"THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A CIVILIAN": "GATH" REPORTS ON THE WAR

LIFE IN LOG HUTS

HARDTACK ILLUSTRATED

THE ONWARD MOVEMENT.

LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

Our Special Correspondence.

HUNTER'S MILL, March 13.

present. Enough is known to enable us to state to the friends of the Reserve division they may expect to hear no more of them for some days, perhaps some weeks.

G. A. T.

SAM A. COOLEY
U.S. Photographer.
Department of the South

PHOTOGRAPHING THE CIVIL WAR

WITH THE THOUSANDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES ON LAND AND WATER, THE CIVIL WAR IS ON A BASIS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

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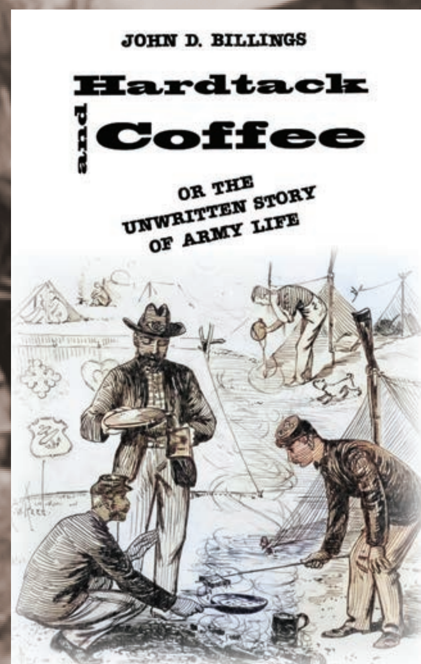
PHOTOGRAPHING THE CIVIL WAR

by Henry Wysham Lanier

WITH THE THOUSANDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES ON LAND AND WATER DURING THE MOMENTOUS YEARS OF 1861 TO 1865, THE CIVIL WAR IS ON A BASIS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS.



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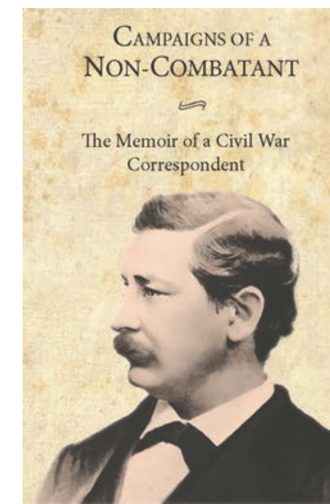
LIFE IN LOG HUTS

By John D. Billings

FROM THE MUNDANE TO THE MOROSE, JOHN BILLINGS' DAY TO DAY ACCOUNT OF WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE FOR THE CIVIL WAR SOLDIER IS STILL A FASCINATING READ.



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FROM THE EDITOR

JEFFREY R. BIGGS

Cover background: Mathew Brady, c. 1865 (National Archives)

EDITORIAL

Welcome to *Hardtack Illustrated*

"History repeats itself, first as tragedy, second as a farce." - Karl Marx

In our Spring 2024 issue, we include a cartoon from the April 13, 1861 edition of *Harper's Weekly*. At that time, news of the firing on Fort Sumter had not yet been carried to press, but the headlines were alarming: "*The Evacuation of Fort Sumter!"* and *"Fort Sumter to be Reinforced at all Costs!"* These conflicting narratives left many people confused about the state of the country. The cartoon depicts someone who is overwhelmed by the uncertainty of the times and has given up trying to make sense of it all.

"Reads the Papers" from *Harper's Weekly*, April 13, 1861

Fast forward eight score and three years (that's 163 years in modern speak), and it seems like we are once again in a period of division and conflict. The country is deeply divided along partisan lines, and neither of the presidential candidates are popular with the other half of the electorate. According to a recent *Washington Post* survey, a sizable fraction of Americans support secession. Treason is discussed openly, and it feels like we have been transported back in time; back to a place where, if one believes the recent opinion polls, half of us want to go.

Are we condemned to repeat the past? Or as the bard from Germany may suggest, our first attempt at a national divorce ended in tragedy of the Civil War with the loss of three-quarters of a million, and this second one is just a bad imitation of the first. Caution and patience are the watchwords here, a second national divorce is unthinkable. In Abraham Lincoln's First Inaugural Address delivered on March 4, 1861 he echoed that,"physically speaking, we can not separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this." I think what Lincoln was telling us is that we are connected physically in a way that cannot be easily undone; it can be attempted but those sinews of "mystic chords of memory," will pull and tug in resistance. Let's keep the memory of the Lincoln's word alive as we once again strain our democratic muscles in the upcoming presidential election season. "Indeed it has been said that democracy is the worst form of government," recalled Winston Churchill, "except for all those other forms that have been tried from time to time."

In this our second edition of *Hardtack Illustrated*, readers find once again three featured articles. Our reissue of George Alfred Townsend's memoir *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant* was released in March and we couldn't be happier with some of the early feedback. In the article "This is No Place for a Civilian: GATH Reports on the War," we showcase some of the gripping scenes included in the memoir. The article is just a small slice of the extensive memoir. Our cover feature is an excerpt from the ten-volume 1911 classic work edited by Francis Trevelyan Miller *The Photographic History of the Civil War.* We have included the introductory chapter of the series entitled "Photographing the Civil War" by Henry Wysham Lanier. The article serves as a primer for anyone interested in Civil War photography and the early war photographer's efforts to achieve that perfect shot. We have included the original photographs and captions, which make the series such a wonderful piece of history. In the second half of 2024, Hardtack Books will be releasing its own version of John D. Billing's classic memoir *Hardtack and Coffee*. The original work was published in 1888; we hope to do justice by adding a modern style and typography while still including all the original illustrations by Charles Reed and several additional ones not included in the original. In this edition of *Hardtack Illustrated*, we have included a sample chapter titled "Life in Log Huts." In this chapter, Billings gives readers a glimpse of the day-to-day life while living in the cramped confines of a Civil War camp.

In our "Quotes and Incidents" column, we examine one of the most well-known phrases uttered at a death bedside: "Now he Belongs to the Ages," spoken by Edwin Stanton at President Lincoln's passing. Some may find it surprising how the famous quote became part of Lincoln's mythology. Finally, in our "Civil War Ancestors" feature, we explore the life of Brigadier General Judson Kilpatrick, the great-great-grandfather of Anderson Cooper.

I would like to extend to readers the opportunity to contact me in case you come across Civil War era material which you think would be great to include in future editions, or if you can think of ways to improve. I can be reached at jbiggs@hardtackbooks.com.

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all things civil war.

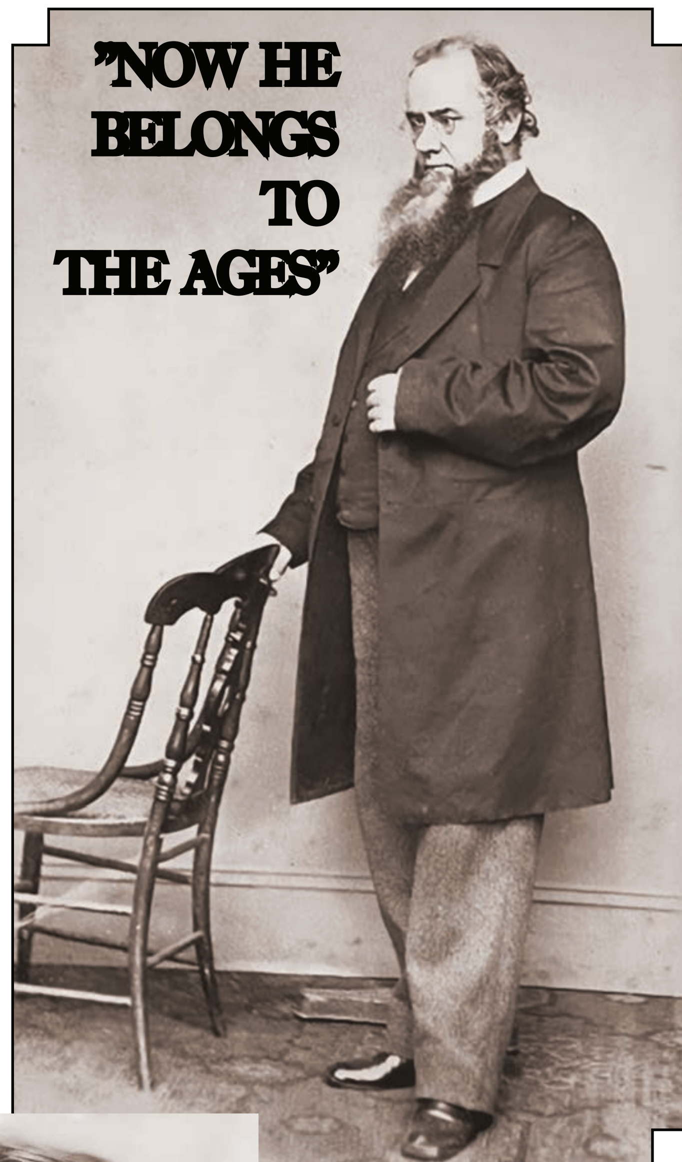
Where we explore the origins of famous quotes and incidents from the American Civil War.

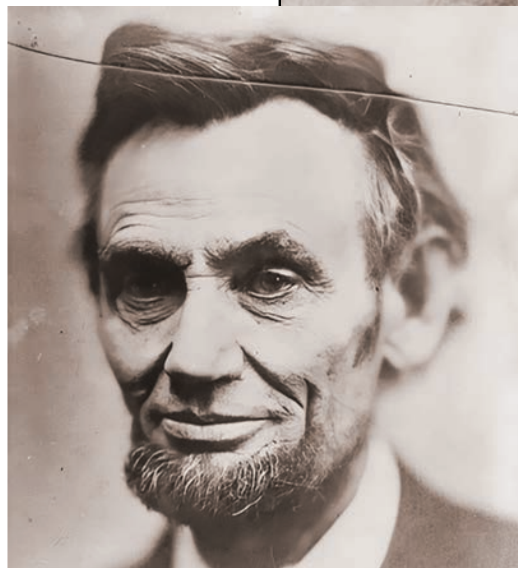
"AT TWENTY-TWO MINUTES AFTER SEVEN, HE DIED. STANTON BROKE THE SILENCE BY SAYING, 'NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES.'" - JOHN HAY

Few incidents in the annals of American history can match the tragedy that befell the nation on the evening of April 14, 1865. President Abraham Lincoln, in a celebratory mood following the surrender of Lee's forces at Appomattox, was struck down at Ford's Theatre by the hand of the assassin John Wilkes Booth. Just three nights before, the president gave a speech from the North Portico of the White House stressing reconciliation with the South, and now he lay dying at a boarding house across the street from the theatre. Many contemporary accounts and later historians document exhaustively the hour-by-hour details of the plot to overthrow the government by assassinating the head of state and cabinet officials.

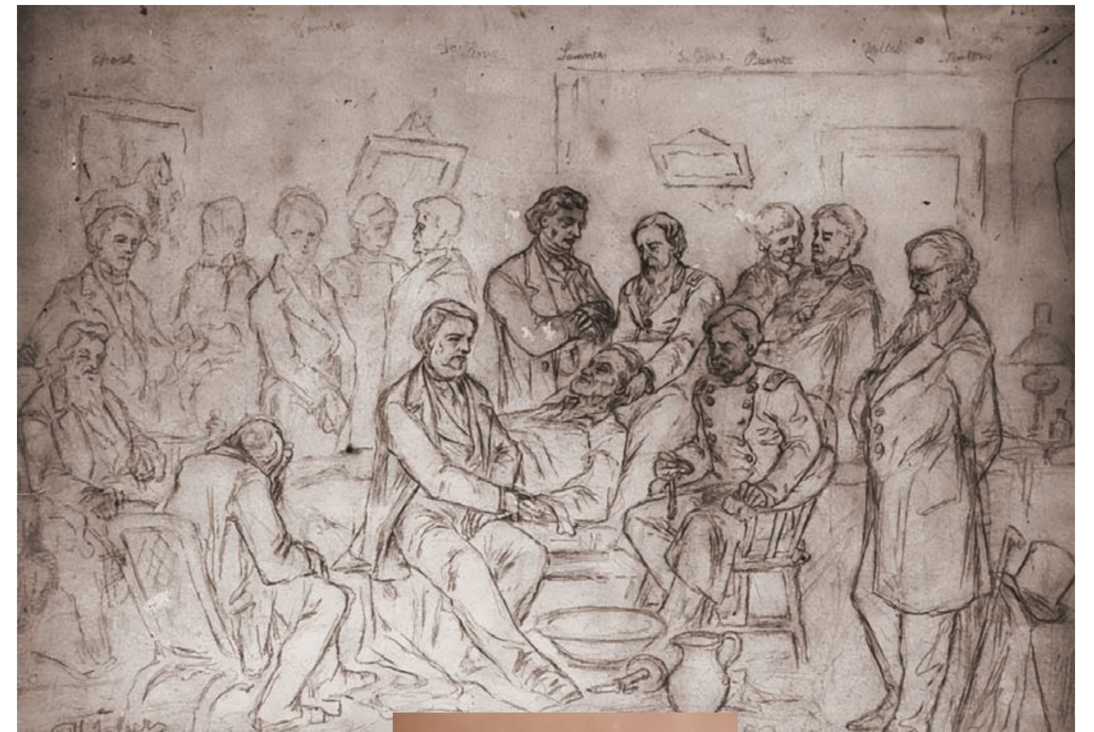
Still, one quote seems to encapsulate the moment and has become part of the mythology around the demise of the sixteenth president and his memory. The quote comes from the unlikeliest of men: Edwin Stanton, the Secretary of War known for his acidic tongue and stoic disposition, had a moment of eloquence when, at the president's passing, he proclaimed, "*Now, he belongs to the ages.*"

The quote is familiar to many; it appears in hundreds of accounts of Lincoln's life, but the source of the quote is more arcane. At precisely 10:13 p.m., Booth entered the presidential box at Ford's Theatre and fired a single shot in the back of the president's head with a Derringer pistol. Just barely alive but with a mortal prognosis, the notion of dying on Good Friday in a playhouse loomed; the president was taken across the street to a William Peterson boarding house to die with dignity in a proper bed. Robert Todd Lincoln, the president's eldest son, and his friend John Hay, Lincoln's personal secretary and the quote's source, were in the Executive Mansion gossiping about events when a crowd of people burst into the White House with a wild tale of murder and conspiracy. At the same time, Edwin Stanton, prepared for bed when a ring of the doorbell brought ill news; the mob in the streets, growing by the thousands, confirmed the rumor that the president had been mortally wounded. Stanton went to the boarding house to take control of the situation. When entering the boarding house, Stanton decided to remain by the president. The Peterson boarding house became a makeshift War Department where the secretary of war managed the pursuit of the assassins and kept vigil over the fading a president.





LEFT: The last know photograph of Abraham Lincoln taken February 5, 1865; ABOVE: Secretary of War Edwin Stanton



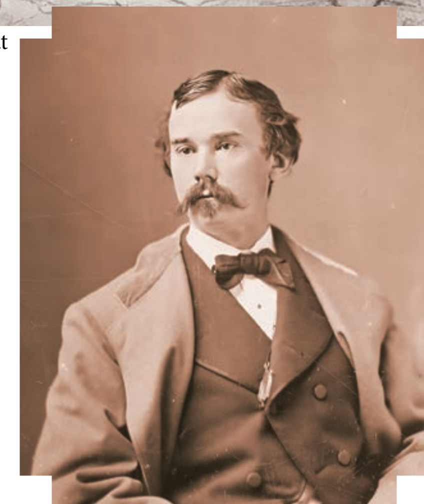
ABOVE: One of two drawings by Hermann Faber made at Lincoln's death bed. RIGHT: John Hay

Death came to President Lincoln at 7:22 a.m. The attending doctors and everyone confirmed the time with their timepieces. "He is gone," one of the doctors said. It was a crowded scene, according to the observant John Hay who counted twenty people including himself, in the room. From the hand of John Hay comes the end of the sixteenth president:

> "His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven, he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'Now he belongs to the ages.'"

The man known for browbeating army contractors and subordinates, who earlier that evening, having heard enough of Mary Todd Lincoln's weeping aloud, demanded "Take that woman out and do not let her in again," had somehow found the inner peace to sum up the evening's events in a national soliloquy.

Edwin Stanton never had the opportunity to recognize the reputation of his deathbed statement; he outlived the president by only four years, dying in agony from the throes of an asthma attack on Christmas Eve 1869. It was not until 1890, John Hay and John Nicolay, the two private secretaries of President Lincoln, published the magisterial ten-volume work entitled *Abraham Lincoln: A History* where the quote was first described. Most of the work is based on Lincoln's personal papers and some based on the memory of the two secretaries. Serial installments of the work began to appear in the *Century Magazine* in January 1890, the excerpt of the assassination of the president was included with the Stanton quote. By the first week of January 1890, many newspapers picked up the quote.



As with all things involving the Civil War, nothing is a final, definitive word. Some accounts suggest that Stanton said Lincoln "belongs to the angels now," but the standard version seems the most prevalent in Lincoln historiography.

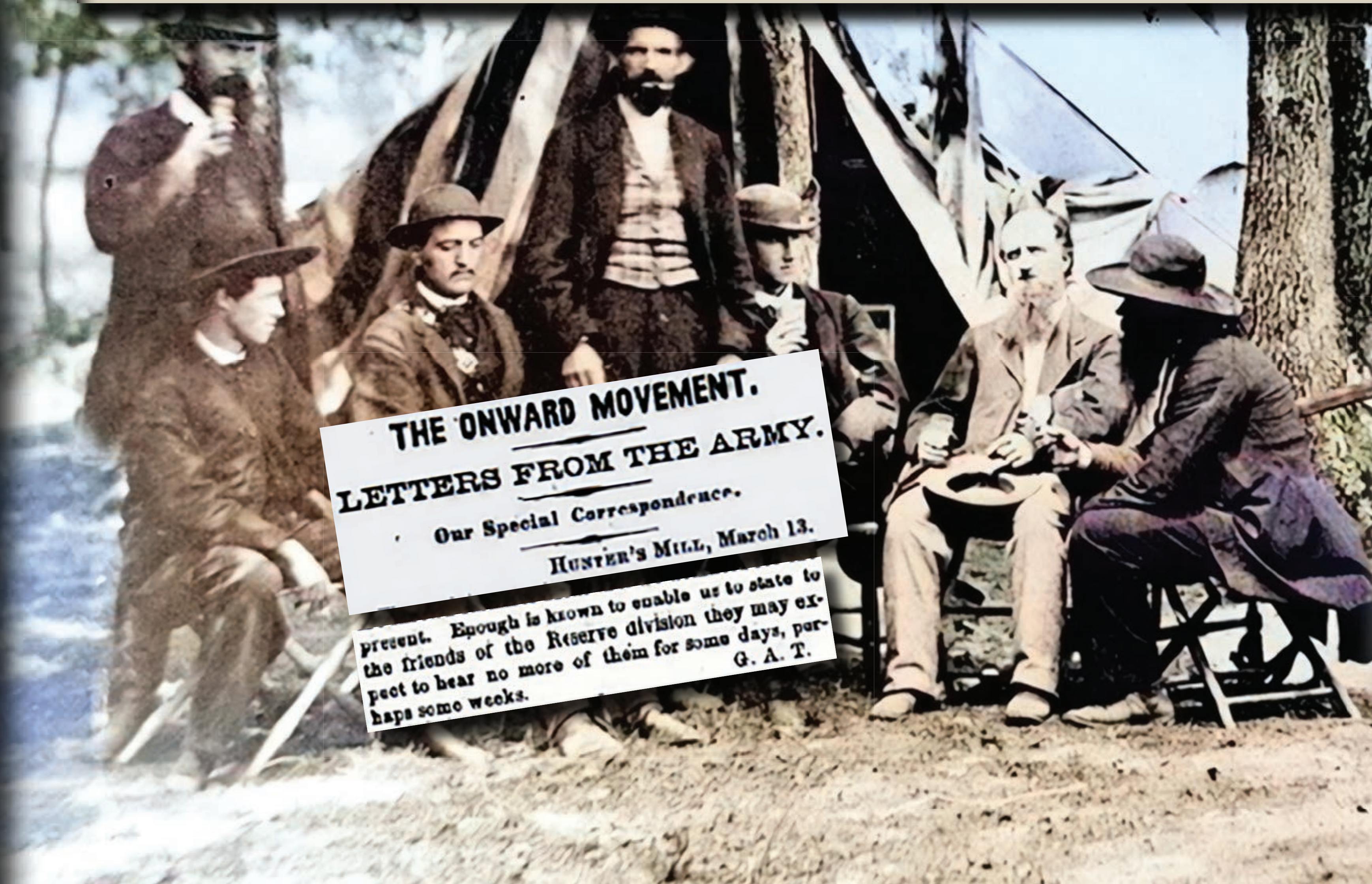
The Lincoln biography popularized the quote from Stanton and elevated young John Hay in popularity. He enjoyed a lifetime of public service as Ambassador to the United Kingdom under the McKinley Administration and Secretary of State under Teddy Roosevelt. He died in 1905.

All images are from the Library of Congress

George Alfred Townsend was a special war correspondent for the *Philadelphia Press* and *New York Herald* during the Civil War. He followed McClellan's Army of the Potomac and Pope's Army of Virginia in the spring and summer of 1862 filing dozens of dispatches to his editors. Finally, after suffering from the effects of 'swamp fever,' he took a two-year break in Europe, where he lectured about his experiences. Townsend returned to the war front in 1865 and - after taking the pen name of "Gath" - was the first correspondent to describe the war's climax at Five Forks. He released his memoir in 1866, detailing his personal experiences and recollections of the Civil War and those dramatic days.

Townsend was chronicling extraordinary events during extraordinary times. We provide the following sketch of some fascinating scenes described in *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant.*

By Jeffrey R. Biggs



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G. A. T.

"This is no place for a civilian."

Gath Reports on the War

A VITAL LIFELINE

The Grapevine Bridge, named for it tortuous course over the Chickahomony River, being strengthened on May 29, 1862. It served as a vital lifeline during the retreat after the Battle of Gaines Mills. "Before I had reached the north side of the creek, an immense throng of panic-stricken people came surging down the slippery bridge," remembered Townsend.

Six years after the end of the Civil War, three American journalists sat in Mathew Brady's Washington, D.C. studio for a group portrait. In the center sat Samuel Clemens, otherwise known as Mark Twain. To his right sat George Alfred Townsend, who like Clemens, was more well known for a pen name: "Gath." Twain's literary career had yet to peak; Townsend was more well-known for his notoriety as a correspondent in the late war. While working for the *New York Herald*, Townsend's ten-column account of the Army of the Potomac's retreat to the James River reached the press on July 4, 1862, after Townsend's dramatic escape from Harrison's Landing during the Battle of Malvern Hill. Later, in April 1865, working for the *New York World*, Townsend got the scoop on the victory at Five Forks, which virtually ended Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. A national reputation was earned when in May 1865, he reported on the pursuit and capture of John Wilkes Booth following the assassination of the president.

George Townsend's success with the pen is a testament to the quality of education he received despite his father's modest income as a traveling Methodist preacher. His education began around 1849/50 in Chestertown, Maryland, when he was eight or nine. He received an early education at the highly esteemed Washington College in Chestertown, Maryland, which, at the time, accepted students of all ages, including young children and older teens. Later, in 1851, after the family moved to Newark, Delaware, George Alfred enrolled at the Newark Academy, another school that offered instruction for pre-teen boys. In 1853, the family relocated to the urban environment of Philadelphia, where the young man was placed in the Fox Chase School. George Alfred enrolled in Philadelphia's Central High School in 1856. The school was highly regarded and granted a Bachelor of Arts degree after four years of learning, putting it on par with many colleges.

Townsend's social awareness and his disdain for the institution of slavery were aroused by the political happenings in the late 1850s. He became aware of the enslavement of others by reading his father's copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In a later comment, he credited Harriet Beecher Stowe's work for inspiring him to pursue a literary career. His writing skills

LITERARY GIANTS

Three American journalists sat for this group portrait in Mathew Brady's studio. George Alfred "GATH" Townsend (l), Mark Twain (c), and David Gray (r).

improved, and he became involved with Central High's student newspaper. One of his articles, "The Colored People of this City," called for equal opportunities for the city's free African American population and was published in local newspapers. After graduating in 1860, the young man, seeking a literary life, took a job at the *Philadelphia Inquirer* at six dollars a week.

In the early months of 1861, Townsend's career prospects improved after Abraham Lincoln was elected president. The *Philadelphia Press* hired him from the *Inquirer*, and he was soon promoted to city editor and dramatic editor, where he would meet many of the up-and-coming actors of the nation, including John Wilkes Booth. The outbreak of the Civil War gave Townsend the chance of a lifetime as a special war correspondent covering war events for *The Press.* In the spring of 1862, he left behind his city beat in Philadelphia and, after a brief interview with Secretary of War Stanton and assigned a disagreeable horse more likened to "a beast," he crossed the Chain Bridge and began writing dispatches on the sounds and sights of the American conflict.

During the early stages of the war, correspondents were encouraged to reveal their identities. In March 1862, in his first dispatch from Hunter's Mill, Townsend identified himself as "G.A.T." and was assigned to shadow General McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves. His tenure at the Press was brief. He soon drew the ire of the censors at the War Department after divulging too many details about the Pennsylvania Reserve's covert midnight march to Annapolis on March 17, 1862, and his Philadelphia handlers removed him from his assignment.

The New York press was eager for active correspondents, and the young writer's talents and abilities were recognized. In May 1862, Townsend returned again to the front, but this time as a correspondent for the *New York Herald.* Assigned to "Baldy" Smith's division of the 4th Corps, Army of the Potomac, Townsend was transported to the Peninsula aboard the Adelaide, where he would meet a string of odd characters all part of the tapestry of the Civil War. An embalmer "with his ghostly implements" desiring to develop his art, a Baltimore mother anxious to locate the remains of a Confederate son, and a German immigrant quartered in Townsend's cabin bent on singing foreign ballads when the sounds of exuberant Zouaves broke out the "Start Spangled Banner" chorus.

Exiting the ship at Old Point, the passengers were obligated to pledge the oath of allegiance; the bar at the Hygeia House, an ancient watering hole, "was beset with thirsty and idle people, who swore instinctively and drank raw spirits passionately." A pass was issued allowing passage by steamer up the York to White House on the Pamunkey River, the massive supply depot of the building federal presence. After a visit to Yorktown and a night aboard a barge, Townsend reached White House the evening of May 17th where he quickly penned a dispatch after overhearing a description of a gunboat excursion up the Pamunkey River.

Wherever Townsend went, he seemed to cross swords with army officials. Once, while accompanying a scouting raid to Hannover Court House, he got lucky and obtained some newspapers with valuable intelligence from Richmond. Ambitious to please his New York editor, Townsend rushed back to the White House depot alone, on a broken down horse, hoping to avoid Yankee picket lines. Arriving early enough to catch his agent at the docks of White House Landing to deliver the newspapers, the provost marshal was waiting for him on the docks: "General McClellan wants those newspapers you obtained at Hannover

INITIALS ONLY, PLEASE

Townsend's first dispatches for the *Philadelphia Press* were identified with the byline of "G.A.T." but by the Seven Days Battle correspondents were not allowed to identify themselves. By the end of the war most correspondents were compelled to identify themselves leading to Townsend's use of "GATH."

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yesterday!" Placed under arrest, Townsend was facing serious charges. The father-in-law of General McClellan, General Randolph Marcy, took pity on the young correspondent and soon released him after spending one night in custody. The cast of characters that Townsend encounters are as diverse as the region he and the army are entering. We find a local native American, Aunt Mag, smelling strongly of "fire water," and the remaining lot of mixed Indians and African-Americans on an island in the Pamunkey known as Indiantown Island who, for the cost of a dime, would read coffee grinds to predict if

I SAT LIKE ONE DUMB, WITH MY SOUL IN MY EYES AND EARS STUNNED, WATCHING THE TERRIBLE COLUMN OF CONFEDERATES

Richmond would fall within the week; the elderly, toothless enslaved woman, aged beyond her years from fieldwork, selling buttermilk and corncakes; the wife of a Confederate officer, who on the request for a meal and bread, drank a toast to an early peace. "I almost fell in love with her," Townsend recalls, "though she might have been a younger playmate of my mothers."

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A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

In a surreal incident which emphasizes the ironic nature of the Civil War, George Townsend witnessed Major General J.E.B. Stuart, emboldened by his recent cavalry raid, cajol his old West Point classmates with tales of his exploits riding around the Federal army: "That performance gave me a Major-Generalcy, and my saddle cloth there, was sent from Baltimore as a reward, by a lady whom I never knew!"

Most of Townsend's dispatches before the Seven Day's Battle were focused on the area north of the Chickahominy River, where he would travel the environs around the vast supply depot of the White House; however, at the beginning of Lee's offensive on June 25, 1862, Townsend was sick with swamp fever south of the Chickahominy. Fortunately, in classic literary style, he quickly recovered, and recrossed the river at the Grapevine Bridge, where he witnessed "an immense throng of panic-stricken people surging down the slippery bridge." It was the retreat of the Army of the Potomac where squads, companies and regiments, some in a panic and others not, were making haste for the James River. "I have seen nothing that conveys an adequate idea of the number of cowards and idlers that stroll off," Townsend recalls.

But what of him? Could Townsend stand fire as the bullets whizzed and shells shrieked? "The question at once occurred to me: Can I stand fire?" he wondered aloud. "Having for some months penned daily paragraphs relative to death, courage, and victory, I was surprised to find that those words were now

unusually significant."

Townsend moved forward about a mile beyond the bridge to General Porter's refashioned position on a ridge around "Boatswain's swamp." It was June 27, 1862, and Townsend witnessed Lee's largest attack of the war and the final assault of the Battle of Gaine's Mill. The correspondent, reciting the simple nursery prayer - "now I lay me down to sleep" - passed the test of combat: "I sat like one dumb, with my soul in my eyes and my ears stunned, watching the terrible column of Confederates."

With the collapse of the final defenses north of the creek, Townsend along with the rest of the army, took for a hasty retreat to the other side of the Chickahominy. Denied passage to the other side by a martinet colonel, Townsend's bravado is set aside:

"Colonel," I called to the officer in command as the line of bayonets edged me in, "may I pass out? I am a civilian!"

"No!" said the Colonel, wrathfully. "This is no place for a civilian."

"That's why I want to get away."

"Pass out!"

After arriving safely at Harrison's Landing, Townsend sought safety on a hospital transport to the capital. He arrived in New York on July 3, 1862, and gained attention after writing a ten-column article about the peninsula fiasco and McClellan's retreat to the James River. The Herald's headline on July 4th was the first confirmation of the reversal of fortune on the Virginia Peninsula, causing concern among many northern supporters of the war.

TEST OF COMBAT

With the sounds of combat north of the Chickohomy River, Townsend still suffering from the effects of swamp fever, crossed the Grapevine Bridge to witness "an immense throng of panic-striken people surging down the slippery bridge." The Battle of Gaines Mills, June 27, 1862, was the first which Townsend personally witnessed

In mid-July 1862, Townsend resumed his duty as a correspondent and joined John Pope's Army of Virginia. The army was stationed along the Rappahannock River in an attempt to capture Richmond through a land attack. Townsend reported on the battle that occurred on August 9, 1862, and witnessed the fierce fighting.

Departing Alexandria on July 13th, Townsend embarked on the Orange and Alexandria rail where the passengers "were rollicking and well-disposed, and black bottles circulated freely...the beverage offered was intolerably bad." Always in mind of the fairer sex, Townsend is again smitten with a woman

AN OBESE GENERAL

The opinion of Major General George Brinton McClellan has always been one of mixed review. Townsend had several opportunities to view the "Young Napoleon" up close and they were not always favorable. He once remarked to another correspondent that "he was growing obese, whereas the active labors of the campaign had reduced the dimensions of most of the Generals."

searching for her missing husband: "A pretty woman in wartime is not to be sneezed at." The neutral town of Warrenton, which experienced being visited one day by Confederates and the next day by Federals, was rife with its own unique set of characters. We find the mayor of the city, operating part-time as a horse trader and wagon builder, unwilling to deal in Virginia or Confederate money, preferring instead "Father Chase's greenbacks"; a high-strung hotel owner flush with paper money from two republics, and the local female society of Warrenton "ardent partisans, but also very pretty; and treason, heightened their beauty."

The battle itself was a surprise to the correspondent who, while relaxing in the village of Culpepper, heard the sound of musket fire, "I heard the signal that I knew so well—a volley of musketry. Full of all the old impulses, I climbed into the saddle and spurred my horse towards the battlefield." Townsend kept his distance this time, "observing the spurts of white cannon smoke far up the side of the mountain." While collecting the names of the dead and wounded, Townsend was in range of Confederate artillery, one shell "so perfectly in range that I held my breath, and felt my heart grow cold, came toward and passed me, and, with a toss of his head, the nag flung up the rail as if it had been a feather."

Townsend witnessed one of the oddest encounters between Confederate and Union officers of the war. Following the battle, a temporary armistice to bury the dead and recover the wounded was negotiated. Townsend recalls the Confederate cavalry officer J.E.B. Stuart confronted him as he sketched the battlefield.

"Are you making a sketch of our position?" General Stuart asked Townsend.

"Not for any military purpose."

"For what?"

"For a newspaper engraving."

"Umph!" Stuart replied.

During the brief battlefield truce, Townsend recalled the strange scene of General Stuart, the storied Confederate cavalry leader, telling him about the threads of his uniform and later entertaining his old West Point acquaintances with tales of his exploits riding around the Federal army: "That performance gave me a Major-Generalcy, and my saddle cloth there, was sent from Baltimore as a reward, by a lady whom I never knew!"

During the late summer of 1862, Townsend abandoned his anonymous life as a correspondent (by the summer of 1862, special war correspondents were not identified by name) and began a lecture tour in England instead. He entertained his European audiences with stories of his correspondent experiences and contributed articles to the British press. In the spring of 1865, Townsend accepted an offer from the New York World to return to the field and cover the war's final months. He was again the first

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to offer his paper one of the war's greatest scoops: The Battle of Five Forks. This significant Union victory was the final blow to the Confederacy, and Townsend's description of the Civil War's last major battle made him an instant success. His subsequent dispatches detailing the assassination of President Lincoln and the pursuit of John Wilkes Booth brought him even more fame. By the end of the war, Townsend was one of the most famous newspaper correspondents in the country.

Being a war correspondent for prominent New York newspapers, Townsend had the opportunity to view many commanders of the Union army, and his unique descriptions contained in the narrative bear repeating.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN: "While I was standing close by the bridge, General McClellan and staff rode through the swamp and attempted to make the passage. The "young Napoleon" urged his horse upon the floating timber and at once sank over neck and saddle. His staff dashed after him, floundering in the same way, and when they had splashed and shouted till I believed them all drowned, they turned and came to shore, dripping and discomfited. There was another Napoleon, who, I am informed, slid down the Alps into Italy; the present descendant did not slide so far, and he shook himself in the manner of a dog. I remarked with some surprise that he was growing obese, whereas the active labors of the campaign had reduced the dimensions of most of the Generals."

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK: "Hancock was one of the handsomest officers in the army; he had served in the Mexican War and was subsequently a captain in the Quartermaster's department. But the Rebellion placed stars in many shoulder-bars, and few were more worthily designated than this young Pennsylvanian."

GEORGE GORDON MEADE: “Lithe, spectacled, sanguine...”

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN: “Chamberlain is a young and anxious officer, who resigned the professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College to embrace a soldier’s career. He had been wounded the day before but was zealous to try death again."

JOE HOOKER: “Hooker was a New Englander, reputed to be the handsomest man in the army. He fought bravely in the Mexican War and retired to San Francisco afterward, where he passed a Bohemian existence at the Union Club House. He disliked McClellan, was beloved by his men, and was generally known as “Old Joe.” He has been one of the most successful Federal leaders and seems to hold a charmed life. In all probability, he will become commander-in-chief of one of the grand armies.”

PHIL SHERIDAN: “The personnel of the man, not less than his renown, all elected people. A very Punch of soldiers, a sort of Rip Van Winkle in regimentals, it astonished folks, that with so jolly and grotesque a guise, he held within him energies like lightning, the bolts of which had splintered the fairest parts of the border. Sheridan must take rank as one of the finest military men of our century.”

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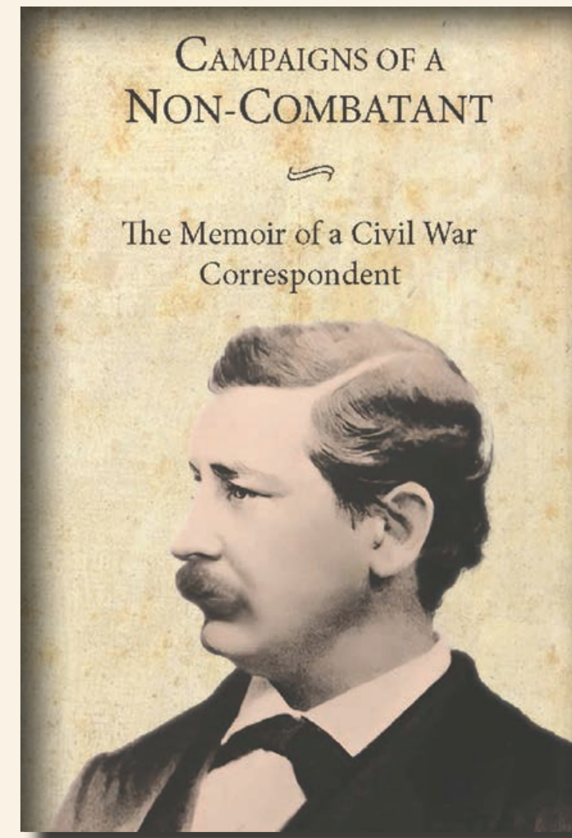
HARDTACK BOOKS
ALL THINGS CIVIL WAR.

George Alfred Townsend was a special war correspondent for the *Philadelphia Press* and *New York Herald* during the Civil War. He followed McClellan’s Army of the Potomac and Pope’s Army of Virginia in the spring and summer of 1862, filing dozens of dispatches to his editors. Finally, after suffering from the effects of ‘swamp fever,’ he took a two-year break in Europe, where he lectured about his experiences. Townsend returned to the war front in 1865 and - after taking the pen name of “GATH” - was the first correspondent to describe the war’s climax at Five Forks. He released his memoir in 1866, detailing his personal experiences and recollections of the Civil War and those dramatic days.



Campaigns of a Non-Combatant: The Memoir of a Civil War Correspondent
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This Hardtack Books reissue of *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant* is not a facsimile of the original work. Instead, it reimagines Townsend’s work in a modern font with dozens of illustrations and editorial footnotes.

About Hardtack Books: Hardtack Books specializes in republishing timeless Civil War narratives. Our goal is to make these captivating stories more accessible and appealing to today’s history enthusiasts at a moderate cost. By using modern styles in typography, graphics, and design, we bring to the twenty-first century these firsthand accounts that shed light on both wartime experiences and the lives of those on the home front during the critical years of the Civil War.

At Hardtack Books, we are dedicated to preserving the first-hand accounts of enlisted men, newspaper correspondents, and war leaders. Our mission is to bring these original sources, including memoirs, correspondence, and newspaper articles, together in contemporary publications.

Where we explore Civil War ancestors of famous people.

Brigadier General Judson Kilpatrick (right), whose nickname "Kill Calvary" was earned for his recklessness on the battlefield, is the great-great-grandfather to the popular CNN news personality Anderson Cooper (bottom right).

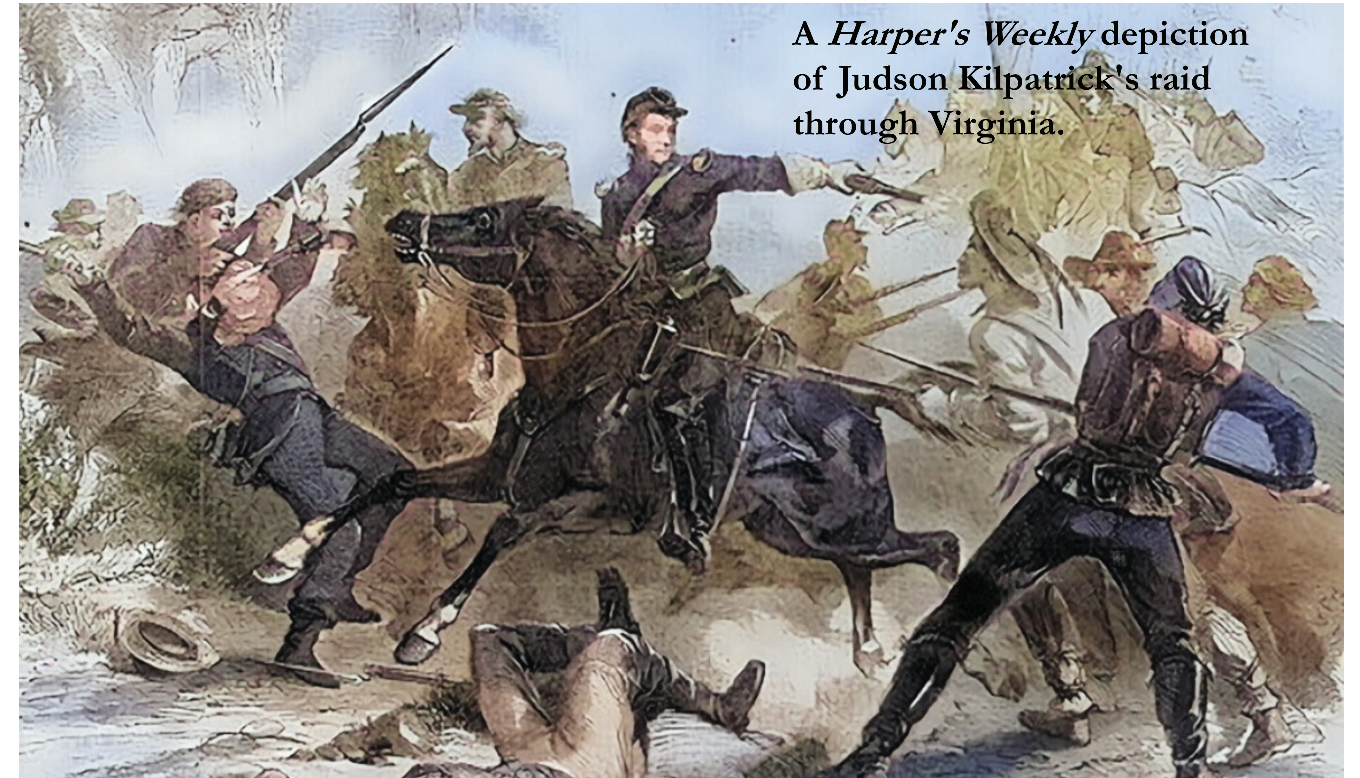
(creative commons)

The Dapper and Amiable Newsman Anderson Cooper Bears Little Resemblence to His Famous Civil War General Ancestor

Anderson Cooper is one of the most well-known news anchors of our time. He comes from a family of famous people; his mother, Gloria Vanderbilt, was born into American royalty as the granddaughter of Cornelious Vanderbilt, the railroad and shipping magnate. She was known for her jet-setting lifestyle and fashion line. Anderson's maternal lineage can be traced back his great-great-grandfather Brigadier General Judson Kilpatrick. After her mother lost custody of her in a famous tabloid soap opera, Gloria Vanderbilt was raised in part by her grandmother, Laura Delphine Kilpatrick, the daughter of the famed Civil War general.

Unlike his ancestors who followed, Hugh Judson Kilpatrick was not born into wealth. He was born in 1836 on a comfortable family farm in Sussex, New Jersey, descended from one of the town's founders. Despite his lack of height - it's rumored he was only slightly taller than five feet - Kilpatrick entered the West Point Military Academy in 1856 and was part of the graduating class of 1861, which was accelerated to meet the crisis of the spring of 1861.

After graduating from the academy as a 2nd Lieutenant, Kilpatrick suffered a combat wound at Big Bethel on June 10, 1861, becoming the first regular army officer to do so. Kilpatrick returned to Sussex



A *Harper's Weekly* depiction of Judson Kilpatrick's raid through Virginia.

Anderson Cooper's Family Tree

to recover from his wounds while recruiting his own cavalry regiment. By September 1861, he wore the oak leaf of a Lieutenant Colonel of the 2nd New York Cavalry Regiment. During the Battle of Second Bull Run, Kilpatrick ordered a rare nighttime cavalry charge, which resulted in him earning the nickname "Kill Cavalry" due to his audacity, arrogance and brashness. Unfortunately, he lost part of a squadron during the daring charge.

In an officer corps overflowing with arrogance, Kilpatrick's self-confidence irked many of his brother officers. William Tecumsah Sherman once referred to him "as a damn fool," but still capable enough to command his cavalry in the March to the Sea. He had a habit of carefully strutting about camp, his slouch hat turned strategically askant, his blond sideburns neatly trimmed; he looked the perfect picture of a self-assured gamecock. During the last weeks of the war, General Kilpatrick, who was known in the army as a "ladies' man," was caught off guard when a Confederate cavalry unit raided his camp. Although rumors were circulating that he was spending time with several ladies, Kilpatrick was lucky enough to avoid capture. However, he ended up leaving his trousers behind in a rather embarrassing manner.

At the start of the Battle of Gettysburg, fought between July 1 - 3, 1863, the wild-riding Kilpatrick was given command of a cavalry division. His aggressiveness again was on full display as he ordered an ill-conveived attack on the Confederate right; the brigadier who led the charge, General Elon Farnsworth, was killed and Kilpatrick's nickname was earned, his fighting spirit brought praise from his grudging superiors.

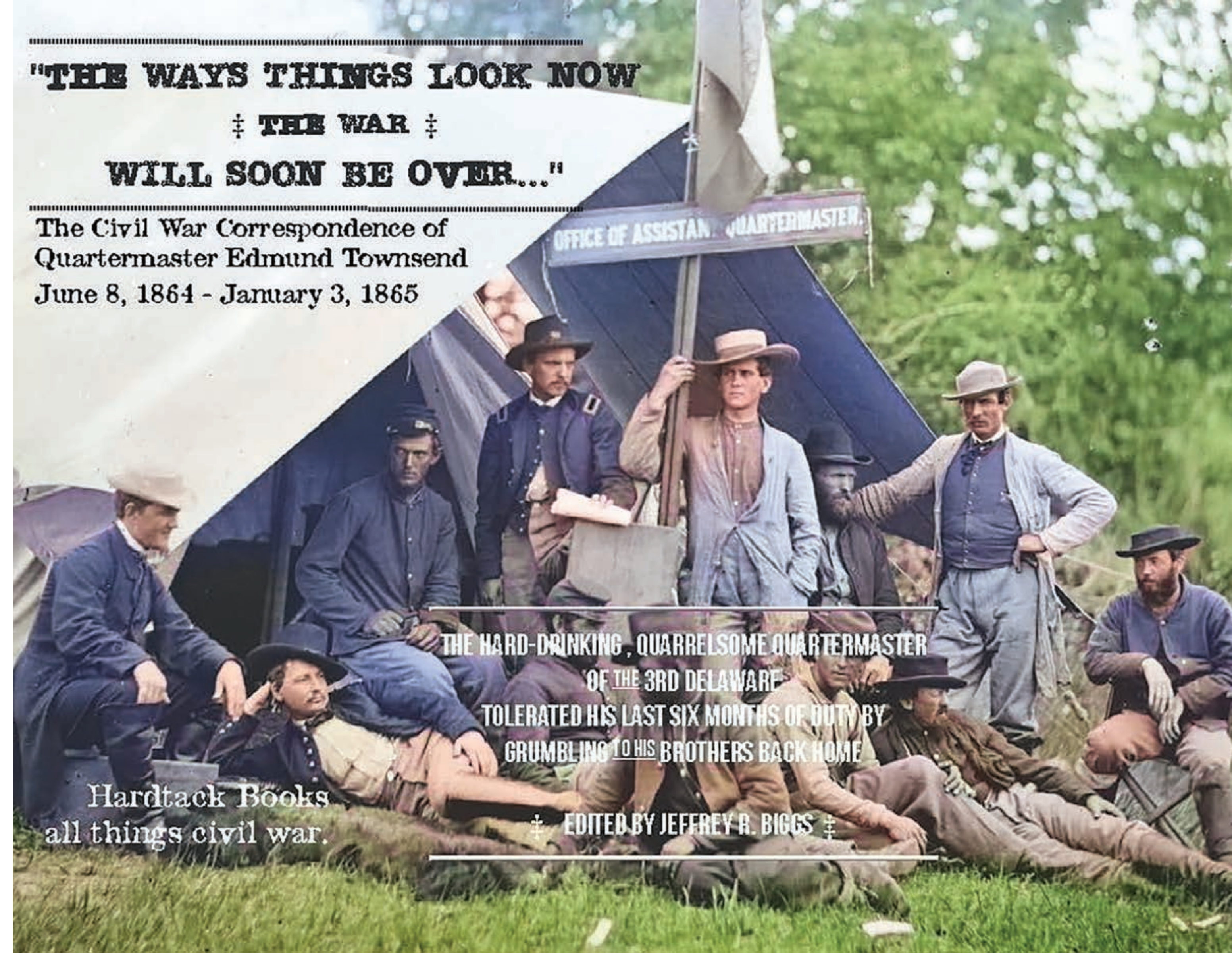
In early 1864, General Kilpatrick caused further animosity among the officer corps when he proposed a cavalry raid on Richmond to President Lincoln. The plan was approved, and Kilpatrick, aided by a diversionary attack, would lead 3,000 troopers into the Rebel capital to free Federal prisoners of war. However, the diversionary attack never took place, and the ambitious attack failed, resulting in the loss of twenty-one-year-old Ulric Dahlgren's life. Papers discovered on Dahlgren's body reportedly contained dispatches proposing to burn Richmond and assassinate Jefferson Davis. Kilpatrick's command returned to camp sixty hours later, muddied and bloodied, but having achieved nothing, which caused more resentment from the army's high command.

In April 1864, Kilpatrick was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland and led Sherman's advance into Georgia. At Reseca, Georgia, Kilpatrick suffered a severe leg injury,, but he recovered quickly enough to accompany Sherman to the burning city of Atlanta in September 1864.

Judson Kilpatrick resigned his commission on December 1, 1865 effectively ending his career in the army. After the war, he continued in public service, acting twice as minister to Chile; in 1888, he ran for Congress under the Republican ticket but was defeated. It was in Chile that he married his second wife, Luisa Fernandez de Valdivieso (1836 - 1928), a well-connected socialite from a Spanish family who emigrated to South America. The couple had two daughters, Laura Delphine Kilpatrick, was the youngest and would be the grandmother of Gloria Vanderbilt, the mother of Anderson Cooper.

Ambitious to a fault, but courageous in fighting spirit, General Kilpatrick earned lasting enmity among the senior brass of the army so much so that many post-war memoirs slighted the name of Judson Kilpatrick. Such was the life of Kilpatrick, an egotistical warrior-fighter destined to sire one of the twenty-first century's most famous people.

Sources: Sifakis, James. *Who Was Who in the Civil War* (1988); Boatner, Mark M. *The Civil War Dictionary* (1959); Cunningham, John T. "New Jersey's Fighting Fool," *The Daily Register*, August 22, 1963; All images are from the Library of Congress unless otherwise noted.



Hardtack Books

all things civil war.

During the summer and fall of 1864, Lieutenant Edmund Townsend, the regimental quartermaster of the 3d Delaware, penned a series of letters to his brothers, Samuel and John Townsend, during the siege of Petersburg. His letters serve as a fascinating insight into the mind of an independent and somewhat cynical minded staff officer who had his share of scrapes with the army command. Lt. Townsend, considered middle-aged at the age of forty-five, rails in his letters about army politics and martinet generals. When not pining for his discharge, Townsend describes his experiences as a witness to the trench-like fighting along the Petersburg line, the City Point explosion and the 1864 presidential election. The selections of letters date from Cold Harbor on June 8, 1864 until Townsend's discharge in January 1865.

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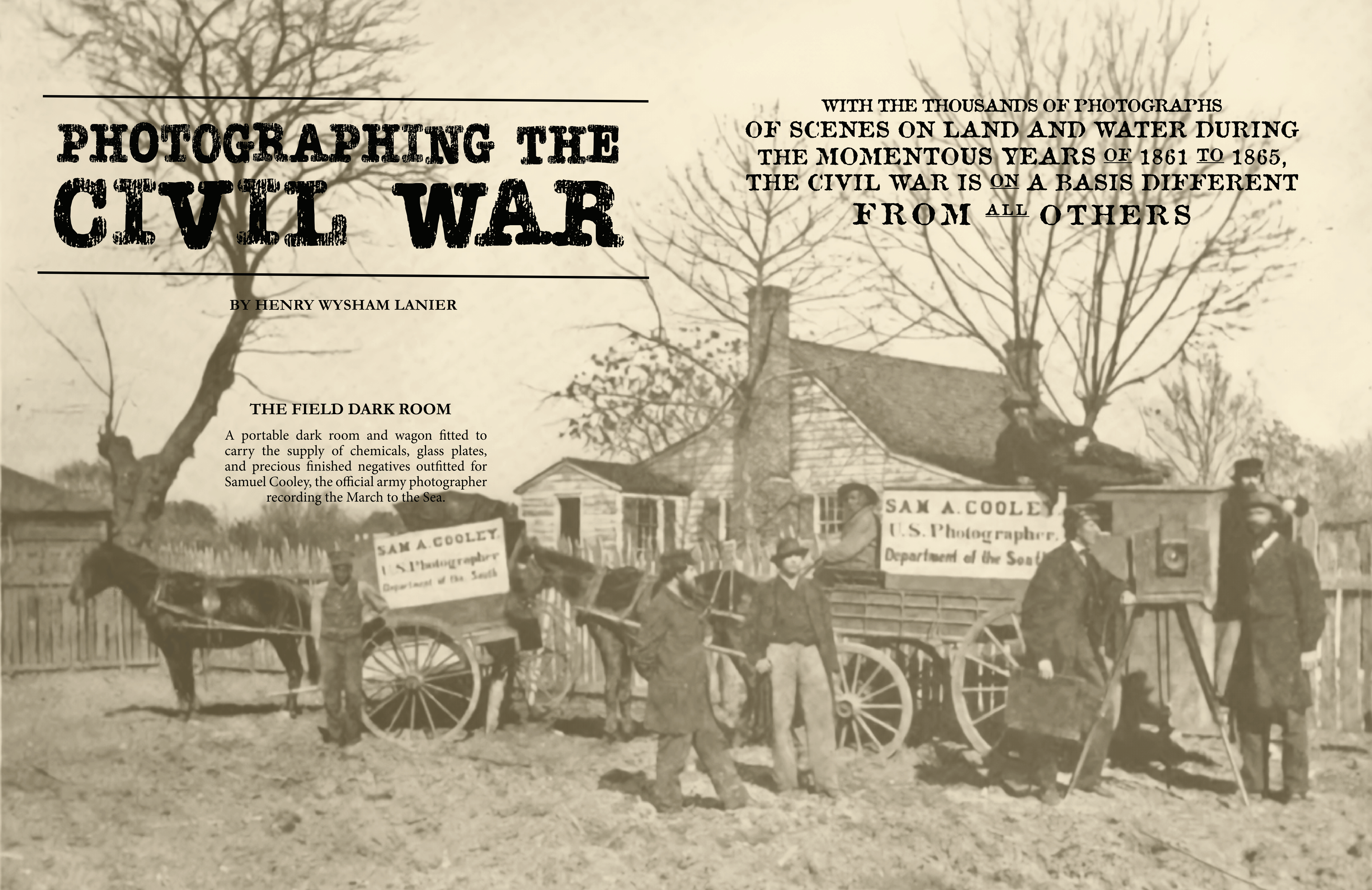
FOR THIS ADDITIONAL CONTENT

PHOTOGRAPHING THE CIVIL WAR

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

WITH THE THOUSANDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES ON LAND AND WATER DURING THE MOMENTOUS YEARS OF 1861 TO 1865, THE CIVIL WAR IS ON A BASIS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS



THE FIELD DARK ROOM

A portable dark room and wagon fitted to carry the supply of chemicals, glass plates, and precious finished negatives outfitted for Samuel Cooley, the official army photographer recording the March to the Sea.

Extraordinary

as the fact seems, the American Civil War is the only great war of which we have an adequate history in photographs: that is to say, this is the only conflict of the first magnitude[1] in the world's history that can be really "illustrated," with a pictorial record which is indisputably authentic, vividly illuminating, and the final evidence in any question of detail.

Here is a much more important historical fact than the casual reader realizes. The earliest records we have of the human race are purely pictorial. History, even of the most shadowy and legendary sort, goes back hardly more than ten thousand years. But in recent years there have been recovered in certain caves of France scratched and carved bone weapons and rough wall-paintings which tell us some dramatic events in the lives of men who lived probably a hundred thousand years before the earliest of those seven strata of ancient Troy, which indefatigable archaeologists have exposed to the wondering gaze of the modern world. The picture came long before the written record; nearly all our knowledge of ancient Babylonia and Assyria is gleaned from the details left by some picture-maker. And it is still infinitely more effective an appeal. How impossible it is for the average person to get any clear idea of the great struggles which altered the destinies of nations, and which occupy so large a portion of world history! How can a man to-day really understand the siege of Troy, the battles of Thermopylae or Salamis, Hannibal's crossing of the Alps, the famous fight at Tours when Charles "the Hammer" checked the Saracens, the Norman conquest of England, the Hundred Years' or Thirty Years' Wars, even our own seven-year struggle for liberty, without any first-hand picture-aids to start the imagination? Take the comparatively modern Napoleonic wars where, moreover, there is an exceptional wealth of paintings, drawings, prints, and lithographs by contemporary men: in most cases the effect is simply one of keen disappointment at the painfully evident fact that most of these worthy artists never saw a battle or a camp.

So, the statement that there have been gathered together thousands of photographs of scenes on land and water during those momentous years of 1861 to 1865 means that for our generation and all succeeding ones, the Civil War is on a basis different from all others, is practically an open book to old and young. For when man achieved the photograph he took almost as important a step forward as when he discovered how to make fire: he made scenes and events and personalities immortal. The greatest literary genius might write a volume without giving you so intimate a comprehension of the struggle before Petersburg as do these exact records, made by adventurous cameramen under incredible difficulties, and holding calmly before your eyes the very Reality itself.

To apply this pictorial principle, let us look at one remarkable photograph [p. 28- 29], Cooper's Battery in front of the Avery house, during the siege of Petersburg, of which we have, by a lucky chance, an account from one of the men in the scene. The lifelikeness of the picture is beyond praise: one cannot help living through this tense moment with these men of long ago, and one's eyes instinctively follow their fixed gaze toward the lines of the foe. This picture was shown to Lieutenant James A. Gardner (of Battery B, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery), who immediately named half a dozen of the figures, adding details of the most intimate interest:

> "I am, even at this late day, able to pick out and recognize a very large number of the members of our battery, as shown in this photograph. Our battery (familiarly known as Cooper's Battery) belonged to the Fifth Corps, then commanded by Gen. G. K. Warren."
>
> Our corps arrived in front of Petersburg on June 17, 1864, was put into position on the evening of that day and engaged the Confederate batteries on their line near the Avery house. The enemy at that time was commanded by General Beauregard. That night the enemy fell back to their third line, which then occupied the ridge which you see to the right and front, along where you will notice the chimney (the houses had been burnt down). On the night of the 18th, we threw up the lunettes in front of our guns. This position was occupied by us until possibly about the 23d or 24th of June, when we were taken further to the left. The position shown in the picture is about six hundred and fifty yards in front, and to the right of the Avery house, and at or near this point was built a permanent fort or battery, which was used continu-

1 There have been, of course, only two wars of this description since 1865: The Franco-Prussian War was, for some reason, not followed by camera men; and the marvelously expert photographers who flocked to the struggles between Russia and Japan were not given any chance by the Japanese authorities to make anything like an adequate record.

The indomitable war photographer in the very costume which made him a familiar figure at the first battle of Bull Run, from which he returned precipitately to New York after his initial attempt to put into practice his scheme for picturing the war. Brady was a Cork Irishman by birth and possessed of all the active temperament which such an origin implies. At Bull Run he was in the thick of things. Later in the day, Brady himself was compelled to flee, and at nightfall of that fatal Sunday, alone and unarmed, he lost his way in the woods near the stream from which the battle takes its name. Here he was found by some of the famous company of New York Fire Department Zouaves, who gave him a sword for his defense. Buckling it on beneath his linen duster, Brady made his way to Washington and then to New York. In the picture we see him still proudly wearing the weapon which he was prepared to use for the protection of himself and his precious negatives.

Below is the gallery of A. D. Lytle — a Confederate photographer — as it stood on Main Street, Baton Rouge, in 1864, when in the employ of the Confederate Secret Service Lytle trained his camera upon the Federal army which occupied Baton Rouge. It was indeed dangerous work, as discovery of his purpose would have visited upon the photographer the fate of a spy. Lytle would steal secretly up the Observation Tower, which had been built on the ruins of the capitol, and often exposed to rifle shots from the Federals, would with flag or lantern signal to the Confederates at Scott's Bluff, whence the news was relayed to New Orleans, and provision made for smuggling the precious prints through the lines. Like Brady, Lytle obtained his photographic supplies from Anthony &: Company of New York; but unlike Cook of Charleston, he did not have to depend upon contraband traffic to secure them, but got them passed on the "orders to trade" issued quite freely in the West by the Federal Government.

This remarkably spirited photograph of Battery D, Second U.S. Artillery, was, according to the photographer's account, taken just as the battery was loading to engage with the Confederates. The order, "cannoneers to your posts" had just been given, and the men, running up, called to the photographer to hurry his wagon out of the way unless he wished to gain a place for his name in the list of casualties In June. 1863, the Sixth Corps had made its third successful crossing of the Rappahannock, as the advance of Hookers movement against Lee. Battery D at once took position with other artillery out in the fields near the ruins of the Mansfield house. In the rear of the battery the veteran Vermont brigade was acting as support. To their rear was the bank of the river skirted by trees. The grove of white poplars to the right surrounded the Mansfield house. With characteristic coolness, some of the troops had already pitched their dog tents. Better protection was soon afforded by the strong line of earthworks which was thrown up and occupied by the Sixth Corps. Battery D was present at the first battle of Bull Run, where the Confederates there engaged got a taste of its metal on the Federal left.

ously during the entire siege of Petersburg.

While occupying this position, Mr. Brady took the photographs, copies of which you have sent me. The photographs were taken in the forenoon of June 21, 1864. I know myself, merely from the position that I occupied at that time, as gunner. After that, I served as sergeant, first sergeant, and first lieutenant, holding the latter position at the close of the war. All the officers shown in this picture are dead.

The movement in which we were engaged was the advance of the Army of the Potomac upon Petersburg, being the beginning of operations in front of that city. On June 18th the division of the Confederates which was opposite us was that of Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson; but as the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, began arriving on the evening of June 18th, it would be impossible for me to say who occupied the enemy's lines after that. The enemy's position, which was along on the ridge to the front, in the picture, where you see the chimney, after- ward became the main line of the Union army. Our lines were advanced to that point, and at or about where you see the chimney standing, Fort Morton of the Union line was constructed, and a little farther to the right was Fort Stedman, on the same ridge; and about where the battery now stands, as shown in the picture, was a small fort or works erected, known as Battery Seventeen.

When engaged in action, our men exhibited the same coolness that is shown in the picture—that is, while loading our guns. If the enemy is engaging us, as soon as each gun is loaded the cannoneers drop to the ground and protect themselves as best they can, except the gunners and the officers, who are expected to be always on the lookout. The gunners are the corporals who sight and direct the firing of the guns.

In the photograph you will notice a person (in civilian's clothes). This is Mr. Brady or his assistant, but I think it is Mr. Brady himself.

It is now almost forty-seven years since the photographs were taken, yet I am able to designate at least fifteen persons of our battery and point them out. I should have said that Mr. Brady took picture No. 1 from a point a little to the left, and front, of our battery; and the second one was taken a little to the rear, and left, of the battery. Petersburg lay immediately over the ridge in the front, right over past the man whom you see sitting there so leisurely on the earthworks thrown up."

A notice in *Humphry's Journal* in 1861 describes vividly the records of the flight after Bull Run secured by the indefatigable Brady. Unfortunately, the unique one in which the reviewer identified "Bull Run" Russell in reverse action is lost to the world. But we have the portrait of Brady himself three days later in his famous linen duster, as he returned to Washington. His story comes from one who had it from his own lips:

"He [Brady] had watched the ebb and flow of the battle on that Sunday morning in July 1861, and seen now the success of the green Federal troops under General McDowell in the field, and now the stubborn defense of the green troops under that General Jackson who thereby earned the sobriquet of "Stonewall." At last Johnston, who with Beauregard and Jackson, was a Confederate commander, strengthened by reinforcements, descended upon the rear of the Union troops and drove them into a retreat which rapidly turned to a rout."

The plucky photographer was forced along with the rest; and as night fell, he lost his way in the thick woods which were not far from the little stream that gave the battle its name. He was clad in the linen duster which was a familiar sight to those who saw him taking his pictures during that campaign and was by no means prepared for a night in the open. He was unarmed as well and had nothing with which to defend himself from any of the victorious Confederates who might hap- pen his way, until one of the famous companies of Fire Zouaves, of the Union forces, gave him succor in the shape of a broadsword. This he strapped about his waist, and it was still there when he finally made his way to Washington three days later. He was a sight to behold after his wanderings, but he had come through unscathed as it was his fate to do so frequently afterwards."

This is another photograph taken under fire and shows us Battery B, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, in action before Petersburg, 1864. Brady, the veteran photographer, obtained permission to take a picture of "Cooper's Battery," in position for battle. The first attempt provoked the fire of the Confederates, who supposed that the running forward of the artillerists was with hostile intent. The Confederate guns frightened Brady's horse which ran off with his wagon and his assistant, upsetting and destroying his chemicals. In the picture to the left, Captain James H. Cooper himself is seen leaning on a sword at the extreme right. Lieutenant Miller is the second figure from the left. Lieutenant Alcorn is next, to the left from Captain Cooper. Lieutenant James A. Gardner, just behind the prominent figure with the haversack in the right section of the picture, identified these members almost forty-seven years after the picture was taken. This Pennsylvania battery suffered greater loss than any other volunteer Union battery; its record of casualties includes twenty-one killed and died of wounds, and fifty-two wounded-convincing testimony of the fact that throughout the war its men stood bravely to their guns.

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but here is one more evidence of the quality of this pictorial record. The same narrator had from Brady a tale of a picture made a year and a half later, at the battle of Fredericksburg. He says:

> "Burnside, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, was pre- paring to cross the Rappahannock, and Longstreet and Jackson, commanding the Confederate forces, were fortifying the hills back of the right bank of that river. Brady, desiring as usual to be in the thick of things, undertook to make some pictures from the left bank. He placed cameras in position and got his men to work, but suddenly found himself taking a part very different from that of a non-combatant. In the bright sunshine his bulky cameras gleamed like guns, and the Confederate marksmen thought that a battery was being placed in position. They promptly opened fire, and Brady found himself the target for a good many bullets. It was only his phenomenal good luck that allowed him to escape without injury either to himself and men or to his apparatus."

It is clearly worthwhile to study for a few moments this man Brady, who was so ready to risk his life for the idea by which he was obsessed. While the war soon developed far beyond what he or any other one man could possibly have compassed, so that he is probably directly responsible for only a fraction of the whole vast collection of pictures in these volumes, he may fairly be said to have fathered the movement; and his daring and success undoubtedly stimulated and inspired the small army of men all over the war-region, whose unrelated work has been laboriously gathered together.

Matthew B. Brady was born at Cork, Ireland (not in New Hampshire, as is generally stated) about 1823. Arriving in New York as a boy, he got a job in the great establishment of A. T. Stewart, first of the merchant princes of that day. The youngster's good qualities were so conspicuous that his large-minded employer made it possible for him to take a trip abroad at the age of fifteen, under the charge of S. F. B. Morse, who was then laboring at his epoch-making development of the telegraph.

Naturally enough, this scientist took his young companion to the laboratory of the already famous Daguerre, whose arduous experiments in making pictures by sunlight were just approaching fruition; and the wonderful discovery which young Brady's receptive eyes then beheld was destined to determine his whole life work.

For that very year (1839) Daguerre made his "daguerreotype" known to the world; and Brady's keen interest was intensified when, in 1840, on his own side of the ocean, Professor Draper produced the first photographic portrait the world had yet seen, a likeness of his sister, which required the amazingly short exposure of only ninety seconds!

Brady's natural business-sense and his mercantile training showed him the chance for a career which this new invention opened, and it was but a short time before he had a gallery on Broadway and was well launched upon the new trade of furnishing daguerreotype portraits to all comers. He was successful from the start; in 1851 his work took a prize at the London World's Fair; about the same time he opened an office in Washington; in the fifties he brought over Alexander Gardner, an expert in the new revolutionary wet-plate process, which gave a negative furnishing many prints instead of one unduplicatable original; and in the twenty years between his start and the Civil War he became the fashionable photographer of his day - as is evidenced not only by the superb collection of notable people whose portraits he gathered together, but by Bret Harte's classic verse (from "Her Letter "):

> "Well, yes—if you saw us out driving Each day
> in the Park, four-in-hand- If you saw poor dear
> mamma contriving To look supernaturally
> grand, - If you saw papa's picture, as taken By
> Brady, and tinted at that, - You'd never suspect
> he sold bacon And flour at Poverty Flat."

Upon this sunny period of prosperity, the Civil War broke in 1861. Brady had made portraits of scores of the men who leaped into still greater prominence as leaders in the terrible struggle, and his vigorous enthusiasm saw in this fierce drama an opportunity to win ever brighter laurels. His energy and his acquaintance with men in authority overcame every obstacle, and he succeeded in interesting President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, General Grant, and Allan Pinkerton to such an extent that he obtained the protection of the Secret Service and permits to make photographs at the front. Everything had to be done at his own expense, but with entire confidence he equipped his men, and set out himself as well, giving instructions to guard against breakage by making two negatives of everything, and infusing into all his own ambition to astonish the world by this unheard-of feat.

The need for such permits appears in a "home letter" from E. T. Whitney, a war photographer whose negatives, unfortunately, have been destroyed. This letter, dated March 13, 1862, states that the day before "all photographing has been stopped by general orders from headquarters." Owing to ig-

Here are two excellent views in which we see the conditions under which the army photographer worked in the field. The first picture is of Barnard, the Government photographer under Captain O. M. Poe, Chief Engineer of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Barnard was engaged to take photographs of the new Federal fortifications being constructed under Captain Poe's direction at Atlanta, September-October, 1864. Captain Poe found the old Confederate line of defense of too great extent to be held by such a force as Sherman intended to leave as garrison of the town. Consequently, he selected a new line of much shorter development which passed through the northern part of the town, making necessary the destruction of many buildings in that quarter. Barnard is here at work sensitizing his plates in a light-proof tent, making his exposures, and developing immediately within the tent. His chemicals and general supplies were carried in the wagon showing to the right. Thus, as the pioneer corps worked on the fortifications, the entire series of photographs showing their progress was made to be forwarded later to Washington by Captain Poe, with his official report. In the background we see the battle-field where began the engagement of July 22, 1864, known as the battle of Atlanta, in which General McPherson lost his life. Thus Brady and all the war photographers worked right up to the trenches, lugging their cumbersome tents and apparatus, often running out of supplies or carrying hundreds of glass plates over rough roads or exposed to possible shells. To the many chances of failure was added that of being at any time picked off by some sharpshooter. In the smaller picture appears a duplicate of Brady's "What-is-it," being the dark-room buggy of Photographer Wearn. In the background are the ruins of the State Armory at Columbia, South Carolina. This was burned as Sherman's troops passed through the city on their famous march through the Carolinas, February, 1865. The photographer, bringing up the rear, has preserved the result of Sherman's work, which is typical of that done by him all along the line of march to render useless to the Confederate armies in the field, the military resources of the South.

Here we get an excellent idea of how the business of army photography, invented by Brady and first exemplified by him at Bull Run, had become organized toward the close of the war. In the lower picture we see the outfit with which Samuel A. Cooley followed the fortunes of the campaigners, and recorded for all time the stirring events around Savannah at the completion of the March to the Sea. Cooley was attached to the Tenth Corps, United States Army, and secured photographs at Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Beaufort, and Charleston during the bombardment. Here he is in the act of making an exposure. The huge camera and plate-holder seem to eyes of the present day far too cumbersome to make possible the wonderful definition and beautiful effects of light and shade which characterize the war-time negatives that have come down to us through the vicissitudes of half a century. Here are Cooley's two means of transportation. The wagon fitted to carry the supply of chemicals, glass plates, and the precious finished negatives includes a compartment for more leisurely developing. The little dark-room buggy to the left was used upon occasions when it was necessary for the army photographer to proceed in light marching order. In the smaller picture we see again the light-proof developing tent in action before the ramparts of Fort McAllister. The view is of the exterior of the Fort fronting the Savannah River. A few days before the Confederate guns had frowned darkly from the parapet at Sherman's "bummers," who could see the smoke of the Federal gunboats waiting to welcome them just beyond. With Sherman looking proudly on, the footsore and hungry soldiers rushed forward to the attack, and the Stars and Stripes were soon floating over this vast barrier between them and the sea. The next morning, Christmas Day, 1864, the gunboats and transports steamed up the river and the joyful news was flashed northward.

norance of this order on the part of the guard at the bridge, Whitney was allowed to reach the Army of the Potomac, where he made application to General McClellan for a special pass.

We shall get some more glimpses presently of these adventurous souls in action. But, as already hinted, extraordinary as were the results of Brady's impetuous vigor, he was but one of many in the great work of picturing the war. Three-fourths of the scenes with the Army of the Potomac were made by Gardner. Thomas G. Roche was an indefatigable worker in the army's train. Captain A. J. Russell, detached as official cameraman for the War Department, obtained many invaluable pictures illustrating the military railroading and construction work of the Army of the Potomac, which were hurried straightway to Secretary Stanton at Washington. Sam A. Cooley was attached to the Tenth Army Corps, and recorded the happenings around Savannah, Fort McAllister, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Beaufort, and Charleston during the bombardment; George M. Barnard, under the supervision of General O. M. Poe (then Captain in the Engineer Corps), did yeoman's service around Atlanta.

S. R. Siebert was very busy indeed at Charleston in 1865. Cook of Charleston, Edwards of New Orleans, and other unknown men on the Confederate side, working under even greater difficulties (Cook, for instance, had to secure his chemicals from Anthony in New York—who also supplied Brady—and smuggle them through), did their part in the vast labor; and many another unknown, including the makers of the little cartes de visite, contributed to the panorama which today unfolds itself before the reader.

One most interesting cameraman of unique kind was A. D. Lytle, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who made a series of views (covering three years and several campaigns—and consequently scattered through the present work) for the specific use of the Confederate Secret Service. That is to say, he was a "camera spy," and a good one, too. He secured his chemicals from the same great firm of Anthony & Co., in New York, but instead of running the blockade with them, they were supplied on "orders to trade." In many cases, for instance, the necessary iodides and bromides masqueraded as Co he was a quinine. Mr. Lytle's son relates that his father used to signal with flag and lantern from the observation tower on the top of the ruins of the Baton Rouge capitol to Scott's Bluff, whence the messages were relayed to the Confederates near New Orleans; but he found this provided such a tempting target for the Federal sharpshooters that he discontinued the practice.

There are contemporary comments on the first crop of war photographs—which confirm several points already made. *Humphrey's Journal* in October 1861, contained the following:

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WAR SERIES

Among the portraits in Brady's selection, spoken of in our last number, are those of many leading generals and colonels—McClellan, McDowell, Heintzelman, Burnside, Wood, Corcoran, Slocum, and others. Of the larger groups, the most effective are those of the army passing through Fairfax village, the battery of the 1st Rhode Island regiment at Camp Sprague, the 71st Regiment [New York] formed in hollow square at the Navy Yard, the Engineer Corps of the New York Twelfth at Camp Anderson, Zouaves on the lookout from the belfry of Fairfax Court House, etc., etc.

Mr. Brady intends to take other photographic scenes of the localities of our army and of battle-scenes, and his collection will undoubtedly prove to be the most interesting ever yet exhibited. But why should he monopolize this department? We have plenty of other artists as good as he is. What a field would there be for Anthony's instantaneous views and for stereoscopic pictures. Let other artists exhibit a little of Mr. Brady's enterprise and furnish the public with more views. There are numerous photographers close by the stirring scenes which are being daily enacted, and now is the time for them to distinguish themselves.

We have seen how far Brady came from "monopolizing" the field. And surely the sum total of achievement is triumphant enough to share among all who had any hand in it.

And now let us try to get some idea of the problem which confronted these enthusiasts and see how they tackled it.

Imagine what it must have meant even to get to the scene of action - with cumbersome tent and apparatus, and a couple of hundred glass plates whose breakage meant failure; over unspeakable back-country roads or no roads at all; with the continual chance of being picked off by some scouting sharpshooter or captured through some shift of the armies.

The first sight of the queer-looking wagon caused amazement, speculation, derision. "What is it?" became so inevitable a greeting that to this day if one asks a group of soldiers about war-photographs, they will exclaim simultaneously, "Oh, yes, the 'what-is-it' wagon!" It became a familiar sight, yet the novelty of its awkward mystery never quite wore off.

Having arrived and having faced the real perils generally attendant upon reaching the scenes of keenest interest, our camera adventurer was but through the overture of his troubles. The most advanced photography of that day was the wet-plate method, by which the plates had to be coated in the dark (which meant in this case carrying everywhere a smothery, light-proof tent), exposed within five minutes, and developed within five minutes more! For the benefit of amateur members of the craft here are some notes from the veteran photographer, Mr. George G. Rockwood:

Everywhere that the armies went, also the photographers. Here in one picture (left) we see them preparing for work at the Signal Station of the army on the Appomattox near City Point. In another they are leisurely preparing for action on the hanks of Bull Run just previous to the second battle. Here was no resemblance to the first battle of Bull Run, where Brady's initial attempts to secure views of an actual engagement resulted in his fleeing for his life and returning to New York for a new outfit. In the third picture (bottom) we see Brady talking with General Burnside, while that general was preparing to cross the Rappahnock in December 1862.

"First, all the plain glass plates in various sizes, usually 8 x 10, had to be carefully cleaned and carried in dust-proof boxes. When ready for action, the plate was carefully coated with "collodion," which carried in solution the "excitants" - bromide and iodide of potassium, or ammonia, or cadmium. Collodion is made by the solution of gun-cotton in about equal parts of sulphuric ether and 95° proof alcohol. The salts above mentioned are then added, making the collodion a vehicle for obtaining the sensitive surface on the glass plate. The coating of plates was a delicate operation even in the ordinary well-organized studio. After coating the plate with collodion and letting the ether and alcohol evaporate to just the right degree of "stickiness," it was lowered carefully into a deep "bath holder" which contained a solution of nitrate of silver about 60° for quick fieldwork. This operation cre-

Here the camera has caught the U. S. Military Telegraph Construction Corps in action, April, 1864. The 150-odd men composing it were active throughout the war in planting poles and stringing wires in order to keep the Central Telegraph Office in direct communication with the armies at all times. Lincoln spent many an evening in the War Department Building at the capital reading the dispatches from the front handed to him by the operators. The photograph but faintly indicates the flexible insulated wire, which by this time had come into use, and in the picture is being strung along by the two men on the poles and the three in advance of them in the left foreground.

ated the sensitive condition of the plate and had to be done in total darkness except a subdued yellow light. When properly coated (from three to five minutes) the plate was put into a slide or "holder and exposed to the action of the light in the camera. When exposed, it was returned to the dark-room and developed."

Mr. Rockwood also knew all about Brady's wagon, having had a similar contrivance made for himself before the war, for taking pictures in the country. He "used an ordinary delivery wagon of the period, much like the butcher's cart of to-day and had a strong step attached at the rear and below the level of the wagon floor. A door was put on at the back, carefully hung so as to be lightproof. The door, you understand, came down over the step, which was boxed in at the sides, making it a sort of well within the body of the wagon rather than a true step:

"The work of coating or sensitizing the plates and that of developing them was done from this well, in which there was just room enough to work. As the operator stood there the collodion was within reach of his right hand, in a special receptacle. On his left also was the holder of one of the baths. The chief developing bath was in front, with the tanks of various liquids stored in front of it again, and the space be- tween it and the floor filled with plates.

With such a wagon on a larger scale, large enough for men to sleep in front of the dark-room part, the phenomenal pictures of Brady were made possible. Brady risked his life many a time in order not to separate from this cumbrous piece of impedimenta.

On exceptional occasions in very cold weather the life of a wet plate might be extended to nearly an hour on either side of the exposure, the coating or the development side, but ordinarily the work had to be done within a very few minutes, and every minute of delay resulted in loss of brilliancy and depth in the negative."

Brady's headquarters with his "What Is It?" preparing for the strenuous work involved in the oncoming battle.

Some vivid glimpses of the war-photographers' troubles come also from Mr. J. Pitcher Spencer, who knew the work intimately:

"We worked long with one of the foremost of Brady's men, and here let me doff my hat to the name of M. B. Brady - few today are worthy to carry his camera case, even as far as ability from the photographic standpoint goes. I was, in common with the "Cape Codders," following the ocean from 1859 to 1864; I was only home a few months - 1862–63 - and even then from our boys who came home invalided we heard of that grand picture-maker Brady, as they called him.

When I made some views (with the only apparatus then known, the "wet plate"), there came a large realization of some of the immense difficulties surmounted by those who made war-pictures. When you realize that the most sensitive of all the list of chemicals are requisite to make collodion, which must coat every plate, and that the very slightest breath might carry enough "poison" across the plate being "coated to make it produce a blank spot instead of some much-desired effect, you may perhaps have a faint idea of the care requisite to produce a picture. Moreover, it took unceasing care to keep every bit of the apparatus, as well as each and every chemical, free from any possible contamination which might affect the picture. Often a breath of wind, no matter how gentle, spoiled the whole affair.

Often, just as some fine result looked certain, a hot streak of air would not only spoil the plate, but put the instrument out of com- mission, by curling some part of it out of shape. In face of these, and hundreds of minor discouragements, the men imbued with vim and forcefulness by the "Only Brady" kept right along and today the world can enjoy these wonderful views as a result."

Still further details come from an old soldier and photographic expert, Mr. F. M. Rood:

"The plate "flowed" with collodion was dipped at once in a bath of nitrate of silver, in water

Brady's "What Is It?" at Culpepper, Virginia

It seems almost impossible that this photograph could have been taken before the advent of modern photographic apparatus, yet Mr. Gardner's negative, made almost fifty years ago, might well furnish a striking exhibit in a modern photographic salon. The view is of Quarles' Mill, on the North Anna River, Virginia. In grassy fields above the mill the tents of the headquarters of Grant and Meade were pitched for a day or two during the march which culminated in the siege of Petersburg. Among the prisoners brought in while the army was here in Camp was a woman clad in Confederate gray, apparently performing the duties of a scout. She was captured astride of a bony steed and asserted that she belonged to a battery of artillery. This wild creature, with her tangled black locks hanging down her neck, became the center of interest to the idlers of the camp. At these she would occasionally throw stones with considerable accuracy, particularly at the negroes, who gave her a wide berth. As the faithful camera indicates, the river current at this point is strong and rapid. While General Thomas L. Crittenden's division of the Federal Ninth Corps was crossing the North Anna (June 24, 1864) by fording the mill-dam, many sturdy foot-soldiers as well as horsemen were swept over the falls. However, the division got across in good fighting shape and formed a line of battle around the ford on the southern bank just in time to head off a bold Confederate dash for the same coign of vantage. Crittenden's advance guard was hotly engaged in the woods beyond the mill and being roughly handled when the rear of the column reached the southern bank.

also iodized, remained there in darkness three to five minutes; still in darkness, it was taken out, drained, put in the dark-holder, exposed, and developed in the dark-tent at once. The time between flowing the collodion and developing should not exceed eight or ten minutes. The developer was sulphate of iron solution and acetic acid, after which came a slight washing and fixing (to remove the surplus silver) with solution of cyanide of potassium; and then a final washing, drying, and varnishing. The surface (wet or dry), unlike a dry plate, could not be touched. I was all through the war from 1861-65, in the Ninety-Third New York regiment, whose pictures you have given. I recognized quite a number of the old comrades. You have also in your collection a negative of each company of that regiment."

Fortunately, the picture men occasionally immortalized each other as well as the combatants, so that we have a number of intimate glimpses of their life and methods. The wagon, chemicals and camera are in the very trenches at Atlanta, and they tell more than pages of description. But naturally, they cannot show the arduous labor, the narrow escapes, the omnipresent obstacles which could be overcome only by the keenest ardor and determination. The epic of the war-photographer is still to be written. It would compare favorably with the story of many battles. And it does not require much imagination, after viewing the results obtained in the face of such conditions, to get a fair measure of these indomitable workers.

The story of the way in which these pictures have been rescued from obscurity is almost as romantic a tale as that of their making. The net result of Brady's efforts was a collection of over seven thousand pictures (two negatives of each in most cases); and the expenditure involved, estimated at $100,000, ruined him. One set, after undergoing the most extraordinary vicissitudes, finally passed into the Government's possession, where it is now held with a prohibition against its use for commercial purposes. The $25,000 tardily voted to Mr. Brady by Congress did not retrieve his financial fortunes, and he died in the nineties, in a New York hospital, poor and forgotten, save by a few old-time friends.

Brady's own negatives passed in the seventies into the possession of Anthony, in default of payment of his bills for photographic supplies. They were kicked about from pillar to post for ten years, until John C. Taylor found them in an attic and bought them; from this they became the backbone of the Ordway-Rand collection; and in 1895 Brady himself had no idea what had become of them. Many were broken, lost, or destroyed by fire. After passing to various other owners, they were discovered and appreciated by Edward Bailey Eaton, of

Another remarkable example of the results achieved by the old collodion process photographers quite indistinguishable from the instantaneous photographs of the present day. Although taken under the necessity of removing and replacing the lens cap, this negative has successfully caught the waterfall and the Federal cavalryman's horse which has been ridden to the stream for a drink. The picture was taken at Hazel Run, Virginia, above the pontoon bridge constructed for the crossing of the Federal troops. During the advances and retreats, while the Federal armies were maneuvering for position, the photographers were frequently at a loss for material. At such times, true to the professional instinct, they kept in practice by making such views as this. Less important from the strictly military viewpoint, these splendid specimens of landscape photography give us a clear conception of the character of the country over which the Federal and Confederate armies passed and repassed during the stirring period of the war.

This photograph, taken at Brandy Station,Virginia, is an excellent example of the skill of the war photographers. When we remember that orthochromatic plates were undreamed of in the days of the Civil War, the color values of this picture are marvelous. The collodion wet-plate has caught the sheen and texture of the silk dresses worn by the officers' wives, whom we see on a visit to a permanent camp. The entrance to the tent is a fine example of the rustic work with which the Engineer Corps of the various armies amused themselves during periods which would otherwise be spent in tedious inactivity. The officers' quarters received first attention. Thus an atmosphere of indescribable charm was thrown about the permanent camps to which the wives of the officers came in their brief visits to the front, and from which they reluctantly returned without seeing anything of the gruesome side of war. A review or a parade was usually held for their entertainment. In the weary waiting before Petersburg during the siege, the successful consummation of which practically closed the war, the New York engineers, while not engaged in strengthening the Federal fortifications, amused themselves by constructing a number of rustic buildings of great beauty. One of these was the signal tower toward the left of the Federal line of investment. Near it a substantial and artistic hospital building was erected, and, to take the place of a demolished church, a new and better rustic structure sprang into being.

Here for a moment the Engineering corps of General Benjamin F. Butler's army paused while the camera of the army photographer was focused upon it. In August, 1864, Butler, with his army then bottled up in Bermuda Hundred, began to dig a canal at Dutch Gap to save a circuit of six miles in the bend of the James River and thus avoid the batteries, torpedoes, and obstructions which the Confederates had placed to prevent the passage of the Federal fleet up the river toward Richmond. The difficulties of this engineering feat are here seen plainly in the photograph. It took Butler's men all the rest of the year (1864) to cut through this canal, exposed as they were to the fire of the Confederate batteries above. One of the last acts of General Butler was an unsuccessful effort to blow up the dam at the mouth of this canal, and by thus admitting water to it, render it navigable.

ABOVE: This picture preserves for us the resplendent aspect of the Camp of McClellan's Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1862. On his march from Yorktown toward Richmond, McClellan advanced his supply base from Cumberland Landing to White House on the Pamunkey. The barren fields on the bank of the river were converted as if by magic into an immense city of tents stretching away as far as the eye could see, while mirrored in the river lay the immense fleet of transports convoyed up by gunboats from Fortress Monroe. Here we see but a small section of this inspiring view. In the foreground, around the mud-spattered forge, the blankets and knapsacks of the farriers have been thrown carelessly on the ground. Farther on the patient army mules are tethered around the wagons. In the background, before the Camp of the Fifth New York Volunteers (Duryee's Zouaves), a regiment of infantry is drawn up in columns of companies for inspection drill. From the 15th to the 19th of May the Army of the Potomac was concentrated between Cumberland Landing and White House. While in Camp an important change was made in the organization of the army. The divisions of Porter and Sykes were united into the Fifth Corps under Porter, and those of Franklin and Smith into the Sixth Corps under Franklin. On May 19th the movement to Richmond was begun by the advance of Porter and Franklin to Tunstall's Station.

OPPOSITE: This historic bridge crossed Antietam Creek on the turnpike leading from Boonsboro to Sharpsburg. It is one of the memorable spots in the history of the war. The photograph was taken soon after the battle of Antietam; the overturned stone wall and shattered fences, together with the appearance of the adjacent ground, are mute witnesses of the conflict that raged about it on September 16-17, 1862, when the control of this bridge was important to both McClellan and Lee. The former held it during the battle; and the fire of his artillery from the ridges near the bridge enabled the disordered Union lines to recover in time to check the ferocious assaults of the Confederates.

Hartford, Connecticut, who created the immediate train of events that led to their importance as the nucleus of a collection of many thousand pictures gathered from all over the country to furnish the material for this work.

From all sorts of sources, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to the Gulf, these hidden treasures have been drawn. Historical societies, Government and State bureaus, librarians, private collectors, military and patriotic organizations, old soldiers and their families have recollected, upon earnest insistence, that they did have such things or once knew of them. Singly and in groups they have come from walls, out of archives, safes, old garrets, often seeing the light of day for the first time in a generation, to join together once more in a pictorial army which daily grew more irresistible as the new arrivals augmented, supplemented, and explained. The superb result is here spread forth and illuminated for posterity.

Apart from all the above considerations, these invaluable pictures are well worth attention from the standpoint of pictorial art. We talk a great deal nowadays about the astonishing advances of modern art photography; and it is quite true that patient investigators have immeasurably increased the range and flexibility of camera methods and results. We now manipulate negatives and print to produce any sort of effect; we print in tint or color, omitting or adding what we wish; numberless men of artistic capacity are daily showing how to transmit personal feeling through the intricacies of the mechanical process. But it is just as true as when the caveman scratched on a bone his recollections of mammoth and reindeer, that the artist will produce work that moves the beholder, no matter how crude may be his implements. Clearly there were artists among these Civil War photographers.

Probably this was caused by natural selection. It took ardor and zest for this particular thing above all others to keep a man at it in face of the hardships and disheartening handicaps. In any case, the work speaks for itself. Over and over one is thrilled by a sympathetic realization that the vanished man who pointed the camera at some particular scene, must have felt precisely the same pleasure in a telling composition of landscape, in a lifelike grouping, in a dramatic glimpse of a battery in action, in a genre study of a wounded soldier watched over by a comrade—that we feel today and that some seeing eye will respond to generations in the future. This is the true, immortality of art. And when the emotions thus aroused center about a struggle which determined the destiny of a great nation, the picture that arouses them takes its proper place as an important factor in that heritage of the past which gives us to-day increased stature over all past ages, just because we add all their experience to our own.

Source of text and all images: Miller, Francis Trevelyan, ed. *The Photographic History of the Civil War* (1911)

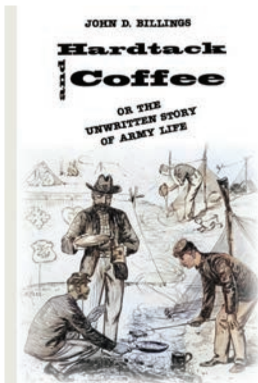
LIFE IN LOG HUTS

FROM THE MUNDANE TO THE MOROSE, JOHN BILLINGS' DAY TO DAY ACCOUNT OF WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE FOR THE CIVIL WAR SOLDIER IS STILL A FASCINATING READ

BY JOHN BILLINGS

The camp of a regiment or battery was supposed to be laid out in regular order as definitely prescribed by Army Regulations. These, I may state in a general way, provided that each company of a regiment should pitch its tents in two files, facing on a street which was at right angles with the color-line of the regiment. This color-line was the assigned place for regimental formation. Then, without going into details, I will add that the company officers' tents were pitched in rear of their respective companies, and the field officers, in rear of these. Cavalry had something of the same plan, but with one row of tents to a company, while the artillery had three files of tents, one to each section.

All of this is preliminary to saying that while there was in Army Regulations this prescribed plan for laying out camps, yet the soldiers were more distinguished for their breach than their observance of this plan. Army Regulations were adopted for the guidance of the regular standing army; but this same regular army was now only a very small fraction of the Union forces, the largest portion by far-- "the biggest half," to use a Hibernianism - were volunteers, who could not or would not all be bound by Army Regulations. In the establishing of camps, therefore, there was much of the go-as-you-please order of procedure. It is true that regiments commanded by strict disciplinarians were likely to and did keep pretty close to regulations. Many others approximated this standard, but still there then remained a large residuum who suited themselves, or, rather, perhaps did not attempt to suit anybody unless compelled to by superior authority; so that in entering some camps one might find everything betokening the supervision of a critical military spirit, while others were such a hurly-burly lack of plan that a mere plough-jogger might have been, and perhaps was, the controlling genius of the camp. When troops located in the woods, as they always did for their winter cantonments, this lack of system in the arrangement was likely to be deviated from on account of trees. But to the promised topic of the chapter.



Come with me into one of the log huts. I have already spoken of its walls, its roof, its chimney, its fireplace. The door we are to enter may be cut in the same end with the fireplace. Such was often the case, as there was just about unoccupied space enough for that purpose. But where four or more soldiers located together it was oftener put in the center of one side. In that case the fireplace was in the opposite side as a rule. In entering a door at the end one would usually observe two bunks across the opposite end, one near the ground (or floor, when there was such a luxury, which was rarely), and the other well up towards the top of the walls. I say, usually. It depended upon circumstances. When two men only occupied the hut there was one bunk. Sometimes when four occupied it there was but one, and that one running lengthwise. There are other exceptions which I need not mention; but the average hut contained two bunks.

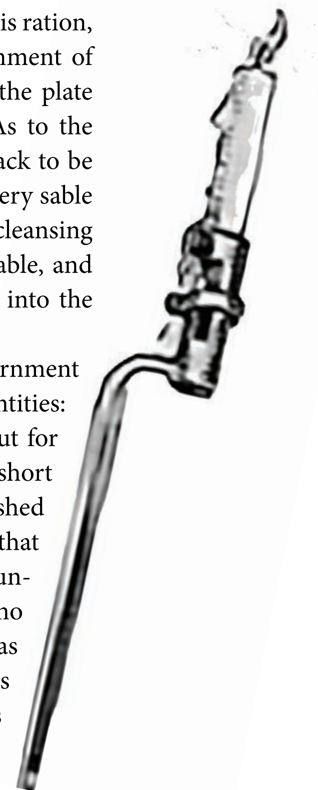
The construction of these bunks was varied in character. Some were built of boards from hardtack boxes; some of the barrel-staves laid crosswise on two poles; some men improvised a spring bed of slender saplings, and padded them with a cushion of hay, oak or pine leaves; others obtained coarse grain sacks from an artillery or cavalry camp, or from some wagon train, and by making a hammock-like arrangement of them thus devised to make repose a little sweeter. At the head of each bunk were the knapsacks or bundles which contained what each soldier boasted of personal effects. These were likely to be under-clothes, socks, thread, needles, buttons, letters, stationery, photographs, etc. The number of such articles was fewer among infantry than among artillerymen, who, on the march, had their effects carried for them on the gun carriages and caissons. But in winter quarters both accumulated a large assortment of conveniences from home, sent on in the boxes which so gladdened the soldier's heart.

The haversacks, and canteens, and the equipment usually hung on pegs inserted in the logs. The muskets had no regular abiding-place. Some stood them in a corner, some hung them on pegs by the slings.

Domestic conveniences were not entirely wanting in the best ordered of these rude establishments. A hardtack box nailed end upwards against the logs with its cover on leather hinges serving as a door, and having suitable shelves inserted, made a very passable dish-closet; another such box put upside down on legs, did duty as a table — small, but large enough for the family, and useful. Over the fireplace one or more shelves were sometimes put to catch the brie a brac of the hut, and three-or four-legged stools enough were manufactured for the inmates. But such a hut as this one I have been describing was rather high-toned. There were many huts without any of these conveniences.

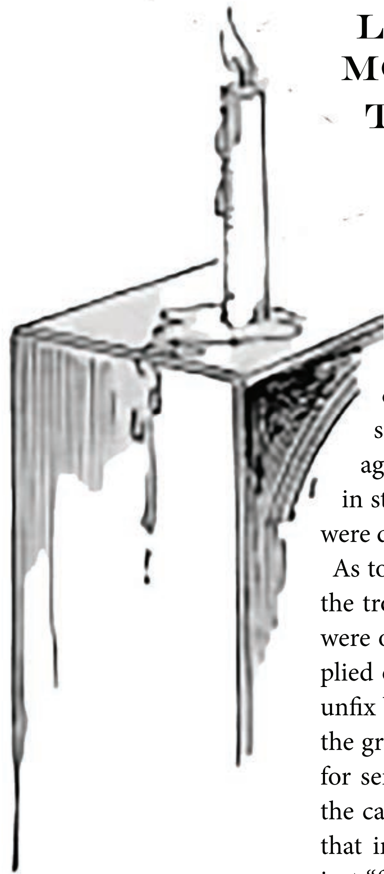
Inside View of a Log Hut

A soldier's table-furnishings were his tin dipper, tin plate, knife, fork, and spoon. When he had finished his meal, lie did not in many cases stand on ceremony, and his dishes were tossed under the bunk to await the next meal. Or, if he condescended to do a little dish-cleaning, it was not of an aesthetic kind. Sometimes he was satisfied to scrape his plate out with his knife, and let it go at that. Another time he would take a wisp of straw or a handful of leaves from his bunk and wipe it out. When the soft bread was abundant, a piece of that made a convenient and serviceable dishcloth and towel. Now and then a man would pour a little of his hot coffee into his plate to cleanse it. While here and there one, with neither pride, nor shame, nor squeamishness would take his plate out just as he last used it, to get his ration, offering no other remark to the comment of the cook than this, that he guessed the plate was a fit receptacle for the ration. As to the knife and fork, when they got too black to be tolerated — and they had to be of a very sable hue, it should be said — there was no cleansing process so inexpensive, simple, available, and efficient as running them vigorously into the earth a few times.



For lighting these huts the government furnished candles in limited quantities: at first long ones, which had to be cut for distribution; but later they provided short ones. I have said that they were furnished in limited quantities. I will modify that statement. Sometimes they were abundant, sometimes the contrary; but no one could account for a scarcity. It was customary to charge quartermasters with peculation in such cases, and it is true that many of them were rascals, but I think they were sometimes sad-

THERE WAS ARMY REGULATIONS FOR LAYING OUT CAMPS, THE SOLDIERS WERE MORE DISTINGUISHED FOR THEIR BREACH THAN THEIR OBSERVANCE OF THIS PLAN.

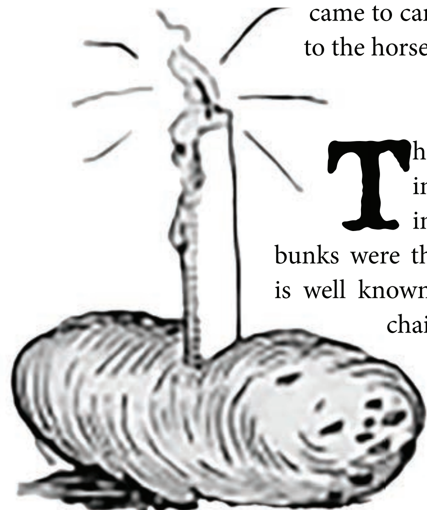


Army Candlesticks.

dled with burdens that did not belong to them. Some men used more light than others. Indeed, some men were constitutionally out of everything. They seemed to have conscientious scruples against keeping rations of any description in stock for the limit of time for which they were drawn.

As to candlesticks, the government provided the troops with these by the thousands. They were of steel, and very durable, but were supplied only to the infantry, who had simply to unfix bayonets, stick the points of the same in the ground, and their candlesticks were ready for service. As a fact, the bayonet shank was the candlestick of the rank and file who used that implement. It was always available, and just "filled the bill" in other respects. Potatoes were too valuable to come into very general use for this purpose. Quite often the candle was set up on a box in its own drippings.

Whenever candles failed, slush lamps were brought into use. These I have seen made by filling a sardine box with cookhouse grease and inserting a piece of rag in one corner for a wick. The whole was then suspended from the ridgepole of the hut by a wire. This wire came to camp around bales of hay brought to the horses and mules.



The bunks were the most popular institutions in the huts. Soldiering is at times a lazy life, and bunks were then liberally patronized; for, as is well known, ottomans, lounges, and easy chairs are not a part of a soldier's outfit. For that reason, the bunks served as a substitute for all these luxuries in the line of furniture.

I will describe in greater detail how they were used. All soldiers were provided with a woollen and a rubber blanket. When they retired, after tattoo roll call, they did not strip to the skin and put on night-dresses as they would at home. They were satisfied, ordinarily, with taking off coat and boots, and perhaps the vest. Some, however, stripped to their flannels, and donning a smoking-cap, would turn in, and pass a very comfortable night. There were a few in each regiment who never took off anything, night or day, unless compelled to; and these turned in at night in full uniform, with all the covering they could muster. I shall speak of this class in another connection.

There was a special advantage in two men bunking together in winter-quarters, for then each got the benefit of the other's blankets — no mean advantage, either, in much of the weather. It was a common plan with the soldiers to make an under-sheet of the rubber blanket, the lining side up, just as when they camped out on the ground, for it excluded the cold air from below in the one case as it kept out dampness in the other. Moreover, it prevented the escape of animal heat.

I think I have said that the half-shelters were not impervious to a hard rain. But I was about to say that whenever such a storm came on it was often necessary for the occupants of the upper bunk to cover that part of the tent above them with their rubber blankets or ponchos; or, if they did not wish to venture out to adjust such a protection, they would pitch them on the inside. When they did not care to bestir themselves enough to do either, they would compromise by spreading a rubber blanket over themselves, and let the water run off onto the tent floor.

At intervals, whose length was governed somewhat by the movements of the army, an inspector of government property put in an appearance to examine into the condition of the belongings of the government in the possession of an organization, and when in his opinion any property was unfit for further service it was declared condemned, and marked with his official brand, I C, meaning, Inspected Condemned. This I C became a byword among the men, who made an amusing application of it on many occasions.

In the daytime, the men lay in their bunks and slept, or read a great deal, or sat on them and wrote their letters. Unless otherwise forbidden, callers felt at liberty to perch on them; but there was such a wide difference in the habits of cleanliness of the soldiers that some proprietors of huts had, as they thought, sufficient reasons why no one else should occupy their berths but themselves, and so, if the three-legged stools or boxes did not furnish seating capacity enough for company, and the regular boarders, too, the r. b. would take to the bunks with a dispatch which betokened a deeper interest than that required of simple etiquette. This remark naturally leads me to say something of the insect life which seemed to have enlisted with the soldiers for "three years or during the war," and which required and received a large share of attention in quarters, much more, in fact, than during active campaigning. I refer now, especially, to the *Pediculus Vestimenti*, as the scientific men call him, but whose picture when it is well taken, and somewhat magnified, bears this familiar outline. Old soldiers will recognize the picture if the name is an odd one to them. This was the historic "grayback" which went in and out before Union and Confederate soldiers without ceasing. Like death, it was no respecter of persons. It preyed alike on the just and the unjust. It inserted its bill as confidingly into the body of the major-general as of the lowest private. I once heard the orderly of a company officer relate that he had

Pediculus Vestimenti.

(K)nitting Work.

picked fifty-two graybacks from the shirt of his chief at one sitting. Aristocrat or plebeian it mattered not. Every soldier seemed foreordained to encounter this pest at close quarters. Eternal vigilance was not the price of liberty. That failed the most scrupulously careful veteran in active campaigning. True, the neatest escaped the longest, but sooner or later the time came when it was simply impossible for even them not to let the left hand know what the right hand was doing.

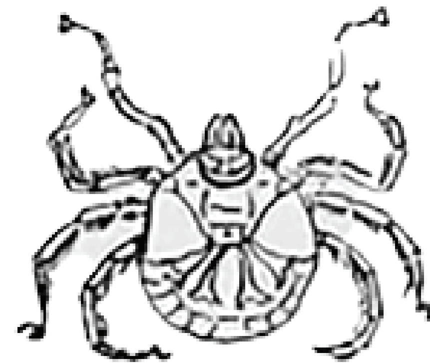
The secretiveness which a man suddenly developed when he found himself inhabited for the first time was very entertaining. He would cuddle all knowledge of it as closely as the old Forty-Niners did the hiding place of their bag of gold dust. Perhaps he would find only one of the vermin. This he would secretly murder, keeping all knowledge of it from his tent-mates, while he nourished the hope that it was the Robinson Crusoe of its race cast away on a strange shore with none of its kind at hand to cheer its loneliness. Alas, vain delusion! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this solitary pediculus would prove to be the advance guard of generations yet to come, which, ere its capture, had been stealthily engaged in sowing its seed; and in a space of time all too brief, after the first discovery the same soldier would appoint himself an investigating committee of one to sit with closed doors, and his away to the desired seclusion. There, he would seat himself, taking his garments across his knees in turn, conscientiously doing his (k)nitting work, inspecting every fibre with the scrutiny of a dealer in broadcloths.

"Turning Him Over."

The feeling of intense disgust aroused by the first contact with these creepers soon gave way to hardened indifference, as a soldier realized the utter impossibility of keeping free from them, and the privacy with which he carried on his first "skirmishing," as this "search for happiness" came to be called, was soon abandoned, and the warfare carried on more openly. In fact, it was the mark of a clean soldier to be seen engaged at it, for there was no disguising the fact that everybody needed to do it.

In cool weather "skirmishing" was carried on in quarters, but in warmer weather the men preferred to go outside of camp for this purpose; and the woods usually found near camps were full of them sprinkled about times by the thousands. Now and then a man could be seen just from the quartermaster with an entire new suit on his arm, bent on starting afresh. He would hang the suit on a bush, strip off every piece of the old, and set fire to the same, and then don the new suit of blue. So far well; but he was a lucky man if he did not share his new clothes with other hungry pediculi inside of a week.

A Wood Tick.



"Skirmishing," however, furnished only slight relief from the oppressive attentions of the grayback, and furthermore took much time. Hot water was the sovereign remedy, for it penetrated every mesh and seam, and cooked the millions yet unborn, which Job himself could not have exterminated by the thumbnail process unaided. So tenacious of life were these creatures that some veterans affirm they have seen them still creeping on garments taken out of boiling water, and that only by putting salt in the water were they sure of accomplishing their destruction. I think there was but one opinion among the soldiers in regard to the graybacks; viz., that the country was being ruined by overproduction. What the Colorado beetle is to the potato crop they were to the soldiers of both armies, and that man has fame and fortune in his hand who, before the next great war in any country, shall have invented an extirpator which shall do for the pediculus what paris-green does for the potato-bug. From all this it can readily be seen why no good soldier wanted his bunk to be regarded as common property.

I may add in passing that no other variety of insect life caused any material annoyance to the soldier. Now and then a wood-tick would insert his head, on the sly, into some part of the human integument; but these were not common or unclean.

I have already related much that the soldier did to pass away time. I will add to that which I have already given two branches of domestic industry that occupied a considerable time in log huts with a few, and less - very much less indeed - with others. I refer to washing and mending. Some of the men were just as particular about changing their underclothing at least once a week as they would be at home, while others would do so only under the severest pressure. It is disgusting to remember, even at this late day, how little care hundreds of the men be-stowed on bodily cleanliness. The story, quite familiar to old soldiers, about the man who was so negligent in this respect that when he finally took a bath he found a number of shirts and socks which he supposed he had lost, arose from the fact of there being a few men in every organization who were most unaccountably regardless of all rules of health, and of whom such a statement would seem, to those that knew the parties, only slightly exaggerated.

How was this washing done? Well, if the troops were camping near a brook, that simplified the matter somewhat; but even then, the clothes must be boiled, and for this purpose there was but one resource--the mess kettles. There is a familiar anecdote related of Daniel Webster: that while he was Secretary of State, the French Minister at Washington asked him whether the United States would recognize the new government of France - I think Louis Napoleon's. Assuming a very solemn tone and posture, Webster replied: "Why not? The United States has recognized the Bourbons, the French Republic, the Directory, the Council of Five Hundred, the First Consul, the Emperor, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, the" - "Enough! Enough!" cried the minister, fully satisfied with the extended array of precedents cited. So, in regard to using our mess kettles to boil clothes in, it might be asked "Why not?" Were they not used to boil our meat

Boiling Them.

Cleaning Up.

and potatoes in, to make our bean, pea, and meat soups in, to boil our tea and coffee in, to make our apple and peach sauce in? Why not use them as wash-boilers? Well, "gentle reader," while it might at first interfere somewhat with your appetite to have your food cooked in the wash-boiler, you would soon get used to it; and so this complex use of the mess kettles soon ceased to affect the appetite, or to shock the sense of propriety of the average soldier as to the eternal fitness of things, for he was often compelled by circumstances to endure much greater improprieties. It would indeed have been a most admirable arrangement in many respects could each man have been provided with an excellent Magee Range with copper-boiler annex and set tubs nearby; but the line had to be drawn somewhere, and so everything in the line of impedimenta was done away with, unless it was absolutely essential to the service. For this reason we could not take along a well-equipped laundry, but must make some articles do double or triple service.

It may be asked what kind of a figure the men cut as washerwomen. Well, some of them were awkward and imperfect enough at it; but necessity is a capital teacher, and, in this as in many other directions, men did perforce what they would not have attempted at home. It was not necessary, however, for every man to do his own washing, for in most companies there was at least one man who, for a reasonable recompense, was ready to do such work, and he usually found all he could attend to in the time he had off duty. There was no ironing to be done, for "boiled shirts," as white-bosomed shirts were called, were almost an unknown garment in the army except in hospitals. Flannels were the order of the day. If a man had the courage to face the ridicule of his comrades by wearing a white collar, it was of the paper variety, and white cuffs were unknown in camp.

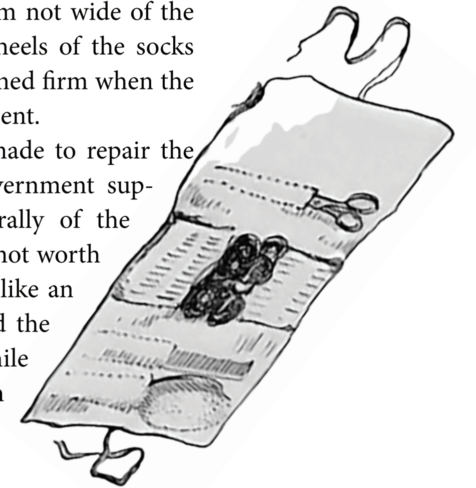
I ONCE HEARD THE ORDERLY OF A COMPANY OFFICER RELATE THAT HE HAD PICKED FIFTY-TWO GRAYBACKS FROM THE SHIRT OF HIS CHIEF AT ONE SITTING.

In the department of mending garments each man did his own work, or left it undone, just as he thought best; but no one hired it done. Every man had a "housewife" or its equivalent, containing the necessary needles, yarn, thimble, etc., furnished him by some mother, sister, sweetheart, or Soldier's Aid Society, and from this came his materials to mend or darn with.

Now, the average soldier was not so susceptible to the charms and allurements of sock-darning as he should have been; for this reason he always put off the direful day until both heels looked boldly and with hardened visage out the back-door, while his ten toes ranged themselves en echelon in front of their quarters. By such delay or neglect good ventilation and the opportunity of drawing on the socks from either end were secured. The task of once more restricting the toes to quarters was not an easy one, and the processes of arriving at this end were not many in number. Perhaps the speediest and most unique, if not the most artistic, was that of tying a string around the hole. This was a scheme for cutting the Gordian knot of darning, which a few modern Alexanders put into execution. But I never heard any of them commend its comforts after the job was done.

Then, there were other men who, having arranged a checkerboard of stitches over the holes, as they had seen their mothers do, had not the time or patience to fill in the squares, and the inevitable consequence was that both heels and toes would look through the bars only a few hours before breaking jail again. But there were a few of the boys who were kept furnished with home-made socks, knit, perhaps, by their good old grandmas, who seemed to inherit the patience of the grandams themselves; for, whenever there was mending or darning to be done, they would sit by the hour, and do the work as neatly and conscientiously as anyone could desire. I am not wide of the facts when I say that the heels of the socks darned by these men remained firm when the rest of the fabric was well spent.

There was little attempt made to repair the socks drawn from the government supplies, for they were generally of the shoddiest description, and not worth it. In symmetry, they were like an elbow of stovepipe; nor did the likeness end here, for, while the stovepipe is open at both ends, so were the socks within forty-eight hours after putting them on.



A Housewife.

Cooking was also an industry which occupied more or less of the time of individuals; but when the army was in settled camp company cooks usually took charge of the rations. Sometimes, where companies preferred it, the rations were served out to them in the raw state; but there was no invariable rule in this matter. I think the soldiers, as a whole, preferred to receive their coffee and sugar raw, for rough experience in campaigning soon made each man an expert in the preparation of this beverage. Moreover, he could make a more palatable cup for himself than the cooks made for him; for too often their handiwork betrayed some of the other uses of the mess kettles to which I have made reference. Then, again, some men liked their coffee strong, others weak; some liked it sweet, others wished little or no sweetening; and this

The Camp Barber.

latter class could and did save their sugar for other purposes. I shall give other particulars about this when I take up the subject of Army Rations.

It occurs to me to mention in this connection a circumstance which may seem somewhat strange to many, and that is that some parts of the army burned hundreds of cords of green pinewood while lying in winter quarters. It was very often their only resource for heat and warmth. People at the North would as soon think of attempting to burn water as green pine. But the explanation of the paradox is this — the pine of southern latitudes has more pitch in it than that of northern latitudes. Then, the heartwood of all pines is comparatively dry. It seemed especially so South. The heartwood was used to kindle with, and the pitchy sapwood placed on top, and by the time the heartwood had burned the sappy portion had also seasoned enough to blaze and make a good fire. These pines had the advantage over the hard woods of being more easily worked up — an advantage which the average soldier appreciated.

Nearly every organization had its barber in established camp. True, many men never used the razor in the service, but allowed a shrubby, straggling growth of hair and beard to grow, as if to conceal them from the enemy in time of battle. Many more carried their own kit of tools and shaved themselves, frequently shedding innocent blood in the service of their country while undergoing the operation. But there was yet a large number left who, whether from lack of skill in the use or care of the razor, or from want of inclination, preferred to patronize the camp barber. This personage plied his vocation inside the tent in cold or stormy weather, but at other times took his post in rear of the tent, where lie had improvised a chair for the comfort (?) of his victims. This chair was a product of home manufacture. Its framework was four stakes driven into the ground, two long ones for the back legs, and two shorter ones for the front. On this foundation a superstructure was raised which made a passable barber's chair. But not all the professors who presided at these chairs were finished tonsors, and the back of a soldier's head whose hair had been "shingled" by one of them was likely to show each course of the shingles with painful distinctness. The razors, too, were of the most barbarous sort, like the "trust razor" of the old song with which the Irishman got his "Love o' God Shave."

One other occupation of a few men in every camp, which I must not overlook, was that of studying the tactics. Some were doing it, perhaps, under the instructions of superior officers; some because of an ambition to deserve promotion. Some were looking to passing a competitive examination with a view of obtaining a furlough; and so these men, from various motives, were "booking" themselves. But the great mass of the rank and file had too much to do with the practice of war to take much interest in working out its theory, and freely gave themselves up, when off duty, to every available variety of physical or mental recreation, doing their uttermost to pass away the time rapidly; and even those troops having nearly three years to serve would exclaim, with a cheerfulness more feigned than real, as each day dragged to its close, "It's only two years and a but."

Source of text and all images: Billings, John D. *Hardtack and Coffee: The Unwritten Story of Army Life* (1888)