

## **Melvin Grigsby's book, part 5:**

On the following pages is the continuation of Melvin Grigsby's *The Smoked Yank*. The proper citation for this book, and chapters 18 through 22 being reprinted for this issue, is:

Melvin Grigsby, *The Smoked Yank* (No place: privately printed, 1888), pp. 146 - 198.

There are 26 chapters and an appendix in this book consisting of 251 pages. Please note, that for historical accuracy, all of the original language and spelling has been kept intact and no derogatory or negative intention is meant against any individual or group. This includes race, gender, or political parties.

## ***The Smoked Yank***

### **Chapter XVIII.**

#### **How I Manage To Live – My Bunk-Mate Goes To The Hospital – I Secure A Corner Lot, And Get Into Trade – Sherman's Fine – Tooth Combs And Scissors – Removal To Florence, South Carolina.**

I now come to what will be of more interest, at least to my boys. They want to know how I managed to live where so many died. As before stated, my bunk-mate, Cook, and myself went into the Andersonville prison penniless and entirely destitute in every way. The clothes we had on had been cut into holes to keep them from being taken when we were at Canton, Miss. We began, at first, to flunk out with those detailed to bring in wood. In this way we secured our part of a shanty made of brush and boughs. We sold some of the wood that we secured flanking out. A little bundle of "fat" pine are now sold in southern cities, especially at Atlanta, Georgia, where I lately saw them, for one cent. They are used for kindling. We used them to boil our little cans of mush. One little blaze held under a can would keep it boiling, and a small bundle of the wood lasted a prisoner several days. You could light one end of a piece of good "fat" pine, stick the other end in the ground and it would burn there like a candle. The smoke from that kind of wood is something like a mixture of soot and oil. It made us all black. It took good soap and warm water to make any impression on it. Water could be warmed in the sun, but soap was scarce. With the money we got for wood, Lynn and I managed to piece out our rations so as live.

We had only been there two or three weeks when we began to get cooked rations. After that there was no more flanking out. The coarse corn bread made Lynn sick. It soon became so loathsome to him that he could not eat it at all. In that condition a man could die of hunger with piles of the corn bread in his bed. In spite of all I could do for Lynn he grew gradually worse. I walked for hours, trying to trade his corn bread and strong meat for beans or rice, or something that he could eat. Often I could not, because too many wanted to trade the same way.

Davidson, our partner in the shanty, had money. I persuaded him to loan me ten dollars. With this money I started a small huckster stand. Sold salt, rice, beans, tobacco, and such things as I could manage with so little capital. Prices were so high that you could put in one pocket ten dollars' worth of such articles. With the profits from this stand I got for Lynn a little food which he could eat. Before I had gained enough to make a start of my own, the raiders became so bad that Davidson was afraid I would get robbed. I had to pay him back and quit. Then Lynn thought he would try the hospital. We had not yet learned that but very few who went there recovered. We carried him to sick-call. He was admitted to the hospital. Within a few weeks we learned that he was dead. No braver boy or better comrade ever wore the blue.

After Lynn went to the hospital I put in a few weeks digging tunnels and trying to find a chance or contrive a plan for escape. During these weeks I had nothing to eat but my rations, I got so thin that there was nothing of me but skin and bone. The scurvy got hold of me, my gums swelled and my teeth got sore and loose; my knees were swollen and my feet puffed and bloated. I began to realize that I must get help or die, and I suffered from hunger. Had I lost my grip then I would have been a goner. The harder the lines were drawn the more was I determined to live it out.

About this time the prison was enlarged by taking in eight acres adjoining the old stockade on the north. Certain detachments were designated to occupy this new ground, which was covered with the boughs and limbs of the trees that had been cut down for the new stockade. My detachment was not one that was to go, but I managed to flank in and to secure a footing, and build a shanty on the main street of the new part and at a good place for trade. As soon as the ground in the new part was divided off and occupied, the old stockade between the old and the new parts was turned over to the prisoners, and a general scramble for the stockade logs began. I took part in that with some success.

*(Continued on page 5)*

*(Continued from page 4, The Smoked Yank)*

I now had a shanty on one of the best places in the prison for a huckster's stand. How I managed to hold it I cannot now remember. I was a squatter, pure and simple, with no right whatever to ground, even to sleep on, in that part of the prison, but hold it I did.

Limber Jim was one of the Cahaba prisoners. He had got rich selling his famous "root beer" and running a big stand. I showed him my fine location and asked him to start me in business. He did so; in fact, he said he wanted to go out of the trade, because he had made enough to do him and business was getting dull. So he sold me, on credit, his entire stock of goods, amounting to \$340. It was a large stock to get on credit, but not difficult to carry. There was a five gallon keg of honey, partly full, billed at \$150, a bushel of potatoes at \$75, a box of tobacco at \$25, and a few other things. It did not take a large counter to display the whole stock. I kept it at night in a box, sunk in the earth, in my shanty, and made my bed over the box at night. So I began trade on what I thought, and what was for that place, a large scale. The money we used was mostly greenbacks. Confederate money was taken at twenty cents on the dollar. All prices were given in the ruling currency, or greenbacks. Potatoes were sold at \$75 per bushel, and retailed at from twenty-five to seventy-five cents each, according to size. It was said that one large potato would cure a case of scurvy. Biscuits were bought at \$2.50 a dozen, and sold at twenty-five cents each, thirty cents with butter, and thirty-five cents with honey. Eggs retailed at twenty-five cents each; salt, twenty-five cents a spoonful; melons, ten to twenty-five cents a slice, according to the size of the slice; a pint cup of chicken broth, with a spoonful of rice and chicken, shown in the spoon, on top of the cup, forty cents; huckleberry pies were bought at \$1.25 each, and sold at forty cents a quarter. Whiskey was scarce and hard to find, but now and then a canteen full would be smuggled in, and it sold for twenty-five cents for one swallow from the canteen. The prices of all other goods (and you could buy almost everything in the provision line, if you had money,) were in the same proportion. These prices were outrageous, and the result of the monopoly enjoyed by the prison sutler, one Selden, formerly of Dubuque, Iowa, and a meaner rascal than old Wirz knew how to be. No one else was allowed to sell anything to the prisoners, but a considerable trade was carried on by smugglers, both prisoners and guards. In order to do anything in the smuggling line, which was more profitable than legitimate trade, I secured a prisoner, named James Donahue, who belonged to an Indiana regiment, as a partner. He could neither read or write, but was an expert in the smuggling line, and quick and sharp in any kind of trade. Escape was my hobby, and I spent most of my profits in various tunnels and other projects for escape, but never succeeded in getting out, though I was several times very near success.

When Sherman's army approached Atlanta the rebels found that a raid would be made to liberate us, and began preparations for our removal. Stoneman's raid was designed for our release, but did not succeed. On the contrary, a large number of his men were captured and brought to Andersonville as prisoners.

Instead of rendering any assistance to us, the baldly managed raid of Stoneman resulted in adding several thousand to the already densely packed prison, making our condition worse than before. This was not Sherman's fault. The plan was a good one, and did credit both to his head and to his heart. Had others in authority manifested as much interest in, and consideration for the prisoners, as Sherman did, some arrangement would have been made for their relief. What a pity that Sheridan, or Kilpatrick, or some man capable of conducting such a campaign, was not chosen for the work. No other opportunity for a feat-of-arms so brilliant as the release of the Andersonville prisoners would have been, was furnished by the war.

I always have to laugh when I think of Sherman's scheme for the release of the prisoners. On page 143, second volume of his Memoirs, he says: "All this time Hood and I were carrying on the foregoing correspondence relating to the exchange of prisoners, the removal of the people from Atlanta, and the relief of our prisoners-of-war at Andersonville. Notwithstanding the severity of their imprisonment, some of these men escaped from Andersonville and got to me at Atlanta. They described their sad condition. More than 25,000 prisoners confined in a stockade designed for only 10,000; debarred the privilege of gathering wood out of which to make huts; deprived of sufficient healthy food; and the little stream that ran through their prison pen poisoned and polluted by the offal from their cooking and butchering houses above. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of September I wrote to General Hood describing the condition of our men at Andersonville, purposely refraining from casting odium on him or his associates, for the treatment of these men, but asking his consent for me to procure from our generous friends at the North the articles of clothing and comfort for which they wanted, viz., underclothing, soap, combs, scissors, etc., all needed to keep them in health, and to send these stores with a train, and an officer to issue them. General Hood, on the 24<sup>th</sup>, promptly consented, and I telegraphed to my friend, Mr. James E. Yeatman, vice-president of the Sanitary Commission at St. Louis, to send us all the underclothing and soap he could spare, specifying 1,200 fine-tooth combs and 400 pairs of shears to cut hair. These articles indicate the plague that

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(Continued from page 5, The Smoked Yank)*

most afflicted our prisoners at Andersonville.

“Mr. Yeatman promptly responded to my request, expressed the articles, but they did not reach Andersonville in time, for the prisoners were soon after removed. These supplies did, however, finally overtake them at Jacksonville, Florida, just before the war closed.”

Soap, fine-tooth combs, scissors and underclothes! What an idea he must have had of our “sad condition,” when he thought those articles indicated the plague that most afflicted us.

Uncle Billy, your judgment of the fighting, marching, foraging capacity of a Yankee soldier was never at fault, but when you proposed to relieve 30,000 starving Yankees with “1,200 fine-tooth combs and 400 pairs of shears,” you were away off. You made no allowance whatever for Yankee ingenuity. The soap would have been handy, the underclothes would have made fine summer suits, but we were not particular about our appearance. A starving man will eat before making his toilet. There were plenty of fine-tooth combs and enough shears. If there hadn't been how long would it have taken Yankees to have made them? We were not troubled much with the kind that you can catch with a fine-tooth comb, or cut off with scissors. It was not the fashion there to give away things to eat, but combs and scissors were freely lent. Hard-tack, sow-belly, rice, and beans, Uncle Billy, those, and vegetables for scurvy, would have cured us all. Had you been there and seen men make counterfeit greenbacks, make jewelry and mend watches, to say nothing about combs, wooden buckets, and the like, you would laugh yourself at the idea of relieving them with fine-tooth combs and scissors.

One evening just after dark, I sold something to a prisoner and gave him change for a \$10 greenback. In broad daylight that greenback wouldn't pass, but it was fine work to be done in such a place. I took in trade an open-face silver watch. The crystal got broken. I took it to a watchmaker's shop. He couldn't make a crystal, but he took a silver half-dollar, and with it converted my watch into a hunter case. All such trades were represented there.

When arrangements for our removal were perfected, the old story of a general exchange was again circulated, and was again believed because so much desired. Donahue, my partner, bought a chance to go with the first lot that were taken out; the man who sold the chance staying in Donahue's place. I think the first lot were taken to Savannah and exchanged. When the time came for the detachment to which I belonged to go, I sold out my little stock of goods and concealed in my clothes about seventy dollars in greenbacks that I had accumulated.

We were marched out by detachments. There were so many too weak to walk or so lame from scurvy, that's every well man had to assist one or two of the sick or lame to the depot about a mile away. We were halted in front of Wirz's quarters to answer roll-call and be counted. Wirz had been sick, but he came out leaning on a cane, and took occasion to do some of his Dutch swearing. He called us damned Yankee thieves and robbers; said we didn't look so fine as when we came there: was sorry there were so many of us able to go, and that if he had had his way there wouldn't have been a damn man of us alive. I can't remember his words, but that is the substance of his brutal leave-taking.

We were loaded into common cattle-cars and fastened in. Guards with guns rode on the top of each car. At Milledgeville we were unloaded for awhile, and when we were again started from there toward Charleston, we began to feel sure that our prison days were about over. Our hopes revived. We were happy; men who had not smiled for months were brim-full of joy and glee. They forgot hunger, and swollen joints, and fleshless limbs, and useless feet, and talked of blissful hours to come; of meetings soon to be with wives and children, with fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and many of “another, not a sister.” And then the talk would run on things they would get to eat; imaginary tables would be spread, upon which each would place his favorite dish, and all this while crowded together in cattle cars so closely that we had to take turns in lying down. There were no regrets, no mention of past suffering. Hope, bright angel of the morning, ruled in each breast, and to a bright and joyous future each weary eye was turned. Sad, sad, was the sequel.

We reached Charleston, heard the sound of Union guns, even caught a glimpse of the dear old flag. What rejoicing! How we shouted! But presently our train moved on. Our hopes began to sink. When the dismal tidings came that we were on our way to Florence, to another stockade, utter woe and despair took possession where a joyful hope had been.

*(Continued on page 7)*

*(Continued from page 6, The Smoked Yank)*

## **Chapter XIX.**

### **I Go For Water And Escape – A Faithful People – A Novel Character – A Comical Hero.**

At Florence, S.C., we were unloaded and placed on some vacant ground near the depot and a chain of guards thrown around us. It was a little before sundown. I had carried with me a bundle containing a pair of clean white pants made of meal bags, and a white shirt. Obtaining some water and soap, I washed myself, put on the clean pants and shirts, and made myself look as little like a Yankee prisoner as I possibly could. I was planning a bribe a guard and get away, or, if that failed, to knock one over in the dark and run. I had determined to make at least an effort to escape before entering another stockade. I had some sweet potatoes that I had bought from a negro at a station on the way, and these I wanted to cook, so as to leave on a full stomach.

There was a sergeant and squad of guards detailed to guard the prisoners from the ground where we were kept to the well where water was obtained. I picked up a bucket to go for water, and got to the place where an officer was stationed to count out and in those who went for water. A little after a gang had passed out, I spoke politely to the officer and told him I wanted some water and would at once overtake the party. They were but thirty or forty steps away, and he said: "Step out quick then, and catch up." I did so in good faith, and he made another mark on his tally-sheet. I quickly overtook the party, noticing that the officer had turned around as soon as he saw me well up with them, and also that neither the sergeant nor any of the guards had observed my approach. So, instead of falling in behind the column of prisoners, I put on a careless air and walked a little faster, passing both the prisoners and the guards who marched behind them, and walked along in front of the whole party. It occurred to me that the guards might not take me for a Yankee on account of my clothes, and that I could test that point without being chargeable with an attempt to escape. The orders were to shoot any prisoner caught in the act of attempting to escape, and I did not want to run the risk of being shot.

The well that we were going to was in the yard behind the house. I got to it first, filled my bucket and sat down on the back porch of the house beside the owner of the premises, and commenced talking with him about the Yankee prisoners, conveying the idea that I was not one of them.

The prisoners spent some time in washing themselves before they filled their pails to return. I was in an agony of suspense. I did not know whether the sergeant in charge took me for a prisoner or not, and I dared not undertake to go away until I found out, so I put on as much unconcern as I could, and waited. Finally the order came, "Fall in, Yanks, fall in." The rest formed in line. I paid no attention, but kept on talking to the proprietor. I saw the sergeant looking sharply at me; then he counted his prisoners, and satisfied with the count that I was not one, he marched them away. I was not with the party when he counted them out. My new-made acquaintance was now in the way. I had to do something with my pail of water or his suspicions would be aroused. There was no time to spare, for it was only two hundred yards to where the counting-in would be done by the officer that let me out and I would be missed; fortunately the man stepped into the house. I set my pail of water behind the well-curb, scaled the high board fence at the back of the yard and walked off. I dared not run for that would attract the attention of people who were in sight. I got to the main street where many people were moving back and forth and talking about the Yanks, and walked away as fast as I could. Looking back I saw bayonets glistening in the rays of the setting sun all around that well and yard. I gained the outskirts of the town without being noticed; got into a patch of woods and then ran – ran until I felt safe from immediate pursuit, and then walked on through the woods.

About ten o'clock that night I ran across a party of negroes hunting possum; I told them who I was, and asked them about the country, the roads, and the prospects of my getting to Union lines. They advised me to make for the coast, and when there, to signal some blockading vessel. They said such vessels patrolled the coast to prevent the rebels making salt. I resolved to follow their advice. They told me to cross the Pedee river at a certain ferry run be a ne-

*(Continued on page 8)*

*(Continued from page 7, The Smoked Yank)*

gro whom they said I could trust. I found the ferry, and in the morning, when the negro came out, made myself known to him. He said it was not safe to travel by day, and took me to a hiding place in the woods to stay until night, and furnished me with plenty to eat. That night, when he came after me, he brought along another escaped prisoner, a young fellow whose name I have forgotten; he seemed to be all right, and we agreed to stay together. The ferry-man thought our best way was to get a boat and go down the river to the coast. As there was no moon, he thought we could paddle down by night without being seen, and hide in the swamps during the day. He told us where we could find a dug-out, and loaned us an iron bar with which to break the lock. We were soon in the dug-out paddling down the Pedee. When morning came I wanted to hide in the woods, but my companion wanted to land at a plantation and get some provisions. We had enough food provided by the ferry-man for that day, and I objected to running any unnecessary risks, but he insisted on landing, so I paddled the canoe to the east bank of the river, and stepped out, telling him to go his way, and I go mine. I never saw him again.

I lay in the brush until toward night, and then started to find some road or plantation before dark, where I could find a negro to give me directions. There was a wide swamp on that side of the river, and not being aware of it, I was soon in it. It was a dismal place, full of owls, and bats, and snakes. I traveled several hours in this swamp, and was beginning to think myself in a fix, when I heard a cow-bell, and steering for that, found dry ground. I came to a plantation that night, skulked around until I saw a negro alone, to whom I told my story. He said that every white man, woman and child in the country was looking for escaped prisoners; that all the bridges and cause-ways across swamps were guarded at night, and roads patrolled. The only way I could get through was to secrete myself during the day and travel with a negro guide at night, who would know how to avoid roads and bridges. This negro guided me about ten miles that night, and left me with one of his friends. The next day was Sunday, and quite a number of negroes visited me where I was hid in the woods; they brought food to give me, and treated me very kindly. I was the first Union soldier, and probably the first Union man any of them had ever seen. The questions they asked were both numerous and novel. I was surprised at their intelligence in some directions, and amused at their ignorance in others. Their ideas of government, and of personal and property rights, were all drawn from the Bible. That was their sole authority, and they had that down fine. Even those who could not read, only now and then one could, would quote passage after passage from the Bible relating to themselves, and give the verse and chapter with surprising accuracy. Deliverance from slavery was not a surprise to them; they had been hoping and praying for it for years with perfect faith that their prayers would be answered. It seemed that they had always expected it to come from some outside source, and never entertained a thought of taking a part themselves in their deliverance. They were and are a peculiarly faithful and patient people. Should they ever become thoroughly aroused and united in a movement to throw off the white man's yoke that still oppresses and galls them, I believe that the fortitude, endurance and heroism they will display will surprise the world.

The leader of the company that staid in the woods with me nearly all that day, was a preacher. Before he left, seeing that I had no coat, he asked me if I did not need one, and soon after they went away one of them came back bringing me quite a comfortable overcoat. That night I was guided to a plantation on a public road running from Florence to a place on the coast where there were salt works. There a plan was formed of secreting me in a wagon that made weekly trips to the coast driven by a negro. I waited two days for the wagon, concealed in the daytime in a fodder house under the bundles of corn fodder. When the negro came along with his wagon he had two passengers, a white woman and her little girl. Of course I could not ride in such company.

That night I was piloted again through woods and swamps and left at the house of a negro preacher. He lived alone, and when he went to work locked his door with a padlock on the outside, leaving me on the inside. He procured for me some paper, pen and ink, and I wrote myself a rebel furlough, thinking it might come handy should I be picked up by some of the patrols. I represented myself in the furlough as belonging to the Georgia regiment that had guarded us from Andersonville to Florence, and I signed the name of a captain whom I happened to know. That night there was no one ready to guide me further, and I was taken to a stack of straw out in a field, into which I crawled to spend the night. Along in the night someone came and crawled into the straw quite close to me. I thought it must be a negro, but said nothing. About daylight I heard my unknown bed-fellow crawling out, and concluded to crawl out too, and see who he was. We were both badly scared when we stood up and faced each other. He was a rebel soldier in full uniform. He had deserted and was hiding in the neighborhood of his home, making occasional visits by stealth to his family. I bought this man's jacket, which had South Carolina buttons, for \$5 in greenbacks.

That day I was secreted in the woods, and when my dinner was brought to me at noon, a big negro with a club and a gun accompanied the bearer. He was a run-away slave. Had been in the woods and swamps for seven years.

*(Continued on page 9)*

*(Continued from page 8, The Smoked Yank)*

Had often been pursued but never captured. Said that white men could not take him alive. He roamed about from place to place, occasionally visiting his wife and children. He was known to most of the negroes in the regions he frequented, and by them had never been betrayed. He killed hogs and cattle and traded the meat to other negroes for clothing and bread. He was a veritable wild man of the woods, and the story of his adventures and escapes from bloodhounds entertained and thrilled me for hours.

That night I secured a guide and moved on. Was left at another plantation where I staid two days to let an old uncle mend my shoes.

Provided with another faithful guide, I passed through a wide swamp, crossing the deep creeks on a foot-path of logs known only to negroes. Over the swamp I was directed to a plantation some miles away, where I was to wake up another negro in a certain one of the negro houses that was described. It was a bright moonlight night and I did not feel safe on a public road, so I stopped at the first plantation I came to, thinking it better to trust the first negro I could find than to go alone.

I knocked at what I supposed was a negro quarter. At first no answer. I rapped louder, and a voice called out: "Who is there?" It was unquestionably a white man's voice. I replied: "I'm a stranger, have lost my way and want to stay all night." And then I ran. Was out of sight by the time he had slipped on his pants and opened the door. I ran on until I came to the forks of two roads. Here there was a solitary log house. I crept up to it, and peering through a crack, saw two negroes sitting in front of the fireplace. They were talking, and, thinking I could form an opinion from their talk as to whether they would do for me to trust, I watched them and listened. Presently I heard the galloping of a horse up the road I came, and had just time to hide in the shadow of some scrub oaks near by when a white man came up at full gallop, revolver in hand. He rapped at the door and brought the negroes out, saying: "Bring out that white rascal you have got hid in there." They had seen no white man and told him to come in and search, which he did.

He then galloped away, taking the same road I wanted to follow. I did not like the appearance of the two negroes, and so ran on after my pursuer. He stopped at every plantation and made inquiries, and I usually came up about the time he would be leaving. I followed him in this way until I came to the plantation that I had been direct to, and counting off so many houses from the white folks' house, and whispering his name at a crack between the logs, attracted the attention of the negro that I was after. He had been awakened by the noise made by the man on the horse. He was wonderfully tickled at the idea of my following the man who was pursuing me. This negro advised me to stay with him until the negro from Florence, with the wagon, came along again. Said he would be there on the next night on his way to the coast, and would stay all night with him. I stayed concealed in the woods. The negro with the wagon was on time, and early the following morning I was carefully stored away in the wagon underneath the fodder carried to feed the mules. It was a covered wagon, and full of the fodder of that country, which is the leaves stripped from corn, cured and tied in bundles. The wagon was drawn by three mules. The driver rode on the near wheel mule and drove the leader with a jerk-line.

I have seen many attempts to imitate the negro, but here was an original and comic genius that beat any negro minstrel I have ever seen. He had a banjo, a fiddle and a pair of bones. He wore a fisherman's hat, made of leather and iron, and was otherwise rigged out in clownish fashion. At nearly every house we passed he had something to deliver. Packages of goods purchased at Florence, letters and messages. His wagon seemed to be a kind of weekly express for all the country through which he passed. Every one knew him, and everyone bantered and joked with him. As he drove along the road he whistled and sang, and played on his several instruments in turn.

At Conwayborough, a village through which we passed, there was a bridge and some rebel soldiers on guard. The negro bantered and joked with them also, and when they asked him if he had any Yanks in his wagon, "Go way dah – you home guards – you 'uns thought dah was Yanks in dis here wagon, I could jus dance juba on you 'uns coat tails as dey'd stick out behind." The rebels thought best to make some search and they poked the fodder around with the muzzles of their guns. As for me, I was so badly scared that I thought they must surely hear the rattle of the fodder caused by the beating of my heart. They discovered nothing and we moved on.

When there were no houses in sight I crawled out of my hole in the fodder and watched the road behind us, the driver watching in front. And thus with music and song, gibes and jokes, and juba danced on the saddle of the near mule, we journeyed to the sea.

*(Continued on page 10)*

(Continued from page 9, *The Smoked Yank*)

About 10 o'clock that night we began to hear the sound of the breakers. I had never seen the sea and supposed that when it was calm there were no waves. This was a beautiful, calm, moonlight night, and to hear the roar of breakers two miles away was a revelation to me. I had thought all along that I would take a great bath when I came to the sea, and when we got there I undressed and walked out on the sandy beach, but those breakers I had not counted on, and I dated not venture in.



*If You'uns Thought Dah Was Yanks In Dis Wagon, I Could Jis Dance Juba On You-Alls Coat Tails*

## Chapter XX.

### **“Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned” – A Badly Scared Negro – Captured By A Fourteen-Year-Old Boy – In A Felon’s Cell.**

My comical guide made me known to some of the darkies at the salt works. They kept me concealed and took care of me several days, but thought there was not much prospect of my getting away in a blockade vessel; said the blockaders had ceased to visit that part of the coast. I remained there until I got tired of waiting and watching, and then, after consulting with the best posted of the negroes, concluded to work my way into Wilmington, N.C., and if possible enlist on a blockade runner. These darkies had heard that it was so hard to get men to go on blockade runners that the officers would take whoever applied, without asking questions.

(Continued on page 11)



*(Continued from page 10, The Smoked Yank)*

My idea was that if I could get on one of these vessels, and did not get captured by my friends, I could claim protection from an American Consul at some neutral port where the vessel would land. I was near the line between North and South Carolina, and one night I started up the coast toward Wilmington. About 12 o'clock I came to a stream or inlet where there was a ferry. There was a plantation on the side of the stream that I was on and quite a number of negro houses. I entered one of these, the door of which was open, and after pulling and shaking him for some time, awakened a negro who lay on the floor with his feet to the fireplace in which there was a fire burning. He turned out to be a pure African, born in Africa, and I could not get much out of him; in fact, could not understand much of his jargon. While trying to talk with this man, two other negroes came in who had been out hunting. From them I learned that the plantation belonged to Captain -----; the he was suspected of being a Union man; that he had sold all his slaves before the war began, and that he was originally from the state of Maine; had been captain of a vessel engaged in shipping; owned the plantation and was working it with hired negroes; also that there was a small fort just across the inlet or stream, and some rebel soldiers there.

Pondering these things, it occurred to me that it would do to trust this white man. So I went to his house and rapped on his door. At first I got no answer. Rapping harder, some one called out, "Who's there?" I replied, "I am a stranger, and want to see Mr. -----." I listened with my ear at the door, heard him get up and dress, and thought I heard him getting down a gun. Anyway, my courage failed me as I thought of the fix I would be in if he should open the door gun in hand. In that case it would be all right if he turned out to be a Union man, and all wrong otherwise. And just then it occurred to me that a Union man would not have been permitted to remain alive in that country, and that I didn't want to see a man that was so long getting ready to open his door. When he did open it I was not there, I had changed my mind and was making double-quick time for a bridge that the darkies said crossed the stream some miles up from that place. Their direction was to take the main road until I came to a road turning off to the right. I did so, and after following the road that turned to the right two or three miles, it gave out and I found it only to be a wood road. Retracing my steps, I got into the main road and followed it to where a second road turned off to the right; followed that two or three miles with the same success as before, and when I got back to the main road again it was broad daylight, and I was still in sight of that plantation. In fact, was on a part of it, and looking through the cracks of a log house, saw two negro women sleeping on the floor, and one up, cooking breakfast.

Being tired and hungry, I asked the woman to let me in. She objected at first, but when I told her I was a Union soldier escaped from prison, she unlocked the door and let me in. I told her I had been traveling all night and would like something to eat. I wish I could repeat verbatim all that woman said. Her home was in Georgia, where she had a family of children from whom she had been taken and sent as a hired hand to work on this plantation. Her whole soul was up in arms against the whole white race. She give me something to eat! No; of one mouthful of her bread would keep every white man on earth from starving, she wouldn't give it. I asked her why she had let me in, and tried to explain that I was a Union soldier, and that Union soldiers were friends of the slaves. No use. She had let me in because she wanted a chance to speak her mind to a white man, whom she had no cause to fear; and she improved the opportunity by cursing and emptying the vials of her wrath on me as a substitute for the whole white race. Hers was the most cutting abuse I ever heard from human tongue, and withal, she displayed facility in the use of words and a kind of rude eloquence. I offered to pay her for something to eat. She would rather turn a white man from her door hungry than to have all the money on earth. I asked her if she was going to tell her master that I had been there? No, she wouldn't do anything to please her master, and receiving this assurance I was glad to be turned hungry from her door. She was the only one of the race I ever applied to in vain for assistance.

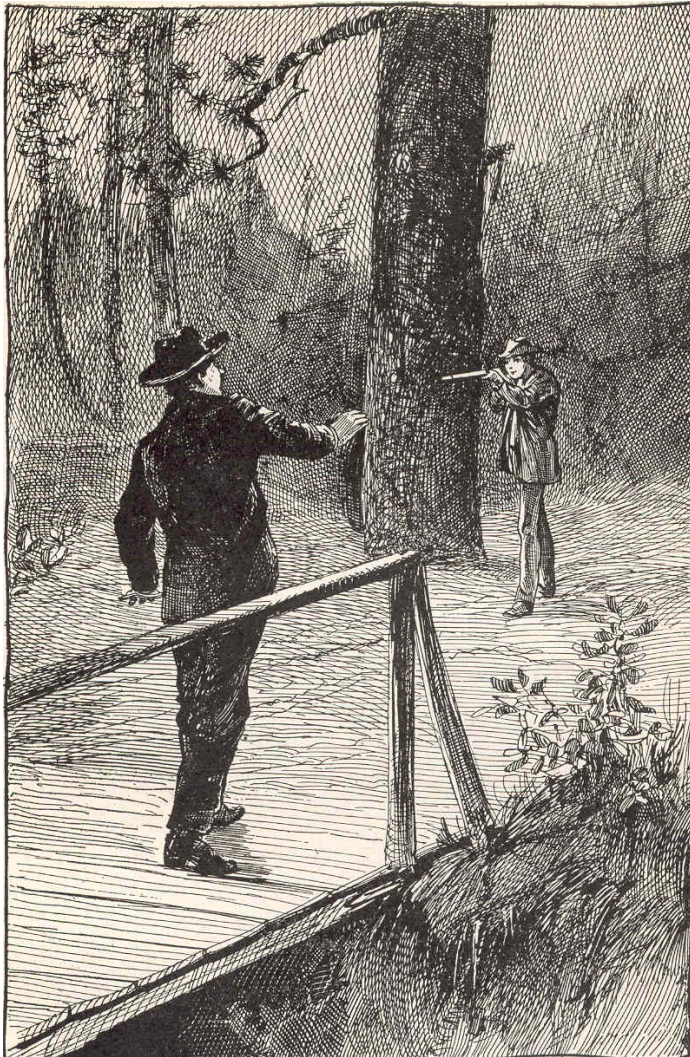
I had until this avoided traveling alone by day, but now saw no way of finding and crossing the bridge except by daylight. After resting and sleeping awhile in the woods, I started again to find the bridge. Where there was timber on both sides of the road, I followed the road walking in the edge of the woods, watching warily, and ready to hide behind trees should I meet or see anyone. About noon I met a negro boy and asked him about roads, plantations, negroes, and such things as I wanted to know, without telling him who I was. I made a blunder in saying to him as he rode away, not to tell any white man that he had seen me. Now, it happened that I was passing through that neighborhood, or trying to pass through, on the very day set by the planters for a grand hunt with dogs and guns after a lot of rebel deserters who infested the region, concealing themselves in swamps by day, and preying on pig-pens, hen-roosts and whatever else they could rob by night. The negroes were not more friendly to this class of marauders than the whites were. The negro boy I talked with tool me for one of these deserters and immediately rode to where his master and other white men had assembled, and put them on my track.

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(Continued from page 11, The Smoked Yank)*

Near where I met the boy there was a log house in the middle of a corn field. The boy told me it was an old negro's quarters. When the boy was out of sight I went into a school house near the road on my right, and there left my overcoat and a little bundle, in which I had some fat bacon and some raw sweet potatoes, concealed under a desk. I then crossed the road and went to this negro quarter. The old negro had seen me meet the boy and he was much alarmed when I told him my story. He feared the boy would report me. He gave me some raw fish and bread and a little fire between two pieces of bark, and directed me to a place in the swamp, across the field, where I could, he thought, build a small fire and not be found unless the dogs should take my track, in which case, he said, I should be sure to be caught whether I stopped or not. He did not think the dogs would follow a white man's track.

I built a small fire and roasted by fish, which were from the salt water, --- mullets, I think, and the finest fish I ever tasted. Dinner over, I took a nap, and when I awoke started back to the negro hut, but not following the path by which I had come. The old man saw me coming and met me in the corn. He was the most complete picture of fright that you can possibly imagine. His hair literally stood straight up – woolly hair at that. His teeth chattered and his black-face seemed to be an ash color. He was so agitated that at first I could not understand his rapidly uttered jargon. Finally he made me understand that the white men were after me, had been to his house, and were on my track into the woods. He wanted me to go with him and give myself up. "Oh, Massa," he said, "if da' do n't ketch you, da' skin dis nigga alive. Da' done tie dis nigga up and whip him to def." I quieted his fears as much as I could and hastened across the corn field to the school house. My coat and bundle were gone. I surmised that the dogs not being trained for that purpose, would not track a white man, and that it would be better to hide than to travel and take chances of being seen.



*Captured By A Fourteen-Year-Old Boy*

Not far off there was an abandoned field with deep gullies washed through, and in the gullies and on their sides a thick matting of blackberry briars, vines and brush. I made my way to this field, taking care to leave no tracks that could be seen, and hid in one of the ravines. There I could plainly hear the tooting of horns and the sound of voices calling to the hounds. The negro was right; the hounds were not trained for a white man's track.

I started again about midnight, moving stealthily through woods and fields on a line with the road. In about two hours I reached the river again that I wanted to cross. I knew the bridge was near, but I feared a guard might be there, and I made a bundle of my clothes, intending to tie them on top of my head and swim across. As I sat on the bank in the moonlight wondering if I could swim well enough to reach the other shore, I saw something disturb the water, a large fish or an alligator. All thought of getting into that water vanished. I put on my clothes and crept cautiously from tree to tree along the bank, until I could see the bridge. I crawled up close to it and watched and listened. I lay there half an hour or more. I could neither hear nor see anything to indicate that a guard was there. Thinking that if there should be a guard there, it would be better for me to be stopped walking carelessly along than to be caught trying to slip over, especially as I meant to play the furlough dodge if I should be taken, I slipped back into the woods, stepped into the road some distance from the bridge, and came whistling along to the bridge. Was half way over and breathing freer, when a boy stepped from behind a large tree in front of me, and called out, "Halt!" He was but twenty rods away, and I could see plainly that he was a mere boy, but he held a dangerous weapon, a double-barreled shot-gun. I could see that both barrels were

*(Continued on page 13)*

*(Continued from page 12, The Smoked Yank)*

cocked, and that boy or no boy, he meant business. "Well, my boy," I said, "what do you want?" "About, face!" "You must be a raw recruit," I said. "You ought to say, 'Who goes there?' if I say, 'Friend!' then you should say, 'Advance and give the countersign!'" "You about face," he said, "or I'll shoot!" and he leveled his gun. There was no other way to do and I turned around. "Forward, march!" was his next command. I tried to talk to him and get him to look at my furlough, but he would have none of it, and answered nothing, except "Forward, march!" and "Go right along, or I'll shoot!" And forward, march, it was; captured by a fourteen-year-old boy that I could have dropped over the bridge with one hand, could I have prevailed on him to come within my reach. We marched back about half a mile, the boy keeping well behind with cocked gun, when we met his brother-in-law, on horseback, coming to relieve him. The brother-in-law was a lieutenant of artillery, and at home on a furlough. They marched me back to their father's house which was near where I had been hunted the day before. On the way I learned that they took me for a deserter, and that when the crowd gathered the next day I was liable to be hung, or whipped severely at the best, and sent to the front. Under these circumstances I thought it best to show my colors, so I told them I was a prisoner of war trying to escape. When we got into the house I was given a seat near the fire-place and managed to slip my furlough into the fire without being seen.

It was hard to make these people believe that I was a Union soldier. They said I talked and looked like a Southerner. I told them it was easy enough for me to talk and act like a Southern man, because my parents were Kentuckians, and both my grandfathers, Virginians, and that when I tried to play the rebel soldier, as I was trying until they talked about ropes and whips, all I had to do was to fall back on my mother tongue.

The owner of this place was an ideal Southern man, manners, chivalry and all. He scouted the idea of mistreating a prisoner. "This young man," said he, "was a gentleman at home, and in my house he shall be treated as a guest." There were in the family two daughters, two sons, and the son-in-law, who was at home on a furlough.

When breakfast time came, these young people seemed to object to eating at the same table with a Yankee soldier. "Then turn him loose," said the old man. "No white man whose ancestors were from Kentucky and Virginia shall be forced to sit here while we eat and not be offered a seat at the table." I tried to make some excuse, not caring to sit at a table where there were those who objected, but the old gentleman would take no excuses. "If you were my boy," he said, "you would be in the rebel army. You live in the North, and you would be a traitor to your home if you were not on the Union side."

After breakfast my boy captor was sent on a horse to the fort at the mouth of the river, and brought back two soldiers who took me to the fort. The next day was Sunday, and hundreds of people, both white and black, came to take their first look at a Yankee soldier. I was kept there several days and then sent along with several guards and some loaded wagons to Whiteville, a place on a railroad between Florence and Wilmington.

We arrived at this place on Saturday morning after the train to Florence had passed, and I had to remain until Monday, and was turned over to the provost marshal. This gentleman treated me very kindly, walked around the town with me for awhile, and took me to his house to tea.

When night came, however, he said he would have to lock me up in the county jail. I objected to this, and tried hard to persuade him to either put a guard over me, or take my parole of honor and keep me at his house. He would not yield, and into the jail, behind the bars of a common felon's cell, I had to go. It had been humiliating to be captured by a fourteen-year-old boy; to be locked in a felon's cell, although charged with no crime, broke me all up; I felt that it was a disgrace; I lay down on the straw mattress in the cell and cried like a child.

The next morning when a jailor came in with food for the prisoners, he laid on a mantel, separated by the corridor from my cell, a fine butcher knife. It was about six feet from the bars of my cage. It would, I thought, be a fine prize if I could get it and take it with me back to my prison. The only articles in my cell were the mattress and the southern substitute for a broom. This was made of a bunch of some kind of long grass, the butts wound with a cord, forming the handle, the tops forming the broom. Grasping this by the tops of the straws, I could reach through the bars and touch the knife. Working the knife around until the point was towards me, and the end of the handle against the wall, I pushed the handle of the broom against the point of knife until I had it fast, then drew it into the cell. When the jailor came along, the bunch of straw was lying on the floor of the cell, the knife concealed in it, and I was innocently eating my breakfast. "I left a knife on that mantel, who took it?" he said. I looked up. "Who took that knife?" "I am sure there has been no one there since you passed," I replied. He went back and searched; came again, looked into my cell, tried the door of

*(Continued on page 14)*

*(Continued from page 13, The Smoked Yank)*

the corridor, and found it locked as he left it. He remarked to me, "You couldn't get that knife if I did leave it there, I must have taken it with me, and some of them damn niggers have got it." The other prisoners were all negroes. He went back and searched again, then went out saying that he had either left that knife outside, or else the jail was haunted.

I was taken out on Monday and conveyed on the cars to Florence, where I was searched before being sent to the stockade and the knife found. I told the officer who found it, where and how I got it, and asked him to return it to that jailor with my compliments.

Here let me remark, that from the time I was recaptured in North Carolina, until I was delivered back at Florence, I saw and talked with many people, both soldiers and citizens, and received only such treatment as a soldier taken in honorable warfare ought to receive at the hands of his captors, except, perhaps, being put in a felon's cell, which may have been a matter of necessity, rather than intentional degradation.

## **Chapter XXI.**

### **Another Stockade – A Meaner Man Than Wirz – Out On Parole – The Smuggled Steer – Notes From A Diary.**

The return to a stockade I had very much dreaded, because I supposed I would have to endure tortures similar to those to which escaped prisoners brought back at Andersonville were subjected. Whatever of fortitude I possessed was not of the kind that enables a man to endure physical pain. I was agreeably surprised on reaching the prison to find that to be hand-cuffed, and my hand-cuffs fastened to those of five or six other prisoners, and to remain in this somewhat uncomfortable position forty-eight hours without food, was the only punishment I was to receive. That was so much milder than I expected that it really seemed no punishment at all.

The forty-eight hours having expired, one Lieutenant Barrett came to release us and turn us into the stockade. He was a brute and a coward. Noticing my gray jacket, he swore that no damn Yankee should disgrace the uniform of South Carolina. I remarked that it was cold weather to wear nothing but a shirt. "Come with me," he said with brutal oaths, "I'll get a coat for you." He led me to the dead house, a kind of shed made with forks and poles, and covered and enclosed with brush.

There were several corpses in there, each having on an old pair of drawers or ragged pants and a worn-out blue blouse. "There," he said, "go in there and get a uniform; those Yanks are all in hell already and don't need any clothes." I told him that I would rather get along without any coat than to take one from a dead body. "None of your talk to me!" he replied. "Go in there and get one of those blouses." He drew and cocked his revolver as he spoke. To take a coat from a cold, stiff corpse, was no easy task. I finally got one off; the inside was white in places with lice. The sight of it made me sick. "Put it on!" he roared. I held it up and said, "Lieutenant, look at it, let me have a chance to clean it first?" I stood in reach of him, and the thought that I could knock him down and run came into my mind just as a rebel sergeant, who stood near, and who had on a blue jacket, spoke up and said: "See here, lieutenant, let me take that gray jacket and give the Yank this blue one. I'd like mighty well to make such a trade." The brute evidently did not like to have a witness to his intended and needless brutality and he reluctantly yielded.

All survivors of Florence will remember that Barrett. They hated him worse, if anything, than they ever did Wirz. He seemed to take delight in subjecting prisoners to every kind of insult, humiliation and cruelty whenever he could find or make an excuse for doing so. It was well for us that he was not in full charge as Wirz had been.

The Florence stockade was the old Andersonville stockade duplicated. It was built the same way, the same

*(Continued on page 15)*

*(Continued from page 14, The Smoked Yank)*

dead-line, the lay of land, creek, and swamp, all the same. It contained about twelve acres and about 12,000 prisoners. The new prisoners brought there thought it a horrible place, but those from Andersonville did not complain. They had gone in when there were boughs and brush enough to enable them to build little huts, and they knew how. The rations were the same in quantity, but better in quality. They were issued raw, and wood furnished to cook with. Some clothing and blankets, though not nearly enough to go round, were sent by some sanitary relief committee from the North, and distributed. It was said that a suit of clothes and a pair of blankets were sent for every man, but not one-tenth of that amount was distributed to the prisoners. Colonel Iverson, who was in command at Florence, although a strict disciplinarian, was, I believe, a gentleman at heart. He seemed to do as well by us as circumstances would permit, and so far as I know, was never charged with personal cruelty.

On being turned into the stockade I was taken into a shanty by two of the boys from my regiment who had kept the blankets and cooking outfit that I had left when I got away. Life with me for a few weeks was again about the same as at Andersonville, except I had some money and could piece out my scanty rations and not actually suffer from hunger. Money among the prisoners had become scarce, and consequently trade was neither brisk nor profitable. I tried keeping a stand, but could not make anything out of it.

One morning an officer came in to get fifty prisoners to go out on parole of honor and chop wood for the prison. I had never chopped a cord of wood in my life, but wanted to be in the fresh air, so I managed to get taken as a chopper.

We were taken to the front of the colonel's tent. Our names taken, we held up our hands and took an oath that we would not violate our parole by going over a certain distance from the prison, nor by failing to return at the proper time every night. We were furnished with axes and sent to the woods.

Two men divided into pairs, each pair had to cut two cords per day; the timber to be cut was on some swampy land about half a mile from the prison. I happened to be paired with a man from Maine, a thorough woodsman and a good chopper. He soon discovered that I couldn't chop. My hands were blistered and I was completely tuckered at the end of an hour. I said to him, "Partner, you see I can't keep up my end at this work, but there are persimmons in the woods around here, and cornfields with beans in the corn. I an some on beans and persimmons, and if you will do the chopping, I will pile the wood and divide persimmons and beans." He agreed. We had persimmons for dinner and our pockets full of beans to take back when we went in at night. The officers soon got on to the bean racket and searched us every night, taking everything of that kind away.

They permitted each man to carry in with him a stick of wood at night, and we managed to get hollow logs to carry in and conceal our plunder in them. One evening they discovered this game. We had come to the prison gate, laid down our loads of wood in front of the officers' tents, and were waiting to get our extra rations before going in. One of the men laid down a long hollow stick, full of beans. One of the officers was out of wood and told his negro servant to take one of our logs. The negro happened to take the log that had the beans, and as he cut it the beans rolled out and the officer saw them. After that the search at night included hollow logs.

Besides the fifty choppers one man was paroled as captain and another as clerk. Richard Wardell was the clerk. He and myself had been companions in daily rambles after beans and persimmons. In fact, our motto was: "Whatever your hands find to take let them take." One day Wardell told me that he had secured a better job, and he resigned the clerkship in my favor. At the same time he gave me a pocket memoranda to keep the roll of the choppers in. This book and a ten cent piece of script money are my only relics of prison life.

It was now some time in December. Commencing Christmas, I kept memoranda in this book, some of which I copy, because they show prison life as I saw it there.

"Dec. 25, 1864. To-day is the fourth Christmas I have spent away from home; may it be the last. The colonel said that as it was Sunday and Christmas too, we might have holiday and not go out to chop. Quite a favor, indeed, to be allowed to spend the principal holiday in the year in the most miserable hole on the face of the earth. Other days I go out on a parole of honor to chop wood for the prison. There are fifty-two in the chopping squad, in-

*(Continued on page 16)*

*(Continued from page 15, The Smoked Yank)*

cluding the captain of the squad and myself. The remuneration we receive is on pound of meal or rice and a half pound of beef per day, which it is my duty to draw and issue to the rest. The ration we draw in camp is one pound of meal and a little salt, with now and then a small quantity of beans or potatoes. I ate for breakfast to-day some rice and potatoes; for dinner, rice and meal dumplings, and will have some supper if we get rations to-day. Have just been to the gate to draw rations, but the rebels say we cannot have any to-day, because we did not work. There is a report here that Jeff Davis is dead, which is generally believed. There were some more galvanized Yanks turned in to-day. They were prisoners who took the oath of allegiance to the confederacy and went into the rebel army, but were so no-account that the rebels wouldn't have them.

*"Dec. 26, 1864.* We are out in the swamp today. It rained last night and the water is so high that the men can scarcely work. It is as warm here to-day as it is in May in Wisconsin. From all appearances our days of confinement will soon be over. It is reported that Sherman is marching on Charleston. If he is, he will surely take it, and then it will be easy for him to send a raid here and release us.

*"Dec. 27, 1864.* The rebs had their flag pole raised to-day that the Yankee sailors had been making for them. They made some of the prisoners raise it for them. I think it will not be long before there will be a Yankee flag flying on it. Our boys played a good joke on them while they were having it raised, which will not do to be written. I succeeded in getting Carr out to-day to make axe-helves. He will commence tomorrow."

The joke was this. While the men were chopping in the swamp a fat steer came trotting through the woods, and scared by the noise of the axes, he stopped near a tall Tennessean who was standing on a log. The Tennessean reached over and tapped him behind the horns with his axe. He dropped dead. We skinned and dressed him and divided the meat among the choppers. Knowing that we would be searched at night, and that hollow logs were played out, I devised this scheme to carry in the meat. The former captain of the squad had been sent away with some of the sick who were to be exchanged, and I had been given his place. I had two or three skillful axemen prepare logs of ash, the kind we usually carried in, and cut them exactly alike at each end, leaving as much uncut as could be broken. When broken, the splintered part of the ends where they were broken, came opposite each other. The logs were then carefully split so that the splintered part of each end was divided. The two halves were then hollowed out, making two troughs. These were then filled with steer and then the two parts carefully put together and fastened with small wedges at the end, put in across the split end. We arranged enough of these logs to carry all the steer, except the feet, head and such other parts as we used for dinner that day. There was no sign of a crack in these logs, and the boys who carried them, to prevent the discovery of the wedges that held them together at the ends, let the ends down in the muddy places when they stopped to rest. We were properly searched that night, but the steer got through. Every night after that the ash logs, that had been prepared to carry in beans, and such other things as the boys secured, were laid in some appointed place, and I inspected them, allowing none to go in unless skillfully prepared. This game was not discovered while I was there.

*"Dec. 28, 1864.* Rained all the afternoon. The boys wanted to go in. Colonel Iverson said they might go, but they would have to stay, and he would get men to chop who could stand a little rain. We stayed and were all soaked to the skin. Chopping wood in a cold chilly rain for a pint of corn-meal a day is tough. But a pint of corn-meal, added to our prison ration, keeps the gnawing wolf, Hunger, from the stomach. Besides, we are allowed to take in, at night, as much wood as we can carry, and what we get by selling, or trading our wood, added to our double ration of meal, enables us to live quite comfortably, as far as food and fuel go. Like kings compared to those, the common herd, the 15,000 who are trying to eke out existence on a scant pint of meal and a small stick of wood per day.

"We are called the chopping squad. Another squad, called the carrying squad, 200 in number, carry into the prison the wood that we chop. Each man has to carry on his back a quarter of a cord, each day, of green wood an average distance of one-half mile; and much of the way over a bridge, made of single foot logs, that crosses the swamp. The carriers are paid the same as the choppers. They have one sergeant in charge of each hundred, and another to act as commissary – that is, to draw and issue the pint of meal to each man; and another, called captain, who commands the squad.

"The other day some prisoners managed to flank out with the carrying squad, and escape. Whether they

*(Continued on page 17)*

(Continued from page 16, *The Smoked Yank*)

were aided or not by the captain or sergeants is not known, but to-day the captain and sergeants are in the dungeon; their men are left inside, and there is an entirely new gang on the foot logs. Succeeded to-day in getting my friend, Horace C. Carr, paroled to make axe handles for our squad. He made six good handles. Says he can make them faster when he gets used to having enough to eat.

"*Dec. 29, 1864.* Has been a cold, windy day. The 'rebs' hoisted their flag on the new pole. Judging from their actions, they cannot have much respect for nor much faith in their cause. They stood around the pole with their hands in their pockets, and did not say a word, or offer to cheer when the flag went up. The Yanks in the stockade greeted it with loud groans and hisses. The body, or main part of this flag, is white. In the upper corner, next the pole, there is a red square, and across this red square there are blue bars with white border. On the bars there are thirteen stars.

"*Dec. 30, 1864.* Has been a pleasant day, bright and balmy and warm. This is the Sunny South that we read about. Went with Dick Wardell on a little ramble into the country. Guess we stretched the limits of our parole. Stopped at a house to get a drink, and some ladies, who were there, talked with us quite awhile and were very polite. They asked us to come again next week, and bring a ring that we have to sell, and an album, if we could get one. We promised to do so. Was thinking to-day, as we returned, how much our prison life resembles the life of brutes. The horse, for instance, which is transferred from one place to another, and will go to and from each new stable, seldom making an effort to return to the old. So with us. Separated from friends and home, we are moved about from place to place, and still, our walk over, it seems perfectly natural to turn to the stockade where we have not as good as a manger to be stabled in. There is a rumor to-day that we are to be moved to Columbia. If we are I shall make another attempt to gain my liberty. Would rather make my escape and get to our lines, than receive a thousand dollars and be exchanged.

"*Sat., Dec. 31, 1864.* Cold and chilly, with some rain. Old Father Time seems to be dragging a heavy load; he moves so slow. Prospects for the new year gloomy enough. Could we poor mortals but lift the veil of uncertainty that seems to hang like a pall between us and the future, we might see beyond brighter and happier days; and we might see beyond (surely, some would) that which would blanch the cheek with terror and kill the little courage we have. Better, perhaps, the ills we have than the evils we know not of. In an uncertain future there is a chance for hope at least, to all. 'The New Year comes to-night, mamma,' and this will be the fourth time it has come and found your boy away. May God grant that ere the close of it he may be restored to you and home.

"*New Year, 1865.* Fine morning. Air clear and cold. Ground frozen. Last New Year's I was in my snug winter quarters at Vicksburg, enjoying, what I now recall as the comforts and blessings of freedom in a civilized land, and what I then considered the necessary hardships of a soldier's life. Thus 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.'

"For dinner George and I had a pie, made of boiled beef and four dumplings. George, my bunk-mate, is a nurse in a hospital. He has been getting flour for his extra ration. I have been getting beef instead of meal. We have been saving our flour and beef for three days, and we have had for this place a grand dinner. We kept a blanket over the front of our mansion while we ate so that our hungry neighbors might not stare at us with starving eyes."

Here follows an inventory of my worldly effects, the chief of which was a two-dollar greenback, then an inventory of bad habits, the chief of which was swearing; then moral reflections and promises of reform. Don't conclude from this that I was then a democrat.

"*Jan. 2, 1865.* Out with the chopping squad, as usual. Sold Brunt's watch to-day to one of the rebel cavalymen for \$1.25 in money and \$1.15 in trade.

"*Jan. 3, 1865.* Lovely day. Air as soft and balmy as a May morning in God's country. Such days warm my blood and make me feel "cagey." Have been thinking up plans of escape all day. Went over to see the lady who wanted the ring. She said she had spent all her money and couldn't take it. Guess she isn't much of a lady after all. Believe she is a kind of a camp-follower.

"The weather has had a bad effect on the paroled men. Thirteen of them skipped out to-day. One of them, James Coon, belonged to our squad. I expect we will all lose our job."

The James Coon, mentioned above, was one of the party with whom I was handcuffed when I was brought back

(Continued on page 18)

*(Continued from page 17, The Smoked Yank)*

after my first attempt to escape. He had been trying for several days to induce me to run away with him in violation of our parole of honor. Although I was always thinking and planning escape I did not like the idea of violating a parole. Technically and literally considered, I had never been paroled. When the chopping squad was first called for and taken out to be paroled, the rebel officer who had charge of the matter, formed us in double line, and then proceeded to take down each man's name. He wrote one or two names, and then to expedite matters, called for one of us to do the job of writing. Several of us stepped out and I was chosen. I stood beside the officer and wrote each name that was given him and repeated to me. When the roll was complete he ordered the men in the line to hold up each his right hand, and take an oath, called the parole of honor. I stood beside the officer, facing the prisoners, and did not hold up my hand; did not think of it at the time, and the officer did not notice me. Hence I was not, in fact, paroled. Coon knew of it and used that as an argument to persuade me to go with him. Whether it is justifiable, under any circumstances, for a man to violate such as oath of honor in order to escape from captors, is a moral problem not easy of solution. Of course, if prisoners-of-war were receiving honorable treatment there could be no excuse or justification for one who would violate a parole, voluntarily taken. But just how much unnecessary, unjustifiable and unusual cruelty a man must suffer before he would be justified in breaking a parole to get away, that is a question. "Thou shalt not kill," is a command of God, and a law of every civilized people. But in no civilized nation is a man required to lose his own life rather than to take that of his assailant.

Coon started soon after we got into the woods that morning. I was at that time captain of the chopping squad. As Coon had confided his plans to me I could not betray him although I knew that his going would, in all probability, result in all the rest of us losing our places. That meant more than the loss of a pint of meal a day; it meant that we must stay in the stockade with the rest of the prisoners and live on a pint of meal a day. It diminished the chances for life to all of us. None of the choppers, except myself, knew that he was going. He was not missed until the noon roll-call, which I was required to make each day. Then the boys supposed he had gone after beans or persimmons. About 2 o'clock I went to Colonel Iverson's quarters and told him that one of my men was missing at roll-call. Coon had consented that I should report him at that time, in order, if possible, to save myself from the dungeon, and the rest of the boys from being left inside. My diary discloses the result.

## **Chapter XXII.**

### **Parole Of Honor Played Out – A Scheme For Escape All Is Fair In Love And War – Bribing A Yankee With A Rebel's Money – I Go After Shakes And Do Not Return.**

*"Jan. 4, 1865.* Weather fine to-day, but it rained last night, giving our boys who ran away a good chance to elude the dogs. Our squad was not taken out to-day. None of the paroled men went out. George will sleep at the hospital hereafter, and I shall be alone in the shanty. Lost \$20 of confederate money last night. It must have been stolen.

"Had a very strange dream. Thought I had, in some way, escaped and got home. When I entered the house all our family, and uncle's family, and many of the young people of the neighborhood were there. They all gathered around me and began to talk, and tried to shake hands with me, but I pushed them all aside, and ran to mother and kissed her, and was so overcome with joy that I laid my head in her lap and wept for a long time. Then I shook hands with the rest, telling them it was the happiest day of my life. It would have been."

*"Jan. 5, 1865.* Parole of honor played out. New squads are being organized. None of the old hands are allowed to go. Colonel Iverson came in to see about the new men for parole, I asked him to let me have charge of the choppers again. He refused, but said I might go as a chopper, if I liked. I told him I could not chop a cord of wood a day, and that if he did not let me out as before, I would try to escape. He said: 'All right, my boy, you are welcome to try.'"

*(Continued on page 19)*



*(Continued from page 18, The Smoked Yank)*

I did try. Although I wrote memoranda each day I could not write everything for fear that if I should escape I might be captured with the book upon me.

*"Jan. 6, 1865.* The 'rebs' took out the new squads yesterday afternoon, and three of the prisoners ran away. They do not take any out to-day on account of the rain, they say. I have a kind of presentiment that a change, for better or for worse, is about to take place in my fortunes. Am afraid it is for the worse. Misfortunes never come singly, they say, and they seem to have begun coming to me when I lost my job outside.

*"Jan. 7, 1865.* No better prospects as yet for the future, though there is considerable talk of 'general exchange.' Have been thinking of trying to get out of this infernal hole. If I could get out on parole to work, could stay more contentedly, but I can't stand the pressure here. George has been sick and is now a patient in the hospital.

*"Jan. 8, 1865.* Ten months a prisoner. Am going to try to get out the first dark night.

*"Jan. 9, 1865.* Nothing particular transpired to-day. Tried to get the lieutenant to let me out on parole again, but he would not, and so I picked a place to climb over the stockade."

The truth is that while I was out on parole I had studied out a plan for escape, and had been busy working on it from the day my parole ceased. I had noticed that some of the paroled men who worked in the hospital, and about the commissary department of the prison, helping to carry in and issue the rations, and to do other work that required them to pass out and in frequently, were provided with passes. I had noticed these passes, and believed I could make one that would let me pass an ordinary guard, especially after dark. These passes were written in ink, on the face, in a hand easily imitated, and were stamped on the back with a red ink stamp.

My plan was to imitate the handwriting on the front and make a stamp on the back with a red pencil. The first thing to do was to get the pencil. I thought that among 15,000 Yankee prisoners I could either find one or get it made. So I began to inquire for one. Soon found that it would be hard to find, so I began systematically to inquire, going through the whole of 1,000, or detachment, before trying the next. On the second day I found a man who had a short red pencil, and secured it. Then I had to get some one who had a pass, to lend it to me so that I could learn to imitate it. My recollection is that I got my friend Wardell to get a pass for me. Do not remember whether I told him what I wanted to do or not. Anyway I had one of the genuine passes and set about learning to counterfeit. I began first on the stamp and have now in my note book, from which these memoranda are copied, my first effort to make the stamp. It is in the form but in red:



Cheatham was the name of one of the rebel officers. While I sat in my shebang, as we called it, at work on this stamp, it occurred to me that some man among those who had such passes might be induced to let me use a pass to get out with, and then send it in by some other man.

I knew of no man who had such a pass who would be likely to trust a stranger with it. No one with whom I was on terms of intimacy had one, and to ask a stranger to do for me what might cost him his life, seemed to be useless. I had nothing to offer as a bribe, except a few dollars in confed., as we called the rebel money. My only friend in the camp who had money was Wardell. The moment I thought of him in that connection, I knew that the problem was solved. Dick Wardell we called him, – I suppose Richard was his name, was then a handsome young man, below medium height, but well built and in every way a clean-cut, shrewd Yankee, probably twenty-five years old. He was one of the chopping squad when we were first taken out, but he soon obtained what he thought a better thing.

One of the rebel officers took a fancy to Dick and hired him to stay in the stockade and exchange confederate money for greenbacks. At that time a dollar of our money was worth twenty to thirty dollars of rebel money, at Charleston. The rebel officers were buying greenbacks in the stockade and selling them at Charleston. They were paying about ten for one. To facilitate business they had forbidden the rebel sutler, who had a store in the prison, taking any greenbacks from the prisoners in payment for his goods. The Yankees who had greenbacks must first exchange for confed. before they could trade with the sutler.

I called on Dick Wardell. "Dick," said I, "would you like to get away?"

*(Continued on page 20)*

*(Continued from page 19, The Smoked Yank)*

As you can see in the map drawn by the Brown's in 1990, they also believed that the location is near the intersection of Highways 218 and 696. I believe that this was done based on the creek shown in the map due to a belief of it being a branch of Passapatanzy Creek as it is labeled. However, the Geological Survey map clearly shows that particular creek as being labeled Dirt Bridge Run Creek and thus not the one that is desired.

"You bet your bottom dollar," said Dick.

"Haven't you got a roll of confed. that belongs to a reb?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"About fifteen hundred."

"Would you be willing to buy your way out with it?"

Dick was an honest fellow and he didn't at first take kindly to the scheme. We talked about it a long time. I told him about my first attempt, how we would be helped by the negroes, and showed him on an old map that Sherman was heading toward Savannah, where we could meet his army without having to go far. We did not then know that Sherman had already take Savannah. In fact, I persuaded Wardell that as all was fair in love and war, if he could get away by using the rebel's money, he ought to do it. Once in the notion he took hold with a will. He knew a Yankee sergeant who was working in the hospital. The hospital was about an acre of ground in one corner of the stockade, and partitioned off from the remainder of the prison by posts with a rail on top. This sergeant and his squad of about then men, were all on parole. They were employed building shed in the hospital (so called) for the sick to lie under. These sheds were made by putting forked logs in the ground, poles on the forks, one being a ridge pole, and the others lower, so as to form a roof when covered with shakes or long shingles. Other men were employed to cut the forks and poles and make the shakes in the woods. The sergeant and his men carried them from the woods into the hospital corner of the stockade and put up the sheds.

In order that these men might pass out and in at the hospital gate, they were provided with passes. This sergeant agreed to pass Wardell and myself out for twelve hundred dollars in confederate money. Early on the next morning after this agreement was made, Wardell and I, in order to get into the hospital, procured a stretcher and found a sick man to carry in. Having gained admission to the hospital we found that the sergeant had taken one of his men into his confidence and that we were to use that man's pass.

This plan of escape may, to the reader, seem quite tame, requiring neither nerve nor daring for its execution. To step into line with eight or ten other men, receive a pass, and then walk out of the gate, passing a guard who would merely look at your pass, did seem a simple and easy thing to do. It was neither simple nor tame nor easy. That guard had a loaded gun. His instructions were to shoot, without halting, any prisoner he saw attempting to escape. We were told that a furlough was granted as a reward to every guard who killed a prisoner attempting to escape. We did not know how many times the guard on duty that morning had been there before. If he had been there before, he might notice a change of one man in the number entitled to pass. Should he detect us in our scheme, he might carry out instructions and shoot us then and there. If he did not shoot, but merely handed us over to the officer on duty, hanging by the thumbs and thirty days in the dungeon on scant bread and water, would surely follow. Few men endured these tortures who were not by then so broken down in health and spirit that they soon after succumbed to the ordinary hardships of the prison life.

It was a dangerous plan, too, for the sergeant. It was a violation of the parole under which he was entrusted with the passes. Death was supposed to be the punishment for violating a parole. We thought of and talked of all these things that morning, the sergeant, Wardell and myself. More than twenty years have passes and the vividness with which I recall the incidents of that morning, is evidence to me that one at least of the three had need to summon up his courage.

The sense of personal danger that one feels under such circumstances is not the sole cause of agitated feeling.

*(Continued on page 21)*

*(Continued from page 20, The Smoked Yank)*

No ambitious student, however carefully trained, can take the rostrum on his graduating day without more or less of fear and trembling. Many a lawyer, even after long practice, tries in vain to sleep the night before an important trial. They are not of common mould who can perform a tragical act on the stage of life without perturbation of soul. The little boy giving his name on that first day at school, the maiden approaching the altar on her bridal day, the soldier standing in line of battle with the enemy in full view, it comes alike to all.

Aside from the danger involved, this was to me a critical moment. For ten months my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, had been of escape. I was about to try. Succeed, and home and mother, father, brothers and sisters, and all that life gives promise of to a boy of nineteen, were before me; fail, and tortures and hunger were for sure, and perhaps starvation, sickness, and death.

The sergeant was very anxious to have Wardell go first, because Wardell had the money which he was to hand over when he was on the outside. Wardell insisted on my going first, because I had escaped once, and he thought that I could make a second attempt with greater coolness than one who had never tried, so I stepped into the line and took the pass.

There were nurses and patients of the hospital and workmen all around us, who knew nothing of what was going on. The rest of the men with passes did not know. It seemed to me that every man around me must see in my face all that was in my mind. The guard, to my immense relief, took no more notice of me than of the others. As had been arranged between us, I went to work carrying in poles and shingles with the others. After we had gone out and come in two or three times, the guard concluded that he knew us and ceased to look at the passes. Then the sergeant went out with me, and I gave him back the pass which he was to take in and give to Wardell, while I was to remain out until Wardell should join me. It would not do, however, for Wardell to attempt to pass the same guard. He must wait until that guard's two hours were up and another took his place. I sat under a tree waiting; saw the relief guard go round, was expecting every moment to see Wardell come through the gate, when I saw the sergeant coming out. I knew in a moment that something had gone wrong. His agitation was to me evident from the manner of his walk. When he got to me he was so badly scared he could hardly speak. "You must come back in," he said. "Here, take the pass, go get a load of shakes and come right in." I asked him what the trouble was. He said that we were found out; that an officer had come into the hospital after Wardell just as Wardell was about to come out.

What had transpired I do not know. I have never since seen or heard from either that sergeant or Wardell. It occurred to me, however, that the officer for whom Wardell was exchanging money, had gone into the stockade to see Wardell on business and had been told that Wardell had taken a sick man to the hospital, and that the officer had very naturally gone there to find him. Anyway, I said to the sergeant that I needed no pass to come back in. The guard never asked for a pass from a man who wanted to go in. I told him to go in and I would go to the woods after the load of shakes and we would try again some other day. He went in and I went to the woods, not to get shakes, but to shake from my feet the dust, from my life, the horrors of that prison pen.

## ***Analysis of the Smoked Yank***

*By Matthew Beard*

List of genealogical related facts found in these chapters:

### Chapter 18:

- ⌘ Continued being a prisoner in Andersonville
- ⌘ Borrowed money from Davidson to start a small huckster stand selling goods
- ⌘ Had to quite the stand because of the raiders and Davidson wanting his money back
- ⌘ Lynn Cook became sick and went into the hospital only to die a few weeks later
- ⌘ Helped with digging tunnels for a while
- ⌘ Melvin became sick with scurvy

*(Continued on page 22)*

*(Continued from page 21, The Smoked Yank)*

- ⌘ Was able to acquire a good site for another stand when the prison was enlarged
- ⌘ Description of Limber Jim again and acquiring his business
- ⌘ Using another prisoner named James Donahue for smuggling in goods
- ⌘ A description of Stoneman's failed raid which ended up increasing the number of prisoners
- ⌘ Melvin's thoughts on Sherman's plan to help the prisoners by sending aid
- ⌘ Moving prisoners due to Sherman's advances
- ⌘ Leaving Andersonville to go to what they thought would be an exchange of prisoners
- ⌘ Loaded into cattle-cars and moved to Millidgeville and then toward Charleston
- ⌘ Realizing that the destination was the prison at Florence, SC

#### Chapter 19:

- ⌘ Arriving at Florence, SC
- ⌘ Melvin escapes after changing clothes
- ⌘ Went through the middle of Florence
- ⌘ Decided to make for the coast
- ⌘ Arrived at a ferry on the Pedee River and told to paddle down it with a companion
- ⌘ Was helped by several slaves at the different plantations
- ⌘ Made a forged furlough pass from a Georgia regiment
- ⌘ Bought a South Carolina jacket for \$5
- ⌘ Came close to being captured by knocking on the wrong door
- ⌘ Got a ride on a wagon toward the coast
- ⌘ Hiding in the wagon when it went through a guard point at Conwayborough
- ⌘ Reached the coast

#### Chapter 20:

- ⌘ Decided to go to Wilmington, NC to get on a blockade runner
- ⌘ Tried to get help from a man who did not sound trustworthy
- ⌘ On the run again trying to hide as he moved
- ⌘ Entered an area that was actively searching for deserters
- ⌘ Hide in the woods
- ⌘ Tried to cross a river and got caught by a boy
- ⌘ Boy's brother-in-law was a Lieutenant of artillery on furlough
- ⌘ Decided to admit that he was an escaped prisoner-of-war so not to be hanged as a deserter
- ⌘ Told he looked and talked as a Southerner
- ⌘ Parents were from Kentucky
- ⌘ Both grandfathers were from Virginia
- ⌘ Treated well by the plantation owner
- ⌘ Taken to Whiteville, which was on the railroad between Florence and Wilmington
- ⌘ Turned over to the Provost Marshall in Whiteville
- ⌘ Interred in the prison and was upset about being placed in a common felon's cell
- ⌘ Stole a butcher knife
- ⌘ Taken by train to Florence
- ⌘ Searched and knife was found. Asked that it be sent back to the jailor in Whiteville.
- ⌘ Made a statement about the general character of the people he had met and interacted with during his escape.

#### Chapter 21:

- ⌘ Returned to the stockade
- ⌘ Hand-cuffed to five or six others for about 48 hours without food
- ⌘ Milder punishment than expected
- ⌘ Met Lieutenant Barrett of the Rebel forces guarding the stockade
- ⌘ Barrett was considered worse than Wirz due to his delight in cruelty

*(Continued on page 23)*

(Continued from page 22, *The Smoked Yank*)

- ⌘ Florence stockade was a duplicate of Andersonville's
- ⌘ Had some boughs and brush to use at the start to use for building shelter
- ⌘ Got on the chopping squad to cut wood
- ⌘ Ate persimmons and beans while out on parole cutting wood
- ⌘ Smuggled food back into the stockade
- ⌘ Got assigned as clerk of the chopping squad when Richard Wardell got a better job
- ⌘ Started keeping a journal - went from 12/25/1864 to 1/3/1865 in this chapter
- ⌘ Sentimental during Christmas
- ⌘ Wrote about experience on chopping squad
- ⌘ Became Captain of the chopping squad
- ⌘ Man from Tennessee killed steer; choppers ate some and smuggled more into the stockade
- ⌘ Colonel Iverson in charge of the stockade at Florence
- ⌘ Described the carrying squad which would carry the wood back to the stockade
- ⌘ Some prisoners escape while on parole
- ⌘ Got friend, Horace C. Carr, on the chopping squad to make axe handles
- ⌘ Talked to ladies at a local house while on parole
- ⌘ Rumor of being moved to Columbia
- ⌘ New Year arrived with cold weather
- ⌘ Thirteen of the chopping squad escaped including James Coon
- ⌘ Had to tell the Colonel that some of the chopping squad escaped, but waited until 2 PM to do so
- ⌘ Lost jobson the chopping squad

#### Chapter 22:

- ⌘ Journal was kept from 1/4/1865 to 1/9/1865 for this chapter
- ⌘ Colonel Iverson would not allow Melvin back as the Captain of the chopping squad
- ⌘ Melvin stated to the Colonel that he would escape then
- ⌘ Three more prisoners escaped from the chopping squad
- ⌘ George is sick and in the hospital
- ⌘ Stated that he had been a prisoner for 10 months
- ⌘ 15,000 Yankee prisoners in the stockade
- ⌘ Tried to counterfeit a pass, but could not get the right material
- ⌘ Got Dick Wardell to provide money to get him and Melvin smuggled out of the stockade through the squad used to build hospital shelters
- ⌘ Sherman had taken Savannah by now
- ⌘ Melvin got out of the stockade and into the woods
- ⌘ Wardell was found out and could not escape

We start in this issue with Melvin Grigsby still in Andersonville Prison. He goes through a period of being a "huckster" to make money to help buy additional items to survive. The term "huckster" can be found at Wikipedia (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Huckster>) with the definition as "a seller of small articles, usually of cheap or shoddy quality, or one engaged in haggling or making petty bargains, that is, a certain type of peddler or hawker." He learns first-hand about the results of going to the hospital as his friend Lynn Cook ends up dying while being treated there. Melvin also goes through a bout of scurvy while he was short of food. It has become obvious by now to most readers that the prisoners were given food that barely allowed them to survive.

The attempted raid to rescue the prisoners was interesting reading from the point of view of the prisoners that were to be rescued. One of the things to contemplate is how much of Melvin's description is based on after-the-fact information and how much was known while in Andersonville. More information about Major General George Stoneman, the leader of the raid, can be found at the site of the California State Military Museum located at <http://www.militarymuseum.org/Stoneman.html>. A description of Stoneman's attempt states the following:

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23, *The Smoked Yank*)

*During the Union disaster at the battle of Chancellorsville, Hooker characteristically searched for scapegoats among his commanders to blame for his own failures. Hooker had designed a cavalry raid behind Confederate lines, with Stoneman in the lead. It would soon be known as "Stoneman's Raid." It was a daring, risky maneuver that failed. However, it boosted the morale of the troopers and ranks as one of the significant precursors to the turning of the war in the East. The troopers were long proud of their participation in "Stoneman's Raid," and it effectively diverted much Confederate infantry from the Chancellorsville battle. But Hooker, reeling from his own loss, blamed Stoneman and unofficially relieved him from command of the Cavalry Corps by packing him off to Washington to seek "medical treatment" for his hemorrhoids.*

[...]

*During the winter of early 1864, Stoneman wearied of his administrative duties at Washington and longed to get back to the field. He was anxious to redeem his reputation in the wake of the Chancellorsville raid.*

[...]

*During a raid planned for Macon, Georgia and the Andersonville Confederate prison camp designed by Stoneman to free captives there, he was captured on July 31, 1864, along with [Stoneman's aide-de-camp Myles] Keogh. Stoneman suffered the distinction of being the highest-ranking officer that the Confederates captured during the war. Both were specially exchanged at General William T. Sherman's request that fall, Stoneman being exchanged for Confederate Brigadier General Daniel C. Govan.*

[...]

*After his return to the army, in late 1864, Stoneman finally salvaged his reputation by leading a raid into southwestern Virginia to destroy the salt works there, one of Lee's army's major resources, and the ironworks near Wytheville. He then led 6,000 men on another raid into North Carolina and Virginia in March 1865. His command nearly captured Confederate President Jefferson Davis. As Davis moved his government into North Carolina, Stoneman's horsemen closed in. Davis was finally captured by the 4th Michigan Cavalry, of Major General James Wilson's command, in Georgia on May 10.*

So we see that General Stoneman is used by General Hooker, but makes several attempts to return to command of troops; the first resulting in being the highest ranking officer captured by the Confederates and the second in being involved in the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The prisoners are soon dispersed to other prisons to get them away from Sherman's advancement through the southern states. An attempt is made to have them believe that they are being exchanged, but this is to keep them tranquil while being transported. Once it is found that Melvin's group is to be interred at Florence, South Carolina, we find that Melvin would rather risk the dangers of escape than to sit and wait to be exchanged. The reader should remember that Melvin is only about nineteen years old at this time, so must feel that he can accomplish many things even as he is being held as a prisoner.

The next couple of chapters is a description of his escape route and how he interacts with the locals during his attempt. He is treated both good and bad from his fellow humans of both races that were predominant in that location and time. He did get a lot of sympathy from most slaves who ended up helping him, but came across a few who held resentment toward him because of his being white. He had to hide from most of the local white residents since he would not be sure who could be trusted and who would turn him in. Once captured, he was well treated by the plantation owner that held him until he could be brought to the local Provost Marshall. A description of the duties of a Provost Marshall can be found at <http://www.civilwarhome.com/ProvostMarshal.htm>.

We do find out while he is being held in North Carolina, that his parents were both born in Kentucky and both of his grandfathers are from Virginia. This provides a little bit of additional information for the NGFS database since the location of birth for his maternal grandfather was not previously identified. Melvin does name a few of his relatives in the

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24, *The Smoked Yank*)

completion of the book.

Once back at the prison in Florence, Melvin received a lighter punishment than expected. He was then able to rejoin his friends from Andersonville and went through a period of time where he worked at various positions concerning the wood cutting group so that he could be outside of the prison for periods of time. He also began keeping a daily journal of which he shares his thoughts - though not all were actually written down while in prison - so we can see what he was going through at the time. Melvin provides a description of the Florence stockade as "being a duplicate of Andersonville". The stockade is now a national cemetery and more information can be found out about it at the Friends of the Florence Stockade site located at <http://home.att.net/~florencestockade/friends.htm>. Florence is also the site of what is believed to be the first woman buried in a National Cemetery — Florena Budwin. According to the story, Florena had went into the Union army disguised as a man to be with her husband. Both were captured and sent to Andersonville and then on to Florence. She was discovered during a routine examination by a Confederate doctor and was removed from the Florence stockade and kept in a private room. She later died there of pneumonia.

To close out this series of chapters, we find that Melvin has engineered another escape attempt with the assistance of his friend Richard "Dick" Wardell. Though Dick Wardell did not make it, we end with Chapter 22 with Melvin escaping into the woods for his second attempt at freedom.

As stated in the editor's comments earlier in this issue, the reprint of this book will be completed in the next issue. If anyone has a copy of the book about Melvin Grigsby in the Spanish-American War titled "*Grigsby's Cowboys: Third United States Volunteer Cavalry, Spanish-American War—A Historical Review of the Regiment and Compendium of Biographies of the Noted Men Comprising the Same*," by Otto L. Sues and James E. Patten in 1900, I would like to borrow it to make a reprint of it available to the membership.