It was in March 1865 that I returned to Asheville after a delightful visit to friends in Orange County, the last I ever saw of the old regime. Directly after my arrival in Asheville rumors reached us that our General, James G. Martin, formerly Major in the United States Army, was very apprehensive that the enemy, on his way to Tennessee, would stop at Asheville and distress the inhabitants. A few people took it seriously, and those who thought that they had rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious to the United States Government, left for safer retreats, but the rumors died away. Osborn's scouts brought no more unpleasant news, and all who had left town returned, and there was a great deal of laughter and many jokes and jests at their expense. Indeed we were more cheerful than we had been for some time, as it was utterly impossible to realize the storm that was to burst upon us. This did not last long, and at last beyond a doubt we knew that the enemy was very near. Earlier than this, when the Military District was under the Command of Colonel Palmer, we thought the enemy would come from a different point and a battery was partly manned under the supervision of Lieutenant Porter, and called Battery Porter. It was on the hill now so well known as Battery Park. Instead of coming in that direction he came from Virginia, under the Command of General Gilliam with his disloyal East Tennesseans and many others whom the fortunes of War had thrown together -- a significant fact if we could have realized it. General Martin heard that they were advancing rapidly and were then only ten miles from Asheville. He determined to meet General Gilliam and make the best terms possible for the people of the town. Accordingly on the 25th or 26th of April (so my informant tells, though I think it was a little earlier) he and others rode out to meet General Gilliam. Those who accompanied General M. said there never was a more cordial meeting between enemies. They were in the same class at West Point and both expressed deep regret at the unfortunate circumstances which had separated two such good comrades. We laughed
when we heard this in Asheville, and could readily imagine that even the semblance of insincerity was distasteful to General Martin. An agreement was entered into to provide General Gillham's troops with three day's rations in case they went through peaceable and did not molest the inhabitants. The next day they rode through quite an imposing array of Officers, privates, flags waving, beautiful horses curvetting - - all the showy paraphernalia of War. Besides these many wearied negroes were following their new masters. The procession was a long time in passing, and I watched it from our front window, the house being situated on a high hill and some distance from the main street. Every house in Asheville was closed. They went through peaceably, no straying from the ranks and no insolence. This was about twelve o'clock and we passed some hours of agitation calm. Then night came and supper was despatched. The servants made a bright fire in the room of their mistress, lighted the lamps and everything seemed quiet, comfortable and apparently safe. We sat by the glowing fire, my father, mother, my eldest brother and myself, and were congratulating ourselves on the peaceful solution of difficulties and expressing our indebtedness to General Martin when suddenly there was the most dreadful noise that I ever listened to. Something like the trampling of a number of horses, the breaking of timber and the crushing of glass.

I must explain that the house - - a most charming one built for a summer home—had a wing used as a dining room with large glass doors opening upon a pretty piazza. I exclaimed, "Oh, what is it? What can it be?" My brother replied, "It is the Yankees! They have returned." They were then riding up on the piazza. Soon the glass doors were broken and they made their way through across the hall to the room where we were, sitting. They had taken off their coats and each one had a flaming torch in his hand. This, together with the glistening expression of the eye in that light made them look like demons. There was unfortunately a gun in the room and my father, a very brave man said: "Come another step and I will fire!" The scene that ensued is impossible to describe. They were evidently practiced thieves, as they immediately commenced rifling the trunks and boxes,
searching among the wood for gold, which they found, (on my brother's first ex-
clamation, my father hurriedly gave me some gold he had, and thid, with my mother's
and my wedding rings, I threw into the wood,) threatening, screaming, yelling
with branished torches. They gave my father a violent blow on the head, and my
brother seeing the deadly peril he was in, sprang forward and said, "I'll surren-
der. I am a Confederate Officer. Take me a prisoner." Several of them left,
taking my brother with them. When they crossed the stile, quite a distance from
the house, they said, "Let us go back and kill that old man for he threatened us."
My brother implored them not to do anything so rash, saying, "Have I not acted
honorably towards you? I have surrendered. I am your prisoner. Let my father
alone." His arguments prevailed with some of them, but one or two came back and
fired through the front door. My brother preserved the shattered panel and carried
it to Mississippi as a memento. My father had taken the precaution to put out
the lights, and to that circumstance he probably owed his life. When they fired
he said perfectly calmly, "They have come to kill me." At these dreadful words,
my mother and I, who had been given unnatural composure and courage, felt in despair,
but he managed to go over to Dr. James Hardy's, the adjoining place, where he was
fortunate enough to secure a guard. Two soon came over, and under other circum-
stances I could have laughed at the celerity with which the thieves vanished.
They had doubtless played the role so often that they were perfect in the part.
They had taken our jewelry, my unusually beautiful wedding present from my husband—
wedding rings, all valuable silver—leaving a few small dilapidated articles. As
you may imagine we did not sleep at all that night, and the next morning all the
servants that we were so fond of having deserted us. We prepared a very meagre
breakfast from a handful of flour and an infinitesimal piece of meat, which they
had overlooked in the pantry.

Several villainous looking men came after breakfast and took all the
bacon—a large supply—which my father had had packed away for his servants. I thought remonstrance was useless, but my mother reproached the leader of the party and he left one shoulder of bacon.

Soon after, I was ready to go with my father to bid my brother "goodbye" as he, and the others, were to be taken to Tennessee as prisoners. We passed through an immense crowd of a few citizens, a great many privates, and insolent negroes in United States Uniforms. One of these negroes called out to my father. "How do you like this, old man?" (I have loathed the Uniform ever since). We passed under the United States Flag, which was suspended from the old Eagle Hotel to the opposite building. I was reproached for this afterwards. Some ladies avoided this by going around the square, but I was most anxious to see my brother and walked rapidly to the bank where the Officers were confined. Some I did not know, but one, a fine looking Officer, Col. James Robert Love, was pacing up and down the floor and turning my father said. "Judge Bailey, I have heard of Mexican treachery, but this exceeds all!" We heard before we returned home that the cause they assigned was this: When General Gilliam passed through Asheville, they went about fifteen miles, then heard that the Confederate General Vaughn had violated the truce in Tennessee. There was not a word of truth in this. General Vaughn was not in Tennessee and the rumor was manufactured to excuse this vile treachery.

It may not be amiss to state that my brother was treated fairly well by his captors and released sooner than he expected, making his way, (how, I cannot imagine) to Rutherfordton to join his family and from there to his home in Mississippi.

Our former excellent servants had all left and various disquieting rumors were afloat. One was that the negro troops, under General Hawley, had threatened to burn the town, and that it was almost an impossibility for their
Officers to control them. Some had committed atrocious crimes in the vicinity of Asheville and were tried by drum head court martial, and four were shot. We were so alarmed, my mother and I, that we determined to ask the protection of our rector, Dr. Buxton. My father opposed this, fearing to give trouble to the family. But we went and were treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Mrs. Henry Middleton was there, very much agitated by the treatment which Mr. Middleton, quite an invalid, had received at the hands of the same class of wretches who were at our house. Disturbed in spirits as she was Mrs. Middleton had to give a humorous and original turn to her account. She turned to my mother and said, holding out her hands to display them, "See, Mrs. Bailey, my hands are blue from pawing Federal Soldiers." This was in her efforts to keep them from choking Mr. Middleton, from whom they were demanding his watch.

Story after story of similar outrages continued to come in to us. Mrs. James W. Patton, for example, was also almost choked to death by soldiers who forcibly took her watch, which she was wearing, away from her. Such outrageous treatment of a defenseless lady seemed peculiarly revolting.

Serious and terrifying as were many of the events of those days again and again an intermingling of the comic relieved our spirits slightly. Watches seemed to be their favorite loot, so I must ask indulgence for so many incidents connected with them. The attractive family of our Bishop, General Leonidas Polk, had refugeed in Asheville. A watch was demanded of Mrs. Polk, who answered that her's had been taken by other Yankee soldiers long before. One insolent fellow exclaimed rudely. "I see it--there it is in your pocket!" On thrusting his hand in he pulled out, with great force and vigor--a biscuit! One she had put in her pocket for the delectation of one of her grandchildren.

We later heard one ludicrous story in connection with the looting of our house, half amusing, half pathetic. A good old negro man, whom we had
known well, came to my father to tell him of his distress that he had been forced to guide the Yankee troopers, who robbed us, to our house. "I was scared to death, Judge." They said, "Where does Judge Bailey live? We want his watch," and I said, "He ain't got no watch." "Yes he has," they said, "Judges always have watches, and if you don't show us the way we'll shoot you."

The next day we returned home, a desolate looking home, no fires, no welcoming servants, dust everywhere and a general air of discomfort in the extreme. Kind and more fortunate friends sent us flour and hams to commence housekeeping again. My father went to see the Federal General Brown, who expressed great indignation at the conduct of his troops, and said they would be severely punished, but he was so intoxicated that he entirely forgot his promises.

The next day a young officer called and asked to be taken as a boarder saying that as his men were encamped upon our premises it would be better for us to have him near them. I saw the wisdom of this, but having been so severely robbed I was totally unprepared for boarders. I asked him if he was the Captain of the 11th Michigan which had a dreadful reputation but he commanded another Michigan Company, which he said he could not control unless he was near them. He came over very often, proved to be kind and considerate, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will. He was though very young, an expert chess player, and taught my son, William Cain, (then a mere youth) a great deal about the art of playing this wonderful game. My son had crossed the mountains coming from Salisbury on foot in company with Yankee soldiers who, he said, were evidently very timid and easily frightened in the enemy's country. Their dread seemed to be of Indians who Willie assured them were lurking throughout the woods!

Up to this time I had not heard of General Lee's surrender. I think it was known by some in town, but probably kept secret for many reasons. There had been various rumors all of a disheartening character, "that men were
deserting his Army in numbers, that he was cut off from his supplies, and that it would be an impossibility for Johnson to effect a junction with him." At last there was no doubt--- the dreadful fact was true and our hopes sank to rise no more.

Almost all gone of that sad time in Asheville. I am one of the few left to tell the tale.

At the commencement of this article I mentioned that I had returned from a visit to friends in Orange County. In March 1865 I started from Salisbury on a train so crowded with soldiers, most of them gay, happy boys, that I felt that it would be impossible for me to secure a seat. They were hurrying on to Petersburg to join the army. The train ran off the track at Icard's (now I believe Connolly's Springs) necessitating a walk through the woods in a pouring rain to a very hospitable farmer's named Berry. Colonel Palmer, of the Confederate Army, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Mary Lizzie Gmaige and I, slept all night in our damp clothes. The result was, as far as I was concerned, that soon after arriving in Morganton, I had very high fever.

Hearing that Stoneman was approaching, I rallied and considered myself fortunate to cross the Mountains in a very large wagon filled with wounded and suffering paroled men returning home. One who was left on the way died at the home of a kind gentleman. I heard this later. There were two Officers also paroled, General Robert Vance of Asheville and Dr. McMillan of Tennessee. It gave me pleasure to minister to the wants of these poor men and to share the abundant and excellent lunch, with which my sister had so kindly provided me. Sometimes their extreme fretfulness would assume a humorous aspect and make us smile. "Us" being two gentlemen and myself, and a pleasant soldier named Callahon, who actually seemed well and was the forager of the expedition. Towards evening the groans of the poor men became so painful to me that I rose from my seat, an overturned bucket, and gave it to one of them. My next luxurious
seat was a bag of potatoes, which I also relinquished to a young man who was
the most complaining and exacting of all. At last Callahan, perfectly worn out,
lost patience with his complaints, and turned to him saying: "What is the matter
with you, Finley, that you can't stop complaining? You are not suffering more
than Gentry---and he is not a-carrying on." The middle aged man then chimed in;
"Yes, the lady has given us all she has to eat, her cakes (biscuit) and sweet
cakes and given me her bucket to sit on---and now she has given you her bag of
potatoes and still you're a-complaining." "Yes, said Finley, "she did give me
her bag of taters to put my head on and they is mighty pinted little fellows."
General Vance, Dr. McMillon and I laughed, but did not let the poor boyish,
childish Finley see us. The two gentlemen were courtesy itself and they sung for
me the beautiful song. "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" just learned in New
York when they had been paroled. Even the poor suffering men enjoyed the lovely
melody as it floated out on the evening air---General Vance having a delightful
voice and Dr. McMillon a highly cultivated one. They told me of seeing the
Confederate General Whiting lying in State in New York, where hundreds went with
eager curiosity to see him, dressed in his Confederate grey and looking, they said,
like a grand recumbent statue. He was a splendid looking man, I was told, during
the War.

The end.

S. J. E. Cain.

In 1920, this paper won the prize given by Gen. T. W. Wilson of Festus for Best Reminiscence
of War of Confederacy.