

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 scabbled 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 superfluties 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 trudded 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 laden 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.

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*.

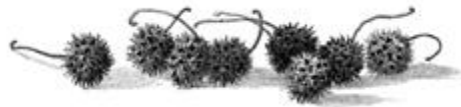
The State of North Carolina, after making it unlawful to speculate in salt, appointed a salt commissioner and made an appropriation to establish evaporating stations on the coast; and when these proved inadequate, and the approach of Federal fleets and armies rendered them insecure, state works were 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 petrifications 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.

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.