

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 you 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 recklessness 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?

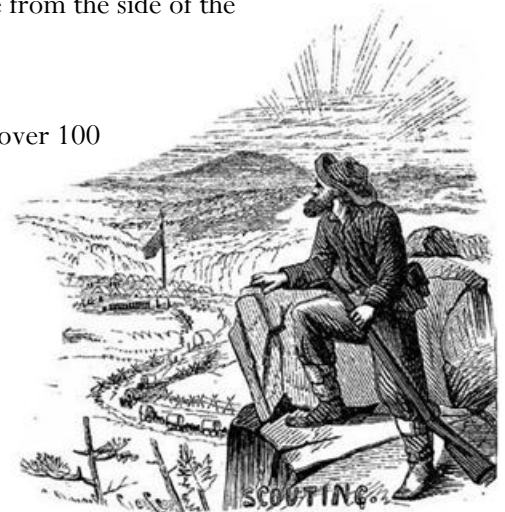
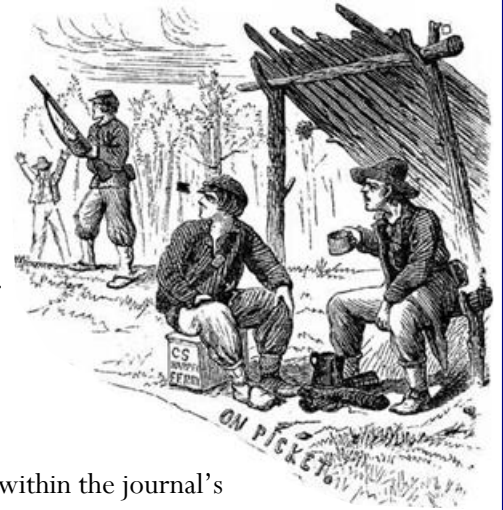
Neither. However, the material published in Skedaddle, in many instances, will be slanted one way or another as a result of the nineteenth century author's or subject's views and experiences. While the editor will try to maintain a balance between the two sides, there is simply a lot more material available 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 19<sup>th</sup> century writers.



### **About Skedaddle**

Skedaddle is an e-journal newsletter of nineteenth century anecdotes, poetry, and incidents of the American civil war. The pieces used in each issue are generally selected from material previously published on the Skedaddle web site (<http://www.pddoc.com/skedaddle>) . Skedaddle is distributed by its publisher solely through the internet. Rights for subsequent printing and distribution of hardcopies are granted as described below under "Distribution Rights."

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