

**INSIDE: A
CHRONICLE
OF SECESSION**

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Inside: a chronicle of secession by George F. Harrington

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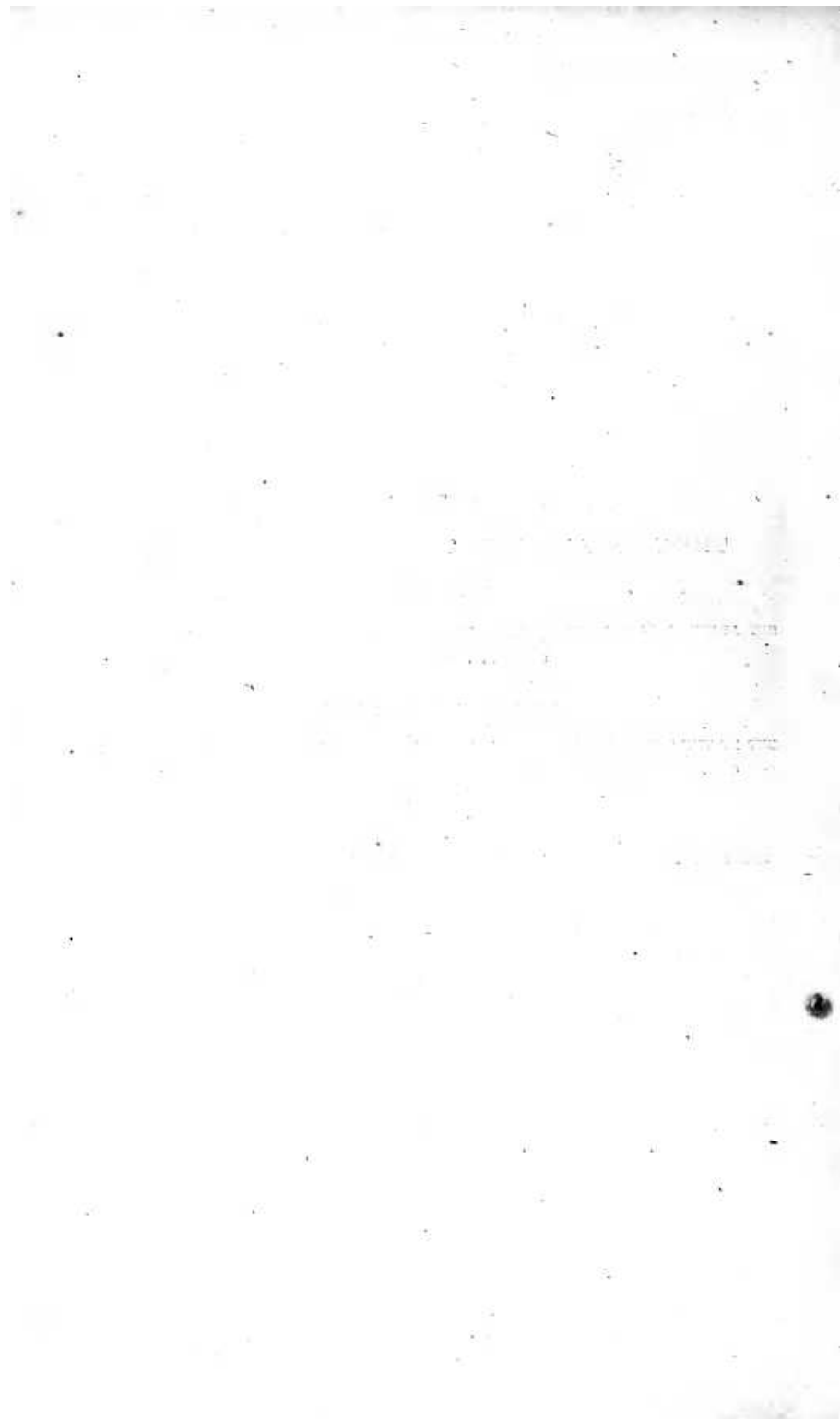
BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS NAST.

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P R E F A C E.



THE AUTHOR BURYING HIS MANUSCRIPT.

Nor a Preface merely for preface' sake, but as few words as possible by way of explanation.

This book was written in one of the centres of Secession. Begun at the outset, it grew with the growth thereof, and closed with its ending. Owing to peculiar circumstances, the writer, never out of the pale of Secession during its continuance, had full time and opportunity for as careful a study of the period as he could wish. If he has cast the result in the form of a fiction his work is none the less as essentially true as the dryest history ever penned; and will be acknowledged to be by all who, by reason of occupying a like position during the war, are competent to speak. And it is as true, in most respects, for one region in the South as for any other, the Secessionist as a class in all its varieties, and the

Union men as a class in all *its* varieties, being, in every village throughout the South, very much the same as in Somerville.

The form of a novel was adopted chiefly to make it impossible for any one to identify the place in which the scene is laid and the characters acting therein. And that for this reason: The period embraced in the story is one which will be, in all its aspects, a phenomenon interesting to men for generations to come. Other volumes will treat of other features of this most remarkable period; this book aims only to photograph the social aspect thereof from a point entirely within; and it is a period altogether too sublime, both in its evil and its good, for any thing so short-lived and insect-like as mere personalities, which, as they buzz and sting but during their brief moment, should perish also and be forgotten within the same. Yes, if there be one drop of gall, a least splinter of wormwood in these pages, the writer is ignorant of it.

Born at, and having spent almost his entire life in, the South, the writer's first affections are, by that nature which attaches every thing that breathes to its own home, with and for the South. At the very same time he entertains a love yet larger and stronger for the nation of which the South is but a part, and is powerless to refuse conviction, both of head and heart, to the truth that the whole is greater than part of the whole. Above all does he yield reverence and affection, still beyond this, to Truth, Right, Conscience, God. A love herein without the least conflict in its three degrees of positive, comparative, superlative. Toward no one, during Secession, has his hatred been even stirred. For many a one, during that time, has the writer's pity been excited—his deepest pity for the guiltiest as being the most infatuated; glad that justice, human justice perhaps, Divine justice certainly, is to be meted out; glad, also, that, save in these

humble pages, to him is committed neither its determining nor the execution.

He claims no merit whatever above others, far better, mayhap, in every other respect than himself, for, being from his earliest memory, in every thought, emotion, word, deed, through all associations, oppositions, circumstances, whatever they were, a Union man—claims no merit for this, since it required no exertion on his part, he being such by a sort of nature, as a cedar-tree is not a cypress, and as an oak-tree is an oak. Conscious of many a shortcoming in other respects, he has nothing to reproach himself with in this, unless it be for excess of love to his country, which, perhaps, the times may excuse.

The very manuscript from which these lines are printed could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates, in confirmation of this. While writing it the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit

had a written page been discovered. On more than one Sunday the wife of the writer has borne the manuscript to church concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home. However, as our story shows, that was but a small specimen of the totally new set of duties, unprovided for in the marriage ceremony, which wives had to perform for Union husbands during Secession. On two occasions the writer was obliged to bury his manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously. To *that* the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone.

They say that even amidst rock and glacier, avalanche and tempest of Alpine regions, there spring flowers not unworthy the gathering. Who knows but it may be so with this volume, which has slowly and painfully matured its leaves under circumstances— But suppose we permit the book to speak for itself.

I N S I D E.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.



"HURRAH FOR LINCOLN AN' THE SOUP!"

CHAPTER I.

"A little more powder and a little more shot
 'll teach dem Yankees how to trot!"

"No, Amouse, no; that ain't the way; this
 the way:

"Little more shot an' little powder
 'll make them Yankees holler louder!"

"No, Bub, 'tain't; you an' Amouse befo
 wrong:

"Hurrah! burrah! for the Yankee flag
 That bears the stingle star!"

"Lor', Miss 'Ria, you better not sing dat—
 not de Yankee flag—bonner blue flag—"

"You shut up, Amouse; hush, 'Ria."

"Hush your own mouth, Bub. Hurrah! for
 Lincoln an' Jeff Davis!"

"Oh, 'Ria, I'll tell Pa what you said! Hol-
 lered for old Lincoln; didn't she, Amouse? If
 they don't hang you! Yonder's Pupper now,
 just coming in the gate. Oh, Pupper, here's
 'Ria been hollering all the morning for Abe
 Lincoln! Ain't she a old Yankee?"

"Am a Yankee! Am a 'Bolutionist! Hate
 old Davis! Hurrah for Lincoln an' the Souf!"

"Hush your racket, children; hush that, Ma-
 ria!" and their father fastened the gate slowly
 and carefully behind him.

"They know just about as much about it all
 as most grown people," said, but strictly to him-
 self, the father of 'Ria and Bub and the master
 of Amos, about whose profession, as he walks to-
 ward the house, there is no necessity of inform-
 ing you. That he is a doctor you can see by
 the medical saddle-bags which he carries hung
 over his left arm. A good, careful, conscien-
 tious doctor too, especially to nurse a patient
 through a long illness. That you can read in
 his mild, florid face, in the loiter of his very gait.

But, if you are a woman, and possess intu-
 ition, you can not help seeing also that this Dr.
 Warner is not the man to make an eminent
 surgeon. As you observe, following him with
 your eyes toward the house, he has very light
 hair and eyes—not the man to scoop a tumor
 out of the bosom of one's screaming child—not
 one you would care to call in if your leg had
 suddenly to be taken out of its socket at the
 thigh. When Nature has given a decided char-
 acter to a man or woman she is very apt to hang
 out some decided flag of it on the outer wall:
 eyes of some definite color; hair red, black, or
 very brown.

"But, Pupper," says Bub, calling after his
 father, "oh, Pupper, please make 'Ria stop hol-
 lering out here for Lincoln; she's all the time
 doing it. Joe Staples threw a rock at us yester-
 day; hit our Amouse plum on the head."

"You hear, Maria. Mind what Bub says.
 Don't you let me hear of your hollering any
 more," says the father, turning half around.
 "Don't you know ladies never holler?"

"Oh, Pa, but yes they do!" exclaims his
 daughter. "Don't you know how Sally Smith-
 ers waved her towel an' hollered that day the

soldiers marched?—all the ladies on the front porches—don't you 'member?"

"Handkerchief, child; but you are a little, little girl, not eight years old; you mustn't holler—"

"Yes I must, Pupper; have to holler. Amouse here, he hollers; Joe Staples hollers; Bub is always hollering; every body in Somerville is always hollering all the time."

"Well, Maria, if you must have something to holler—"

"Bliged to," put in the little girl.

"Then holler for—Andrew Jackson;" and her prudent parent passed on into the house.

Ever mindful of the various poisons in his sad lie-bags, Dr. Warner placed them on a small shelf made for the express purpose, in the hall beside the hat-stand, high out of reach of the children. Next he proceeded, with what might be styled a cautious step for a man in his own house, to the door leading into the breakfast-room.

"Ah, Sarah, breakfast over, I see," he said, first glancing in through the partly-opened door, and then venturing more boldly in, when he sees that no one is therein except the negro woman standing over the wrecks of the meal, washing up the cups and saucers.

Prey fairly in the trap, the trigger springs:

"Over, Dr. Warner? Of course it was, one good hour ago, and you knew it when you asked."

It was his wife who said it, following her voice into the breakfast-room as she spoke. She had been saying it over to herself ever since she heard the front gate click, and short an' sharp enough were the tones in which she spoke.

"Gracious goodness! can't your patients fix it so we *can* have some little order about our meals? But it is all your fault, Dr. Warner. Why *can't* you just give them their physie, whatever it is, be done with it, and come home? Here's Sarah—why can't you get that coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah—and you haven't washed them plates up yet?—here's Sarah kept from her morning's work, and kept from and kept from it, and she a good six dozen washing to have done and hung out before the cows come up to-night. If I was you, Dr. Warner, I'd give up my practice; goodness knows you make little enough at it; you would make plenty if you would only collect. But precious little you'd make at any thing else!"

"It doesn't matter, Helen," ventured her spouse, whose somewhat bald head had fallen into an indescribable droop, as of one under a shower-bath, the instant his wife began. So saying, he drew his chair to the table while the servant was placing his breakfast thereon. "I have been up near all night," he continued, as he stirred his coffee; "haven't any warm hominy? Never mind, I have no appetite, any thing will do."

"That Mrs. Bowles, I suppose. Bring me

my work here off the sewing-machine, and mind you wipe your wet hands clean before you do it, you Sarah;" and Mrs. Warner takes a seat at the other end of the table. "I would like to know when *she* settled last—such a lady as you always call her. And why haven't you told me what is the matter with the woman? They might have given you at least a cup of coffee."

"And so they did, Alice saw to that," says Dr. Warner, who never fails to speak the best he can of any and every one.

"Coffee! Yes, Confederate coffee, I'll bet," interposes his wife, threading her needle.

"Yes, but you couldn't have told the difference—at least, hardly;" for the Doctor is very truthful too.

"Stuff! Never tell me," breaks in his wife. "There's old Mrs. Juggins, she uses barley. You know you couldn't stand that, even the smell. Came to find out we had gone and ground it, while she used it so—only toasted. Tried not grinding, but it wouldn't do. There's sweet-potatoes, too, cut thin and browned. Mrs. Bowles's notion; you know what a sickly sort of sweet it was. Coffee! Rye, too, that is Mr. Neely's plan. Like a Yankee! Then there's Mr. Ferguson, okra seed's his Scotch scheme, as if one could get okra seed enough to last a week. Never tell me! A thing is either coffee or it ain't coffee. You are so polite you pretend you can't tell the difference—don't catch me."

"One dollar a pound," ventures her husband.

"What, gone up to a dollar? Oh, if I only was a man! If I didn't hang them. First thing you knew it was fifty cents. Next time I went in to the stores it was: 'Not one pound on hand, ma'am, sorry to say; hope to get some soon.' Yes, and when they did have some next time it was eighty cents. And all the time they were pretending to be out they had sacks and sacks of it piled away down in the cellar, or hidden under carpets and things way up in the loft. Oh, if I was only a man! Calicoes up to fifty cents; domestics, six bits; fifty cents for a tin cup; five pounds of sugar for a dollar; molasses, dollar and a quarter; shoes, eight dollars; flour, fifty dollars, or soon will be. I'd like to know what we are coming to! Mr. Barker was right—they are worse than Yankees! Our men gone off to fight the battles of their country, bleeding and dying somewhere, and they at home making money out of the poor wives, and widows, and orphans. Barker was right. Their stores ought to be just taken, the goods sold for them at the old prices. Hang them!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner, her wrath rising, as it ever did, at the sound of her own voice. "Yes, as brother Barker says, 'I could string them up with my own hands!'"

"Rather strong language for a preacher," interposed her husband, who was quietly eating his breakfast.

"As much as to say, if Mr. Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman."

Dr. Warner continues to breakfast. A little more, perhaps, of the shower-bath droop about the head. There is a pause of surprise in the eyes of his wife. She sits with suspended needle, looking at her husband. And while she is still an instant let us seize that rare instant to catch her photograph—if we can.

When Dr. Warner first settled in Somerville, years ago this 1862, Mrs. Warner was a tall, spare, shrill spinster. Other than being an exceedingly industrious and neat housekeeper Miss Helen Morris had only fourteen recommendations to a marrying man; and those fourteen had legs and could wield hoes, scrubbing-brushes, and washing-boards. Somehow or other the Doctor married her. Was it that the poor and patientless young Doctor wanted a home? Mrs. Warner very often afterward herself suggested that solution of the case. It was a special weapon in her arsenal in the worryment of her husband, which worryment was a large part of her housekeeping. Nor did she conceal her painful impression to that effect from chance company either; for it was a peculiarity of Mrs. Warner to express herself upon matters, pleasant and unpleasant, relating to herself openly, fully, and upon every occasion. Or it may be—most were of that opinion—that it was not the Doctor who married the lady, but the lady who married him. Good, easy, indolent man, he was no match for Miss Helen Morris—as natural a prey to such a woman as a mouse is to a cat.

Not that the Doctor did not have warning fair and sufficient. When he applied that day in the dirty county court office to Bob Withers, county clerk, for the marriage license, that gentleman did his best. Years after Bob prided himself upon that.

"To Miss Helen Morris—not the widow Morris—to Miss Helen Morris, did you say, Doc?" he asked, with an emphasis not complimentary.

Even when Bob Withers brought himself fairly to the task of filling up the blanks of a license he spoiled one form, and then another, with blunders, his mind evidently being on something else. And when he had dipped his pen in the ink to begin at the third it was only to stick it behind his ear, unlock the drawer in the desk at which he wrote, take out a pistol and lay it thereupon, the handle convenient to his friend. A frank and wholesome face, Bob's.

"Doc," he solemnly said, with hand resting upon the weapon, "I like you as much, by George! as any man I know. I haven't forgot that typhoid fever time. But look here, Doc. I know that Miss Helen Morris—gracious Heavens!" with considerable irritation, "who in Somerville don't know her?—and I just tell you as a friend, you see—no other possible interest in

the thing—but before you marry them black eyes and that awful tongue—you see I boarded with her once—you'd better take this Derringer and kill yourself, by George! and be done with it."

But the Doctor married her.

Early in life Miss Helen may have been a brunette and all the rest. But Mrs. Warner was now sallow—only sallow. The lips were still red, but very thin. And then her eyes? Once on a time the Reverend Edward Arthur had made a pretty long trip on a canal boat, and on his introduction to Mrs. Warner, when he first took charge of the Somerville church, he had been struck with a foolish fancy that her blackly-defined eyebrows resembled the lock-gates on the canal when opening to let down the water. The fact is, the lady's eyes and eyebrows did have an oblique direction upward above the nose, giving her the appearance of being wide awake, becoming more and more oblique as she grew excited. Free as the air in the expression of herself; tough and elastic as gutta percha; electric from head to foot, the electricity quivering, as its nature is on every projecting point of the body charged, at the tips of her fingers, the corners of her eyes and mouth, in focus on the end of her tongue.

But let us be charitable. Perhaps if you, or even if I myself, had dipped snuff as long and as incessantly as she had, we too would have been as nervous as she was. But very little Bub, 'Ria, Amos, Sarah, and the rest had to endure it in comparison with the Doctor. Sharp and perpetual as were her eyes and tongue in regard to all within and without her household, the Doctor had by far the larger share thereof.

Because for him it was she cared most. Indolent, sensible, getting-to-be-corpulent, slovenly Dr. Warner! He has learned only to droop his head and take it. When it becomes too bad, and if Mrs. Warner pours her vial upon him when company—as she often does—is present, the Doctor, at the earliest possible moment, carries his drooped head out of the parlor and off the place. Yet, let us get at the eternal reason and meaning of things; for there is as solid a reason for the growth of a nettle as there is for the existence of a rose—as substantial a meaning in the existence of a mosquito as in the life of John Howard. As a needed spur—we will not call it thorn—in his side, this wife is a blessing to this husband. He married her, perhaps, with blind promptings—who knows?—from his physiological studies, because she was so unlike to himself. And she married him?—perhaps from some vague intuitions to the same effect.

If the stream of my story did not hurry me on so urgently I would like to turn out of its current for a moment and say just one word about that admirable provision of Nature, by

*Approved
L. B. B.*