

ally reached Frankfort. An advance was made toward Cincinnati, but General Buell with a good big army advised against the wisdom of going farther north, and that ended the show, except that on the way back to Tennessee Bragg fought some interesting battles and took with him a wagon train of supplies captured in Kentucky, a train forty miles long. Unfortunately for the success of the expedition Bragg met Rosencrans at Stone River, near Murfreesboro, and at that bloody encounter the wagon train collided with trouble. Bragg did not get away with the goods.

Sherman's outing has nothing to compare it with in this country. It was big and it was effective. I never carried on war. I am not sure that it could be done on the principle of Nick Bottom, the weaver in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," who would play the part of the lion and roar as gently as a nightingale or something of that kind in order not to frighten the ladies. Possibly a war on the turtle dove line of action would not be interesting. Sherman apparently had no nightingale notions about him. After saying war is a rude kind of occupation, he could not put himself in wrong by proving it a tea party. So he backed up his statement. By the time he had reached the sea and turned to Columbia his troops had acquired a certain proficiency in making the country they traversed look like an understudy of a cyclone belt. When they left Columbia for North Carolina they were in pretty good practice, and as the real work of war was about completed there was little left for the troops but to give exhibition games along the road. The army moved in several columns, covering a strip about fifty miles wide. From what I gather from the folks who lived on the line of march the country was covered all right.

It is possible that a drastic measure was essential to the termination of the war. The conflict has gone so far into the past that the thing to do is to accept events as they were and figure out that the inscrutable hand of Providence directs affairs in about the proper channel. Yet as we stand on the ground covered by Sherman's troops and hear of the eccentricities of some of the army, it would seem that more toleration could have been extended to the people of the section traversed by the triumphal procession. But Sherman served the country one purpose. He left something to point out to curious strangers. I can sit on my front porch and wave my hand in lordly fashion, and say that here on the knob Kilpatrick's cavalry camped, and mounted their guns to cover the ford below yonder where the road crosses leading from Columbia to Fayetteville. At the house across the creek the women and children were notified to move out to be safe from the range of firing if Hardee's troops should come this way in any attempt to head off the invading army, and the folks across the creek informed the soldiers that they would stay until they got ready to move.

That's one thing I like about your American. He, or she, if you insist, will defy the American army or anything else until the last dog is hung, and most of them will die fighting, although if they see the jig is really up they manage to veer around into quiet water reason-

ably enough when it is time. The thing that gets closest to me in all this business of war is the action of the negro. He was the fellow most involved, yet in spite of the fact that his play, theoretically, was to fly to the conquerors the minute they came in sight or hearing, the faithful old darky stayed by the family he belonged to, and made their safety his first task. In all the hero stories from the first that I have any knowledge of I cannot recall a finer tribute to the devotion of man to man than that which is shown by the slave in his fidelity to his white folks. People from the North always had a misconception of slavery, and few of them have any more accurate idea of the situation yet.

So far as I can understand there was little animosity between master and slave. On the contrary the relations were of a friendly character. The slave-owner who went away to the war, leaving his women and children in the hands of the negroes, had implicit confidence in the care the negroes would give, and I know of no instance in which that confidence was betrayed. When Sherman came this way the negroes gathered the stock and concealed it in the depths of the swamps. The negroes buried the potatoes and the corn and the hams in the sand that the troops might not find it. Novel methods of concealing valuables were devised. Burying money and jewels in the road that the travel of myriads of feet and wagons might obliterate all signs of its concealment was a frequent practice. The darky stood by his white folks, and when the war had ended he tried to stand by them still. It was a terrible struggle for both white and black where war had swept over the country like a whirlwind of fire, but they worked together, or such as were left did, for war levied a fierce toll upon the white male population of this part of North Carolina.

The remnant that came back, many crippled, all of them ruined financially, many without homes, without stock to

(Continued on page eleven)



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