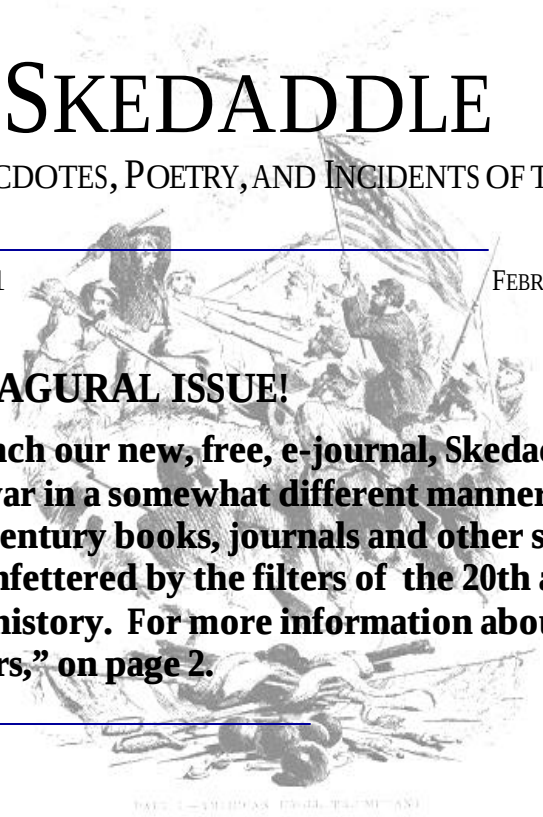
SKEDADDLE

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

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1 FEBRUARY 3, 2004



WELCOME TO OUR INAGURAL ISSUE!

We are very pleased to launch our new, free, e-journal, Skedaddle, through which we hope to explore the civil war in a somewhat different manner than most. Our plan is to use writings from 19th century books, journals and other sources to provide 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 2.

HOW TO CROSS A RIVER

Colonel Weer, at the head of his division, arrived at White River, Arkansas, at night and found the stream impassable. The recent snow had gone off with a rain, raising the water very fast, and the whole army was hurrying by forced marches to cross the river before it rose, as it was so low as to be fordable; but, with all his haste, his forces were too slow. Colonel Weer ordered Captain Stockton to cross his battery "as soon as possible." The captain asked, "Where are the boats?" Colonel Weer determined to beat Gens. Schofield and Herron, who marched upon two other roads, replied: " Make them, sir, the quickest way possible!" Captain Stockton took two wagon beds of his mule wagons, and covered them with tarpaulins, and making a cable out of prolongs, was crossing his battery within two hours! The next morning the rope across the stream broke, and all attempts to get across by swimming horses and tying it to mules' tails, failed, when Stockton drove a plug into a shell and fired it across! His lieutenant on the opposite shore, ran and picked it up, and all things went on swimmingly again. A trip with this boat was made and loaded in ten minutes! The boat was in constant use four days, and not a single accident happened.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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

What is Skedaddle?

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

What kind of material will be included in Skedaddle?

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

Where does the material for Skedaddle come from?

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

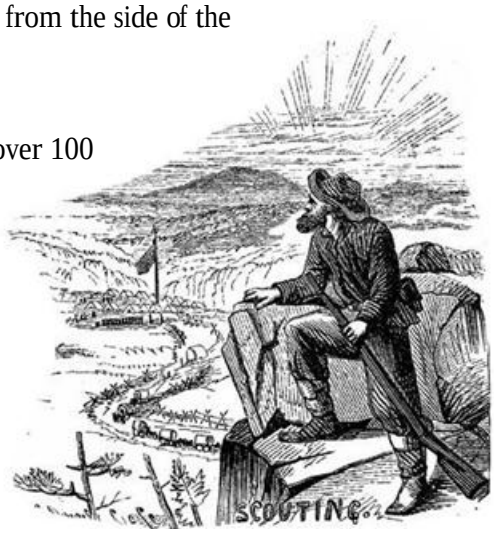
> "THE TEXT WILL NOT BE INTENTIONALLY ALTERED TO CONFORM WITH TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SENSITIVITIES.

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."

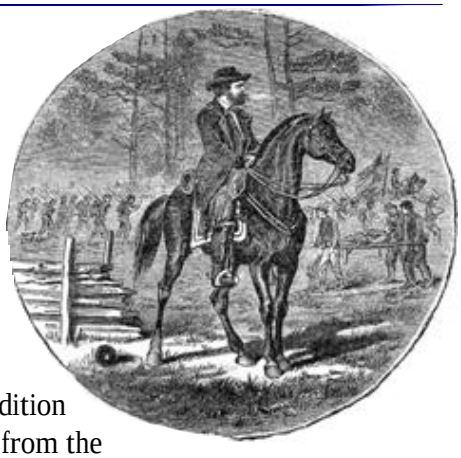
Not intentionally. Articles, stories, and poems in our e-journal originated over 100 years ago. The views expressed and the language used will, in most instances, be included as published in the original text. When pieces are edited for space considerations, the text will not be intentionally altered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

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PUMPKIN PIE



THE following was told by an officer of General Grant's staff: —

The hero and veteran, who was citizen, captain, colonel, brigadier and major-general within a space of nine months, though a rigid disciplinarian, and a perfect Ironsides in the discharge of his official duties, could enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one when an opportunity presents. Indeed, among his acquaintances, he is as much renowned for his eccentric humor as he is for his skill and bravery as a commander.

When Grant was a brigadier in South-east Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff. Thompson, in North-east Arkansas. The distance from the starting-point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the two first days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or "confiscate" uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground, in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible. On that day, Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance-guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm-house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the general he might obtain the best the house afforded. So, assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house, and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier-General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over-sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. Nothing. And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the mean time General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles back for a brief resting-spell, came in sight of, and was rather favorably impressed with, the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they would cook him a meal.

"No," said a female in a gruff voice; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant; "what is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping-ground had selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half past six, for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, etc.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect up roar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies the Acting Assistant Adjutant-General read the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.

SPECIAL ORDER No. –.

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the – Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie up also.

U. S GRANT

Brigadier-General Commanding

SKEDADDLE (A POEM)

THE SHADES OF NIGHT WERE FALLING FAST,
AS THROUGH A SOUTHERN VILLAGE PASSED
A YOUTH, WHO BORE, NOT OVER NICE,
A BANNER WITH THE GAY DEVICE,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red, his toes beneath
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened, voice he sang
A burden strange to Yankee tongue,
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire where he
Might warm his tod or hominy;
Beyond the Cordilleras shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"Oh! stay," a cullered pusson said,
"An' on dis bossom res' your hed!"
The octoroon she winked her eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"BEWARE MCCLELLAN, BUELL, AND BANKS,
BEWARE OF HALLECK'S DEADLY RANKS!".
THIS WAS THE PLANTER'S LAST GOOD NIGHT;
THE CHAP REPLIED, FAR OUT OF SIGHT,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys
from Maine, New York and Illinois
Were moving Southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A chap was found and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay;
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell like a rocket-stick.

AFRAID OF THE GIRL'S EYE

"GO AND GET MORE MEN," SAID THE NOBLE LADY; "GET MORE MEN AND COME AND TAKE IT DOWN IF YOU DARE!"

The house of the celebrated, bold- hearted and out-spoken Parson Brownlow, was, at one time, the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes were floating. According to arrangement, two armed secessionists went at six o'clock one morning to summarily haul down said stars and stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied:


Afraid of the Girl's Eye

"We have come to take down them Stars and Stripes."

She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it, said—

"Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both!"

"By *the look of that girls eye* she'll shoot," one remarked; "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; "get more men and come and take it down, if you dare!"

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to their teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the secessionists retired, much after the fashion of cur-dogs sideling along with their tails between their hind-legs.

AN INCIDENT

When the United States vessels were on their way to attack Fernandina, Florida, they picked up a contraband who had ventured to sea in a small boat to notify them that the rebels were deserting the place. While questioning the black, some of the officers of the Alabama remarked that he should have brought them newspapers to let them know what was going on. "I thought of dat," replied the contraband," and fetched a Charleston paper wid me," With this he put his hand in his bosom and brought forth a paper, and with the air of a man who was rendering an important service, handed it to the circle of inquirers. They grasped it eagerly, but one glance induced a general burst of laughter, to the profound astonishment of poor Cuffee, who, it seems, could not read, and imagining that one paper was as good as another, had brought one dated 1822. It is a little odd that this paper, which had floated so long down the stream of time, contained an article in favor of negro emancipation.

TREATING THEM ACCORDING TO THEIR SYMPATHIES

"THEE MAY NATURALLY ASSUME THAT I AM A UNION MAN. CANNOT THEE LET ME GO TO MY HOME?"

During one of the raids of John Morgan, an interesting incident occurred at Salem, Indiana. Some of his men proceeded out west of the town to burn the bridges and water-tank on the railroad. On the way out they captured a couple of persons living in the country, one of whom was a Quaker. The Quaker strongly objected to being made a prisoner. Secesh wanted to know if he was not strongly opposed to the South? "Thee is right," said the Quaker, " I am." " Well, did you vote for Lincoln?" "Thee is right; I did vote for Abraham," was the calm reply.

"Well, what are you?"

"Thee may naturally suppose that I am a Union man. Cannot thee let me go to my home?"

"Yes, yes; go and take care of the old woman," was the welcome answer.

The other prisoner was trotted along with them, but not relishing the summary manner in which the Quaker was disposed of, he said:

"What do you let him go for? He is a black abolitionist. Now, look here; I voted for Breckinridge, and have always been opposed to the war. I am opposed to fighting the South, decidedly."

"You are," said Secesh; "you are what they call around here a Copperhead, an't you?

According to their Sympathies.

"Yes, yes," said the Butternut, propitiatingly; "that's what all my neighbors call me, and they know I ain't with them."

"Come here Dave!" hallooed Secesh. "Here's a Butternut. Just come and look at him. Look here, old man, where do you live? We want what horses you have got to spare, and if you have got any greenbacks, just shell 'em out!" and they took all he had.

butternuts **a.** Clothing dyed with butternut extract, especially the uniforms of Confederate soldiers in the Civil War. **b.** *Informal* A Confederate soldier or partisan in the Civil War. (The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language: Fourth Edition. 2000)

POSTAL AFFAIRS

THE following is the superscription of a letter that passed through the Louisville, Ky., post-office:

"Feds and Confeds, let this go free
Down to Nashville, Tennessee;
This three-cent stamp will pay the cost
Until you find Sophia Yost.

"Postmasters North, or even South,
May open it and find the truth;
I merely say my wife's got well,
And has a baby cross as ——, you know."

GALLANT VINDICATION OF THE FLAG ABROAD

Captain C. Lee Moses, of Saco, Maine, formerly United States astronomer, etc., was a party to a singular and not unromantic affair of honor, which was fought on the Seine, near Paris, in August, 1861, the particulars of this affair being as follows:

Captain Moses, although a South Carolinian by birth, remained a strong and devoted adherent to the cause of the Union, and during his journey through France made no hesitation in expressing his sympathies and feelings for the United States Government, and his abhorrence of the southern traitors and rebels who were engaged in destroying the most enlightened, best administered and most prosperous Government on the face of the globe.

Hon. F. G. Farquar, of Virginia, meeting the Captain at a hotel in Paris, and knowing his parentage, reproached him in opprobious terms as a renegade from his native State. He charged him with being a traitor to the South, and a man of no honor because he abandoned her when she needed the services of all her sons, particularly her seamen and navigators. He took occasion also in his vituperation, to cast imputations upon the character of Northern ladies, which, as the Captain had married a New England wife, was resented on the spot by a tremendous blow, entirely doubling up the chivalric Virginian, and laying him in ordinary for the balance of the evening.

Farquar was taken charge of by his friends, and when he had gathered his scattered faculties, he sent a challenge to the Captain by the hands of his friend, Mons. Stephani. The challenge received a prompt response, and not twenty-four hours from the first meeting of the combatants, they stood on the banks of the Seine, prepared to take each other's lives. The weapons selected were Derringer pistols, the distance ten paces, the combatants being ordered to wheel and fire at the given signal. Farquar was boastful and coarse in his remarks and manners. The Captain was calm, though determined.

"THE CHALLENGE RECEIVED A PROMPT RESPONSE, AND NOT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM THE FIRST MEETING OF THE COMBATANTS, THEY STOOD ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, PREPARED TO TAKE EACH OTHER'S LIVES."

All being ready, Captain Moses handed two letters to his second, one addressed to the American consul at Liverpool, and the other to his wife at Saco, Me., to be delivered in case he fell. He then removed his coat, bandaged back the hair from his eyes, and took his position. The word was then given, and with a simultaneous report of both pistols the combatants fell to the ground. Both were shot through the head. Farquar received a mortal wound, with which he lingered several days, finally dying at a hamlet a few miles from Paris; where he had been removed to avoid the noise of the city. Before dying, he solicited an interview with Captain Moses, made an acknowledgment of his base conduct, and solicited the latter's forgiveness, which was freely granted. The Captain, escaping from the French police, took refuge at Liverpool, where he was concealed by the American shippers of that city and sent on to New York, where he arrived in a very critical condition, the ball of his adversary having passed just under the ear, causing a severe concussion of the brain.

January 25, 1865, Warrensburg, Mo., "The Killing of Allen McReynolds"

HDQRS. CO. H, *SEVENTH CAV. MISSOURI STATE MILITIA,*
Warrensburg, Mo., January 25, 1865.

Col. JOHN F. PHILIPS,
Commanding District of Central Missouri:

COLONEL: I beg leave to submit the following statement connected with the killing of Allen McReynolds: I ordered Lieutenant Crain with a portion of the command to proceed to Grand Pass Church, some six miles east of Waverly, and to remain there until joined by me. While there he sent two men of his command to the house of Allen McReynolds to get something to eat and to palm themselves off as bushwhackers, which they did successfully. While there McReynolds told them he was willing to feed them and aid them in any way he could, but declined to carry provisions to the brush for fear of being caught and killed by the Federals. He also informed them that they were unsafe where they were, as squadrons of Federal troops had left Warrensburg, Sedalia, and Marshall the day before to thoroughly scout the country thereabouts, and to then concentrate at Miami. He also advised them to proceed to one Tracy's for safety and security, it being an out-of-the-way place and where Federal scouts seldom traveled; that he (Tracy) had plenty of forage and would take pleasure in entertaining them. When the command were through feeding, Lieutenant Crain arrested McReynolds and brought him out to the command. Soon after I joined them; heard the evidence above given, which he (McReynolds) acknowledged, as also to the fact that Quantrill and band had stopped with him several times, and other bands of bushwhackers which he had never reported to the Federal authorities. On consultation with the squadron commanders (Captain Hamblin and Lieutenant Crain) it was decided to execute McReynolds, which was carried out under my orders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. M. BOX,

Captain Company H, Seventh Cavalry Missouri State Militia.

[First indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
Saint Louis, February 4, 1865.

Respectfully referred to Col. John F. Philips, commanding District of Central Missouri, for a full statement of this case.

By order of Major-General Dodge:

D. G. SWAIM,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

[Second indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CENTRAL MISSOURI,
Warrensburg, February 8, 1865.

Respectfully returned to headquarters Department of the Missouri and attention invited to inclosed reports.

There is no doubt but McReynolds was an intense rebel, and that he wore the cloak of loyalty as a disguise under which he was secretly engaged in the meanest acts of treason, giving succor, information, food, and encouragement to bushwhackers. The entire community where he lived were confirmed secessionists, and whether from the effects of early associations or existing sympathy, the fact is notorious that bushwhackers frequented, or habitually traversed that neighborhood, and its citizens made no effort to destroy or get rid of these pestilential outlaws, and when so prominent a member of that community as Allen McReynolds confessed his support of and adhesion to these bands in the face of his sworn allegiance, and in view of the terrible outrages so recently committed by guerrillas, it was beyond all endurance and it was deemed a necessity to teach this community and its like a warning lesson by executing summarily the chief among its citizens.

JNO. F. PHILIPS,

Colonel Seventh Cavalry Missouri State Militia, Comdg. District.

ADVENTURES IN EAST TENNESSEE

A rifleman belonging to the Southern army gives the following account of his experiences in the service:

In the beginning of the American war I belonged to a regiment of mounted riflemen, and we were sent into Eastern Tennessee, where there was a good deal of bushwhacking about that time. We were picketed one day in a line about two miles long across country, and I was on the extreme left. I took my saddle off, holsters and all, and hung it on a branch of a peach-tree, and my carbine on another. We knew there were no Yankees near, and so I was kind o' off guard, eating peaches. By and by I saw a young woman coming down to where I was, on horseback. She wanted to know if there were many of the boys near, and if they would buy some milk of her if she took it down to them. I said I thought they would, and took about a quart myself; and as she hadn't much more, I emptied the water out of my canteen and took the rest. Says she, "If you'll come up to the house yonder, I've got something better than that; you may have some good peach brandy — some of your fellows might like a little."I said I'd go, and she says, "You needn't take your saddle or carbine, it's just a step, and they are safe enough here — there's, nobody about." So I mounted bareback, and she led the way. When we passed the bars where she came in, she says, "You ride on a step, and I'll get down and put up the bars." I went on, and as she came up behind, she says pretty sharp, "Ride a little faster, if you please." I looked round and she had a revolver pointed straight at my head, and I saw that she knew how to use it. I had left everything behind me like a fool, and had to give in and obey orders. " That's the house if you please," she says, and showed me a house in the edge of the woods a quarter of a mile away. We got there, and she told me to get down and eat something, for she was going to give me a long ride — into the Yankee lines, about twenty miles away. Her father came out and abused me like a thief, and told me that he was going to have me sent into the Federal lines to be hung. It seems he had a son hung the week before by some of the Confederates, and was going to have his revenge out of me. I ate pretty well, for I thought I might need it before I got any more, and then the old fellow began to curse me and abuse me like anything. He said he would shoot me on the spot if it wasn't that he'd rather have me hung; and instead of giving me my own horse, he took the worst one he had in his stables, and they put me on that with my feet tied together under his belly. Luckily they didn't tie my hands, for they thought I had no arms, and couldn't help myself; but I always carried a small revolver in my shirt-bosom. The girl kept too sharp watch on me for me to use it. She never turned her revolver from me, and I knew that the first suspicious move I made I was a dead man. We went about ten miles in this way, when my old crow-bait gave out and wouldn't go any further. She wouldn't trust me afoot, and so had to give up her own horse; but she kept the bridle in her own hands, and walked ahead with one eye turned back on me, and the revolver cocked, with her finger on the trigger, so that I never had a chance to put my hand in my bosom. We finally came to a spring, and she asked me if I wanted to drink. I didn't feel much like drinking, but I said yes, and so she let me down. I put my head down to the water, and at the same time put my hand down to where the revolver was, and pulled it forward where I could put my hand on it easily; but she was on the watch, and I couldn't pull it out. I mounted again, and the first time she was off her guard a little, I fired and broke the arm she held the pistol in. "Now," says I, " it's my turn; you'll please get on that horse, and we'll go back." She didn't flinch or say a word, but got on the horse, and I tied her legs as they had mine, and we went back to the house. The old man he heard us come up to the door and looked out of the window. He turned as pale as a sheet and ran for his rifle. I knew what he was after, and pushed the door in before he was loaded. Says I, "You may put that shooting-iron down and come with me." He wasn't as brave as the girl, but it was no use to resist, and he knew it; so he came along. About half way back we met some of our fellows who had missed me, and come out to look me up. They took them both, and I don't know what they did with them, but I know very well what they would have done with me.

ADVENTURES OF TWO HOOSIER SOLDIERS

MARSH HAS A PECULIAR WAY OF DRAWING ONE EYE DOWN, WHICH MAKES HIM LOOK RATHER COMICAL. THIS, WITH THE SLOBBER RUNNING DOWN HIS DUSTY WHISKERS, AND HIS LONG HAIR HANGING OVER HIS FOREHEAD, ENABLED HIM TO PLAY THE GAME SUCCESSFULLY.

A couple of boys, of the Twenty-sixth Indiana regiment, Marshall Storey and William Waters, were sent with despatches to Independence, Mo., distant from Sedalia ninety miles. They were dressed as citizens, without arms or papers that would detect them if captured or examined. The despatches were snugly secreted in their hats and boots. Their route was directly through the country infested by the bands of jayhawkers under the famous guerrilla chief Quantrell. The boys made their way without molestation, until within about twenty miles of Independence, when, passing through the brush, they were halted by five shot-gun armed rebels, who ordered them off their horses and demanded their business. The boys said they were hunting for a horse which had been stolen by some home-guards, and, as they had learned, taken through that part of the country. They protested that they were secesh of the right stripe, and lived six miles north of Booneville. They were, however, searched. Finding nothing but a few fishing-hooks, which Marsh had in his vest-pocket, and which the rebels appropriated, they were allowed to go on their way. The boys, thinking all safe now, pushed on; but in crossing a neck of woods about five miles farther on, they were again called to a halt by a band of seven men, armed in the regular jayhawking style, who were some fifty yards from them. Marsh, whose wit is ready on all occasions, whispered to his companion that he would "play crazy." Waters should be his brother, taking him home from St. Louis. Marsh has a peculiar way of drawing one eye down, which makes him look rather comical. This, with the slobber running down his dusty whiskers, and his long hair hanging over his forehead, enabled him to play the game successfully. As soon as they came near, he jumped off his horse and ran towards them, and Waters yelled out: "Don't mind him; he's crazy; he don't know what he's doing." Marsh looked very foolishly at their clothes, guns, horses, &c. He became particularly fond of a pretty black pony, which he concluded he must have instead of the poor old horse he had been riding, and even got on the pony and started off. This tickled all the rebels except the owner of the pony, who caught him and jerked him off. Marsh, to carry on the joke, gathered a stick of wood and made fight, this caused the others to yell with laughter. Waters came to his rescue, and told them not to provoke him, as it made him worse. In the mean time. Waters had been searched from head to foot, but with no better success than rewarded the first hand. Waters tried to get Marsh on his horse; but no, he must have the pony, which he almost fought for. Finally, one of the band came forward and assisted Waters. Marsh very reluctantly left pony and rebels. As soon as they were out of sight, they put spurs to their nags, and reached Independence, after a ride, including the two stops, of four hours.

"WHEN YOU IS ABOUT, WE IS."

During the passage of the national troops through Missouri, in pursuit of General Price, a crowd of negroes came out from a large house to see them, when the following colloquy took place "Boys, are you all for the Union?" "Oh! yes, massa, when you's about we is." "And when Price comes, you are secesh, are you?" "Lor, yes, massa, we's good secesh then. Can't allow de white folks to git head niggers in dat way."

EVENTS IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS

A thousand miles westward of the sea-coast the war was still going on, but more feebly than at first. The Confederates reoccupied all Texas in 1863, and carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare in Arkansas and Missouri during a part of that year. In the earlier months, Marmaduke was active with his mounted men. He rushed over the border from Arkansas into Missouri, and fell upon Springfield in January, but was repulsed with a loss of two hundred men. After some other reverses, he fell back; and at Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, he planned a formidable raid into Missouri, chiefly for the purpose of seizing National stores at Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi. He invaded the State with eight thousand men, and was met at the Cape by General McNeil, on the 20th of April, who, after a sharp engagement, drove Marmaduke out of Missouri.

Other bands of Confederates, under various leaders, roamed over the western borders of Arkansas, and, at one time, seriously menaced Fort Blunt, in the Indian Territory. There was a sharp engagement at Honey Springs, in that Territory, on the I7th of July, between Nationals under General Blunt and Confederates in strong force led by General Cooper, in which the latter were defeated, and a part of them fled into northern Texas. Guerrilla bands in Blunt's rear did much mischief. One of them, led by a white savage named Quantrell, fell upon the defenceless town of Lawrence, in Kansas, on the 13th of August, and murdered one hundred and forty of the inhabitants. They also laid one hundred and eighty-five buildings in ashes and escaped.

SACKING OF LAWRENCE.

Earlier than this, the strongly fortified post of Helena, on the Mississippi, in eastern Arkansas, became a coveted object; and on the 3d of July (1863) eight thousand Confederates, under General Price and others, ignorant of the strength of the post, attacked it. General Steele was in command there. After a sharp fight, the Confederates were repulsed with a loss of twenty per cent of their number. That section of Arkansas was then abandoned by the Confederates; and on the 10th of August, Steele left Helena with twelve thousand troops and forty pieces of cannon, to attempt the capture of Little Rock. He pushed back Marmaduke, who confronted him; and early in September he moved on the State capital in two columns, one on each side of the Arkansas River. The Confederates there, after setting fire to several steamboats, abandoned the place on the evening of the 10th (September) and fled to Arkadelphia, on the Wachita River. Meanwhile General Blunt had been trying to bring the Confederates and their Indian allies in western Arkansas to battle, but had failed. He took possession of Fort Smith (September 1) and garrisoned it; and on the 4th of October, while he was on his way from Kansas to that post with an escort of one hundred cavalry, they were attacked near Baxter's Springs, on the Cherokee Reservation, and scattered, by six hundred guerrillas led by the notorious Quantrell, who plundered and burnt the accompanying train of the Nationals. Blunt's forces were nearly all killed or disabled in the conflict. The wounded were murdered; and Blunt and only about a dozen followers barely escaped, with their lives, to Little Fort Blair. Some of Blunt's escort fled, at first, without firing a shot. Had they acted more bravely, they could have driven their assailants in ten minutes, Blunt declared.

Finding their supplies nearly exhausted, the Confederates in that region made a raid into Missouri as far as Booneville, at the close of September; but they were driven back into Arkansas by Generals E. B. Brown and McNeil. No other military movements of much importance occurred in Missouri and Arkansas for some time after this, excepting an attack made by Marmaduke upon Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas River, on the 25th of October,

1863. The little garrison there was commanded by Colonel Powell Clayton, and these, with the assistance of two hundred negroes in making barricades, fought the assailants (who were two thousand strong, with twelve pieces of artillery) for several hours, and drove them away. Quiet prevailed for some time afterward.

When General Banks left Alexandria, on the Red River, and marched to the siege of Port Hudson, General Taylor, whom he had driven into the wilds of western Louisiana, returned, occupied that abandoned city and Opelousas, and garrisoned Fort de Russy. Then he swept vigorously over the country in the direction of the Mississippi River and New Orleans. With a part of his command he captured Brashear City on the 24th of June (1863), with an immense amount of public property, and made a thousand National troops prisoners. At about the same time another portion of the Confederates, under General Green, operating in the vicinity of Donaldsonville, on the Mississippi, were driven out of the district. Finally, at the middle of July, when Banks's troops were released, on the fall of Port Hudson, they expelled Taylor and his forces from the country eastward of the Atchafalaya. This was the last struggle of Taylor's forces to gain a foothold on the Mississippi.

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