occur between the blockaders and the garrisons of the forts for the possession. The fleet, however, never liked the Whitworth guns that we had, which shot almost with the accuracy of a rifle and with a tremendous range. The soldiers generally managed to wreck the stranded vessels successfully, though oftentimes with great peril and hardship. It mattered very little to the owners then who got her, as they did not see much of what was recovered—the soldiers thinking they were entitled to what they got at the risk of their lives. But a wreck was a most demoralizing affair—the whole garrison generally got drunk and staid drunk for a week or so afterward. Brandy and fine wines flowed like water; and it was a month perhaps before matters could be got straight. Many accumulated snug little sums from the misfortunes of the blockade-runners, who generally denounced such pillage as piracy; but it could not be helped.



We recollect the wrecking of the *Ella* off Baldhead in December, ‘64. She belonged to the Bee Company of Charleston, and was a splendid new steamer, on her second trip in, with a large and valuable cargo almost entirely owned by private parties and speculators. She was chased ashore by the blockading fleet, and immediately abandoned by her officers and crew, whom nothing would induce to go back in order to save her cargo. Yankee shells flying over, and through, and around her had no charms for these sons of Neptune. Captain Badham, however, and his company, the Edenton (N. C.) Battery, with Captain Bahnson, a fighting Quaker from Salem, N. C., boarded and wrecked her under the fire of the Federals —six shells passing through the Ella while they were removing her cargo. The consequence was that for a month afterward nearly the whole garrison were on “a tight,” and groceries and dry-goods were plentiful in that vicinity. The general demoralization produced by “London Dock” and “Hollands” seemed even to have affected that holy man, the Chap- lain, who said some very queer graces at the head-quarter’s mess-table.

Seldom, however, was there any loss of life attending these wrecks. But there was one notable case of the drowning of a famous woman, celebrated for her beauty and powers of fascination. We allude to the death of Mrs. Greenhow, so well known for many years in Washington circles. Before she even crossed the Confederate lines she had undoubtedly rendered valuable service to the authorities at Richmond, and was in consequence imprisoned by the Federal authorities in Washington. After coming to Richmond and laboring in the hospitals there for some time she sailed for Europe from Wilmington, and it was on her return trip that she was drowned, just as she reached the shores of the South. She had lived past her beauty's prime, had drank deep of fashion and folly's stream of pleasure, had received the admiration and adulation of hundreds of her fellow-mortals, and had reached that point in life when those things no longer please but pall on the senses. Her time had come. The small boat in which she was coming from the vessel, which was beached just a short distance above Fisher, upset. Mrs. Greenhow, after sinking several times, was brought to shore, but soon after reaching it died. It was said that the gold she had sewed up and concealed about her person had borne her down and was the cause of her death; that had it not been for that weight she would have been saved. Her body was brought to Wilmington and laid out in the Sailors' Church, where we saw her. She was beautiful in death. After her funeral her wardrobe and a great many articles that she had brought over for sale, and which had been rescued from the wreck, were sold at auction in Wilmington. It was very splendid, and the "venture" she had brought in for sale was most costly. It. was said that an English countess or duchess had an interest in this venture, and was to have shared the profits of the speculation.

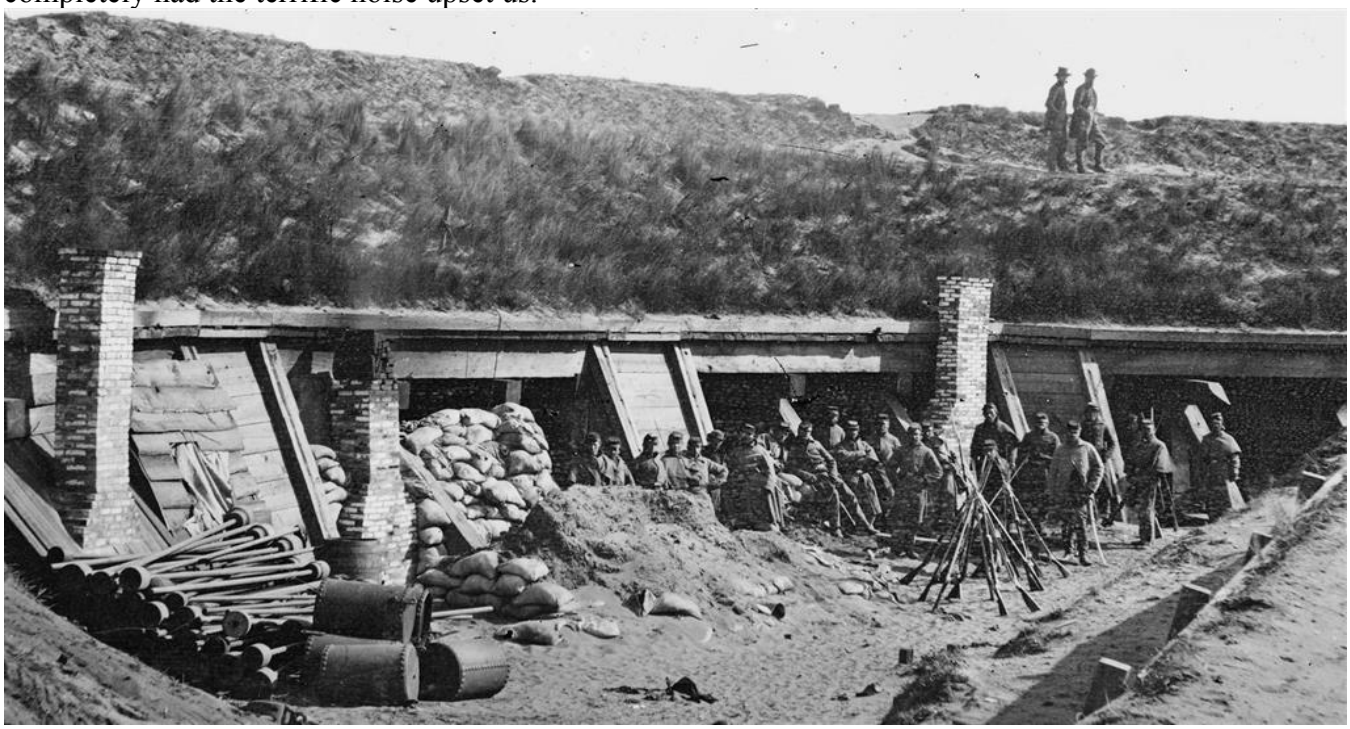
But the storm was soon to rain on our devoted heads. Those white-painted steamers, clipping the water so nimbly, with the British and Confederate flags flying, with their brandies and wines, their silks and calicoes, their bananas and oranges, and gladdening the hearts of the dwellers on the bank of the Cape Fear, were soon to disappear from its waters, and the glory of Wilmington to depart.

Day after day we had watched the blockading fleet with the naked eye and a glass, and often thought what a lonely time those fellows must he having, and longed for some northeast storm to send them on the coast, in order that we might have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Cushing's, by-the-way, we came very near making, when that daring officer came up the Cape Fear in June, we think it was, '64, passing through the New Inlet by Fort Fisher with a boat's crew of some eighteen or twenty sailors and marines, and, landing half-way between the town and the fort, concealed his boat in a creek, and laid *perdu* on the Wilmington and Fisher road, waiting for Whiting or Lamb to come along. A mere accident enabled us to escape him; and though of no importance ourself, we had papers with us at the time that would have been highly interesting to the United States Government. We all of us admired his courage, and thought it deserved success. We well remember delivering Cushing's message (repeated to us by the old citizen whom he caught and released) to General Whiting, that "he had been in Wilmington, and would have him or Colonel Lamb shortly."

On December 24, '64, the armada commanded by Butler and Porter appeared off the coast. That day the United States forces under Butler landed, and the bombardment of Fisher commenced, and such a *fue d'enfer* as was poured on that devoted fort was never seen. Coming up the river from Smithville on a steamer that afternoon we witnessed it, and such a roar of artillery we never heard. Those large double-enders seemed to stand in remarkably close to the fort, and deliver their fire with great accuracy, knocking up the sand on the ramparts, It seemed a continuous hail of shot and shell, many of them going over Fisher and dropping in the river. But Fisher was a long sand fort, stretching in an obtuse angle from the river bank around to the mouth of the New Inlet, that opened into the ocean. It was over a mile from point to point. Though it was thus heavily bombarded for two days, little or no impression was made on its works except to give them a ragged appearance, and very few casualties occurred, the garrison

sticking mostly to their bomb-proofs, which were very complete. Whiting was there in command in person, having been sent there by Bragg, of which latter personage presently.

On Saturday night, Christmas-eve, Butler's powder-ship was exploded. It appears to have made no impression on the fort or the garrison, but we must confess those 300 tons of powder going off made us, though twenty miles off, feel very weak in the knees, and shook our nerves considerably, for we did not know what it was at first, nor what had occurred. About 2 A.M. we were quietly asleep in our quarters with our wife and little one by our side, when this terrible explosion occurred. It must have been heard with greater effect in Wilmington than at the fort, possibly from the fact that the wind was setting in that direction, though the town was twenty miles off. There came in the dead of night that awful noise; the earth seemed to heave, the house shook violently, as if the walls were going to fall out and the roof coming down on us. The baby slept quietly on in its cradle; our better-half clung to us, and hysterically insisted that we should say the Lord's Prayer. Though very familiar with it and the rest of the Bible, to save our lives we could not recollect it. Butler's powder-ship had completely knocked all of our memory out of us. We do not believe we could at that moment have told our own name, so completely had the terrific noise upset us.



Fort Fisher

The next day, Christmas, was Sunday, and all day Porter's guns were thundering away at Fisher and shaking the windows in Wilmington, where the citizens were offering up their prayers for our protection from the enemy. Communication with Fort Fisher by land or telegraph was then cut off—the messages had been sent up to that time. Toward night sensational messages commenced to be brought up from below—one to the effect that the enemy were on the parapet at Fisher (in truth and in fact they never got closer than the stables, at least two or three hundred yards from the fort). Bragg sent Mrs. Bragg away that night at 9 P.M., in a special train, up the Weldon Road, and an officer who saw him at about 11 P.M.. reported that the old gentleman seemed to be quite unnerved, and that his hand was very tremulous. Of course there was a great exodus of civilians from the place the next morning early, the

fact that Mrs. Bragg had gone off acting as a key-note of alarm to others. By mid-day, however, Monday these sensational reports and stories were all quieted by the authenticated news that the enemy had re-embarked on the fleet, and that the attack had ceased. Then the fleet sailed, and every thing quieted down. The general impression was that there would not be another attack till after the spring equinox, in May, say, or the June following.

Capture of Fort Fisher

When Whiting returned to the city Bragg still continued in command, and his friends and himself evidently took the credit of having foiled Butler's attempt. Bragg was a friend and favorite of Mr. Davis. He had sided with General Taylor in Taylor's quarrel with General Scott, and Mr. Davis was a man who never forgot his friends nor forgave his enemies. He seemed determined to sustain Bragg at all events, though the feeling throughout the whole army, and in fact the South, was against that General. When Wilmington was known to be threatened, and Bragg was sent there, the Richmond *Examiner* simply remarked, "Good-by, Wilmington!" and the prediction was verified.

Whiting, after the first attack, wrote to Bragg, advising that in case of another attack, which would probably be made, to prevent surprise he would advise that Hagood's South Carolina brigade, numbering over 2000 effective men, be thrown into Fort Fisher, the garrison of which consisted of one raw, inexperienced regiment that had never smelled powder except in the first attack, and which did not number even over 700 effective men. Hagood's troops were veterans, and had been in many a battle. He also advised that the three other brigades of Hoke's division be placed along about the spot where the Federals had first landed, and be intrenched so as to prevent a landing above the fort. Wise precautions if they had been adopted. Bragg indorsed on the letter of advice from Whiting that he saw no necessity in carrying out those suggestions. It was the failure to carry out those suggestions that lost Wilmington.

Had they been followed Wilmington would not have fallen when it did, nor Fisher have been taken. Instead, Bragg brought Hoke's division up about a half mile back of Wilmington, over twenty miles from the fort, and had a grand review there, in which he paraded himself in a new suit of uniform presented to him by his admirers in Wilmington.

Whiting's prediction about a surprise was shortly to be verified. Thursday night, the 10th of January, '65, the fleet again appeared off Fisher, this time through Bragg's imbecility, to do its work effectually, and Friday morning the citizens of Wilmington were aroused by the booming of Porter's cannon a second time opening on Fisher. When the news came up at midnight that the fleet had again appeared, the band of Hoke's division were in town serenading, the officers were visiting, and the men scattered about—Bragg no doubt asleep in fancied security.

Of the capture of Fort Fisher, and the subsequent inevitable loss of Wilmington, I shall not speak. These events have passed into history. My purpose has been simply to portray the aspect of Wilmington when blockaded.

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Johns, John, "Wilmington During the Blockade," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33, Issue 196, September, 1866, pp. 497-503, New York: Harper & Bros.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

We've anticipated a few questions that might be asked about Skedaddle and will try to answer them here.

What is Skedaddle?

Skedaddle is a free e-zine primarily consisting of material written over 100 years ago about the American civil war, often by people who experienced the war or who were directly impacted by it. Material related to the conditions and circumstances that led to the war may also be included. Skedaddle may be printed and distributed in hard-copy, including unlimited copies, for non-profit, non-commercial purposes. Skedaddle may not be re-published electronically or on-line without permission.

What kind of material will be included in Skedaddle?

For the most part, the content of Skedaddle will be short pieces that fit well within the journal's format. The pieces will include incidents, anecdotes, poetry, as well as other material that may become available. In some instances, the material may be an excerpt from a larger work. Occasionally a piece will be edited for space considerations.

Where does the material for Skedaddle come from?

The public domain. During and after the civil war, there was a significant number of works published that included material related to the war, and, of course, in many instances the entire works were devoted to the topic. Nineteenth century material included in Skedaddle is from the public domain and thus free of copyright. However, once material is included and published in Skedaddle, it becomes a part of a compilation, which is protected under U. S. and international copyright laws. If material for an article is edited to fit in the available space, it becomes a new work protected under copyright laws.

Is Skedaddle pro-North or pro-South?

Neither. However, the material published in Skedaddle, in many instances, will be slanted one way or another as a result of the nineteenth century author's or subject's views and experiences. While the editor will try to maintain a balance between the two sides, there is simply a lot more material available from the side of the victors.

Will Skedaddle be "politically correct?"

Not intentionally. Articles, stories, and poems in our e-journal originated over 100 years ago. The views expressed and the language used will, in most instances, be included as published in the original text. When pieces are edited for space considerations, the text will not be intentionally altered to conform with twenty-first century sensitivities.

Does Skedaddle have an "agenda?"

The only agenda that Skedaddle has is to show the war from the perspectives of 19th century writers.

About Skedaddle

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