SKEDADDLE

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

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 2 MARCH 3, 2004

A view into the war that is unfettered by the filters of the 20th and 21st centuries and not blurred by revisionist history. For more information about this e-journal, please see "Questions and Answers," on page 22.

THE YANKEE WOUNDED

By B. Estvan (1863)

I TOOK a great interest in the fate of the poor wounded prisoners in the hospitals at Richmond, firstly, because, owing to the animosity which prevailed against the Yankees, I fancied they would not be much cared for; and, secondly, because I was aware, that, even with the best intentions, the Government could not do much for so many as thirty thousand wounded men. Richmond, at that time, had the appearance of a great hospital. Every public building was filled with the sick and wounded. Many of the patients had never been in action. Bad food, insufficient clothing, and want of proper attention had brought them into a state of disease. Two surgeons to attend upon six hundred patients were all I found in one hospital; happily, among the prisoners there were a few medical men, who did what they could to alleviate the suffering of their comrades. I shuddered at the spectacle I had to witness; the wounds of many had not been attended to, and their clothing was stiff from clotted blood. I did what I could to improve their condition, I went from bed to bed, promising to exert all my influence in their favor, and many a poor fellow looked me his silent thanks. *(continued on page 2)*

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THE YANKEE WOUNDED (continued from page 1)

I called upon General Winder to represent the case of these unfortunate men. Whilst every attention was paid to our own wounded and sick by the inhabitants, the unfortunate prisoners were allowed to rot and die. General Winder could not withstand my appeal, and promised me his assistance. I then appealed to the German and Irish population to come forward and do something for the poor prisoners, and in a few hours that appeal was responded to. I myself sent everything I could spare from my wardrobe. Many a bottle of wine and parcel of lint, prepared by German ladies, now found their way to the hospitals, and the Irish population, with their natural good nature, brought all the linen they could spare to the surgeons of the prisoners. When it is considered that the persons who did this ran the risk of being arrested by the secret police, the very smallest gifts rank as great sacrifices, for even a glance of pity at a poor sick enemy would have brought them under the suspicion of being traitors to their country. In a few days some sort of system was introduced into the prisoners' hospital. The sick were attended to and waited upon, received changes of linen, and were cheered with the hope of recovery. Many a tear rolled down their pale checks, and many a blessing was bestowed on me on the day when I took leave of them, and I left with the conviction that I had preserved the life of many a brave fellow.

A Yankee Private

After the seven days' fight before Richmond, hundreds of wounded, friend and foe, were brought into Richmond, where for a long time they were left exposed to a broiling sun upon the platform of the railway station. I went with a friend of mine, Captain Travers, son of an admiral in the Confederate fleet, to the station, to render help. Owing to the destruction of the Merrimac, Captain Travers was out of employment, and was in plain clothes. Captain Travers was a fine-looking man, had travelled far, and was a perfect gentleman. When we reached the station, the greatest confusion prevailed; groups of wounded lay in all directions, a number of benevolent ladies, with their black servants, were distributing tea, coffee, chocolate, and broth, to the wounded.

However, I soon observed that they took no notice of many of the sufferers. Some one touched my spur, and on looking down, I beheld one of those ghastly faces which can never be forgotten. It was that of a stately-looking soldier of the enemy, in full uniform.

"You are a German officer," he said. "Yes, comrade," I replied; and his eye brightened. "Then I beg of you, most earnestly," he said, "to get me a cup of coffee." Both Travers and myself immediately went up to a lady who belongs to one of the best families of the South, and who had just passed the poor fellow by, without taking any notice of him. "Madam St. Clair," I said, "will you give me a cup of coffee for a wounded man?" "Oh, certainly," she said, and her servant handed me a cup. I hastened back, but whilst I was stooping down to give it to the wounded man, some one pulled me by the sleeve, and to my astonishment, it was Mrs. St. Clair, who, in a harsh voice, asked me if I was aware I was helping a miserable Yankee. "No, madam," I replied, "I do not know that, but I know that he is a brave soldier, as is proved by his wounds." At the same time I gave this prejudiced woman a look of scorn, which made her beat a hasty retreat, and I then gave the coffee to the wounded man. Tears ran down his furrowed, sunburnt cheeks, and having somewhat recovered himself, he whispered to me, "I am a Swiss; I served for ten years in the

Kabermatter regiment at Naples, but never thought I should die in such a hole as this." I endeavored to console him as best I could.

Captain Travers now arrived with a basket of strawberries, and pressing some between his fingers, put them into the poor fellow's mouth. Whilst thus occupied, a man seized him by the arm, and said, "I arrest you." It was one of the police agents. Captain Travers drew himself up to his full height, "On what ground?" he said. "Because you are helping the enemy," he replied, "and all the ladies here are talking about it." "If it is your intention to arrest me, you can do your vile work at the American Hotel, where I am staying. My name is Captain Travers." As if he had been bitten by a snake, the miserable wretch started back, pleaded duty and the instigation of the ladies as his excuse, and went away.

Estvan, B, "The Yankee Wounded," *The Romance of the Civil War*, New York: The McMillan Company, 1903

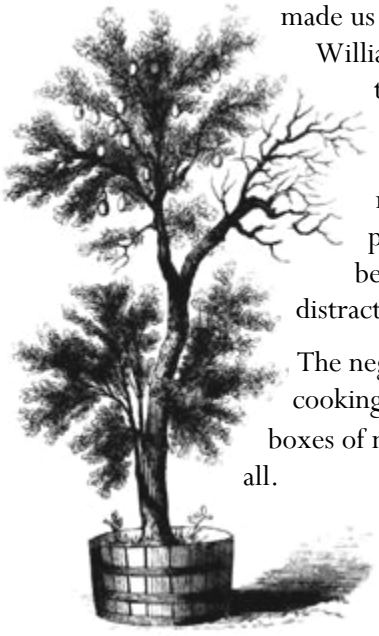
A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT

An account of the leaving of a plantation on the Mississippi River
By Eliza Ripley (1862)

THE only exact date I can remember, and that I never forget, was the 17th of December.

The weather was warm for the season, a thick fog hung over the river, obscuring objects only a few yards distant. As I stood by the window, in the early morning, completing my toilet, the white, misty curtain rolled up like a scroll, revealing a fleet of gunboats. Far as the eye could reach, up and down and around our point, the river was bristling with gayly flagged transports, anchored mid-stream, waiting for the dissipation of the mist to proceed. In a twinkling all was excitement with the hurry and bustle of our immediate departure.

A breakfast eaten "on the fly"as it were, a rushing here and there, and packing of necessaries for our journey, God only knew whither, we did not care where, so we escaped a repetition of scenes that had made us old before our time, and life a constant excitement that was burning us up.



William was despatched to the city on a tour of observation. He returned, to report ten thousand men and the most warlike demonstrations that the darky's genius could invent; pickets to be stationed away beyond Arlington, and all of us to be embraced within the lines and made to "toe de mark." "Mars Jim, and every white man what harbored a Confederate soldier de time of de fight, was to be tuk prisoner." The more William told, the more he remembered to tell; and, long before he was through with his recital, I was perplexed, bewildered, and almost distracted.

The negro men were summoned from their quarters to help load the wagon. We put in cooking utensils, some dishes and plates, bedding and a small mattress, a few kegs and boxes of necessary provisions, a trunk of clothing, some small bags and bundles—that was all.

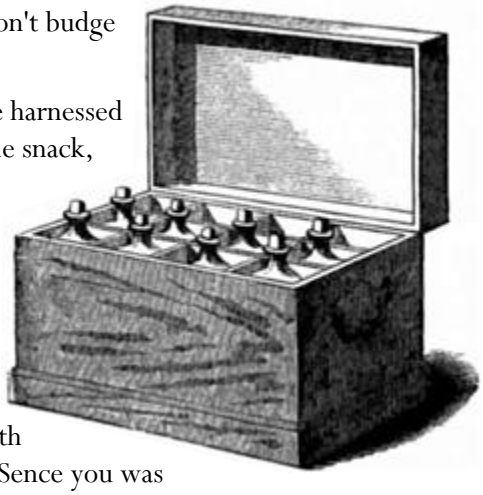
The mules safely locked in the stable, the harnesses all ready to slip on, extra straps and ropes thrown into the wagon—too excited to sleep, we threw ourselves on our beds for the last time; too tired to talk, sore at heart; too worn

out to weep. There we lay in a fitful and uneasy slumber. In the dead stillness of the night there came a low tap at our chamber door. “Mars Jim!” My husband was on his feet with a bound. “Your niggers is all gone to de Yankees; de pickets is on our place, and dey done told your niggers you would be arrested at daylight.” The speaker was head sugar maker on an adjoining plantation, himself a slave. “Call Dominick and tell him to get my buggy ready while I put on some clothes,” was the only response. I lighted the candle and hurried my husband off—while he whispered directions for me to join him immediately after breakfast at the house of a neighbor, five miles back of us, which he could speedily reach by going through the woods, and to have one of the men drive the wagon, and one drive the ambulance through the longer but better wagon-road.

That was all—and he was gone. I did not lie down again, but wandered around in an aimless sort of way, too distracted to do a useful or sensible thing.

At the first appearance of dawn I aroused William to prepare breakfast, and Charlotte to get the table ready. Before the children were awake, I was down at the stable, having William and Willy hitch up the teams. I saw with half an eye that William was not in sympathy with our plans, and knew intuitively that my husband distrusted him. He who had been my husband's valet in his gay bachelor days and our confidential servant, our very aid and help in all my bright married life, had had his poor woolly head turned by that one trip to town, and asserted his independence at the first shadow of provocation. William failing me, I knew I must seek other help.

Being ready and eager to start, I immediately went down to the quarters, a half-mile distant; there I waited, going from cabin to cabin, and walked to the dwelling-house and back again. Willy stood by the hitched-up teams, and Sabe, near by, held the baby in her arms, while little Henry clung to her skirts. Then back to the quarters. This man “had a misery in his back —had had it ever since the crevasse;” that man “never druv in his life—didn't I know he was de engineer?” Another man “wouldn't drive old Sall—she was de balkiest mule on de place; you won't get a mile from here 'fore she takes de contraries, and won't budge a step.”



I could have sat down and wept my very heart out. It was long past noon; the harnessed mules had to be fed, and William made out to say: “We had better take a little snack, and give it up; if we stayed home, Mars Jim would come back; the Yankees didn't have nothin' 'gin him.”

At last old Dave said he “warn't no hand wid mules, but he 'lowed he could tackle old Sal till she balked.” There was no time for bargaining for another driver now. I caught at Dave's offer before he knew it, only stopping long enough to bid all the deluded creatures a hasty goodby.

Dave was hurried by my rapid steps back to the stable, and Sabe came out with the tired children. Just as I thought we were fairly off, William announced, “Sence you was gone a Yankee gunboat is cum down, and I see it's anchored 'tween us and Kernel Hickey's.” A peep around the corner of the house confirmed the truth of his statement. Hastily grasping a carpet-bag, lying ready packed in the ambulance, I ascended to my bedroom, took from it two large pockets quilted thick with jewels which I secured about my person, while Charlotte put the breakfast forks and spoons in the bottom of the bag.

When I returned to the teams, everybody was standing about, apparently waiting to see what “Miss 'Lize” would do now. Summoning every effort to command a voice whose quaver must have betrayed my intense emotion, I directed Willy to mount the wagon, a few last baskets and packages were tossed into the ambulance, and Henry's little pony tied behind. I got in, then the little ones and Sabe; Dave shambled into his place in front; the curtain

cutting off the driver's seat was carefully rolled up, so I could have an unobstructed view, and Willy was told to lead the way.

So I rode away from Arlington, leaving the sugarhouse crowded to its utmost capacity with the entire crop of sugar and molasses of the previous year for which we had been unable to find a market within "our lines," leaving cattle grazing in the fields, sheep wandering over the levee, doors and windows flung wide open, furniture in the rooms, clothes too fine for me to wear now hanging in the armoires, china in the closets, pictures on the walls, beds unmade, table spread. It was late in the afternoon of that bright, clear, bracing day, December 18, 1862, that I bade Arlington adieu forever.

Ripley, Eliza "A Midnight Flight," *The Romance of the Civil War*, New York: The McMillan Company, 1903

A POOR WHITE'S OPINION OF SLAVERY

by Hinton Ravan* Helper (**1857**)

This extract is from a book called The Impending, Crisis, written by a Southern white man. It caused great excitement in Congress.

* should be "Rowan"

IT is a fact well known to every intelligent Southerner that we are compelled to go to the North for almost every article of utility and adornment, from matches, shoepegs and paintings up to cotton-mills, steamships and statuary; that we have no foreign trade, no princely merchants, nor respectable artists; that, in comparison with the free states, we contribute nothing to the literature, polite arts and inventions of the age; that, for want of profitable employment at home, large numbers of our native population find themselves necessitated to emigrate to the West, whilst the free states retain not only the larger proportion of those born within their own limits, but induce annually, hundreds of thousands of foreigners to settle and remain amongst them. We know that almost everything produced at the North meets with ready sale, while, at the same time, there is no demand, even among our own citizens, for the productions of Southern industry; that, owing to the absence of a proper system of business amongst us, the North becomes, in one way or another, the proprietor and dispenser of all our floating wealth, and that we are dependent on Northern capitalists for the means necessary to build our railroads, canals and other public improvements; that if we want to visit a foreign country, even though it may lie directly South of us, we find no convenient way of getting there except by taking passage through a Northern port; and that nearly all the profits arising from the exchange of commodities, from insurance and shipping offices, and from the thousand and one industrial pursuits of the country, accrue to the North, and are there invested in the erection of those magnificent cities and stupendous works of art which dazzle the eyes of the South, and attest the superiority of free institutions.

The North is the Mecca of our merchants, and to it they must and do make two pilgrimages each year—one in the spring and one in the fall. All our commercial, mechanical, manufactural, and literary supplies come from there. We want Bibles, brooms, buckets and books, and we go to the North; we want pens, ink, paper, wafers, and envelopes, and we go to the North; we want shoes, bats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and pocket knives, and we go to the North; we want furniture, crockery, glassware and pianos, and we go to the North; we want toys, primers, school books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicines, tombstones, and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all. Instead of keeping our

money in circulation at home, by patronizing our own mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers, we send it all away to the North, and there it remains; it never falls into our hands again.

In one way or another we are more or less subservient to the North every day of our lives. In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humored with Northern gewgaws; in youth we are instructed out of Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our "wild oats" on Northern soil; in middle-life we exhaust our wealth, energies and talents in the dishonorable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children's children, and, to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and succor to every department of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eye-sight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and, finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern cambric, are stretched upon the bier, borne to the grave in a Northern carriage, entombed with a Northern spade, and memorized with a Northern slab.

THE FIRST AND MOST SACRED DUTY OF EVERY SOUTHERNER, WHO HAS THE HONOR AND THE INTEREST OF HIS COUNTRY AT HEART, IS TO DECLARE HIMSELF AS AN UNQUALIFIED AND UNCOMPROMISING ABOLITIONIST.

When asked why the North has surpassed the South I feel no disposition to mince matters, but mean to speak plainly, and to the point. The son of a venerated parent, who, while he lived, was a considerate and merciful slaveholder, a native of the South, born and bred in North Carolina, of a family whose home has been in the valley of the Yadkin for nearly a century and a half, a Southerner by instinct and by all the influences of thought, habits, and kindred, and with the desire and fixed purpose to reside permanently within the limits of the South, and with the expectation of dying there also—I feel that I have the right to express my opinion, however humble or unimportant it may be, on any and every question that affects the public good.

In my opinion, the causes which have impeded the progress and prosperity of the South sunk a large majority of our people in galling poverty and ignorance; entailed upon us a humiliating dependence on the Free States; disgraced us in the recesses of our own souls; and brought us under reproach in the eyes of all civilized and enlightened nations—may all be traced to one common source, and there find solution in the most hateful and horrible word, that was ever incorporated into the vocabulary of human economy—slavery.

The first and most sacred duty of every Southerner, who has the honor and the interest of his country at heart, is to declare himself as an unqualified and uncompromising abolitionist. No conditional or half-way declaration will avail; no more threatening demonstration will succeed. With those who desire to be instrumental in bringing about the triumph of liberty over slavery, there should be neither evasion, vacillation, nor equivocation. We should listen to no modifying terms or compromises that may be proposed by the proprietors of the unprofitable and ungodly institution. Nothing short of the complete abolition of slavery can save the South from falling into the vortex of utter ruin. Too long have we yielded a submissive obedience to the tyrannical domination of an inflated oligarchy; too long have we tolerated their arrogance and self-conceit; too long have we submitted to their unjust and savage exactions. Let us now wrest from them the sceptre of power, establish liberty and equal rights throughout the land, and henceforth and forever guard our legislative halls from the pollutions and usurpations of pro-slavery demagogues.

We propose to subvert this entire system of oligarchal despotism. We think there should be some legislation for decent white men, not alone for negroes and slaveholders. Slavery lies at the root of all the shame, poverty, ignorance, tyranny and imbecility of the South; slavery must be thoroughly eradicated; let this be done, and a glorious future will await us.

Helper, Hinton Rowen, "A Poor White's Opinion of Slavery," *The Romance of the Civil War*, New York: The McMillan Company, 1903

CADET GRANT AT WEST POINT

by Ulysses Simpson Grant

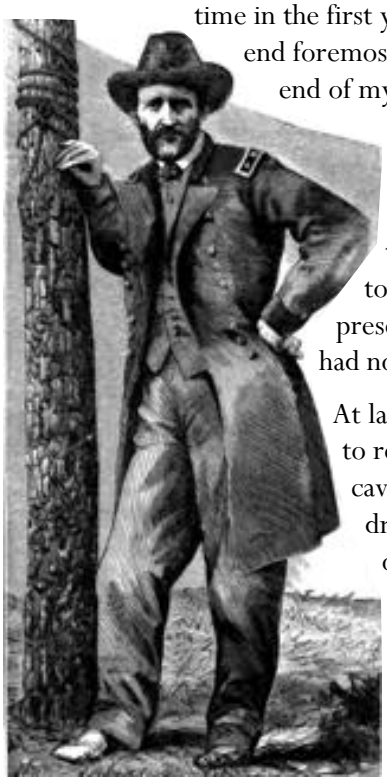
A MILITARY LIFE HAD NO CHARMS FOR ME, AND I HAD NOT THE FAINTEST IDEA OF STAYING IN THE ARMY EVEN IF I SHOULD BE GRADUATED, WHICH I DID NOT EXPECT.

IN the winter of 1838-39 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment." "What appointment?" I inquired. "To West Point; I have applied for it." "But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did.

Besides this argument in favor of my going to West Point there was another very strong inducement. I had always a great desire to travel. Going to West Point would give me the opportunity of visiting the two great cities of the continent, Philadelphia and New York. This was enough. When these places were visited I would have been glad to have had a steamboat or a railroad collision, or any other injury happen, by which I might have received a temporary accident sufficient to make me ineligible, for a time, to enter the Academy. Nothing of the kind occurred, and I had to face the music.

Birthplace of General Grant

A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came — the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks — I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I staid to graduation, I would have to remain always. I did not take hold of my studies with avidity, in fact I rarely ever read over a lesson the second time during my entire cadetship. I could not sit in my room doing nothing. There is a fine library connected with the academy, from which cadets can get books to read in their quarters. I devoted more time to these than to the books relating to the course of studies. Much of the time, I am sorry to say, was devoted to novels, but not those of a trash sort. I read all of Bulwer's then published, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, Lever's, and many others that I do not now remember. Mathematics were very easy to me, so that when January came, I passed the examination taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that



time in the first year's course, my standing was very low. In fact if the class had been turned the other end foremost I should have been near the head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class, in any one study, during the four years. I came near it in French, artillery, infantry and cavalry tactics, and conduct.

During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the army.

At last all the examinations were passed, and the members of the class were called upon to record their choice of arms of service and regiments. I was anxious to enter the cavalry, or dragoons, as they were then called, but there was only one regiment of dragoons in the army at that time, and attached to that, besides the full complement of officers, there were at least four brevet second lieutenants. I recorded, therefore, my first choice, dragoons; second, infantry; and got the latter.

Having made alternate choice of two different arms of service with different uniforms, I could not get a uniform suit, until notified of my assignment. I left my measurement with a tailor, with directions not to make the uniform until I notified him whether was to be for infantry or dragoons. Notice did not reach me for several weeks, and then it took at least a week to get the letter of instruction to the tailor, and two more to make the clothes and have them sent to me. This was a time of great suspense.

Two incidents happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from. Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it, and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that everyone was looking at me, with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty, ragged pants held up by a single gallows, turned to me and cried, "Soldier! will you work? No, sir-ee; I'll sell my shirt first!"

The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite our house in Bethel stood the old stage tavern where man and beast found accommodation. The stable-man was rather dissipated, but possessed a sense of humor. On my return I found him parading the streets, and attending in the stable, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen trousers, just the color of my uniform trousers, with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one in the minds of many people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not appreciate it so highly.

Grant, Ulysses Simpson, "Cadet Grant at West Point ," *The Romance of the Civil War*, New York: The McMillan Company, 1903

A SOUTHERN OFFICER TO HIS BOYS

By Captain Robert E. Lee (1847)

SHIP MASSACHUSETTS, OFF LOBOS, February, 27, 1847

MY DEAR Boys :

I received your letters with the greatest pleasure, and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I will not separate you in my letters, but write one to you both. I was much gratified to hear of your progress at school, and hope that you will continue to advance, and that I shall have the happiness of finding you much improved in all your studies on my return. I shall not feel my long separation from you, if I find that my absence has been of no injury to you, and that you have both grown in goodness and knowledge, as well as stature. But, ah! how much I will suffer on my return, if the reverse has occurred! You enter all my thoughts, into all my prayers; and on you, in part, will depend whether I shall be happy or miserable, as you know how much I love you. You must do all in your power to save me pain.

You will learn, by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was so calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies. Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, something like a cart-saddle, though larger, that carried two ten-gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey. They had no bridles on, but would come along in strings to the river, and, as soon as their kegs were filled, start off again. They were fatter and sleeker than any donkeys I had ever seen before, and seemed to be better cared for. I saw a great many ponies, too. They were larger than those in the upper country, but did not seem so enduring. I got one to ride around the fortifications. He had a Mexican bit and saddle on, and paced delightfully, but, every time my sword struck him on the flanks, would jump and try to run off. Several of them had been broken to harness by the Americans, and I saw some teams, in wagons, driven four-in-hand, well matched and trotting well.

We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the bank of the river, and fired a salute as he passed them. He landed at the market, where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the centre of the column, and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings. They had provided a handsome gray horse, richly caparisoned, for him, but he preferred to walk, with his staff around him, and a dragoon led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee, the Governor's Island band playing all the time.

There were six thousand soldiers in Tampico. Mr. Barry was the adjutant of the escort. I think you would have enjoyed with me the oranges and sweet-potatoes. Major Smith became so fond of the chocolate that I could hardly get him away from the house. We only remained there one day. I have a nice state-room on board this ship; Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time I can do nothing with him. I left Jem to come on with the horses, as I was afraid they would not be properly cared for. Vessels were expressly fitted up for the horses, and parties of dragoons detailed to take care of them. I had hoped they would reach here by this time, as I wanted to see how they were fixed. I took every precaution for their comfort, provided them with bran, oats, etc.,

and had slings made to pass under them and attached to the coverings above, so that, if in the heavy sea they should slip, or be thrown off their feet, they could not fall.

I had to sell my good old horse Jim, as I could not find room for him, or, rather, I did not want to crowd the others. I know I shall want him when I land. Creole was the admiration of every one at Brazos, and they hardly believed she had carried me so far, and looked so well. Jem says there is nothing like her in all the country, and I believe he likes her better than Tom or Jerry. The sorrel mare did not appear to be so well after I got to the Brazos. I had to put one of the men on her, whose horse had given out, and the saddle hurt her back. She had gotten well, however, before I left, and I told Jem to ride her every day. I hope they may both reach the shore again in safety, but I fear they will have a hard time. They will first have to be put aboard a steamboat and carried to the ship that lies about two miles out at sea, then hoisted in, and how we shall get them ashore again, I do not know; probably throw them overboard, and let them swim there.

I do not think we shall remain here more than one day longer. General Worth's and General Twiggs's divisions have arrived, which include the regulars, and I suppose the volunteers will be coming on every day. We shall probably go on the 1st down the coast, select a place for debarkation, and make all the arrangements preparatory to the arrival of the troops. I shall have plenty to do there, and am anxious for the time to come, and hope all may be successful. Tell Rob he must think of me very often, be a good boy, and always love papa. Take care of Speck and the colts. Mr. Sedgwick and all the officers send their love to you.

The ship rolls so that I can scarcely write. You must write to me very often. I am always very glad to hear from you. Be sure that I am thinking of you, and that you have the prayers of your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

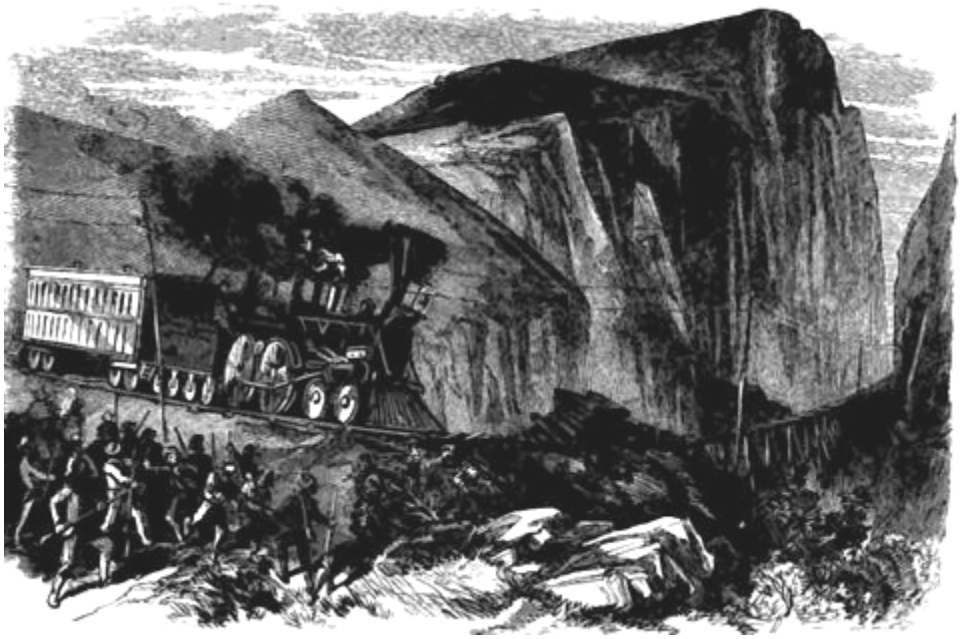
Lee, Robert E., "A Southern Officer to his Boys ," *The Romance of the Civil War*, New York: The McMillan Company, 1903

CONFEDERATE COLONY IN BRAZIL

By Dr. John H. Blue

Judge John Guillet, an old and highly-esteemed citizen of Carroll county, with several families, and a Mr. Reavia, of Cooper county, Missouri, with his interesting family, are now here (August), making about forty Americans in all, the nucleus of a good settlement around Colonel M.L. Swain, of Louisiana, who has located and paid for a body of land on the Assunguy, a branch of the Serra-Negro river, which empties into this bay from the northwest, and which is the only practicable route to the mines, and to the rich open country beyond. We already have houses and a little store, and will soon have a little blacksmith shop and a school house, the Government giving us five hundred milreis a year to support a school. We have small crops of corn, beans, and potatoes, growing finely, and expect to keep ahead of the wants of new-comers, in the way of food. All of this dates from about the time that I came into the bay, a period, a period of less than three months.

Blue, Dr. John H., *DeBow's Review*, January, 1866



OBSTRUCTING THE TRAIN

THE FIRST TENNESSEE CAVALRY ESCORTING REBEL PRISONERS

"MY SON—HAS HE COME?"

There is something most touching in the following narration of the intensity of maternal sorrow and love—a grandeur, indeed, in the conduct of this poor lone mother, whose affection had made her mad, and who thus yearned for one her poor faded eyes could never see again. During the progress of the war, her son, a member of one of the Connecticut regiments, was taken prisoner and confined with other Union soldiers at Andersonville, Georgia. A short time afterwards several were exchanged. His mother, in Connecticut, hearing of it, and believing that he was among the number, left her desolate home, and went to Camp P——, which was situated two miles from Annapolis, to seek her treasure among the boat loads landed on the Severn. She waited, wearily waited, day after day, for the coming of her boy; but though many came, he was not among them. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and so it was with her. Broken-hearted by constantly recurring disappointments, her mind, already shaken by grief, at last gave way, and thus months rolled away, and with them the events borne on the wings and waves of time.

SHE WOULD GAZE WISTFULLY, LONGINGLY, OVER THE BLUE WASTE, AS IF HER VERY EAGERNESS WOULD HASTEN ON THE BARK.

During all this period she continued to visit the office of Dr. Vanderkieft, the surgeon in charge, to ascertain whether any boat loads of released prisoners had arrived. When, finally, the last detachment came in, she seemed overjoyed, and went, with throbbing heart, from skeleton to skeleton, scanning them eagerly, anxiously. But, her son was not there; and each day she went, heavy and weary in spirit, back to her home. The good-hearted surgeon—such he truly was—although he knew and had told her many times that her son had been officially reported as dead, still answered her every day with the same monotonous, but very kindly spoken, "No!"

Thus came this broken-hearted, shattered, but loving mother, every day, always provided with a shirt, a pair of drawers, pantaloons, boots and cap, and when informed, regularly, that her son had not yet arrived she would go down the graveled path across the lawn to the very end of the long wharf. There she stood looking over the broad waters of the Chesapeake for fully an hour. Clad ever in the same neat dress and closely fitting bonnet, she would gaze wistfully, longingly, over the blue waste, as if her very eagerness would hasten on the bark she imagined would bear back to her her child. But her tear-swollen eyes at last grew dim, her strength failed, and with the empty void aching in her breast, she slowly and finally turned her steps from that long-accustomed pathway, never again to retrace them, nor again to ask so piteously, "My son—has he come?"

Kirkland, Frazer, The Pictorial Book of Anecdotes and Incidents of the War of the Rebellion, Hartford: Hartford Publishing Company, 1867

CHALLENGING THE SENTINEL

It was the custom of the colonel of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers to make the rounds every night in person, and satisfy himself that every sentinel was, at his post and doing his duty. On one occasion, while in the discharge of that self-imposed duty, he approached a post, and received the challenge as usual, "Who comes there?"

"Friend with the countersign," was the colonel's reply.

Here the poor sentinel was at a loss. The rest of his instructions had been forgotten. The colonel was a very particular man, and insisted that every thing should be done exactly right. So, after spending considerable time in the endeavor to impress the "role" upon the mind of the sentinel, he suggested that he would act as sentinel while the other should personate the colonel. "Blinky"—for such was this soldier's surname in the regiment—moved back a few paces and then turned to approach the colonel.

"Who comes there?" challenged the colonel.

"Why, Blinky; don't you know me, colonel?"

This was too much for even so patient and forbearing man as Colonel Howell. "As green as verdigris," thought he. The gun was handed over, and the colonel assed on to the next post, meditating upon the vanity of all earthly things in general, and of things military in particular.

Brockett, Dr. L. P., *The Camp, The Battle Field, and the Hospital; or, Lights and Shadows of the Great Rebellion*, Philadelphia: National Publishing Company, 1866

ADVENTURE OF A SPY

I HAVE lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, far obvious reasons, it would not be politic to state. Suspected of being a Northerner, it was to my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy, "a short shrift" and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with its idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, despising Northern fighters, laughing at their tactics, and sneering at their weapons, praising the beauty of Southern belles and decrying that of Northern, calling New York a den of cutthroats and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of the practice of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable nor desirable. As to the honor, let the country benefited by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle field, which may, perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quotum of intelligence, and was on the move for the Northern lines. I was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirt of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all fours along the ground, and groped with my hands. I paused – I groped again – my breath thickened – perspiration oozed from every pore, and I was prostrated with horror. I had missed my landmark, and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff I had hidden ten days before, when I commenced my operations among the followers of Jeff Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird, or plunging of a fish, would act like magnetism upon my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opportunity of escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards' distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge be has to the contrary; knowing too, with painful certainty, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings— I was about to let myself gently into the stream, and breast its current for life or death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swing between heaven and earth, from some green limb in the dark forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck my ear. The sound was reviving—the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After a pause of a few seconds, I began to creep mechanically and stealthily down the stream, followed, as I knew, from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute, although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault. Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me, as, stretching out my hand, I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked.

In an instant I had scrambled on board, and began to search for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings. Suddenly a bright ray of moon-light—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skiff (hidden there ten days before), lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and, on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended, and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I

aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made, the boat careened over toward my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his fore paws over the side, at the same time seizing the gunwale with his teeth. Now or never was my time. I drew my revolver, and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring on me a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasping my "Bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the bound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone. Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after I was among friends within the Northern lines.

Brockett, Dr. L. P., *The Camp, The Battle Field, and the Hospital; or, Lights and Shadows of the Great Rebellion*, Philadelphia: National Publishing Company, 1866

FORAGING

NOTHING in the excitement of army life has been the cause of more sport than the liberty given under certain circumstances, and taken under others, for the private soldier to "forage." In civilized warfare, ordinarily, the supplying of the troops with necessary food from the enemy's country is supposed to be a systematic business operation, conducted by the officers of the army of occupation, by requisition, either in money or produce, for which receipts of greater or less value are given. In a civil war, the supplies are to be paid for, according to the tenor of the receipt, on proof of the loyalty of the party furnishing them to the government of the captors. But in actual practice, there is a large amount of private plundering, which army officers, though they may censure, find it convenient to wink at. The men may have been on hard and unpalatable fare for days or weeks, and it is nearly impossible to prevent them from taking pigs, chickens, etc, when they are in a vicinity where they abound. The plunder and destruction of other valuables, such as watches, jewelry, clothing, musical instruments, books, and the burning of houses, etc., as it was practiced by the "bummers" or camp followers of Sherman's army, is an outrage on civilized warfare, and is a just ground of bitter reproach to the administration of that very able commander. Some of the foraging stories are, however, full of humor, and could hardly be otherwise regarded than as excellent jokes, even by the sufferers themselves. We subjoin a few.

"THE PLUNDER AND DESTRUCTION… BY THE "BUMMERS" OR CAMP FOLLOWERS OF SHERMAN'S ARMY IS AN OUTRAGE ON CIVILIZED WARFARE,…"

TREASURE SEEKERS

DRAWING RATIONS.—There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse, in some manner, the ennui of camp life. A farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from the field. He bore it for some time, but when the last of his fine field of kidneys began to disappear, he thought the thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going round to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He

had not proceeded far, when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of kidneys, which looked marvellously like those that the good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid," was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does government furnish potatoes for rations?"

"Nary tater."

"I thought yon said you drew them?"

"Did. We just do that thing."

"But *how?* if they are not included in your rations."

"Easiest thing in the world—wont you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops mostly! Sometimes by a hoe—if there's one left in the field."

"Hum! ha! Yes; I understand. Well, now, see here! If you wont draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basketful every morning, and draw them myself!"

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer.

THE BUMMER

The covenant was duly observed, and no one but the farmer drew potatoes from that field afterward.

THAT PIG.—A few nights since, as two of the regiments were at Annapolis Junction, on their way here, a mischievous soldier, who was placed on guard at some distance from the main body, as he was walking his rounds, shot a pig. A member of the other regiment, hearing the report, hastened to the spot, and demanded that the pig should be divided, or he would inform his officers. The prize was accordingly "partitioned," and served up to the

friends of each party. The officers, however, observing the bones, soon found out the guilty party; and, on questioning him, he replied that he did it in obedience to the orders he had received, "not to let any one pass without the countersign." He saw the pig coming toward him, and challenged it; but, receiving no answer, he charged bayonet on it, and, the pig still persisting, he shot it. The officers laughed heartily at the explanation, and sent him to find the owner, and pay for the pig, which he states was the hardest job he ever performed.

IN the summer of 1861, a regiment of light infantry from the vicinity of Norway, Maine, were encamped in Washington for a few days. Two of the men had become dissatisfied with their fare, and they conceived the sublimely impudent idea of foraging on the President's rations. How they did it is related as follows:

They proceeded directly to the President's house. Without ceremony they wended their way quietly into the broad kitchen – "bowing to a tall man" on their passage – and carefully selecting what they thought would "go round," made the following speech to the cook:

"Look here, we've sworn to support the government; for three days we've done it on salt junk; now if you *would* spare us a little of this it would *put the thing along amazingly*.

It is needless to say that the boys had an abundance that day.

HOW A YANKEE SOLDIER KEPT A HOTEL IN DIXIE.—When General Banks' army moved on up the Shenandoah valley from New Market, Quartermaster-Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn, on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board; but he was informed, in true Virginia style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you wont board me I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and ho hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant immediately dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary and "took us" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn. He then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows. Then, going to her servants' house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn-dodgers that had been prepared for supper. The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation.

True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the hotel across the way – at which she became spitefully indignant. But Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries.

Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders; and in due time a sheep, and another young porker, and a second hive of bees, were gathered under the roof of his "hotel;" and furthermore, not a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time her ladyship thought she could "see it," and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at the door.

"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house – and, if you will accept, you can have board and a room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely; "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at any secession house in Virginia at the same price. You will therefore be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late!" And back he hobbled to the barn – and actually remained there two weeks – taking in and boarding every sick soldier that came along; making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued, but it taught her a valuable lesson, and Yankee soldiers never thereafter applied to her in vain for food and shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

FORAGING FOR WHISKEY.—The appetite for strong drink was so fierce among some of the soldiers, that they would resort to all kinds of expedients to obtain it. At the commencement of the war, when the troops were encamped near Washington, in spite of the most stringent orders many would get intoxicated; and it was found that it was smuggled into camp in gun barrels. At Falmouth, before the battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside ordered several hundred barrels of commissary whiskey to be sent down from Washington to Acquia creek. Lieutenant _____, of the Twenty-ninth New York, acting brigadier commissary in Getty's division, sent repeatedly to the creek for a supply; but every barrel that was furnished here would disappear from the cars before reaching Falmouth, rumor having it that the roguish Hawkins' Zouaves had "gobbled" them. At length, despairing of obtaining any of the stuff by order, he proceeded personally to Aoquia creek for a supply. He obtained one barrel, and standing it up in the car, *seated himself upon the top* of the barrel, confident that no one would get that away from him. What was his dismay, on springing down to the platform at Falmouth, to find the barrel empty! Some ingenious soldiers had bored a hole up through the bottom of the car while the train halted at Potomac creek or Burke's station, tapped the barrel, and drained it to the dregs!

FORAGING BY VETERAN SOLDIERS.—In March, 1862, in the advance upon Winchester, Brigadier-General Abercrombie commanded the first brigade, having Cochran's battery with it. Abercrombie was very strict, not allowing his men to forage. The next morning after we camped near Berryville, the general rode through the battery. The captain was in his tent Approaching it, he discovered the quarters of a fine young beef that the men had "foraged" the previous night, lying against a tree. The general's brow contracted as he demanded of Sergeant Leander E. Davis:

"Where the d—l did you get that beef? I gave the commissary no orders to issue fresh beef here."

Davis, who was a very polite soldier, removed his cap, and saluted the general, saying, in a tone evincing perfect coolness and sincerity:

"General, I was sergeant of the guard last night, and about ten o'clock I heard a terrible commotion in the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, Colonel Webster's regiment, across the road. I rushed out to see what was going on, and just as I passed the captain's tent I saw a fine steer coming through the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with about a hundred men after it. The animal appeared very much frightened, general, and, true as you live, it jumped clear across the road (about two rods), over both stone fences, and as it alighted in this lot it struck its head against this tree, and being so terribly scared, its head, hide, and legs kept right on running, while the quarters dropped

down here, where they have remained ever since. It is very fine, tender beef, general, and I had just come here for the purpose of cutting off and sending you a fine sirloin roast for dinner. Will you be so obliging as to accept of it?"

"How long have you been a soldier?" demanded the old general.

"About six months general."

"Well, sir, I perceive that you thoroughly appreciate the art of war, and have become a *veteran* in half a year. Were you a green soldier I should order you under arrest, and have you court-martialed; but, on account of your *veteran* proclivities, I shall recommend you for promotion!" and putting spurs to his horse he rode away, shaking his sides with laughter.

MAKING A CLEAN SWEEP.—If the practice of plundering the house of an enemy of all its provisions were ever justifiable, it would seem to have been partially so in the following instance, which is related by a veteran of the Army of the Cumberland:

We had had but a scanty allowance of food for several days, and the boys were getting to be pretty wolfish. Not far from our camp – by the way, this was down in Tennessee, in '62 – there was a large rebel plantation, with a fine house, which the niggers said was actually overstocked with every thing nice. Some of the boys went there to try and raise something to eat. Several very stylish-looking ladies came out on the portico; but when we asked them for food – gracious! – how they abused us! It was perfectly savage! They presented pistols, and said they'd blow out our brains, and in fact "carried on" as only "reb" women *can.* Well – we retreated.

About an hour after, Major W_____ and several others of our officers went to the same house, where the ladies gave them a luncheon, and at the same time provoked and annoyed them as much as possible, by giving an exaggerated account of the manner in which they had, as they said, driven off a band of Federal thieves that morning, and scared them to death with rusty and un-loaded old pistols. They didn't spare the major, and insulted him by ridiculing his soldiers, until he was as mad as a hornet.

I don't know how it was, but, soon after the major got back to camp, somebody proposed to shell that house out. Down we went with a rush. The ladies came out in a rage, and flourished their old pistols, and abused us like street-walkers; but it was all of no use. The boys swarmed like bees into the cellar; and I tell you, it was the best filled house I ever foraged on. What they ever intended to do with such supplies of canned fruits and meats, such rows on rows of hams, and barrels of every thing nice, I can't imagine. The boys filled bags, and sheets, and blankets, and wheeled the plunder off, or carried it –"like good fellows."

Of course the ladies sent off post haste to Major W_____, to come and stop this business. He was a very long time in coming – very. I think that the messenger must have had a hard time to find him. And when he got there he didn't speak to any of us, and seemed to be rather slow in taking in the whole story from the ladies. When he had heard them out – and it takes a long time for an angry woman to say all that she has to say – he bowed, and said: "Ladies, I will see to it at once." So down he came, and began to rate us in this style:

"Men, what do yon mean by such infernal conduct? Stop your pillaging *at once!*" (*Then aside.*) "I hope you've cleaned the place out, d—n it!" (*Aloud.*) "Put down that bag of potatoes, you scoundrel!" (*Aside.*) "And roll off that barrel of sugar, you d—d fool!" (*Aloud.*) "If I catch you foraging again in this fashion, I'll make you repent it." (*Aside.*) "Pitch into the grub, boys!—there's a whole chest of tea in that dark corner!"

As the major went up-stairs, the cellar was empty. The last thing I heard him say to the ladies was that "*his* men should never forage there again," and his last aside – "I don't think they've left a single d—d thing to steal."

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.—While the Army of the Potomac was making its way into Virginia, a party of soldiers, hungry and fierce, had just reached a rail fence, tied their horses, and pitched their officers' tents, when four pigs incautiously approached the camp. The men, on noticing them, immediately decided on their capture. They stationed two parties, one at each end of a V in the fence, with rails to complete the two sides of a square; two men were then sent to scatter corn before the pigs, and lead them along inside the V, when the square was finished and the pigs penned. A cavalry officer, whose men had attempted their destruction with their sabres, came up, and said to the army correspondent who tells the story, "Ah! the pen is still mightier than the sword!"

General Payne, of Illinois, commanded a brigade in the Army of the Cumberland, composed of Ohio and Illinois troops. A soldier of the Seventy-ninth sent to the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*, the following in reference to this officer:

THE REBELLION MUST BE SQUELCHED.—One day a wealthy old lady, whose plantation was in the vicinity of camp, came in and inquired for General Payne. When the commander made his appearance, the old lady in warm language at once acquainted him with the fact that his men had stolen her last coopful of chickens, and demanded their restitution, or their value in currency.

"I am sorry for you, madam," replied the general; "but I can't help it. The fact is, ma'am, we are determined to squelch out this unholy rebellion, if it takes every d—d chicken in Tennessee."

This exhibition of utter recklesness of means for the accomplishment of a purpose which the old lady deemed most foul, temporarily deprived her of the power of speech, and she passed from the presence of the general without asserting her right – the last word.

A DARK SHADOW.—A captain in front of Petersburg writes:

Last March, our regiment (the Twenty-second United States Colored Troops) was on rather a wild raid in King and Queen county, Virginia. As the raid was intended as a punishment for the brutal murder of the gallant young Dahlgren, the men were allowed much more liberty than is common even on such occasions, and great was the

havoc inflicted upon the natives, in the way of private excursions among the hen-houses, and many were the remarks created among the "smokes." One enterprising fellow brought in with his supply of poultry an exceedingly lean and thin hen. This fact being observed by one of his comrades, gave rise to the following remark:

"Golly! I tho't I's berry good forr'ger, but nebber seen a man afore could cotch de shadder of a hen!"

Brockett, Dr. L. P., *The Camp, The Battle Field, and the Hospital; or, Lights and Shadows of the Great Rebellion*, Philadelphia: National Publishing Company, 1866

AT ANDERSONVILLE

WHEN the weird, wondering wind is still,
There, in the valleys of Andersonville,
At that shivering hour—the grim half-way
Of the ghostly march of the dark to day,
There are sounds too mystical to repeat;
Eager voices, hurrying feet,
Ribald laughter and jest — and then
The prayers and pleadings of prisoned men.

At dead of night, when the wind is still,
There is life in the shadows of Andersonville.

When the hills gloom black in the midnight shade,
There are signs of life in the old stockade;
The phantom guards in the prison bounds
Resume their sorrowful, silent rounds;
While the glowworm's lantern gleams and waves
Adown the aisles of a thousand graves;
And then to the listening ear there comes
The mystic roll of the muffled drums.

The drama ends and the dreamer wakes :
In the flowering fields and the tangled brakes
The birds are singing, the liquid notes
Rise to heaven from their thrilling throats;
The sunlight falls with a softened beam
On the voiceless graves where the dead men dream;
While hill and valley and prison sod
Rest in the smile and the peace of God.

But at dead of night, when the wind is still,
There is life in the shadows of Andersonville.

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-journal 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.

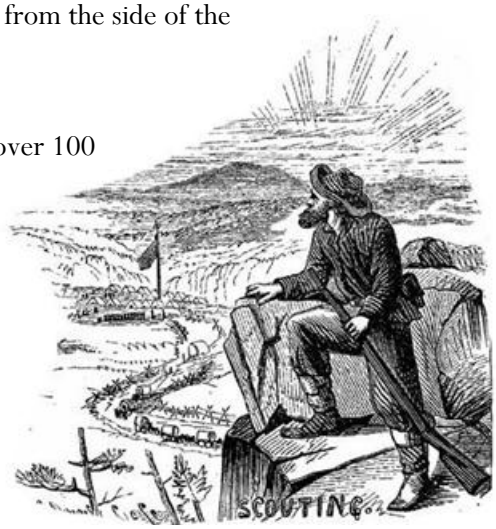
> "THE TEXT WILL NOT BE INTENTIONALLY ALTERED TO CONFORM WITH TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SENSITIVITIES.

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.

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