

BACK EAST The South



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Back East: The South

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HOWDY, Y'ALL

Welcome to *Back East: The South*. This book takes an in-depth look at life east of the Mississippi and south of the Mason-Dixon Line. There's a lot going on Back East, and both players and Marshals who want to be in the know will find the information contained in this volume invaluable.

The dark servants of the Reckoners aren't as blatant with their actions in the densely populated cities of the East Coast, but they're there all right, just waiting for some heroes to stumble into their traps.

BACK EAST: THE NORTH

Those of you wishing to take your adventures north of Dixie should pick up this book's companion volume: *Back East: The North*. This book contains a broad guide to the industrialized North, and an in-depth look at the Union cities of Boston, New York, Washington, and Philadelphia.

A FEW NOTES

In the *Deadlands* world, slavery (at least as an organized and accepted practice) is a thing of the past, and racism is not far behind it. Both the Confederacy and the Union have realized the errors of their past choices and abolished this foul practice.

Our reason for doing this is not to whitewash some of the horrible things which happened in America under slavery, but because they don't contribute to a very fun gaming atmosphere. We also don't wish to give the impression by that that we promote either of these things, as real a part as they are of American history.

The player's section of *Back East: The South* is written in a decidedly pro-Confederate tone. But you should note that the characters portrayed as the author's of the *Epitaph Guide*, while they

may support the South's war effort, have never supported the Southern plantation owners' stand on slavery.

Racist characters that do appear in our books (like the Knights of the Golden Circle in this one) almost always play the role of villains. This may not be the most realistic way to portray people (hey, there are zombies in the game), but it's the way that allows the most players to have the most fun.

A further note: because the player's section is written as a period piece, we have used the term "Negro" when referring to people of African descent. This is not meant to offend anyone, it's simply an attempt at avoiding anachronistic terms that might harm the tone of the writing.

USING THIS BOOK

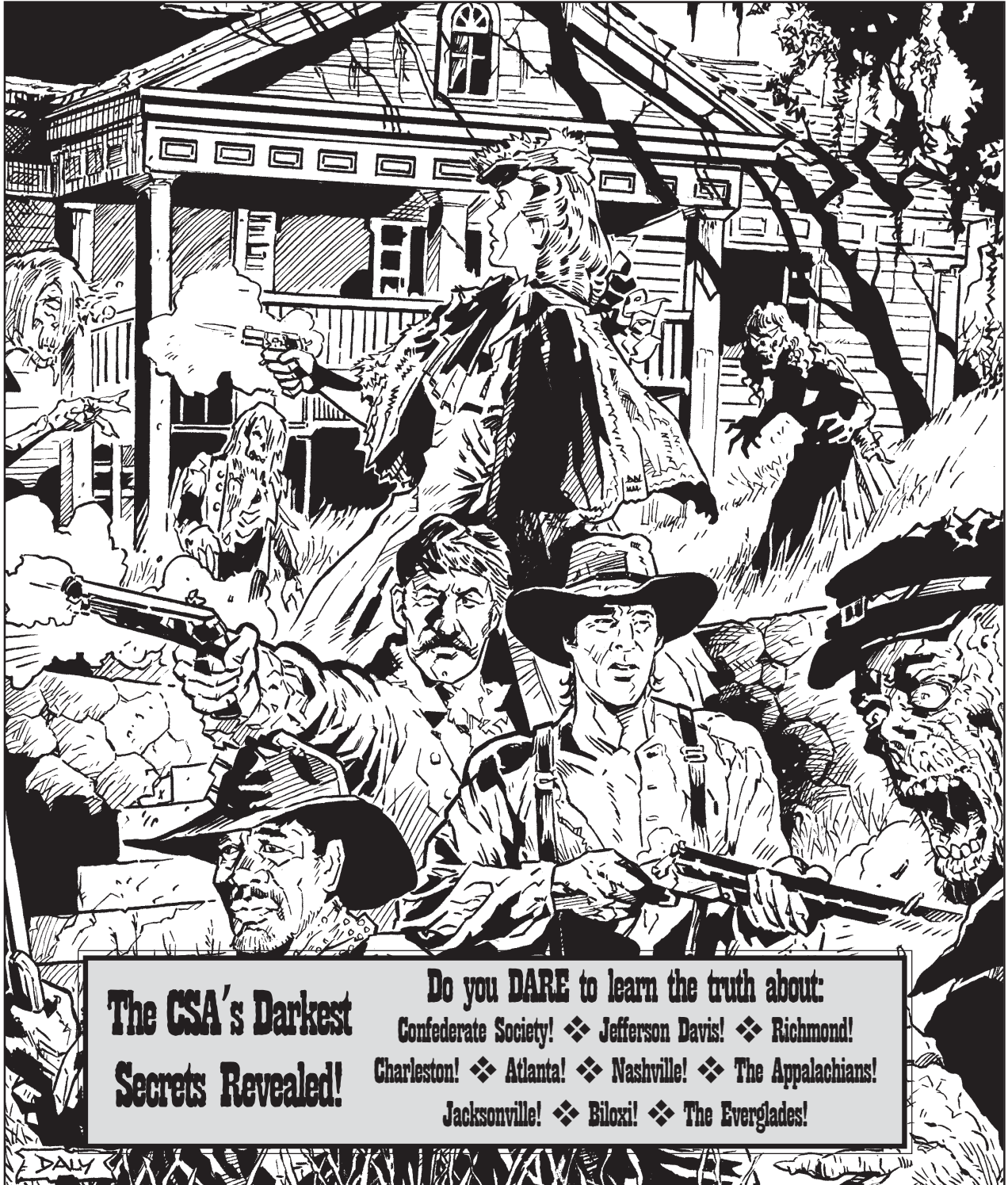
As usual, this book is broken up into two sections:

Posse Territory contains the *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Confederacy*. Another installment of truth from the hard-working Lacy O'Malley, this guide takes players on a whirlwind tour of Dixieland. All sorts of strange stories abound in the Land of Cotton—this is where the players find out all about them. The Guide also takes a close look at Richmond, Charleston, and Atlanta.

The next chapter focuses on the ragged veterans who have fought many of the battles of the War Between the States over the past 17 years. This section contains new Aptitudes, Edges, and Hindrances suitable for heroes who spent some time in their countries' militaries. You can use these new abilities to make characters who've "been there, and done that." There are also three new archetypes and some new shootin' irons for your adventuring enjoyment.

Marshal's Territory has the low-down for those hard-working gamemasters who are thinking of giving their posses a change of scenery. Players who don't want to ruin the surprises in store for them on their trip Back East should stay out of this section (and trust us, we *will* find those of you who cheat).

The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Confederacy



**The CSA's Darkest
Secrets Revealed!**

Do you DARE to learn the truth about:
Confederate Society! ♦ Jefferson Davis! ♦ Richmond!
Charleston! ♦ Atlanta! ♦ Nashville! ♦ The Appalachians!
Jacksonville! ♦ Biloxi! ♦ The Everglades!

1877 Edition

The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Confederacy

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Well friends, demand for the *Epitaph's* Guides to all the goings-on in the world have never been higher. John Clum and I have been working some long, hot hours here in Tombstone just trying to keep the existing Guides in print—never mind writing, editing, and setting up new Guides on the presses.

We have only the *Epitaph's* enthusiastic readers to thank for this unprecedented success, and I can only attribute this enthusiasm to the fact that the *Epitaph* is not afraid to tell its readers the truth about what is going on, no matter how horrible or extraordinary that truth may be. I've lost track of the number of letters I've gotten from loyal readers thanking me for the information found in our publications; some because that information saved their lives by allowing them to avoid trouble, and others because it allowed them to track down trouble and beat the living tar out of it.

Regardless of your reason for buying one of these fine books, all I can say is ignore the information between their covers at your own peril. Our motto of "Believe it or Else!" is not a threat, it's a prediction. I know many people who have scoffed at our tales, and then ventured out into the Weird West, never to be seen again. I pray you don't become one of these people.

This, our latest Guide takes a look at the land Back East below the Mason-Dixon Line. Together with its companion volume, *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union*, this book provides an invaluable look at life east of the Mississippi. Should your travels take you back to the "civilization" of the eastern half of the continent, you won't want to be without these books.

This guide was compiled by three authors. The first is our beloved Southern Sentinel. Those of you who have read the *Epitaph's 1877 Update* are no doubt already familiar with this fine gentleman's work. In this volume, he takes on a tour of the Confederacy's capital and the frontline states which have borne the brunt of the War so far.

Our second author is a fine reporter (and ex-lawyer, but I don't hold that against him), by the name of Stewart Davidson. Mr.

Davidson takes us on a tour of his beloved Carolinas.

Last, but definitely not least, is Brian McAllen, a close friend and a fellow native of the Auld Sod (that's Ireland for all of you less learned out there). Mr. McAllen takes us for a ride through the Deep South: from Alabama to Georgia to the Sunshine State of Florida.



The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Confederacy

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To Live and Die in Dixie

Our *Guide* begins with a Confederate cultural primer by my trusted source The Southern Sentinel, whom faithful *Epitaph* readers no doubt remember from our 1877 Update *Time Marches On*. Yankee zealots are warned events are recounted from an unabashed Rebel perspective, but politics aside, few can match the Southern Sentinel's insights on all things Confederate. Aggrieved Northerners can assuage their feelings by purchasing the *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Union* (still hot off the presses) instead of this volume, but for our remaining audience, here's the stranger-than-fiction truth from below the Mason-Dixon Line. Take it away, Sentinel.

The Confederate People

Mr. O'Malley requested a treatise on what most typifies "Rebels", and despite the misnomer, it is a fitting topic to commence with. Though not "Rebels" in the legal sense, Southerners have always cherished their diversity, and are fiercely proud to be Virginia gentlemen, South Carolina planters, Louisiana Creoles, Texas cattlemen or whatever they choose. As the Union and others continue, by contrast, to remake men in the soulless image of machines, outsiders frequently fail to appreciate the often outrightly eccentric characters of Confederate people.

The degree Southerners indulge their individual whims is dictated by their financial means, and inevitable differences in wealth give rise to distinct classes in society. The uniqueness of individuals remains present, but each class' members share a degree of commonality which distinguishes them from the others. At the hazard of making generalizations, a closer examination of the classes is necessary to understand the Confederate nation.

The Aristocracy

Aristocrats number less than ten percent of the Confederate population, but their great wealth affords them luxuries befitting the Bourbon kings of France. They are a cultured, well-educated breed, and all offices from President to Mayor are theirs as a matter of course. In the antebellum South, their affluence stemmed from sprawling plantations and scores of slaves, but manumission did little to loosen their control of public affairs.

True aristocrats believe themselves born and bred for wealth and status, but they must uphold a strict tradition of personal honor, seemingly copied from the works of Sir Walter Scott, to remain worthy of them. Gentlemen are obligated to protect the welfare of their family and state, and set a virtuous example for others. Ladies are placed upon pedestals, and must similarly devote themselves to family and virtue in order to remain there.

Those who fail to meet the demands of honor face dire consequences: gentlemen are challenged to duels, and ladies are cruelly shunned by polite society.

The Yeomen

In contrast to aristocrats' courtly manners and opulence, the yeomen class of small farmers, tradesmen and their families leads far simpler lives. To yeomen, great wealth tempts one to sin, and politics is at best a necessary evil. Owning slaves was far beyond their means, and unnecessary so long as their land could be cultivated by their families alone. Whatever their vocation, the yeomen's strenuous labors are their lives, and Sunday in church is their only regular diversion. Most lead a quiet life of hard work and thrift.



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A man is his family's provider and protector, and the unquestioned master of his home. Women are household laborers, and usually mothers to many children. Many die after bringing seven or more children into the world, leaving their husbands to remarry women destined for similar fates. Children are loved and cared for, but they are expected to work as soon as possible. Formal schooling may or may not be part of their lives, just as it was for their parents.

The Negro

It was once believed the best life Negroes could hope for was slavery, supposedly because they were incapable of taking care of themselves. In servitude, Negroes were "civilized," baptized in the Christian faith and looked after, and grateful slaves were said to be happy to serve their masters in return. To aristocrats, slavery was clearly beneficial, and they convinced the yeomen it prevented malcontent Negroes from exacting bloody retribution upon all whites.

The slaves' reality was drastically different from the aristocracy's myths. A plantation hand labored from dawn to dusk in his master's fields. When not planting or harvesting, slaves might be hired out to tradesmen, dividing wages with their masters in hopes of someday purchasing their freedom. Other slaves worked as cooks, nannies, musicians or factory workers, and while they engaged in less demanding physical toil, such situations were few compared to the demand for plantation field hands.

Physical punishment of slaves was not universally practiced, and if sufficiently heinous, was even punishable by law. More than a few cruel masters wound up on the ends of ropes, but that rare occurrence remained cold comfort for a Negro given thirty lashes for "disrespectfulness."

Slaves had almost no civil rights; marriages had no legal standing, and families could be broken up in sale to earn money for a needy master. The lives of freedmen were little better, with few political rights and the constant suspicion with which they were viewed by whites. Even freedmen who accumulated aristocratic levels of wealth were often shunned, even if they became slave owners themselves.

Despite the hardships, Negroes never abandoned their dreams of freedom, and when the day of jubilee arrived, their hopes for better lives were realized faster than expected. The War had created a labor shortage which the freedmen quickly met. In the decade since their emancipation, Southern Negroes have nearly achieved economic parity with yeomen whites, working at largely the same occupations: soldier, farmer, or tradesman. Outside of the military, whites and Negroes still live largely apart from one another, partly by choice, partly by social pressure, and partly as a consequence of the South's rural landscape.

There remain a few who believe Negroes occupy a lower place in the social hierarchy than whites, but this viewpoint is increasingly discredited and unpopular. Today, most whites recognize the vital contributions Negroes make to society and justly honor them for it. This change in attitude was profound for some, but is now seen as long overdue by most.

Birth of a Nation

The past 16 years altered the South more than anyone save the Almighty could have foreseen, especially given Dixie's deep love of tradition. However, by His Providence, the antebellum South is no more, and it is a grave error for anyone to presume otherwise. Therefore, the following is a brief chronicle of events which brought about these dramatic changes, so as to better acquaint the reader with the modern Confederate States of America.

The Causes of Secession

In hindsight, the most reckless choice ever made by the American people came in the 1860 Presidential election, as the victorious Republican Party at best alienated and at worst infuriated each of the South's social classes. The Republicans' avowed opposition to slavery threatened the aristocracy's wealth, while their various plans to repatriate slaves to Africa forcibly and subsidize Northern industry with taxes on the yeomen caused anxiety amongst Negroes and endangered the livelihood of most Southerners.

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Events following the election now seem inevitable. Led by South Carolina, the seven southernmost states seceded from the Federal Union, and formed the Confederate States of America. A peaceful separation was sought, but the Union chose to settle the political dispute with force, attempting first to close the vital Southern port of Charleston and then calling for 75,000 armed volunteers to coerce the Confederacy back into the Federal Union.

The latter move proved costly for the Union, as it provoked the secession of six more states, including Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. More importantly, Union aggression transformed the Southern yeomen from critics of secession into enthusiastic defenders of home and family, eager to repel the invading Yankee hordes. Without these added states and the support of the yeomen, the Confederacy would have died in its infancy. Instead, a long, bitter War for Southern Independence lie ahead.

Liberty or Death

The aristocracy opted for secession to secure their Constitutional rights, and many refused to compromise any of them, even if the alternative was losing The War. Early in the struggle, the Confederate government instituted conscription to shore up the ever-dwindling number of soldiers in gray, and suspended the writ of habeas corpus to curb the ever-growing numbers of traitorous Unionists and lawless deserters. President Jefferson Davis' administration believed them necessary to avoid defeat.

Men such as Vice-President Alexander Stephens, Georgia Governor Joseph Brown and North Carolina Governor Zebulon Vance remained unconvinced such steps were truly needed, and felt these curtailments of civil liberty were tantamount to the Yankee imperiousness that provoked secession.

As a result, these men and their allies attempted in varying degrees to thwart Davis' every action and embarrass him at every turn. Governors Brown and Vance withheld desperately needed supplies for the use of their state's troops, and Stephens suggested a Brutus should step forth and dispatch the tyrant Davis. When the President and his defenders joined the fray, the aristocracy was virtually at war with itself.



The opening shots of the war at Fort Sumter

"Rich Man's War, Poor Man's Fight"

Conscription caused another rift in Southern society—one that could easily have proven fatal to the Confederacy. Aristocratic Congressmen voted to exempt the owners of twenty or more slaves from conscription, which guaranteed few of their class would involuntarily serve.

In the yeomen's eyes, the "Twenty Slave Exemption" was a sign The War was being waged for the aristocracy's prosperity rather than theirs. Many yeoman soldiers deserted and returned home to protect their families and land, unwilling to die and leave their loved ones destitute so the planters could keep their slaves.

For their part, aristocrats felt they were needed overseeing the plantations which both financed and fed the military, though many planted tobacco and cotton while soldiers went hungry. Aristocrats always viewed democracy with a degree of contempt, and the controversy only hardened their belief that they alone were fit to govern. To yeomen it seemed a "Rich man's war, but a poor man's fight."

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Union guns shell Charleston.

The Peculiar Institution

Aristocrats believed slavery was part of the proper order of society, not to mention a major portion of their wealth, but the strategic reality of The War was changing the attitudes of others. As Union armies increased their numbers and Confederate strength declined, some raised the issue of freeing and arming Negroes.

General Patrick Cleburne was among the first to advocate such a plan publicly, but influential slave-holding politicians retaliated by nearly ending his career. The Alabama legislature and the influential *Richmond Daily Enquirer* later echoed the General's sentiments, as did President Jefferson Davis and other aristocrats who concluded no price was too great to avoid defeat by the Union.

For slavery advocates, already incensed by conscription and habeas corpus suspension, freeing their slaves was unthinkable. They maintained slavery was beneficial, not to mention a Constitutional right. To claim

otherwise impugned themselves, their forefathers and the very reason behind secession. For people as steeped in honor and tradition as Southerners, such affronts are unconscionable.

A Society Transformed

Internal strife seemed to presage the death of the Confederacy, but God, in his infinite wisdom, intervened to heal these divisions and restore hopes for victory. The Confederacy had been a independent country for over three years, but the events of late 1864 and 1865 did what was otherwise impossible: the Confederacy became a true nation.

Death Before Subjugation

The 1864 campaigns marked a change in Union strategy, as civilians became targets of Yankee violence. Generals David Hunter and Phillip Sheridan burned the homes and crops of unarmed Virginians in the Shenandoah Valley, and Union cannons, shielded by Confederate prisoners, rained shot and shell upon Charleston. General William Sherman committed similarly abominable acts in Georgia, around Atlanta and throughout his March to Savannah. While these campaigns failed to achieve their aims, the atrocities committed by the Yankees had a lasting effect on the Confederate people.

The aristocracy was particularly galvanized by the shift in Union strategy, and disputes over issues like conscription eventually disappeared, almost as if they never existed. After late 1864, no sacrifice to defeat the hated Yankees was too great, and the planter class rallied around the Davis Administration for the sake of the Southern Cause. There would be holdouts, but the Union strategy designed to break the Southern spirit strengthened it as never before.

Manumission

Confederate armies achieved great success in 1864, and great glory went to Generals Robert E. Lee and Patrick R. Cleburne, who were revered by Southerners of all classes. Cleburne used the acclaim to renew his public support for freeing slaves in exchange for military service, and many Southerners joined in support.

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When Lee made his private advocacy of manumission public, support amongst the general populace grew, so much so that President Davis endorsed the plan in a Congressional address. After the St. Albans Incident made European intervention in The War a real possibility, Congress seized the moment and enacted a manumission law similar to General Cleburne's proposals on November 11, 1864.

Negro hopes for emancipation by Union troops dimmed after the South's 1864 victories, so Confederate military service seemed their best chance for freedom. Confederate Negroes volunteered in increasing numbers, eager to improve their standing in society by valor on the field of battle. From their first opportunity at the Battle of Fort Stedman, the freedmen have done just that, and now the only color most Confederates perceive in their Army is gray.

Recognition

The St. Albans Incident and manumission transformed the British Empire's passive sympathy for the South into formal recognition of its independence. In addition to legitimizing the Confederate States of America in the eyes of the world, recognition brought significant changes to the everyday lives of the Confederate people.

French Emperor Napoleon III made good on a long-standing promise to follow Britain's lead and recognized the Confederacy, and joined its efforts to lift the blockade of Southern ports. The Union had no stomach for fighting the British, French and Confederates simultaneously, and the blockade soon ended. Thereafter, Confederate armies never failed for want of arms or equipment, as European merchant vessels now carry ample supplies of both into Southern ports.

Treasury Secretary George Trenholm then persuaded the British to bolster the Confederate dollar, which was nearly worthless. He had sufficient influential friends among the British aristocracy to persuade Her Majesty's Government the well-being of the Confederate economy was in its best interests. His efforts culminated in an agreement which fixed the value of the Confederate dollar to the British pound at a very favorable rate for the South.

In return, the British asked the government to free the remaining slaves unable or unwilling to volunteer for military service. The Davis Administration complied, and on April 9, 1865, slavery became extinct in the Confederacy, which was then free for all men.

A Revolution Against Politics

Far be it from some to let slavery die its rightful death. An influential, aristocratic minority refused to accept manumission and other changes brought about by The War. A few, like Georgia Governor Brown and Vice-President Stevens, resisted because of deeply held principles, but most were simply angry over losing their slave fortunes. The 1865 Congressional elections seemed like an opportunity for aristocrats to buy sufficient high elected offices to legislate their will upon the country, starting with the re-institution of slavery.

The newly freed Negroes fully realized the stakes in the coming election, and they risked a bold move. Captain John Buckner of the 28th South Carolina Colored Infantry Regiment, the first freedman to become a commissioned officer, politely informed General Cleburne he and his men would not fight so long as they were denied suffrage.

Cleburne shielded Buckner from court-martial, and then candidly informed the government in Richmond that without the freedmen, he would soon be compelled to surrender to the Union forces. Recognizing the truth in Cleburne's words, Confederate state legislatures extended franchise rights to the freedmen in very short order.

The freedmen's participation in the elections proved decisive, as aristocrats seeking office to restore the antebellum South were almost universally defeated. Regressive aristocrats tried similar tactics in the 1867 presidential election, with Governor Brown and others throwing their support behind Vice-President Stephens. After a constitutional amendment empowered President Davis to seek re-election, their slim chance for victory disappeared. Traditional Southern politics heard its death knell, and the last vestiges of the Old South retired to their plantations, never to influence public affairs (at least officially) again.



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The Suffragette movement continues to press for reform.

Escaping the Pedestal

With many men long absent from home, gone either to the military or their graves, the responsibility of providing for families falls upon women as never before. Women now hold positions of authority once thought to be their husbands' exclusive province, such as overseeing plantations. Throughout The War, Southern men have sung the praises of these ladies.

This unprecedented level of autonomy gave rise to ladies' demands for more than simple praise, including extending the franchise to them. A growing suffragette movement has appeared, led by famous and influential women such as Mrs. Virginia Clay, wife of former Alabama Senator Clement Clay, and the prominent Virginia aristocrat Mrs. Robin McAlexander. While most deem the movement a threat to traditional family life, the suffragettes continue to gain support. Whether their efforts succeed or fail, the suffragettes are a sign Confederate society remains in transition.

Jefferson Davis

For many, the embodiment of the entire history of the Confederacy is its President, Jefferson Davis. There is more than a grain of truth in that; let us review the tenure of the Confederacy's first Chief Executive.



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Davis the Man

Almost from his birth in 1807, Jefferson Davis' life included great triumph and tragedy in equal measure. He inherited considerable wealth, and later achieved fame as a U.S. Senator, Mexican War hero and Cabinet Secretary, but also became a widower after only three months of marriage to his beloved Sarah Knox Taylor. In many ways, he never fully recovered from her death, even though he has remarried. He has been plagued by poor health and deep melancholy ever since.

Those who revere Davis praise him for his keen mind, resolute defense of principle, phenomenal work ethic and devout loyalty to friends. Conversely, those who damn him accuse him of intellectual snobbery, stubbornness, interference in others' responsibilities, and persecution of those unsycophantic towards him. In reality, he possesses all these traits. The public perceives those which best suit their own purposes and expectations.

Davis the Scapegoat

President Davis was, rightly or wrongly, blamed for all the Confederacy's ills from the moment he took the oath of office. For a man who demands unquestioning loyalty above all, the situation proved supremely frustrating. Out of this frustration, Davis engaged in petty feuds with anyone who publicly second-guessed him, even political allies such as Texas Senator Louis Wigfall. He also filled his administration with incompetent yes-men like Commissary General Lucius Northrop, who starved more Confederate soldiers than the Union blockade. Davis retained loyal but maladroit Generals like Braxton Bragg, and willfully damaged the careers of capable commanders such as William Hardee if they dared criticize him.

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When not his own worst enemy, President Davis found plenty of others waiting and willing to fill the role. Aristocrats conspired to sabotage his Administration in retribution for his conscription and habeas corpus policies, and the whole of society held Davis accountable for the results. Whether it was the soaring price of food, slaves fleeing their masters, or defeat at Gettysburg, blame was laid upon the President.

Despite all this, as well as his frequently ailing health, Davis labored on. The survival of the Confederacy was paramount to him, and the world soon learned, the determination of Jefferson Davis was unmatched.

Davis the Savior

The people's often dismal view of their President almost completely reversed itself as Confederate fortunes improved from late 1864 onwards. Davis' popularity soared after events vindicated even his riskier choices, such as manumission and promoting Cleburne to army command. For the first time since The War's onset, the quality of life markedly improved for most Southerners, and Davis became a near-universally revered figure as a result.

Southerners gratefully retained Davis as their President in 1867, and their support remained even after The War degenerated into bloody stalemate. The President's public adoration peaked again after Confederate forces captured Washington in 1871, but just as triumph proved fleeting, so did the people's unquestioned love for Davis.

Davis the Tyrant

In the spring of 1872, President Davis ordered a massive offensive in Virginia over the objections of General-in-Chief Lee. Davis expressed faith in new ghost-rock-powered weapons to carry the day, but the Third Battle of White Plains served only to fill more graves. The President orchestrated a similar offensive the following year at the Second Battle of Centreville, and achieved identical results. These effusions of blood seemed pointless and foolhardy, and did much to erode the once boundless public support of Davis.

Congress, on the other hand, inspires no public esteem at all, so the President's contemptuous treatment of it is regarded with near-total apathy by yeomen. The aristocracy, by contrast, is infuriated by it, and a vicious intra-governmental dispute resulted. It began after Congress passed resolutions critical of the 1872 offensives waged at the President's behest. Davis retaliated by declaring recent Congressional actions threats to the security of the Confederacy, and henceforth law would be made by Presidential decree.

Davis drastically increased taxation of the aristocracy, and suspended habeas corpus without Congressional approval for the first time, placing the country under martial law. Both the House and Senate railed against such measures, but with most of the public and military still firmly behind Davis, there was little they could do before the 1873 elections. In the interim, several of the President's most ardent opponents met unfortunate ends, and while foul play was unproven, it heightened tensions between Davis and his surviving critics.

Confederate offensives in the spring of 1873 failed in their aims, and the resulting public discontent seemed to give Davis' opposition, the reborn Whig Party, the support needed to defeat his re-election bid. However, Union counter-offensives and the election eve death of Whig presidential candidate Robert M. T. Hunter gave Davis the pretexts to postpone national elections indefinitely. These extreme measures endured for three years before public pressure forced the President to relent.

The controversial result of the 1876 presidential election is by now known to all: Davis defeated Robert E. Lee by winning pivotal elections in the Far Western territories which were riddled with charges of fraud. As a result, the Whig-controlled House of Representatives began an inquiry into President Davis' role in the alleged electoral fraud, and the House Judiciary Committee drafted formal articles of impeachment in case any evidence of Presidential misconduct is uncovered. As one would expect, these are tense and unhappy times in the Capital District.

Thus far, the President remains isolated inside the Executive Mansion, issuing only a written denial of any wrong-doing.



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Richmond: The City of Graves

The political and economic center of the Confederacy is the redoubtable city of Richmond, a role it seems destined for since its founding in 1733. Advantageously located on the James River, Richmond became the second-largest city in the antebellum South. Its lucrative mills, tobacco markets and slave trade enabled citizens to prosper. Richmond has been Virginia's capital since 1780, and after the Old Dominion seceded from the Union, it became the capital of the Confederate States of America as well.

As a consequence, the city's population quadrupled almost overnight, and its gas-lit streets and stately buildings became overcrowded with thousands of politicians, soldiers, speculators, criminals, drunkards and Cyprians. I arrived as part of the first group, and for sixteen years Richmond and I have endured the problems inherent in such rapid growth, as well as the hardships brought on by The War. Through Yankee assaults, bread riots and moral crises, Richmond remained a shining symbol of all the Confederacy was and aspired to be.

Mournfully, much has changed. Richmond has become the terminus of a relentless stream of corpses from the trenches of northern Virginia, and the District's cemeteries were long ago filled beyond the point of overflow. In many parts of the city, the dead threaten to crowd out the living, but both continue to be drawn to Richmond, now known as The City of Graves.

The Capital District

In 1872, President Davis invoked a forgotten Constitutional provision for a capital zone ruled by the national government, and declared Richmond the new Capital District of the Confederacy. Outside of the city, few took notice of the change, as evinced by the volume of mail still addressed to "Richmond, *Virginia*," but visitors cannot afford such ignorance.

All other parts of the Confederacy are governed by sovereign states and territories, but the District is ruled by direct decree of the Davis Administration. Thus, all prohibited conduct, be it murder, arson, sedition, or simply looking disagreeable, is dealt with by the notorious Capital Guard, known as the "Plug-Uglies."

The "Plug-Uglies"

The epithet "Plug-Uglies" adhered to the Richmond provost guard because of its heavy-handed treatment of suspects, even those accused of minor offenses. In 1872, the provost guard merged with the civilian police to form the Capital Guard, which was given sole jurisdiction within the District, superseding even the Texas Rangers' otherwise nationwide authority. President Davis freed George Alexander from prison to command the new organization, much to the dismay of city residents. Alexander was a Richmond provost marshal prior to his imprisonment, and he had been charged with malfeasance and mistreatment of prisoners during his tenure. As a result, the Capital Guard inherited the Plug-Ugly nickname.

Alexander organized the Guard around a rank structure similar to the army's. The enlisted men act as gendarmes and deal with routine crimes such as robbery and prostitution, and they favor beating suspects into compliance over more sophisticated methods. The officers, nicknamed "the Nightwatchers" for reasons I shall later elaborate upon, investigate political crimes such as espionage and sedition.

A suspect seized by gendarmes has a sporting chance of survival, but no one arrested by the Nightwatchers has ever been heard from again. Accordingly, District visitors with less-than-insatiable curiosity are urged to exercise the utmost discretion when dealing with them.



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The Code Duello

The concentration of aristocrats in the District gives rise to the popular misconception that all disputes in Richmond are settled with pistols at twenty paces, and anyone engaging in a formal duel can literally get away with murder. These beliefs are false and dangerous to act upon, especially in The City of Graves. Gentlemen do meet on the fields of honor in Richmond, but they do so under the rules of proper dueling etiquette, known as the code duello.

Would-be participants are reminded duels are illegal throughout the Confederacy. If forewarned, authorities typically urge all involved to resolve their differences without bloodshed, and if need be, take them into custody until cooler heads prevail. If members of the yeoman class emulate dueling, they are arrested for (attempted) murder. Only aristocrats have the necessary power and influence to shield themselves from the law.

The code duello prohibits all but aristocratic males from dueling. Challenging an offending yeoman to a duel undeservedly elevates him to a gentleman's level, so caning or horsewhipping them is an aristocrat's proper response. Insulted ladies must rely upon gentlemen to duel on their behalf.

Duels may be fought with any weapon the parties agree upon, but single-shot pistols are the current standard. Almost all duels are fought to wound, but if both parties decide beforehand the insult is grave enough, a duel to the death may take place. If they cannot agree, the challenged chooses the weapons, and the challenger determines if the objective is to wound or kill. After the duel, even if neither participant actually harmed the other, honor is satisfied and both parties (as well as their kin) must consider the dispute resolved.

Aristocrats with superior marksmanship do not bully their fellows, because true gentlemen issue challenges regardless of their chances of winning. No gentleman maintains his social standing if he allows himself, his family or a lady to be insulted without demanding satisfaction from the offending party, even if a duel means almost certain death. Those who refuse a challenge, as well as those who fail to issue one when circumstances demand it, are branded supreme cowards.



The Code Duello: Honor is about to be served.

The Richmond Press

The District's draconian 1872 sedition laws, vigorously enforced by the Capital Guard, reduced Richmond's newspapers from five to two, and the city's anti-Davis press, once a perpetual thorn in the President's side, seems a distant memory now.

The most infamous, the *Richmond Examiner*, fell on difficult times after its gadfly editor John M. Daniel succumbed to tuberculosis, his health weakened by a wound from an ill-advised duel with a critic. His able assistant Edward A. Pollard succeeded him as editor, and continued Daniel's tradition of blaming the President for the world's ills, including excessive winter cold, until the Plug-Uglies closed the *Examiner* in mid-1872. Pollard vanished shortly thereafter, but it is unknown if he became a resident of Castle Thunder Prison, Hollywood Cemetery, or the bottom of the James River.

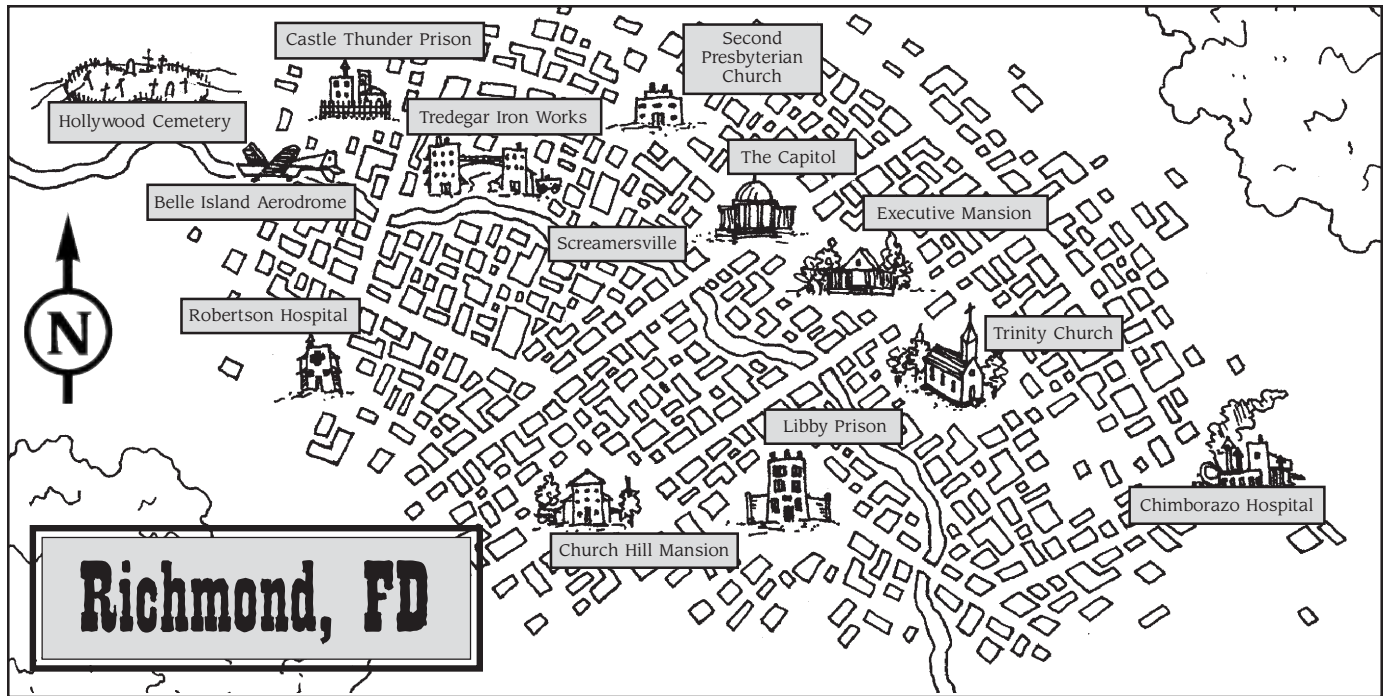
Of the remaining newspapers, the *Richmond Dispatch* boasts the largest

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circulation, and as always remains among the most ardent supporters of the Davis Administration. The *Richmond Daily Enquirer* adopts a more moderate editorial stance, and by default, it comes the closest to being an opposition paper. However, one may rest assured everything the *Daily Enquirer* prints is cautiously worded to avoid visits from the Nightwatchers.

Belle Island Aerodrome



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Belle Island is likely familiar to Union prisoners of war from times past, for cold nights there are not soon forgotten. Prison facilities there stood abandoned for nearly a decade after prisoner exchanges

resumed, until its secure location in the middle of the James River made it an ideal headquarters for the Confederate Flying Corps.

The heroic ornithopter pilots who saved Richmond from Union air assault last November are now based on the Island, and their flying contrivances became a familiar and reassuring sight above the District in the intervening months. Corps commander Lt. Colonel Peter Hill drew from his cavalry background to designate Richmond's airborne guardians the First Squadron.

The Capitol

Overlooking the District from a hilltop in its center is the Capitol, and behind its towering Hellenic columns the Congress of the Confederate States of America meets in closed sessions. Public opinion of their legislature is comparable to their estimation of William T. Sherman, and most yeomen are convinced southern Congressmen occupy the majority of their time with "peanut eating and tobacco spitting." In past years, the yeomen were largely correct, but the energetic impeachment proceedings against the President have drastically changed this.

The question of Davis' culpability aside, Congress seems intent to revenge itself upon the President for declaring martial law as much as anything else, and this is likely to degrade its already dismal reputation. The House's Whig majority, led by longtime Speaker Thomas S. Bocock of Virginia, are almost certain to impeach the President, but the outcome of any Senate trial is highly uncertain. The key question remains how the increasingly volatile Davis will react if he is in fact removed from office, and most District residents believe martial law will seem tame by comparison.

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Castle Thunder Prison



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The most feared acreage in all of Dixie consists of three buildings on Cary Street, collectively known as Castle Thunder Prison. Kept behind its walls are the most reviled souls in the Confederacy: deserters, spies, Unionists and seditionists.

Their treatment is rumored to be barbaric, and prisoners are said to be alternately flogged, hung by their thumbs, bucked and gagged, or forced to stand outside for days naked in the winter rain.

Colonel George Alexander employs one building as Capital Guard headquarters, but beyond that nothing is known for certain about what goes on inside the Prison. Only the Nightwatchers are authorized to enter, and no one else is known to have exited.

Chimborazo Hospital

Most of Richmond's sick and injured are brought to Chimborazo Hospital, the largest such facility in the District, located at the end of Broad Street. Due to the efforts of its chief administrator, the renowned fourth-generation physician James B. McCaw, Chimborazo's staff provides the best available care outside of Nashville. Those McCaw and his associates cannot save are likely beyond the reach of any facility, except the nearest church.

District visitors should exercise greater than usual caution during and after any military campaign in northern Virginia, because then all area hospitals (including Chimborazo's 3,000 beds) are filled beyond capacity. During these times even grievously injured civilians are unlikely to garner attention from the unimaginably overworked staff.

Church Hill Mansion



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This grand building is home to one Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, perhaps the most despised person in Richmond. For the past sixteen years, Miss Van Lew has been as outspoken a supporter of the Union cause as one can be without a visit to Castle Thunder. She routinely purchases items for the comfort of Union soldiers at Libby Prison.

Miss Van Lew is suspected of espionage, although no evidence of treasonous activity on her part has been discovered. To be sure, a lack of evidence never prevents the Nightwatchers from seizing anyone, so Miss Van Lew's continued freedom is far from assured. Only time can tell if she fills another tomb in this city or simply vanishes like so many others.

The Executive Mansion

The President's official residence, located at Twelfth and Clay Streets, has served as Jefferson Davis' hermitage since diphtheria claimed his son Billy five years ago. Davis had yet to recover from the death of his son Joe, killed by an accidental fall from the Mansion's balcony, and the added grief seemed too much for him. First Lady Varina Howell Davis and their surviving children returned to the family's Mississippi plantation shortly thereafter, leaving the President to a lonely existence. As one of the few permitted to see him, I can attest to the anguish Jefferson Davis has suffered, for it shows on his countenance as if carved by a sculptor, and permeates the Mansion. A tangible pall hangs over the presidential mansion.

Libby Prison

Since 1862, the former Libby & Son warehouse on busy Cary Street has held Union prisoners of war pending their exchange and return to the North. To Yankees who've been "in Libby", the place remains a reviled memory, though as prisons go, Libby offers better conditions than most. Unless of course, rumors about the facility are regarded as facts.

For years, prisoners have kept alive stories about the prison's cellar, which is said to hold sufficient black powder to annihilate the entire building in the event anyone attempted to free prisoners back during the siege of Petersburg. I can attest that no such dishonorable measure was taken by the War Department, but I hesitate to vouch for such dubious characters as Libby's present and former commandant, George Alexander. As a result, I forgo the comfort usually provided me by my pipe whenever I am near Libby, and urge others to follow my cautious example.



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The City of Graves indeed: What is going on in Hollywood Cemetery at night?

Hollywood Cemetery



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The dominant feature of Richmond's landscape is this once-stately Necropolis along the north bank of the James, which now engulfs the District's west side. Each day scores of grieving visitors search its irregular rows for the final resting place of loved ones, though many do so in vain. Richmond's gravediggers long ago ceased attending properly to each of the thousands of corpses delivered to them each year, and as a result many are buried hastily and without markers. Some gravediggers supplement their income by guiding mourners through this enormous boneyard to the graves of their loved ones.

In addition to the cemetery's diurnal visitors, officers of the Capital Guard frequently conduct activities there after dark, which gave rise to their nickname "the Nightwatchers." Attempts to discover their motives proved futile, resulting only in official denials and the disappearance of all would-be witnesses. Unfortunately for the curious, this shroud of secrecy will remain in place until investigators both brave enough to venture into the cemetery at night and canny enough to escape it are found.

Robertson Hospital

Once a townhouse at the corner of Main and Third Streets, Robertson Hospital now boasts the highest patient survival rate in the country, thanks to chief administrator Captain Sally Tompkins, the first woman in the Confederate Army. Miss Tompkins completely dedicated herself to the Hospital from the onset, and spares none of her wealth to maintain the facility and nurse patients back to health. "Captain Sally" was commissioned a cavalry officer by President Davis himself to comply with army regulations that otherwise would have closed the Hospital. She remains grateful to this very day.

The current problem is space, and because larger accommodations are impossible to find in the overcrowded District, the Hospital remains at its current location. Only patients of vital importance to the Confederacy are guaranteed admission, and though Captain Sally would have it otherwise, all others have only Divine Providence to carry them into her capable hands. If the hospital received the same priority as those who devise improved methods of killing, I am certain Richmond would not be known as the City of Graves.

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Screamersville



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The four blocks southwest of Capitol Square are the shame of Richmond. The bordellos and gambling dens there offer every debauchery known to mankind.

The affluent are drawn to the Ballard

Hotel and the Exchange Hotel, conveniently connected by a pedestrian bridge over Franklin Street, as both offer luxurious furnishings, the finest wines and champagne, high-stakes gambling and assignations with the most sought-after courtesans. Quite tellingly, these activities are almost wholly ignored by the Capital Guard.

Instead, the Plug-Uglies police less aristocratic establishments along Main and Cary Streets, where drunken brawls monopolize their attention. Cyprians and sneak-thieves ply their trades in numbers that make escaping with both one's virtue and money a minor miracle. However, even this locale seems respectable compared to the west end of Broad Street, nicknamed "Screamersville" for its scores of residents suffering delirium tremens.

Screamersville is home to the most alcohol and disease-ridden Cyprians and their clientele, who themselves are little better off. Violent deaths are common here, fueled by an endless flow of the foulest rotgut. Some lost souls claim monstrous creatures are responsible for the bloodshed in Screamersville, but like all problems there, such monsters originate from whiskey bottles.

Second Presbyterian Church



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The most distinguished of Richmond's clergymen, Dr. Moses Drury Hoge, presides over this house of worship at the corner of Main and Fourth Streets. Dr. Hoge is acclaimed for his thunderous sermons

supporting the Southern Cause and chastising the District's dens of iniquity, as well as his frontline ministry with the Chaplain Corps. His greatest renown came after General Robert E. Lee suffered a stroke in late 1870 from the strain of conducting the Fourth Battle of Manassas, and he lay comatose in Robertson Hospital. Treatment failed to improve the General's condition, but Dr. Hoge's prayers are said to have retrieved Lee from the brink of death.

Spotswood Hotel

Guests of this establishment represent the Confederacy in microcosm. As one visitor describes it, "Politicians, generals, profiteers, spies, and the yeomen commune amid gossip and bourbon. Everything likely and unlikely is told you—and then everything is flatly contradicted." For anyone wishing to mingle with those far above or below their station, as well as those who desire the finest accommodations in Richmond, the Spotswood Hotel is the place to be. Lodgings here can be had for \$10 a night.

Visitors who cannot afford the Spotswood or similar accommodations are likely to stay in the converted slave pens just east of the Capitol, towards Shockoe Creek. Rates are modest (50¢ a night), but lodging there is a wholly unpleasant experience. The amenities are unimproved since manumission, and some guests do not live to bemoan the fact. For most, a lingering, palpable sense of past injustices persuades them to make their stay brief.

Tredegar Iron Works

The largest industrial concern in the Confederacy, Tredegar prospers thanks to the business acumen of its owner Joseph R. Anderson, and The War's constant demand for Tredegar-made cannons, Gatling guns, munitions, torpedoes, submarines and plates for ironclad warships. The Iron Works employs the largest work force in Richmond, and Yankees could learn much from Anderson's treatment of it. Tredegar wages are among the country's highest, and in gratitude the workers formed the Tredegar Battalion, ready to defend the factory at a moment's notice.

The Iron Works expanded to manufacture ghost-rock devices after their designs are perfected (relatively speaking) in less-populated areas. More recently constructed facilities aroused the curiosity of those watchful for new Tredegar jobs. Strangely, no new hirings occurred, which only adds to the mystery surrounding their purpose. Perhaps the commonly heard phrase, "What's good for Tredegar Iron Works is good for the country" has proven only partially true.



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The Front Line States

My duties at the War Department make me aware of many inexplicable and sinister developments, mostly in states which bear the brunt of The War: Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. To keep the public abreast of such events, a common aim of the *Epitaph* and myself, I will relate what I know of them. Facts are often scarce, but I pray there are enough here to guide readers away from peril, or facilitate their quick escape if it finds them nonetheless.

The Old Dominion

All Virginia has been touched by The War, but due to the long-standing Yankee occupation of western Virginia (the portion some fancy a separate state, still within the Federal Union), I am unable to comment on affairs there. As for the rest of the Commonwealth, I have written previously about the war-torn northern wastelands and the cavalry-trampled lands of the Shenandoah Valley, so my focus herein shifts to the remainder of the Old Dominion, which has dangers all its own.

Gosport Navy Yard

Norfolk's Gosport Navy Yard is vitally important to the Confederacy, as it constitutes half of all its shipyards. The facility changed hands several times early in The War, but finally returned to Confederate control in mid-1865 after soldiers from Petersburg spread The Wasting, a disease which starves even well-fed victims to death, to Norfolk's Yankee garrison. Soon after the plague ran its course, the city resumed its role as Virginia's busiest seaport and the birthplace of the Confederacy's ironclad warships.

Death From Below

By this time, Navy Secretary Stephen Mallory had abandoned hope of directly challenging the powerful Union Navy, and focused instead on Northern commercial shipping. Wooden steamships such as the CSS *Alabama* and CSS *Shenandoah* achieved great success as commerce raiders, but at the behest of the *Alabama's* former captain Admiral Raphael Semmes, the Navy explored the possibilities of ghost rock and steel. Inspired by the CSS *Hunley*, engineers at Gosport set out to perfect an ocean-going submersible vessel capable of interdicting Union shipping, and by mid-1872, their goal was realized.

The submersibles are based at Gosport, but they usually spend the majority of their time stalking Union ships along the Atlantic Coast and in the Caribbean. Semmes' protege Admiral James Bruning was given command of them, and his tactical doctrines make them perhaps the most daring branch of the military. The submersibles dispatch armed vessels with clockwork torpedoes, but like seaborne highwaymen, their crews strip unarmed merchant ships of their cargo at the point of a deck gun, remaining courteous to any ladies present while doing so.

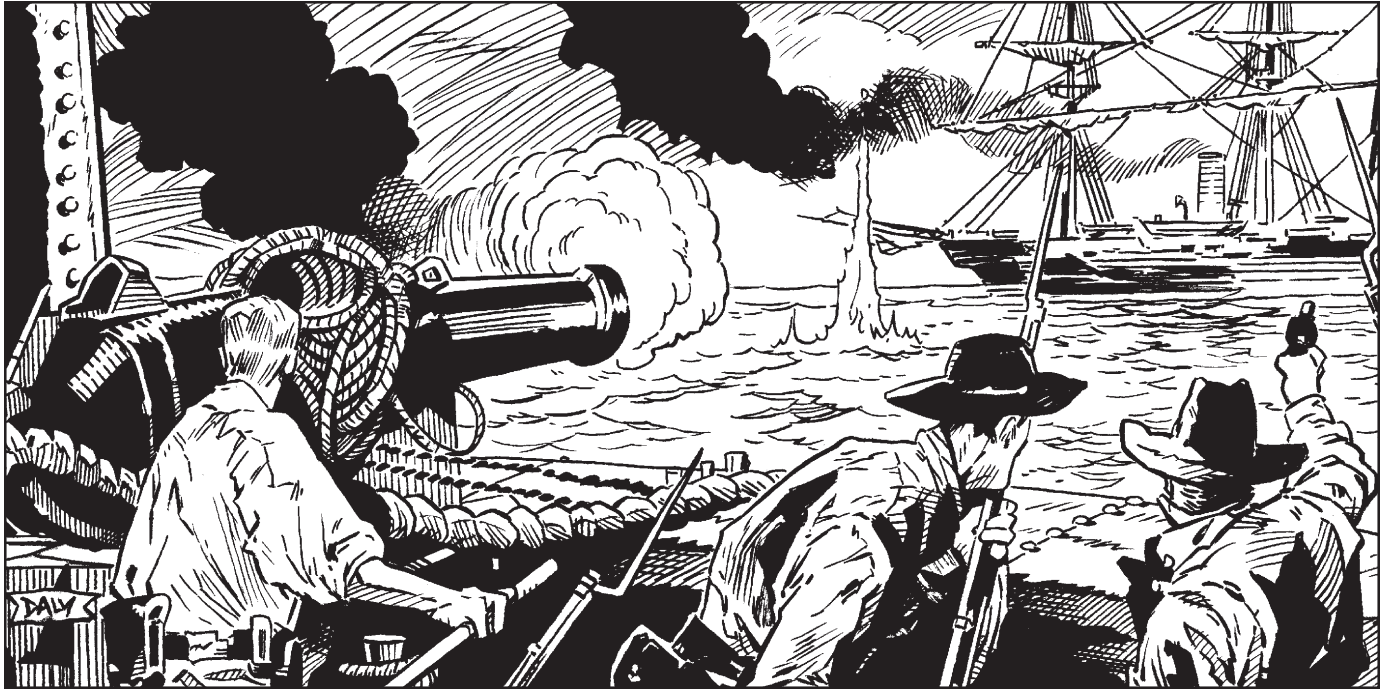
Swashbuckling exploits such as these are tailor-made for the newspapers, and readers seeking diversion from unrelentingly horrific accounts of trench warfare in Virginia eagerly await word of the submersibles' latest escapades. Last November, public interest became frenzied when Admiral Bruning himself stealthily guided the CSS *Manassas* into Boston Harbor, where it sank a number of Union ships. Before escaping into the Atlantic, Bruning left a message attached to a dock thanking the people of Boston for their hospitality. Needless to say, the Union Navy was unappreciative of the Admiral's sense of etiquette.

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Showdown at Sea: A Confederate frigate fires a warning shot at a Union commerce raider.

The Devil's Triangle

Perhaps in retaliation for the Boston Harbor Raid and similar embarrassments, the Union government wildly alleges Confederate submersibles are capable of feats akin to sorcery. According to Yankee sailors, submersibles send compasses spinning out of control, incite tempests, and cause ships and crews to vanish without trace.

87 The most celebrated of these supposed incidents involved the brigantine *Mary Celeste*, which was discovered adrift near the Azores in late 1872 with no sign of passengers or crew.

These incredible accusations gained a measure of public credence after a gullible Northern muckraker provided an appropriately sensational name for the government-spawned hysteria. The so-called journalist arbitrarily connected the southern tip of Florida, the island of Bermuda and the Spanish isle Puerto Rico on a navigational chart and dubbed the enclosed area "The Devil's Triangle." This area is the supposed center of Confederate witchcraft on the high seas. God save us from irresponsible journalists!

If accounts concerning the *Mary Celeste* are in any part true, I unequivocally rule out any involvement by the Confederate Navy, but this indicates the presence of another force at work. Legends concerning these waters abound, such as the lost island of Atlantis, and Christopher Columbus is said to have encountered hazards there similar to those described by Yankee sailors during his journey to the New World. It may be, despite the inaccuracy of the Northern press, something akin to the Devil does lurk in the waters around the West Indies.

The Botetourt Gasser

Last December, several families in rural Botetourt County were robbed in a bizarre manner. They were overcome by disabling, noxious fumes before their homes were looted. Those stricken by the gas suffered severe nausea, headaches, facial swelling, convulsions, and constriction of the throat and facial muscles. Some have yet to recover. Victims recalled a carriage passing by their homes prior to the robberies, but this information was obtained too late for constables to apprehend the perpetrator.



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An artist's rendering of the mysterious Wytheville airships.

Many dismiss the incidents as mass hysteria, but last month Illinois newspapers reported an identical series of robberies in the town of Mattoon, and the imprints of a woman's shoes were found near many of the crime scenes. The "mad gasser" will undoubtedly strike again, and I pray there are people vigilant enough to end this wanton thievery.

The Wytheville Airships

The southwest town of Wytheville is known primarily as the source of the Confederacy's lead, but several residents purportedly saw strange phenomena unrelated to that strategic metal (unless of course, it's gotten into the drinking water). Many report strange, colorful lights in the night sky, while others allegedly saw cigar-shaped airships at least a hundred feet in length. While many Richmonders tell similar tales after November's bombardment, the stories in Wytheville have a bizarre twist all their own.

Some witnesses claim to have been carried through the air by a beam of light, and once aboard the airship, grey-skinned monsters subjected them to bizarre tortures (which decorum prevents me from elaborating upon). Victims awoke days later near the spot of their kidnapping, unable to recall anything else since their abduction.

Stories like these usually add to the reputation of the local home-brewed popskull and nothing more, but more area residents are coming forth with much the same story. Whether they are publicity seekers, or survivors of some ghastly experience, many who refuse to keep an open mind in these times wind up corpses, or worse.

The Many Strange Deaths of Saltville

The Confederacy relies upon salt to preserve sufficient food to stave off winter famines, and this makes the town of Saltville, the mineral's prime source since The War's onset, vitally important. Perhaps because of this, Saltville has experienced a series of deaths, and in each case the deceased showed no sign of injury or disease. Local authorities are at a complete loss to account for the fatalities, but superstitious town residents believe they are retribution for the infamous Saltville Massacre.

For those unfamiliar with this event, on October 2, 1864, a hastily assembled force repulsed a Union advance toward the Stuart, Buchanan & Co. Saltworks. Afterwards Confederates murdered more than a hundred wounded Union soldiers. News of the Massacre outraged many on both sides, including Generals Lee & Breckinridge, who personally saw to the court-martials of all involved.

Almost all of the involved parties were convicted and executed for their heinous misdeeds, so revenge seems an unlikely motive. However, Richmond can ill afford further risk to the Saltworks' continued output, and investigation by the Texas Rangers is inevitable.

Whoever is eventually selected for the task, to them I wish Godspeed.



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The Bluegrass State

Kentucky was thought lost, but in 1865, two simultaneous Confederate offensives rendered General Sherman unable to counter either effectively. These rapid advances sent Sherman's army reeling back across the Ohio River.

Since then, Kentucky's fortunes varied from region to region. Paducah and western Kentucky exceed their antebellum proportions due to clandestine river trade with Northerners along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, while the mountainous east remains comparatively isolated. November's Union offensives turned much of central Kentucky into barren wasteland, which has been made still more dangerous by two recent arrivals.

The Raider Morgan

Winter forced the Union army to establish lengthy supply lines from Indiana to its encampments near Munfordville, and to their dismay Confederate General John Hunt Morgan and his cavalymen reappeared soon after. True to form,

Morgan's Raiders executed a series of daring forays to disrupt the Federal lifeline, and their elusiveness compelled the Yankees to divert thousands of soldiers to protect their supply line.

Acts of courage and bravado in defense of his native Kentucky are nothing new to General Morgan, and make him legendary in the Bluegrass State. Most famously, he led an 1863 raid through Indiana and Ohio. Even Morgan's eventual capture added to his renown, as he escaped prison disguised as a Federal officer. In fact, Morgan spent part of the train ride home with a Yankee officer who incessantly bragged of his role in the final capture of "the raider Morgan".

Despite public fanfare, the General Staff deemed Morgan's 1864 campaigns lawless and reckless, and ordered him to stand before a court of inquiry. A week prior to the court convening, the General was surprised by Union cavalry at Greeneville, Tennessee, and was shot as he fled unarmed. Falsely believed dead, the gravely wounded Morgan was inadvertently saved



John Hunt Morgan, patriot or renegade?

from premature burial by an uncharitable Yankee officer, who ordered that Morgan be left uninterred where he fell.

Since his near-death, Morgan has acted independent of higher authority. He remained hidden in the eastern Kentucky mountains until the state was threatened by Yankee invaders. When he reappeared, rumors of his demise were dispelled and the government forgave his past transgressions in gratitude for his renewed assistance. While Morgan's daring remains, many suspect his motive is now revenge for Sherman's razing of his home state, which if true, can only mean ill for the guilty Federals.

The Ruins of Louisville

Union supply lines unavoidably pass through the ashes of Louisville, which was cremated last November by order of General Sherman. Morgan's raids forced Sherman to station a garrison amongst the ruins, but as the partially devoured bodies found there suggest, some



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mysterious predator has eschewed supply wagons in favor of the bluebellies themselves.

On balance, its diet is unsurprising. All surrounding lands were rendered barren by the Union's alchemical poisons, and there is literally nothing else to subsist on.



92 However, the list of beasts known to prey upon man is a brief one, and a listing of animals which demonstrate the same cunning as this creature is a paper entirely blank. Despite a sizable cash reward and furlough offered to its killer, the so-called Louisville Beast continues to feed unabated.

The Volunteer State

Tennessee has been spared the hard hand of war for over a decade now, but memories of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville and their attendant bloodbaths remains, as do more tangible aftereffects.

As the Honorable Mr. Daniel Clark wrote expertly of Memphis and western Tennessee in *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Mighty Mississippi*, I shall forego discussion of that region. This leaves the state's other largest cities, Knoxville and Nashville, ripe for exploration, bearing in mind the often unpleasant results of any search for knowledge in these times.

Knoxville



92 In August 1863, General Ambrose Burnside led 20,000 Federals through the mountain passes of eastern Tennessee towards Knoxville, and unbeknownst to him, General Braxton Bragg ordered Confederate forces to evacuate the city upon sighting the enemy, leaving Knoxville Burnside's for the taking. As the Yankee expedition progressed, soldiers began dying as they slept in a nightly torrent of rocks that crushed flesh and bone. The perpetrators remained unseen, and after the relentless pelting claimed Burnside's life, his demoralized army began a disorganized retreat—only shattered remnants returned to Kentucky.

Since then, several area travelers have died from similar causes, leaving few willing to journey to Knoxville other than by railroad, even during daylight hours. Until the responsible parties are apprehended, everyone traversing these isolated passes is advised to do so with extreme caution, not to mention sturdy headgear.

Nashville: The City of Sin

Nashville's location in the heart of Tennessee's tobacco-growing region on the banks of the Cumberland River makes it a natural center of commerce. Five railroads connect the city to every major market in the country. Burgeoning industries employ thousands, and three prestigious medical colleges create a mecca for all who wish to learn the healing arts. A new state capitol was completed just prior to The War, and befitting the "Athens of the South," it resembles an Ionic temple.

Sadly, these features are overshadowed by the legacy of the Yankees that overran Nashville in early 1862, because accompanying men and materiel for later campaigns were prostitutes by the hundreds. Cyprians and their trade are a problem in all cities, but rather than eradicating them, the city's former Union and current Confederate authorities both chose to sanction it. As a result, Nashville is known as the City of Sin, and certainly the most wicked on earth since the destruction of Sodom.

Smokey Row

The four-by-two block region on either side of Spring Street, popularly known as Smokey Row, is home to a score of gambling dens, drinking establishments and, as the city government estimates, over four hundred ladies of the evening, representing every conceivable class, race, age and nationality. Courtesans ensnare wayward men by the thousands.

Prostitution became so lucrative that Nashville's most notorious madam Martha Reeder is also its wealthiest resident. Money speaks as loudly here as elsewhere, and Miss Reeder enlists its voice to ensure the Cyprian's trade remains legal, at least for those soiled doves a physician can certify as free of the ailments of Venus.

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However, as Nashville's Cyprian population grows, it becomes difficult to curb the spread of such maladies, and though they cause sin to be made visible upon the flesh of the unrighteous, these diseases seemingly fail to deter anyone from the carnal pleasures of Smokey Row. Many conclude only Divine Wrath can cleanse and redeem this new Gomorrah, and I find myself hard pressed to differ.

Nashville Hospital Association

The University of Nashville Medical School and Shelby Medical College organized the Hospital Association early in The War, pooling their resources for the benefit of the sick and wounded sent to Nashville for treatment. Demand for its services became overwhelming, due to the thousands injured on the battlefield and the many who succumbed to the temptations of Smokey Row. The constant practice honed the already considerable skill of the Association's doctors, resulting in the development of several new and innovative treatments. Nashville's hospitals are now regarded as the finest in the Confederacy, if not the world.

Recently discovered diseases such as The Wasting test the Association's mettle, but rumor has it that the staff of the Gordon Hospital on the verge of a breakthrough in treating even that dreaded plague. Of late, much of the Association's efforts are directed towards a newly diagnosed ailment of Venus, which causes agonizing disfigurement in those afflicted.

If the stories are correct, the new disease is fatal mere hours after symptoms appear, leaving only corpses for physicians to study. Though I cannot substantiate these rumors, I pray they serve as food for thought for anyone wishing to taste the forbidden fruits of Smokey Row.

Ryman Lines

In the last decade, riverboat traffic on the Cumberland has boomed, and no company reaps the benefits of this growth more than Nashville's own Ryman Lines, owned and operated by Captain Thomas B. Ryman. Ryman first invested in a riverboat in 1865 when he was only 24,



Nashville constables deal with a visitor to Smokey Row.

and due in part to the rail lines' abysmal condition after the Battle of Nashville, it proved to be a lucrative endeavor. The savvy entrepreneur expanded his business and within a few years he owned the majority of the riverboats operating on the Cumberland.

The United Gospel Tabernacle

Having made his fortune, Capt. Ryman embarked on a more ambitious endeavor. After attending one of the Reverend Sam Jones' famed sermons, Ryman joined both the Southern Methodist Church and the Reverend's plan to save the City of Sin.

Backed by Ryman's wealth, the two began construction on the United Gospel Tabernacle, capable of holding thousands in need of Reverend Jones' fire and brimstone. Cynics compare the Tabernacle to the Tower of Babylon, but many see it as Nashville's last, best hope for redemption. Knowing Ryman's capabilities and Jones' devotion, I anticipate their success regardless of the task.

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The *Cumberland Queen*



93 Among the many paddle-wheeled palaces, the *Cumberland Queen* distinguishes herself as the very pinnacle of luxury. In addition to first-class accommodations, the *Cumberland Queen* offers games of chance on a scale unmatched by even the City of Sin.

Passengers never wait for a space at the card tables. This is in keeping with the reputation of the owners, Messrs. Jason Bond and Douglas Wallace, who are said to be amongst the most notorious cardsharps on the continent.

With so much money flowing freely aboard, the owners are completely ruthless in dealing with troublemakers. Stories of their punishments are unprintable, even in the *Epitaph*. Similar fates await all who are overly curious about the owners or their dealings, but exactly why they are so jealous of their privacy remains an open question. For their part, Bond and Wallace seem unconcerned with any allegations, for they only add to the mystique surrounding the ship.

Confederate Station

The ornate Greco-styled fountains around Confederate Station were intended to be an aesthetic delight for passersby, but the area was overrun by unwelcome, man-hungry interlopers, whose nocturnal cacophony keeps area residents awake all hours. For once in Nashville, I refer not to Cyprians, but to alligators.

Though stories abound, no one is exactly certain how they arrived, and no one seems willing to remove them. Residents await government action which seems unforthcoming, while the meager police force (preoccupied with Smokey Row) and the army are too overstretched to render assistance. Thus, residents must watch their steps near the Station. Area hostelries have grown accustomed to occasionally losing unwary guests visiting the City of Sin.

Belmont Mansion

Perhaps Nashville's most splendid plantation house, the 36-room Belmont Mansion is home to the former Mrs. Adelia Acklen; at one time the city's most courted widow. Mr. & Mrs. Acklen

fled Nashville for New Orleans during the Yankee occupation, and after her husband's passing, Mrs. Acklen cannily managed to earn a fortune in the cotton trade. The now-wealthy Mrs. Acklen celebrated with a two-year European shopping spree. Upon returning home, the Widow Acklen immediately drew constant attention from all Nashville's eligible suitors, before accepting the proposal of prominent attorney Howell Beasley.

A decade later guests still rave about their 2,000-attendee wedding at Belmont, and the couple has scarcely rested since. Howell trebled his wife's fortune, acquiring the Nashville Gas Light Company and other lucrative holdings, while Adelia adopted a far less public profile. This may soon change, as Howell is expected to run for city councilman against renowned Negro attorney James C. Napier next year. Regardless of the outcome, the once homeless widow and her new husband are making their presence felt throughout Nashville.



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The Works

Nashville's most prosperous factories are the Sycamore Mills Powder Works and the Claiborne Machine Works, together known simply as "The Works". The Works' combined capacity for arms and munitions production is second only to Richmond's Tredegar Iron Works, but the loyalty and dedication of their workers is unsurpassed. For many, their labors are done in gratitude to the Irish-born General who finally set them free.

On New Years' Day 1863, Nashville slaves fled their masters en masse, believing themselves freed by the Emancipation Proclamation, but to their anguished surprise, Union authorities forcibly returned them to their owners. Unbeknownst to them, Tennessee's Union governor Andrew Johnson exempted occupied portions of the state from the Proclamation, and Nashville's Negro population never forgot this betrayal. Almost two years later, a shattered Federal army fled to Nashville after crushing defeats by General Cleburne's Confederates at Spring Hill and Franklin. Slaves knew of Cleburne's promise, "Whosoever joins with me, I shall set free," and many prayed for his triumph to win their freedom.

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The Battle of Nashville eliminated the last vestige of Union authority in Tennessee, and afterwards Cleburne proved as good as his word. While it made him enemies among Nashville slave owners, the city's Negroes rallied to his side, including many who now labor at The Works. As a result, every attempt to sabotage The Works has been thwarted by the workers themselves, and Cleburne's army wants for little in the way of materiel. It's the least they can do, many say, to repay "The Stonewall of the West."

Fort Negley



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During their occupation, the Yankees heavily fortified Nashville. Their most formidable redoubt was Fort Negley. It took the Union months to complete, but the result was thought to be impregnable.

In mid-December 1864, as General George Thomas tried to rally the demoralized Union Army in Nashville, this belief was tested. General Cleburne wisely flanked the Union defenders, but Fort Negley remained a threat as it readied its massive guns. However, before a shot was fired, the Fort's magazine exploded due to causes unknown, killing the garrison and entombing them beneath the rubble.

The ruins are near a railroad juncture and the busy Franklin Pike Road, so they are something of a landmark. However, several travelers apparently grew curious about the Fort's remains and suffered fatal accidents as a result. Therefore, visitors are reminded as far as Fort Negley's concerned, they should remember the ancient adage about felines and curiosity.

The Confederate Rose Boarding House



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Nashville visitors who desire lodging far removed from the wantonness of Smokey Row are left with a paucity of choices,

but their most pleasant option is the Confederate Rose Boarding House.

Guests are treated to clean rooms, home-cooked meals and a pleasant atmosphere, and at surprisingly reasonable rates.

The proprietresses were all widowed by The War, but Michelle Breanix, Lynette Hill and Tanith MacLachlan do not allow past sorrows to interfere with their roles as hostesses. The



The proprietresses of the Confederate Rose Boarding House.

ladies seem to learn of everything happening in Nashville, and while they refuse to gossip, they're quite willing to steer guests away from trouble. Talking about any of the goings-on in the City of Sin is certain to provoke a blush from the ladies.

Maxwell House Hotel

It is said whiskey fuels Nashville, but this is true only after dark. In waking hours, residents remain obligated to attend to their livelihoods, and their beverage of choice is coffee. Those who recall the blockade and burnt corn cobs as a coffee substitute owe themselves a meal at the Maxwell House Hotel.

An enterprising gentlemen named Joel Owsley Cheek specially prepares the Hotel's coffee from a mixture of different beans, and the result is said to be marvelous. While I myself cannot fathom anyone attempting to make their fortune in such a manner, I must confess if I knew anything about commerce I would not now be a civil servant.

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The Carolinas

North Carolina

Greetings to the readers of the *Tombstone Epitaph*!

My name is Stewart Davidson, Esquire. By profession I am, or was, a practitioner of the law, though I abandoned that calling some years ago to serve the Confederacy on the battlefield. Alas, the dreams of glory in battle which I harbored were not to be fulfilled; at Sixth Manassas I suffered a wound to my leg which has crippled me for life. I have returned to my home, my beloved city of Greensboro, to eke out such a living as I may practicing before the bar and indulging my penchant for writing.

It is the latter proclivity which brings my words to you today. Some years ago, I had occasion to make a business trip out West. While there, I chanced to meet a man named Lacy O'Malley. A reporter by trade, Mr. O'Malley is quite given to conversation, and we struck up a fast friendship based on our mutual love of literature, politics, and many other subjects.

Since that time I have eagerly followed the course of events in the West via the pages of the *Epitaph*. Some time ago, when Mr. O'Malley decided that the time had come to inform his readers about happenings back East, he of course decided that reports from natives of the area would best serve his purpose. Naturally his thoughts turned to me, a friend with a talent for minor scribblings who was born and raised here.

The Carolinas possess dozens of fascinating legends and stories about ghosts, visits from the Devil, witches, people of virtue and wit, and many other subjects. As you are aware, reports of such subjects have reached epidemic proportions in recent years for reasons unknown—and the *Epitaph* has been at the forefront of the effort to make the general public aware of these occurrences and their possible meanings. By nature of my interest in such matters on the local front, I am well-equipped to continue this fine—and vital—tradition of *Epitaph* coverage.

I shall begin my account with my home state of North Carolina. It is often known as the Old North State, but given current antagonisms towards the North, many natives today prefer the name *Tarheel State*—a name which some say was coined by our great General Robert E. Lee. He commented after one battle that North Carolina boys stood so firm it was as if their heels were stuck to the ground with tar.

North Carolina's divided into three distinct regions. First, there's the coastal plains—everything from a little east of Raleigh to the ocean. It's a low-lying region which includes the aptly-named Great Dismal Swamp, and the Outer Banks, a 175-mile-long stretch of barrier islands which can only be reached by boat.

Between the coastal region and the mountains is a region known as the Piedmont. The region includes flat areas, hilly regions, woodlands, and a range of small mountains, the Uwharries.

Lastly are North Carolina's majestic mountains. The mountains still remain very wild and untamed. Many people live here, of course, but their customs and ways of life are rougher than those elsewhere in the state.

Native Peoples

When the English first landed in the Carolinas, they found the area inhabited by many different Indian tribes. Today only a few tribes remain in any numbers, the others having been driven off or exterminated by early settlers.

The Hatteras, or Croatoan, Indians live in the swamps of the eastern part of the state, primarily around Lake Mattamuskeet. From the earliest days they have been friendly and



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helpful towards English settlers, and today they coexist peacefully with North Carolinians, though their numbers have dwindled significantly.

The Tuscarora live in small, isolated bands in the western coastal region and eastern Piedmont. They have been hostile to English settlers for centuries, but the 1711-1715 Tuscarora War, fought against them with the help of the Hatteras, substantially diminished their power. Since then they have become weaker and fewer in number, but they still pose a threat to outlying settlements and lone travelers. Rumor has it that the Old Ways movement has brought them new power and strong medicine.

The Cherokee are the largest and most powerful tribe in North Carolina. They once occupied substantial lands in the mountains, as well as in South Carolina and Georgia, and were significant allies of the South early in the War. However, since 1872, they, along with the other Civilized Tribes, have been devastated by the mysterious plague known as the "Walking Death." Today this once strong and noble tribe is but a shadow of its former self.

A History of North Carolina

I realize, that you don't turn to the *Epitaph* for history lessons. However, a few historical items of interest to you bear mentioning.

The Lost Colony



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North Carolina was the scene of the first attempts by the English to colonize the New World (though the Spanish, in the person of Hernando de Soto, can claim to be the first Europeans to explore the State—at least its westernmost parts). In the late sixteenth century Walter Raleigh obtained Queen Elizabeth's permission to try to establish a colony. He first sent an expedition of 108 men under Ralph Lane and Richard Grenville, which settled on Roanoke Island (located inside the Outer Banks between Pamlico Sound and Albemarle Sound) in 1585. The colonists built a fortress, Fort Raleigh, and engaged in some exploration. Due to various problems, this colony returned to England with Sir Francis Drake in 1586.



What became of the Roanoke Island colonists?

Raleigh's second attempt at colonization, led by John White landed on Roanoke Island in July, 1587. This expedition had 120 colonists, including some women and children. Unfortunately the colonists arrived too late to plant crops, and soon fell on hard times. White was forced to return to England for further supplies in one of the colonists' ships. The colonists promised that, if forced to leave Roanoke Island, they would leave a message for him, indicating danger with a Maltese cross.

Unfortunately, Governor White had not reckoned on international politics. When he returned to England, his ship was forced to remain there to help counter the growing threat of Spain and its armada. Several attempts to get back to the colony failed for one reason or another. He finally returned in August, 1590, but found no one. Carved on a tree were the letters CROATOAN, but no Maltese cross. A brief search was conducted, but the weather prevented any sort of thorough search. To this day, no one knows what happened to the so-called "Lost Colony."

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The American Revolution

Despite significant problems with a large Loyalist population and weak state government, North Carolina played an important role in the American Revolution. One of the Revolution's most important conflicts, the Battle of Guilford Courthouse, was fought near Greensboro on the ides of March, 1781. The fighting was intense, eventually breaking down into a hand-to-hand melee so violent that Cornwallis turned his cannons on his own men to stop it. The British claimed victory at Guilford Courthouse, but it was a Pyrrhic one; Cornwallis's losses were so great that they led directly to his final loss at Yorktown.

The War In North Carolina

Fortunately, North Carolina has been spared the brunt of the War's effects. Although some extensive fighting took place near Wilmington and elsewhere on the coast earlier in the War, and a battle or two inland, the state has otherwise been virtually untouched by the Present Conflict.

The Early War: 1861-65

The Federals recognized early on that the ports of North Carolina would be important to the Southern war effort, and moved to take them. Despite valiant Confederate efforts, they did just that in late 1861. However, controlling the Banks was not the same thing as controlling the entire coast; on the other side of the sounds the cities were still safe.

Coastal Assaults

Wilmington, North Carolina's largest port city, was particularly well protected from Union attacks. Just south of the city, at Confederate Point, where the Cape Fear River meets the New Inlet, stood Fort Fisher. This massive L-shaped earthenwork fortress possessed so many big guns that Union ships dared not get too close to it—thus opening up opportunities for blockade runners.

Blockade Running

Before the blockade was lifted in 1865, the only way for the Confederacy to get supplies in by sea was through the services of brave blockade runners. For much of that time Wilmington was the only major East Coast port open to the Confederacy.

Blockade running is, in theory, quite simple (though in practice devilishly difficult). The runner uses a small, low-decked, fast ship painted the color of the ocean; often such ships were equipped with telescoping funnels, hinged masts, and other modifications designed to reduce their profile.

A departing runner sails along the coast (to avoid creating a silhouette) until beyond the reach of Union ships. Then he sails to the Caribbean or Europe, fills his ship with supplies, and returns by the same methods. The North Carolina sounds are particularly good territory for such activity due to the ever-shifting shoals and numerous, tiny bays and creek mouths which only the locals know well. The best blockade runners served the Confederacy well and made vast fortunes while doing so.

With the lifting of the blockade in 1865, the need for runners fell by the wayside—almost. Say what it will about having ended the blockade, the Union is well known to station ships in nearby international waters for lightning-fast raids on Confederate shipping—no ship bearing a Southern flag is safe. Many Southern captains must still call upon their old blockade running skills to escape these naval predators. Instead of blockade running, these days they call it the *phantom trade*, since the Federals say they slip past them like ghosts in the night.

Coastwatchers

The Union has established a number of coastwatcher stations along the east coast of the Outer Banks. Being on shore, the lookouts at these stations can see coast-hugging ships silhouetted against the horizon. Once a suspicious ship is spotted, a lookout fires a signalling rocket into the sky to attract the attention of Union ships patrolling the area.

These new tactics have been very damaging to Confederate shipping.

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The Battle Of Fort Fisher

The Union was determined to do something about the blockade runners and the invaluable supplies they carried. The generals decided that an attack on Wilmington and Fort Fisher, the Confederacy's chief supply artery, was the best course of action. Known as the "Gibraltar of the South," Ft. Fisher, under the command of Gen. William "Little Billy" Whiting, had proved able to resist all previous attempts to take it, partly because its sand and earth walls absorbed cannonballs fired at them.

A massive Union attempt to capture the fort was launched in 1864. The first part of the attack involved exploding a gunpowder-filled ship in the waters near Ft. Fisher, in the hopes that it would cause the fort's walls to collapse. Unfortunately for the Union, soldiers manning the fort barely felt the explosion.

The second stage of the attack was massive shelling to soften up the fort. Thanks to the fort's construction, this, too, proved useless. The shelling continued the next day as part of a joint attack; Gen. Benjamin Butler was supposed to lead ground troops to storm the fort. However, Butler learned that Confederate General Hoke was approaching with 6,000 troops and decided he couldn't risk the attack with his available forces. He withdrew, humiliated, and the Union fleet sailed away.

Counting the Cost



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Unfortunately, the Southern victory was not without cost. The much admired and respected Confederate commander, "Little Billy" Whiting, had been killed in the fray. At his soldiers' insistence he was buried at the coastal fort, so that he could continue to keep watch over Wilmington.

Since then, the soldiers stationed at the fort have occasionally seen a hazy gray figure, who bears a striking resemblance to Gen. Whiting, walking the battered battlements at dawn or twilight. When approached, the figure vanishes; no one can get close to him. Is it General Whiting's ghost? I have difficulty believing that, but as you shall see later on, the Tarheel State is no stranger to phantoms, so it may very well be so.

The Later War: 1866-1877

I wish I could say that the latter ten years of the War had gone better, or at least differently, than the first four. Unfortunately, I cannot. The War in eastern North Carolina has bogged down into an endless repetition of back-and-forth fighting, with major cities being captured and then freed again. Rather than chart this whole dreary course for you, I shall simply touch on a few high points, including the battles of Bentonville and Raleigh, and then summarize the present state of affairs as of this writing.

Bentonville

In the latter half of 1871, the Union was once again in control of New Bern, and this time it bid fair to take control of a damnsight more territory than that. Thanks to lackluster command and pure bad luck, a Confederate attempt to retake the city in October failed miserably, resulting in the loss of hundreds of



Union ships pound the battlements of Fort Fisher.

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our noble boys in gray and leaving the southeastern part of the state open to a Union advance.

A large column of Union troops under the command of General Arthur Atkins headed north and west from New Bern almost at once. They struck first at the city of Kinston, defeating the small Confederate garrison there easily, and then proceeded to Goldsboro. A larger contingent of Southern troops met them there and gave them a tough fight. It took Atkins well over a day of bloody fighting before he could call the city his, and after that his forces needed a day of rest before they could proceed.

This delay was all the Confederacy needed. Troops under General W. J. Purser had been marching north from Charleston ever since the loss at New Bern, and now they had time to get to the area and prepare for battle. They chose some swampy, forested ground near the town of Bentonville in Johnston County.

On October 30 outriders from both armies met, exchanged shots, and fell back. Gradually the two armies came together, firing shots and artillery shells all the way. Nearly 25,000 troops were involved in the battle when it was finally joined in earnest, making it the largest, and certainly the bloodiest, battle fought in North Carolina to date.

The fighting continued almost unabated through the next day, October 31. At times, I am told, the standards of the two armies were so close together as to almost touch. By the time an early twilight fell, the Union had command of the field. However, they had not taken it without a price—over 7,000 men, most of them Union soldiers, were dead, injured, or missing.

Raleigh

The Confederate troops under General Purser withdrew to the north, passing through the town of Smithfield and taking up a defensive position near the state capital of Raleigh. There, unbeknownst to the Union troops, there were joined by some mechanized cavalry—small ghost rock-powered steam behemoths (“baby behemoths,” as the troops call them) brought up hastily from the Alspaugh Armory in Greensboro. These mighty vehicles proved to be a decisive factor in the battle to come.

General Purser and his men had less than two days to prepare themselves before the Union troops, flush with victory, were upon them. The battle took on a much different tone this time, however.

The Confederates waited patiently behind their breastworks as the Federal troops advanced. Outriding squads were used to harass Billy Yank and goad him into pressing on with all possible speed. Then, when the Federals had come far enough in, the baby behemoths crashed out of some nearby woods and commenced firing at the same time the artillery behind the fortifications opened up. I'm told the combined din of the clanking behemoths and the pounding artillery was absolutely deafening.

The results were devastating. General Atkins and his second in command were killed in the initial volley, leaving the Union troops leaderless and disorganized. They fought bravely, of that there can be no doubt or denial, but the outcome of the battle—a total Confederate victory—was foreordained from the first blast. Over a thousand Union troops were downed before the rest, in a panic, threw down their arms and surrendered. While several squads of Purser's men escorted the prisoners to the camp at Salisbury, the behemoths and the remainder of the troops marched on New Bern, where they brought it once more under control of the Confederacy.

The Present Situation

As of early 1877, the War in North Carolina has reached something of a stalemate. As usual it is confined almost entirely to the eastern third of the state. Edenton, Wilmington, and New Bern are, at least for the nonce, under Confederate command. Plymouth and Washington remain in Federal hands, as do most of the Outer Banks, though that situation shall, I hope, soon be remedied.

However, the War has not totally bypassed the western regions of North Carolina. The presence of a small, yet enthusiastic, body of Unionists in some mountain regions has led to raiding and feuding (some of it using political differences as an excuse to settle decades-old disputes)

throughout the area. Many an unwary traveler has been caught in the middle of these feuds.

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A Look At North Carolina

Leaving aside, to the extent we can, the terrible War, let me guide you through the rest of the state, starting in the east and working our way westward.

The Coastal Region

The coastal plain is the most heavily settled and best developed region of North Carolina (though the War has bid fair to change that with the destruction and chaos which it engenders). It has been that way since the earliest days, when colonists discovered the rich soil and the commercial potentials of the state's many fine harbors and inlets.

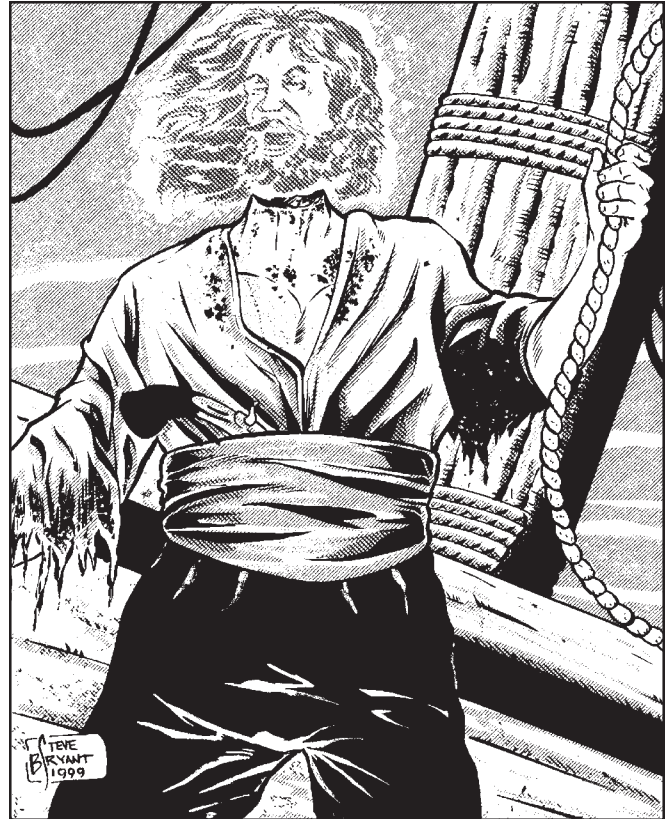
However, navigating the Carolina waters is not easy; the regions around the Outer Banks are not known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" for no reason. At low tide, one can see the skeletons of the many proud ships which ran aground on the shifting shoals and sandbars over the past 200 years. Only the local sailors are truly experts when it comes to navigating these waters, and even they tread with caution.

Blackbeard



Teach, better known as "Blackbeard," who plied the waters around Ocracoke and Portsmouth islands in the early 1700s in two ships, the *Queen Anne's Revenge* and the *Adventure*.

If the legends speak truly, Blackbeard was an impressive man who stood almost seven feet tall. He had, as one might suspect from his name, a waist-length, chest-wide, full black beard. His appetites, rages, and occasionally generosity were all enormous. Many in North Carolina, particularly in the port town of Bath which he sometimes called home, looked up to and respected him. It's even said that Governor Edenton was in cahoots with him and received shares of his loot.



Some say the infamous Blackbeard has returned—sans his head!

Blackbeard's appearance was as terrifying as his reputation. He would braid his beard into little pigtails and tie them with bright, red ribbons. Then he would curl a punk match around his head under his hat brim. Before going into battle, he would light the ends of the match, which stuck out almost like horns, so that his head would be surrounded with a devilish haze of smoke. So skilled and powerful was he, that he once blockaded the entire city of Charleston single-handedly, forcing it to give him drugs and medicines before he would leave.

Blackbeard finally came to a justly deserved end in November, 1718. He had developed a plan to fortify Ocracoke Island and create a "pirate haven" there for himself and his fellow buccaneers. Carolina merchants, not liking the sound of this one bit, and knowing they would get no help from the corrupt Governor Edenton, appealed to Governor Spotswood of Virginia for help. Spotswood responded quickly, and sent two sloops under the command of a Lieutenant Maynard to capture the infamous and powerful pirate.

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Maynard caught up to the pirate captain near Ocracoke. Thanks to Maynard's clever tactics, the two ships were soon locked together and their men engaged in fierce fighting. But although Maynard was a skilled fencer, Blackbeard came close to killing him. Only a terrific blow to the pirate's neck from behind by another sailor saved Maynard's life and brought the infamous Teach low. After the battle concluded, Maynard discovered that Blackbeard had suffered 32 sword wounds and five pistol wounds, any one of which would have stopped an ordinary man. He then cut off the pirate's head, stuck it on the bowsprit of his ship, and sailed home triumphantly.

Here is where the truth ends and legends must, perforce, take over. Supposedly Blackbeard's body was thrown overboard and swam three times around Maynard's ship, looking for its head, before it sank. Also unconfirmed by this writer are reports that Blackbeard's skull was made into a silver-chased drinking cup and ended up in the possession of some Massachusetts gentleman.

However, what I can confirm is that Blackbeard does not seem to have left the waters around Ocracoke, even in death. Many different reports, some dating from decades ago and others but scant months old, have reached me which state that a ghostly *Adventure* still sails the Carolina sounds, captained by a mutilated, headless body!

I would dismiss these reports as quaint folklore, except for the fact that some of them come from sober men of great experience—sailors, ship captains, and Confederate naval officers, among others—who are not easily fooled or deluded. Given the many strange events which have taken place since Gettysburg, I can only warn anyone sailing in that area (particularly around Teach's Hole, the southern tip of Ocracoke Island) at night to beware Blackbeard's ghost!

The Queen Of The Sounds

I know of at least one ship that seems completely unconcerned with the possibility of encountering Edward Teach's ghostly remains. Many years ago when the Union first occupied Roanoke Island, one of the soldiers stationed

there was a fellow by the name of Pierre "Frenchy" Godette. He quickly fell in love with the region—a sentiment I can only echo—and, when the Union was forced to leave the island during one of the seemingly endless cycles of territory shifts along the Carolina coast, he deserted rather than leave. Although I doubt he has any sympathies for secession, he was certainly willing to claim that he did in order to stay.

The locals welcomed him with open arms, and he soon concocted a fine way to make a living. The one thing the area lacked, as he saw it, was quality entertainment. So, using large sums of money obtained from I know not where, he commissioned a three-deck ghost rock-powered steamboat from Smith & Robards. Then he outfitted the boat with gambling parlors, a ballroom/theater, a fine restaurant and bar, and a magnificent player piano—one of the first ever created, or so I'm told. Christening his ship the *Queen of the Sounds* (partly because of her native waters, and partly for the piano), he began sailing up and down the Tarheel coast, stopping at cities and towns to provide a few days' entertainment.

Frenchy Godette quickly became one of the most popular men in the region. Because he brings a welcome diversion from troubles, both Federals and Confederates welcome him. No one will fire on his ship; indeed, folks do whatever they can to get him to stop. He's making money and friends all at the same time. If you ever get down that way, make a point of stopping on his ship if you can; the attractions are hard to beat.

Wilmington

Founded as a small settlement on the Cape Fear River about 1733, Wilmington has grown to be North Carolina's largest and busiest city. A vital Confederate port since the very first day of the War, it continues to serve as one of the Confederacy's most important commercial arteries. In addition to Ft. Fisher, nearly a dozen smaller forts (including Forts Caswell and Johnston) grouped along the Cape Fear River and the New Inlet protect it.

In addition to the geographic features which make Wilmington so suited for blockade running, another factor—its nearness to

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Virginia—makes it equally important as a port. Through the services of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and several other lines, supplies brought through the blockade into the city can be transported up to the Army of Northern Virginia much more quickly than supplies from Charleston or New Orleans. Although Union forces have cut these lines a time or two, General Lee himself has stressed the importance of Wilmington and its railroads to the Confederate Cause, and our boys in gray have fought hard to keep them open and operating.

Layout

Wilmington occupies the coast of the Cape Fear River near where several other small streams and rivers join it at the coast. Almost all of the city falls within the bounds of the river and three streets, Campbell, Fifth, and Wooster. Several places throughout the city, such as the head of Jacob's Run or the Dry Pond, are muddy or marshy, posing a hazard to citizens and travelers at times. Fortunately, most of these areas have been filled in within the past 30 years.

Dangerous Streets

Blockade running, and extensive legitimate trade after the lifting of the blockade, has brought great profit to many in Wilmington—too much profit, according to some patriots—and loose money often attracts loose people, I am sad to say.

Since the War's beginning, the streets of Wilmington have become much more dangerous than they used to be. Ladies often do not dare to walk abroad, even in daylight, for fear of encountering some speculator, ruffian, or strumpet. Gentlemen will not go into some parts of the town at night. More than one family has fled this once quiet town for the relative serenity of the southeastern North Carolina countryside. Several more Texas Rangers were posted to the city recently, and hopefully they'll be able to bring things back under control. In the meantime I'd advise you to stay indoors at night. When traveling the streets during the day it would be prudent to carry some form of weapon.



The busy port of Wilmington supports the war effort.

A Spirit Of Pestilence

As a coastal city in a humid climate, Wilmington is sometimes subject to epidemics. One such plague struck in 1862. A disease new to the area's doctors, yellow fever, was brought in by a blockade runner and began killing aristocrat and commoner alike. Barrels of burning pitch were set up all over the city in an attempt to "fumigate" Wilmington and stop the disease, but it did little good. Only time and the skills of valiant doctors saved the people of the city. Even with their efforts, nearly 500 people perished from the fever. Wilmington lost the best and brightest of its ministers and physicians during this time, and has yet to recover from this lack.

During the epidemic, superstitious folk whispered that a dark, faceless, nameless *thing* was stalking the streets, spreading death and disease with its merest touch. They said he melted in an out of the clouds of black, foul-smelling pitch smoke, killing with impunity.



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Disease and possibly worse stalks the Wilmington streets.

I would dismiss these tales as feverish hallucinations, but for the recent recurrence of yellow fever in the city. Several citizens have come down with the dread disease—and the same stories of the faceless *thing* are being told once more. I, myself, have spoken with Wilmingtonites who claim to have seen it stalking their streets. If he does exist, I only hope the doctors can once again drive him away from the city's streets.

The Thalian Association

Not all is grim in Wilmington, however. The citizens have long found ways to entertain themselves. Chief among these is the Thalian Association, an amateur theatrical organization. Housed in a theater which occupies one wing of City Hall, the Association puts on as many as half a dozen plays a year.

Although its size and repertoire have been somewhat diminished by the War, The Thalian

Association still manages to put on several new plays, including one by Shakespeare, every year. Its productions rank as one of the highlights of Wilmington's social life; all of the most prominent citizens attend each play.

St. James Church

The largest church in Wilmington, and the focus of much civic life, is St. James Church, located at the corner of Market and Third Streets. The structure there is relatively new, having been built in 1839; the older church, now abandoned, is right next door at Fourth and Market.

The old church includes a large churchyard where anyone who died in Wilmington up until 1855 was buried (that same year a new cemetery was built on the edge of town).

Other Coastal Towns

Although certainly the most prominent town of the coastal plain, Wilmington is far from the only one. Other important cities include New Bern, Washington, Bath, Plymouth, and Williamston (Edenton and Elizabeth City having already been discussed above). Let us discuss a few of these other locations.

After Wilmington, New Bern is the state's most important coastal city—or would be, if it were not so frequently in possession of the Federals. Occupying an enviable location at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent Rivers, it was an important colonial center whose influence has diminished somewhat in recent decades. Still, the noble edifice of Tryon Palace, the gubernatorial residence whose building almost sparked a revolt, as well as many other attractions, should commend it to your attention if you are able to visit during a period of Confederate control.

Washington (sometimes known as "Little Washington" to distinguish it from the capital of the hated Union) sits near the mouth of the Tar-Pamlico River. As such it draws commerce from the northern and central parts of the coastal plain, as well as the eastern Piedmont, and so serves as a valuable commercial center. The Federals have not missed its economic and strategic significance, and continue their efforts to capture it without ceasing.



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Plymouth and Williamston are both located on the Roanoke River, with Plymouth being only a few miles from Albemarle Sound. Both serve in the same capacity as Washington, but only for the northern part of the coastal plains, and they have a similar strategic value—especially since the Roanoke is navigable as far as the town of Weldon near the Virginia border.

The Piedmont

The largest, and most diverse, region in the Tarheel State is the Piedmont, which I am proud to call my home. From the sandy plains of the east to the foothills of the mountains in the west, it occupies a broad and fertile plateau.

Raleigh

The state's capital, Raleigh, can be found in the eastern part of the Piedmont. So far untouched by battle, it continues to provide valuable leadership to North Carolina.

Begun in 1787, Raleigh has grown into a fine, prosperous city centered around our majestic Capitol Building, complete with a bronze monument "To Our Honored Confederate Dead." I only wish fewer men were memorialized by the statue. The original Capitol burned to the ground in 1831, but was quickly rebuilt. A pleasing mixture of elegant houses and small shops surrounds the building.

St. Mary's College

Located not too far from the Capitol is the remarkable institution of St. Mary's, a college for women begun by an Episcopal bishop, Levi Ives, in 1842. Unlike many of the Confederacy's academic institutions, it has remained open throughout the War. This is due in large part to the unflagging efforts of its headmaster, the Reverend Aldert Smedes.

Among other things, Reverend Smedes prevented the college's buildings from being turned into a Confederate hospital by suggesting, and quite wisely so, that the as-yet unopened buildings of nearby Peace Academy be used for that purpose instead. I understand that the

girls of St. Mary's often visit the hospital to cheer the convalescents and help out however they can.

Reverend Smedes is a strict headmaster. The schedule at St. Mary's begins every day at 5:30 in the morning and does not end until 9:00 at night. The three dozen or so students learn the Bible, Latin, French, and several sciences. St. Mary's girls are well known for their intelligence, wit, and grace.

Dorothea Dix Hospital

Another notable feature of the capital city is Dorothea Dix Hospital, formerly the State Hospital for the Insane. Named after a crusading young woman who has improved the treatment of the mentally ill in this country immeasurably, and situated on top of a tall hill which also bears her name, the hospital cares for those unfortunates whose minds have broken.

Sadly, its rooms, and even halls, are filled to bursting these days. The War itself would be more than enough to unhinge most minds, but the strange occurrences which fill the pages of the *Epitaph* and so many other newspapers bid fair to outdo the War by more than double. I can only hope that conditions at Dix Hospital improve soon.



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Haunted Johnston County

Johnston County, a prosperous farming region located south of Raleigh, has two unfortunate distinctions: one, it was the site of the battle at Bentonville, one of the most vicious of the War; two, it seems to be haunted. For some reason, Johnston County possesses an amazing number of ghosts, specters, and other strange occurrences which defy the explanations of the most learned scientists. I shall recount only two, both connected with the battle.

The Spectral Soldiers

To this day, the battlefield at Bentonville remains littered with reminders of the recent carnage: shell casings; abandoned, shattered cannon; even a few skeletons in the underbrush.



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The spirits of the soldiers who died at the Battle of Bentonville do not rest peacefully.

Trees and shrubs have grown up around the area, giving it the appearance of a place long abandoned to the elements.

Few citizens of Johnston County will approach the battlefield after dark, for on some nights, the ghosts of the soldiers slain there sometimes fight the battle anew!

The few hardy souls who have witnessed this and returned to tell the tale—many do not, for some reason—report that the phantasmal conflict always begins the same way, with a burst of light in the treetops which exactly resembles the shell-fire which started the battle years ago. Then, slowly but surely, the soldiers' ghosts, bearing on their ephemeral bodies the wounds which killed them, rise from the ground and come together in a terrifying clash of arms. Over the course of a few hours the conflict plays itself out the same way it did in life, and then the ghosts fade away until the next time they hear whatever bugle calls them to battle.

There is some evidence to suggest that the reenactment of the battle is more than just a ghostly show. The bodies of at least a half dozen people have been found in this place in recent years, all bearing fresh wounds. Whether these wounds were inflicted by ghosts or some earthly agent is undetermined.

Bummer's Rest

As if the War itself were not misery enough, some men of low character have decided to take advantage of the situation to loot, rape, and destroy. In the South, we call these men, who follow in the wake of the armies, "bummers."

Almost as soon as the battle of Bentonville had finished, a gang of bummers moved into the area. Led by a vicious man named David Fanning, they killed several people, including an injured Confederate colonel, John Saunders, during their robbing spree. The Confederates sent a squad after them. The bummers, now numbering 50 or more, fled south to Hannah's Creek Swamp.

The soldiers, commanded by the son of the murdered man, disguised themselves as bummers and infiltrated their camp on a tiny swamp island. They quickly captured the bummers and hanged them from the nearby trees. Only David Fanning was spared—temporarily. The soldiers took him to Col. Saunders' grave and hung him from a tree there.

No one ever bothered to go back and cut down the bodies in the swamp, so for all I know the skeletons hang there still.



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Fanning's body, however, disappeared a short while later and has not been found. Since then, a number of people have disappeared in the swamp. Johnston County residents now claim that the swamp is haunted by the bummers' ghosts, and that they capture, kill, and eat anyone who ventures into their domain. If so, they shall soon starve to death, for no one dares go into Hannah's Creek Swamp anymore.

Chapel Hill

This small Piedmont town is known for only one thing: the University of North Carolina, the first state-chartered university on this continent (1789). The student population more than doubles that of the natives. Without the University, Chapel Hill would just be a small farming community.

Dromgoole

Although the story is over forty years old, the campus still talks about a student who disappeared following a duel—and of all the students who have disappeared since then.



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The year was 1833. Young Peter Dromgoole, recently come to the University from Virginia, fell in love with a local girl named Fanny. The two of them often met at the top of Piney Prospect, a small cliff, where they would sit on a large rock and talk. Peter, however, was not the only suitor for Fanny's affections, and he and the other man quickly became bitter enemies. Finally a challenge to duel was given, and accepted. The duellists were to meet on the top of Piney Prospect to settle the issue once and for all.

Peter Dromgoole has not been seen since that day. More than one student believes that Dromgoole, terrified about the duel, fled the area and never returned. Some think that his rival killed him, but the rival, who married Fanny, denies it. In any event there remains no evidence to that effect, unless you believe in the supernatural: the rock where Peter and Fanny used to sit, and where the duel was fought, has had a reddish stain on it ever since. The stain has never faded, despite rain, frost, and sun. Geologists claim it's simple rust, but Chapel Hill residents say they know better.

I wish I could say that was the end of the matter, but unfortunately it is not. Periodically, and with increasing frequency since the War began, other students have disappeared. Many of them have not been involved in quarrels, or had any predisposition to leave; some were, in fact, gifted students.

Chapel Hill authorities claim these are isolated incidents, but some locals believe that the ghost of Peter Dromgoole not only makes sure the stone stays red—red with his life's blood—but that it snatches other students away from campus and kills them.

Greensboro

Located in the very heart of the Piedmont, Greensboro, county seat of Guilford County and named after General Nathaniel Greene, is my hometown and, I submit, the finest place to live in this state or any other. Its majestic forests and beautiful rolling hills lend it a quality unlike any other place known to me.

Founded in 1808, Greensboro is currently home to nearly 3,000 people. The geographic and civic center of town is the Guilford County Courthouse, located at Elm and Market Streets. It replaced the older Guilford County courthouse, to the northwest, where the famed Revolutionary War battle was fought.

Among citizens of the Confederacy, and soldiers of the Union, Greensboro is best known as the location of the Alspaugh Armory, one of the South's most important military manufacturing facilities. Begun several decades ago by gunsmith Elias Alspaugh, the firm has progressed from making pistols and rifles to building advanced military machinery—steam behemoths, autogyros, and massive cannons filled with Confederate thunder.

Some of the most important advancements in the Confederacy's military technology have been developed at the Armory, shipped thence by the North Carolina Railroad to eventually reach the army for which they were intended.

Needless to say, security around the Armory is tight indeed—you can't walk around that part of town without bumping into a soldier or Texas Ranger. Those of us who live in Greensboro are always on the lookout for Federal spies and saboteurs.



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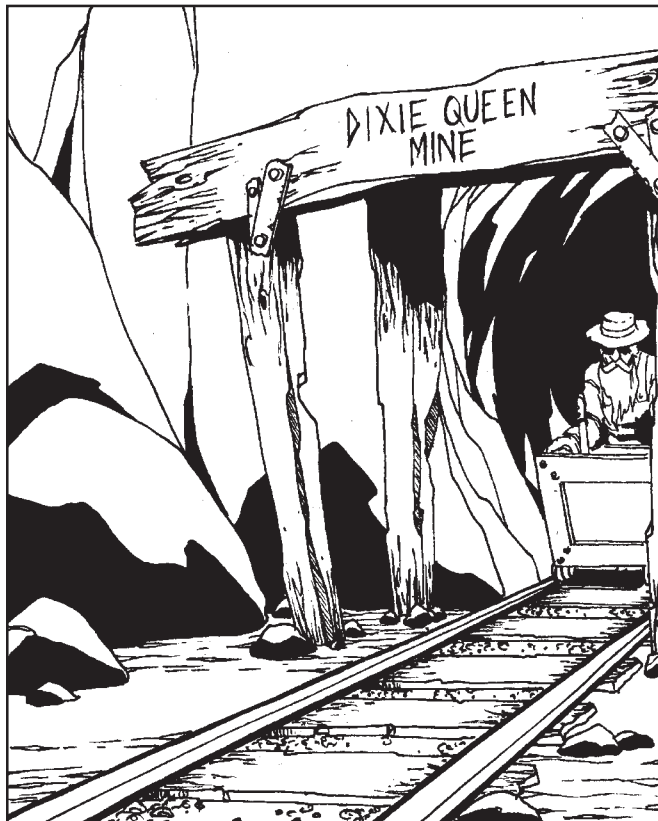
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The Devil's Tramping Ground

Down in Chatham County, not too far from Greensboro, exists a phenomenon which I feel compelled to bring to the attention of *Epitaph* readers. Near Harper's Cross Roads, there is a perfect, barren circle in the middle of the woods. Only small, wiry grass grows there; trees and brush grow right up to the edge of the 40-foot diameter circle and then, mysteriously, stop. Surrounding the cleared area is a circular sort of path. Anyone who puts a stick, leaves, or other objects in the path will not find them there the next morning.

Residents of Pittsboro and the other towns of the county call this place the Devil's Tramping Ground. They say the Devil himself comes here every night to walk the circle and concoct his fiendish plots for the downfall of mankind. You won't find one of them, not even the bravest man in the county, who's willing to spend the night at the Tramping Ground. The last man who tried it was never seen again.



Discovery of ghost rock has reopened many mines.

Some scientists type from the University have been down to the Tramping Ground to test it out. According to their way of looking at it, the soil of the Tramping Ground is so salty that it is dead—most plants simply cannot grow there. They can't explain why the area is a perfect circle, though, or how objects left in the circle disappear overnight. Other skeptics claim there used to be a mill here, or that it was once an Indian dancing ground—but they cannot explain why the patch of ground remains bare so many years later.

It's a genuine mystery, that's for certain. If you ever happen to find out anything about it, please stop by Greensboro and satisfy my curiosity about the matter.

The Uwharrie Mountains

Part of the southern regions of the Piedmont is an area of high hills known as the Uwharrie Mountains. The people who live here, isolated from much of the rest of the state, have developed their own unusual customs and ways, and tell of many unusual happenings which go on down there.



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The North Carolina Gold Rush

The Uwharrie region is best known to other North Carolinians, and indeed all over the world, as an area where gold can be found.

Back in 1799, long before gold was found in California, the Reed brothers chanced to find some shiny rocks in a creek. Those rocks proved to be the precious golden metal, and before long a gold rush had started. Dozens of mines were dug, and nuggets as large as 28 pounds dug up. Most of the gold made its way down to Bechtler's mint in Charlotte to be coined. Bechtler's coins are of such quality and so heavy that the Federal and Confederate mints are able to shave gold off of them and still keep them within legal limits.

The gold mining in the Uwharries started to run down in the 1850s. Then, in 1873, the fabulous substance known as ghost rock was discovered at the long-thought-defunct Yellow Dog mine, and the rush started anew. For the past five years ghost rock has flowed out of

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the region at a steady pace, reinvigorating the Yellow Dog, Dixie Queen, Reed, New Nugget, and other mines and providing the Confederacy with an extremely valuable source for the precious mineral. Boomtowns housing lawless men fill the area around the mines. Uwharrie residents give it a wide berth unless they work or live there.

The ghost rock deposits found here are fairly small in the grand scheme of things, and it is only a matter of time before they play out. Once that happens, I fear that the local economy may come to a crashing halt, and many of the desperate men who made their living extracting the precious mineral (as well as those who made their money off the miners) may take to a life of crime.

Doc Parsons



Fortunately, lawless or lawful, good or evil, rich or poor, everyone in the

Uwharries knows that he can call on quality medical care if he needs it.

Doctor Robert Parsons, or "Doc Parsons" as he's known far and wide, has practiced

99 medicine in the area for over three decades, and he shows no signs of slowing down.

Assisted only by his aide Abraham Miller, Doc Parsons has never refused to succor the ill and injured, regardless of the time of day (or night) or his own personal circumstances. Drop in and see him if you're in the area. He loves to sit and talk when he's got the time.

Thrash Doctors



Those who don't trust, or can't get in touch with, Doc Parsons can fall back on an old folk remedy which is found all over the Uwharries and western North Carolina—the *thrash doctor*. A thrash

100 doctor is someone who's never seen his father and who, as a result, has developed special healing powers.

By breathing on a sore or injury—a practice called "using"—a thrash doctor can cure many different ills. They are particularly good at healing diseases and infections of the mouth. I don't claim using works, mind you, but I know a lot of folks who believe in it, and when you're hurting sometimes you'll try anything

The Mountains

The wildest and least settled part of North Carolina is unquestionably the mountains. Amid the valleys, dells, and caves of the Appalachians many strange things lie in wait.

Mountain People

People who live in the mountains are usually strong, sturdy, self-dependent folks who are more than capable of looking out for themselves. Some of them are descendants of Scots-Irish who moved to the region following the Battle of Culloden or the many other upheavals in those nations' histories—a few are even said to be descendants of refugees from the mystical island of Iona. But in truth, mountain people come from many places and walks of life.

Mountain folk, while quite friendly once you get to know them, are often loners who are suspicious of outsiders. The common custom when approaching a mountain cabin is to stop at the fence and holler, "Hello!" You'll soon receive a friendly greeting. If you walk up to the door unannounced, you're likely to be met with a shotgun.

Unfortunately, it is my sad duty to report that quite a few mountain people are Unionists. While they are by no means a majority, for some reason Federal sentiment seems to be stronger in this part of the state than any other. Hopefully these last few ideological stragglers will soon see the light.

Most western Carolinians make their livings through the time-honored means of farming and hunting. Many tales are told of legendary bears and deer so clever that they can outwit hunters and escape traps.

Almost no industry or railroads exist in the mountains, but a few people run inns or resorts for the well-to-do, such as the High Hampton Inn. This place was established by now Confederate General Wade Hampton in Jackson County in 1850. There are also some mines; emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones have been pulled out of parts of the mountains for years.

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The Kings

Mountain people have their own aristocracy, after a fashion. Here and there throughout the mountains you'll find a man so rich that he's known locally as "the King." The King invariably lives in an enormous house with fertile fields surrounding it. He dresses in the best tailor-mades, and sometimes he even wears a crown. He has enough money to hire folks to work his farm and do other chores for him.

Since wealth and prestige attract trouble—everything from bummers to, as I hear it, strange animals and creatures attacking their crops and men—"kings" are constantly looking for enterprising souls to take on a "job of work" for them. If you're in the mountains, need to make some money quickly, and aren't afraid of dangerous jobs, go see the King.

Witches And Giants

Not everyone who lives in the mountains is kindly intentioned. Some are mean or ornery. A few are downright *evil*. Into this last category fall the Appalachian witches—women (and sometimes men) who seem to have strange magical powers to hex, curse, and bedevil other folks. According to the mountain people, witches can change shape into black cats or pigs, bring pestilence down on crops, livestock, and even people, and work all sorts of other evil charms. Sometimes they gather together in witch-gangs so they can work even more wickedness. The only way to harm them is with silver weapons or bullets.

And then there are the stories of giants. I've never seen one of these giants, of course, but I've talked to more than one western Carolinian who claims to have. They live way back in the wildest parts of the mountains, where decent folks don't normally go. They supposedly range from 14 to 30 feet tall, and some even have more than one head! They're immensely strong, but not all that bright—a giant can carry a thousand men before him in battle, but one clever fellow can outwit him right quick.

The worst of the giants is a fellow they call Old Fire Dragaman. He's at least 35 feet tall, with a blue beard that brushes his feet. He lives in a hole in the ground so big that he has a cabin

and fields down there. If the giant gets angry at someone, which supposedly happens pretty often, he can breathe great balls of fire at them!

Witches I might be able to believe; giants I have some trouble with, especially two-headed and fire-breathing ones. I suspect some tale-tellers have been sipping too much at their own homemade corn liquor.

Bald Mountains

Here and there throughout the mountains you'll find what are known as "bald" mountains. Folks sometimes call them "hells," "slicks," or "woolly-heads." They're mountains which are barren of trees above the 2,000 to 5,000 foot mark or so. It's not an end of the tree-line—they have thick, deep soil and plenty of grasses and small plants. Other mountains of similar height have trees all the way to the top. But such peaks as Grier's Bald, Rumbling Bald, Roan Mountain, Parson's Bald, and many others lack that sort of cover.

No one's ever explained the balds. Cherokee legend says they were cleared off years ago by the Indians for use as "watchtowers" to spot a terrible winged beast which was attacking their settlements.

This doesn't explain why the trees haven't grown back, however. Some people blame fires, or the wind, or insects killing off trees, or poor soil. No conclusive proof of any of these theories has ever been provided.

Rumbling Bald

One of the most unusual balds is Rumbling Bald, not too far from Hickory Nut Gorge. It's not even very old—it was created in 1874 by a series of earthquakes which terrified the region.

On one side of the bald there's a half-mile-long fissure, or crack, from which smoke and rumbling sounds often issue—hence the mountain's name. On the other side there's an odd rock formation that bears an uncanny resemblance to a human face. Local stories have all sorts of explanations for where the face, noises, and smoke come from; many believe the entire mountain is one of the Devil's palaces on Earth, and won't go anywhere near it.



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Gorging Yourself



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One of the wildest places in the mountains is Hickory Nut Gorge. Even the best of men can have difficulties working their way through here, but Indians have it even worse. The Cherokee greatly fear to go into the Gorge, for they say a race of fairy-folk, hostile to them, lives in the caves on the mountainsides. They attack any Cherokee who goes into the Gorge unless without powerful medicine to protect him. Not being a Cherokee, I cannot test out this tale, but I assure you the Cherokee take it quite seriously.

Nantahala Gorge

Nantahala Gorge, even deeper into the mountains, is a wilder place still. It is so deep that the Cherokee call it the "Land of the Midday Sun," because only at noon can sunlight fully penetrate it. They hunt there, but cautiously, for they know that a terrible monster lurks in the depths of the gorge—Ulagu. A yellowjacket as large as a house, Ulagu enjoys the taste of children's flesh and blood, and often swoops down on Cherokee villages to steal a meal. The braves are said to have tried everything to stop it or track it to its lair, but so far they have had no luck.

Spearfinger

Ulagu's not the only monster who lives down there, apparently, nor the only one who likes to eat Cherokee children. Its neighbor, said to live near a rock formation which white men call the Devil's Courthouse, is Spearfinger, an ancient hag. Her yellowish, rocklike skin can resist any weapon. Her right hand is always clenched into a fist, with an awl-like index finger pointing out; she uses this digit to stab people.

Spearfinger supposedly smells horribly, and she is always surrounded by flies; you can tell she's coming by their buzzing. She can change her appearance to that of a stone, or a sweet-smelling, kindly old woman. In any form her teeth are sharp, jagged stones, and her right fist remains clenched. She hunts the Cherokee, for she likes to eat their livers.

Other Cherokee Lore

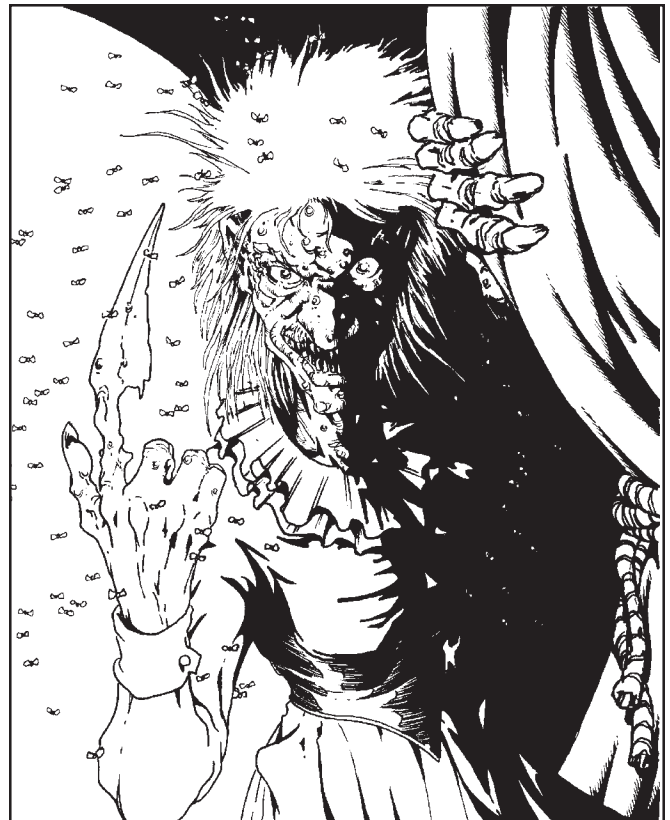
The lore and legends of the Cherokee extend far beyond the few tales I have related above. In many ways a noble people, the Cherokee have lived in the mountains of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia for centuries, and their lore is extensive.



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The Faeries Of The Cherokee

Besides the spirit warriors of Hickory Nut Gorge, the Cherokee tell of many different races of faerie-folk which inhabit their lands. Chief among these are the Nunnehi, who resemble the Cherokee. They live everywhere in the mountains—even inside them and on the bottom of deep lakes. They are fond of music, dancing, and good food, and often aid lost or injured Cherokee. The Nunnehi are normally invisible, but can become visible by using a special cross-shaped stone charm. Sometimes they lose these charms,



Spearfinger enjoys eating the livers of Cherokee children.

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Always announce yourself at the gate of a mountain residence.

leaving them for mortals to find. The Cherokee say that a "fairy cross" of this sort allows a mortal to become invisible.

Perhaps related to the Nunnehi are the Yunwi Tsusdi, or true "Little People." Standing only as tall as a Cherokee's knee, these beautiful, long-haired faeries are secretive, and often cruel. If anyone discovers their homes, whether on purpose or by accident, they put a death curse on him. The same applies to anyone who tries to steal *tsa-lu*, the sacred tobacco plant they guard. If you can somehow manage to get on their good side (I have no idea how, unfortunately), they are said to grant great boons and favors.

Some Cherokee legends speak of the "moon-eyed people," a race of white-skinned, blue-eyed, bearded people who lived in Cherokee lands long before the Spanish or English ever arrived. I've heard some white folks, even some learned men, opine that the moon-eyed people were medieval Welsh warriors who sailed over here around the year 1100, or that they are one of the lost tribes of Israel. Personally, I think it's just another Cherokee tale.

South Carolina

Herewith I begin my second part of this narrative, concerning the fine state of South Carolina. I confess that I know a good deal less about the Palmetto State than about North Carolina, so this section must, perforce, be much shorter. I am grateful to have had the assistance of my good friend Archibald Whitenaur of Charleston in its preparation.

The Lay Of The Land

South Carolina is a wedge-shaped state located on the Atlantic coast between North Carolina and Georgia. Its geography is much like that of North Carolina, but less pronounced. It has a broad coastal plain, sometimes referred to as the "lowlands," where you'll find most of the major towns and cities. The areas nearest the coast are often quite swampy and difficult to traverse. The coast gives way to a plateau region of large plantations and farms; Columbia, the capital, is located here. The westernmost regions, which are generally unsettled, brush up against the Appalachians.

The People

South Carolina society is, in a word, very aristocratic. At the top are the wealthy planters, merchants, and officials who run the state. They control the majority of the land and riches, and have great influence over the state's politics. Men with names like Motte, Rutledge, Pinckney, Izard, Middleton, Manigault, Gadsden, Laurens, Brewton, and Drayton have run the state for many years, and probably shall for many more to come.

Below the aristocrats are the small farmers. Some of them make a good living, but they do not own as much land or control as much wealth as the planters. The "brown elite"—the mulatto children of interracial marriages—often belong to this class.

Lowest of all on the social ladder are tenant farmers, servants, and the like. Most blacks fall into this category. South Carolina was, in the years of slavery, one of the greatest slave-

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owning states. Having 300 or more slaves was considered the mark of true wealth, and even some free blacks owned slaves.

When slavery was abolished, a large class of freed, poor blacks was created overnight. Many have since managed to acquire farms, jobs in manufacturing concerns, or positions in the Confederate Army, and have prospered, but most still have a long way to go before they leave poverty behind.

A Brief History Of South Carolina

The first colonists from England landed first at Port Royal, but soon moved up the coast to a site where they built Charles Town (now Charleston) in 1670. They were soon joined by peoples from other areas, such as Huguenot refugees from France and Scots-Irish settlers.

Most important of these were colonists from Barbados, who brought with them two important things: first, wealth; second, knowledge of how to make that wealth by running large farms with slaves. With their often wild ways, the clever and powerful Barbadians left a definite stamp upon the young colony and, later, the state.

With Charles Town serving as the state's primary commercial port, South Carolinians settled into an agricultural society. At first rice was one of the primary crops; it was later supplemented by cash crops such as tobacco and cotton. In the 1740s an extensive indigo-growing industry developed, since indigo's seasons and labor requirements complement those of rice.

The Revolutionary Period

South Carolina eagerly supported the American Revolution, and many of its most important battles—such as the disastrous Battle of Camden, and the victories at King's Mountain and Cowpens—were fought on her soil. Best known of her war heroes is the renowned "Swamp Fox," Francis Marion, who used his intimate knowledge of the coastal swamps to fight with devilishly clever tactics which the British were unable to cope with. The British army which pursued him had been reduced to less than half its size when it gave up the chase.

The War In South Carolina

South Carolina in general has been called the "Cradle of Secession," and with good cause. It was South Carolinians, so devoted to the use of slaves because of their agricultural economy, who sparked the terrible War which we are now fighting.

By 1860, tensions between North and South had reached a head. When Lincoln was elected, cries for secession were raised across the South—and they were heard most clearly in South Carolina. On December 17, 1860, delegates in Charleston adopted Ordinances of Secession, becoming the first state to leave the Union.

Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, and the Federal Arsenal were all soon seized by Charlestonians. However, Fort Sumter remained in Federal hands. When it became apparent that Lincoln would attempt to resupply Fort Sumter, Confederate forces began bombarding it on April 12, 1861, forcing its surrender the next day. The first shots had been fired, and now there was no turning back.

Coastal War

As with North Carolina, the War in South Carolina has mainly been fought along the coast—specifically, in and around Charleston. The Union blockade was established less than a month after Fort Sumter was taken. Since Charleston is not as suited to blockade running as Wilmington, the blockade hit the city hard. The first attack on the city came almost a year later, after Robert Smalls, a slave in charge of the black crew of a Confederate ship, stole the ship and defected to the Union, bringing valuable information about Charleston's defenses. Bloody fighting on the islands near the city, often breaking down into hand-to-hand combat, left 700 Union dead, 200 Confederate dead, and the city unconquered.

By 1864, the presence of ironclads, and of submersible torpedo boats such as the ill-fated *CSS Hunley*, had done much to alleviate the blockade, but not to remove it. A naval attack on the city in early April of that year resulted only in damaged Union ships, thanks to our brave gunners at Fort Moultrie and elsewhere.

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Gillmore's Siege

The worst threat of the War to Charleston and South Carolina began in July of 1863, when combined Union naval and army forces, led by Brigadier General Quincy Gillmore, laid siege to the city. Inside of a month Charleston was almost completely surrounded, cut off from the assistance of the other Confederate States. Local farmers feared to bring food into a city under such intense attack, and want and hunger soon pinched even the wealthiest Charlestonians.

The early months of the siege were as nothing compared to the later months. Only the sinking of the *USS New Ironsides* by the submersible *CSS David* in October, 1863 served to lift the city's spirits. The similar activities of the *CSS Hunley*, and their aftermath, have been reported elsewhere, so I shall not elaborate on them here.

Other Confederate sorties to break the siege failed miserably. Soon hunger haunted all the inhabitants of Charleston, and many began to die of starvation—not to mention Union shelling of the city from Morris Island, which took place from behind the cowardly use of "human shields" in the form of captured Confederate officers, now known as the "Immortal Six Hundred."

Terrible tales have reached me of the desperate measures which many Charlestonians were forced to take in order to procure food to eat. No creatures, not even the rats, were safe; and those who managed to obtain food were at great risk to be attacked by their fellow man.

It is this last fact which is, perhaps, the most terrible of the War. That Southerner would turn against Southerner in this fashion saddens me deeply. Only by standing firm together can we successfully oppose the Northern aggressor, and not even direst hunger should make us forget that!

The Lifting Of The Siege

General Beauregard arrived in Charleston in October, 1864 with the express task of lifting the siege. Fortunately, events elsewhere assisted him with this effort. When Sherman ended his bloody march at Savannah, and was evacuated by the Union Navy, Beauregard was able to rally his men and take the offensive.

By March, 1865, the besiegers found themselves besieged. The removal of the blockade had brought much-needed food and reinforcements to Charleston. General Beauregard was able to send the reinforcements to attack the Federal flank. The Union troops were trapped between the army within the city, and the army on their right flank. Following a battle in late March which resulted in over 4000 Confederate and Union dead, the U. S. Army realized that its effort to break Charleston had failed. General Gillmore withdrew his forces to a safe point on the coast, where the Union Navy evacuated them.

Raids In The Northwest

Things were mostly peaceful in South Carolina for the next several years as battles raged in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and elsewhere. However, beginning in 1872, ragtag bands of Unionists, Confederate deserters, and bummers began raiding in the northwestern part of South Carolina to obtain supplies and wreak what havoc they could. This included kidnapping women and children for fates I dare not contemplate. Favorite targets included the cities of Greenville and Anderson.

Unable to tolerate this, General Beauregard dispatched a regiment to stop the raids. They returned nearly a year later with but one man in ten, and the survivors were, to a man, shaken and white-haired from fear. What happened near Greenville has been a Confederate national secret ever since, but the raids have stopped.

Peace In The Palmetto State

Since the northwest raids, South Carolina has not come under major Federal attack. Some minor assaults on Charleston, Georgetown, and other coastal cities have been made, with no significant gains for the Union. Still, the Confederate garrisons here remain ready to repulse any attack. They are well aware how easy it would be for a Union army which made it ashore to strike north through the central part of their state, into the Piedmont of North Carolina, and thence to Virginia, and know that only their vigilance prevents such a maneuver.



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Charleston

Established by English colonists in 1670, Charleston has always been the chief city of South Carolina. As a major port, its importance today is even greater, but the unfortunate realities of war have allowed the twin demons Fear and Want to stalk the city. If our world has changed, as so many believe it did in July, 1863, that change is quite evident in the South's "second capital."

Streets Of The City

Charleston is located on the tip of a peninsula, often called the Neck, formed by where the Cooper and Ashley Rivers meet on the South Carolina coast. Its broad harbor is flanked by several islands, the largest of which are Morris Island and Folly Island.

Several smaller islands dot the harbor. All of these islands are fortified, and have played a crucial role in the city's defense; the most prominent fortifications include Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Ripley, and Johnson; Castle Pinckney; and batteries at Morris Island, Cummins Point, Mount Pleasant, Morris Island, and elsewhere.

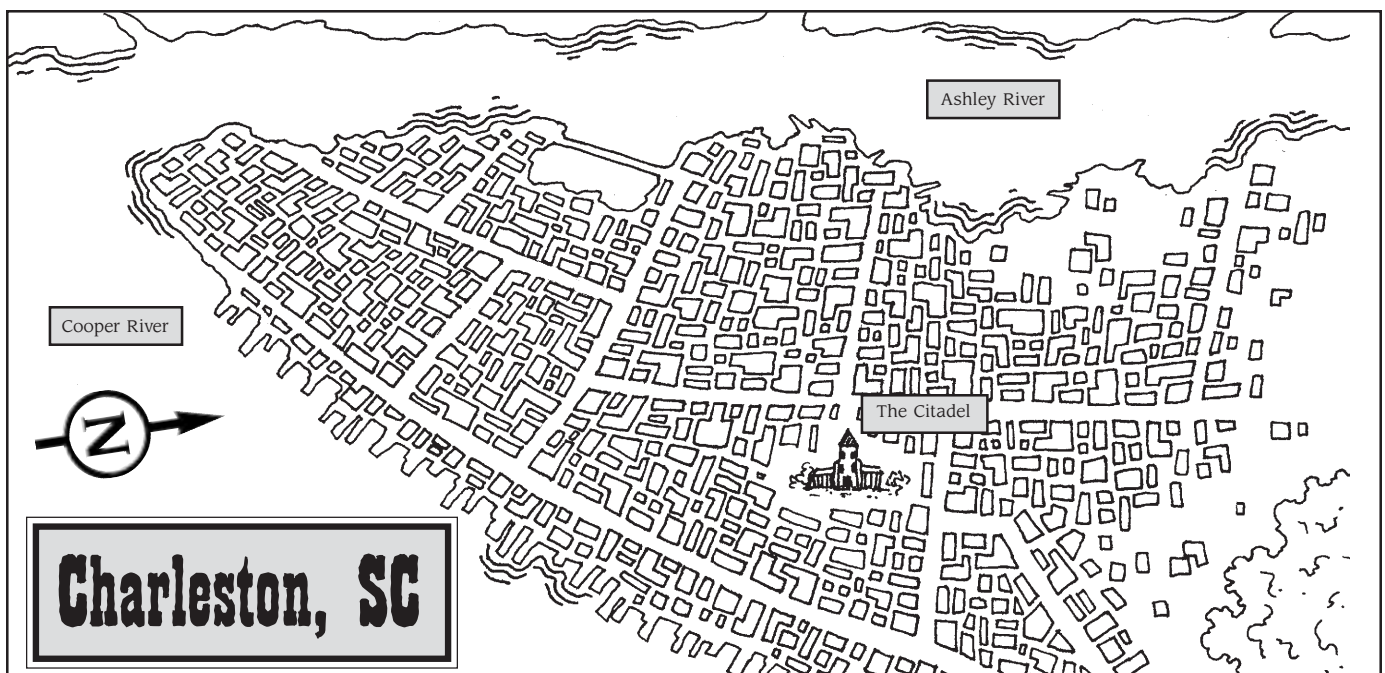
Charleston itself is laid out in a rough grid, beginning with the South and East Batteries on the peninsula's very tip. It has two railroad depots (the North Eastern and South Carolina railroads) and numerous wharves.

Because it is located in a swampy lowland region, the climate in Charleston is hot, humid, and often miserable. It also breeds disease. It has been said, and not without justification, that Charleston is "a paradise in the spring, a Hell in the summer, and a hospital in the fall." Epidemics of yellow fever, malaria, and other maladies are not uncommon. Other disasters, such as hurricanes, also occur all too frequently.

If you go to Charleston, you'll notice that a lot of the doors are painted blue. This is an old folk custom designed to keep evil spirits away. I don't know if it works, but it seems that these days, people need all the help they can get.

Life In Charleston

Despite the deprivations of the War, the citizens of Charleston struggle on as best they can. The wealthy aristocrats, who understandably weathered the siege and other calamities the best, still dominate the city socially and politically. The January to March social season still makes the city resound with



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the sounds of balls, cotillions, horse races at the exclusive Jockey Club, and other events, though they are much smaller and less gay than those of two decades past.

I believe that one of the *Epitaph's* other correspondents, the gentlemanly Southern Sentinel, has mentioned the Southern custom of duelling. While not so prominent as in years past, this deplorable custom still remains a feature of Charleston life, despite the Texas Rangers' attempts to wipe it out. A gentleman who feels he has been insulted often sees no recourse to protect his honor but to call his antagonist out. The everyday carrying of arms by so many men has only worsened this situation. Strangers to the city should take extra care not to offend others until they learn how to navigate the social waters a bit better.

Charleston is a much rougher place than once it was. Just like Wilmington, it has experienced an influx of war profiteers, and also soldiers, which has led to a certain lawlessness on the city streets. Many new saloons and gambling halls have opened, and gangs of drunken sailors often prowl through the streets, harassing honest citizens. Strong measures by the Intendent of Police and the Rangers have reduced the problem somewhat, but only honorable behavior on the part of the city's defenders can truly eradicate it.

The Freedmen

Thanks to its extensive pre-War population of slaves, Charleston now possesses a large class of freed blacks. For the most part these freedmen are honest citizens simply trying to earn a decent living, but unfortunately some Charlestonians don't look kindly upon them. President Davis'

103 freeing of the slaves was not an action well-loved by many South Carolinians, and freedmen in the state often have difficulties.

In fact, recently a few Charlestonians seem to have taken their dislike of the freed blacks into the arena of the illegal. During the past six months over two dozen blacks, all of them among the more prominent and wealthy of the freedmen, have been found brutally murdered and robbed. These killings have, naturally, terrorized the black community, and it seems

that the city authorities are not pursuing the investigation with as much diligence as perhaps they ought to.

Grieving Twice Over

The worst day of the week in Charleston is the day the newspapers post the latest list of the dead and injured. Everyone in Charleston gathers for this macabre social event, which is alternately punctuated by sobs of sorrow and gasps of relief.

As with so many other cities of the Confederacy, Charleston is home to many war widows—noble women whose husbands made the Ultimate Sacrifice for the Confederacy. These women can be seen everywhere in the city, going about their business dressed in black.

Recently my friend Archibald Whitenaur related to me the curious tale of a widow who turned out not to be one—or so she briefly thought. Although her husband had been declared killed at Sixth Manassas, he suddenly showed up on their doorstep with only a minor wound! Her casting off of the black lasted only a few weeks, though, when he suddenly disappeared. Her frantic inquiries to the War Office resulted only in confirmation of her husband's "death" at Sixth Manassas. Shortly thereafter the lady's maidservant vanished also.

This story is curious in and of itself—but when you consider that my friend has sent me two similar stories over the past half-dozen months, it becomes strange indeed. Someone, it appears, is somehow taking advantage of grieving widows and cruelly leading them to believe their husbands have returned, only to abandon them soon thereafter. The purposes behind this vile and cruel scheme are unknown to me, but I pray that the authorities soon find the miscreant and deal with him appropriately.

The Citadel

Charleston's most prominent feature in the minds of many Confederate citizens is the South Carolina Military Academy, universally known as "the Citadel," which was chartered in 1842. A large building on Hudson Street, between King and Market Streets, houses the school.



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Over the past 35 years the Citadel has turned out thousands of highly skilled officers. No lesser figure than General Cleburne has rightly described the Citadel as, "one of the shining beacons of hope for the Confederacy, and the source of much of our brilliant leadership in this Awful Conflict."

Other South Carolina Cities

Let me depart, if I may, from this all too brief view of life in Charleston to take an even briefer glimpse at some other cities you may wish to visit if you chance to be in South Carolina.

Georgetown

A coastal city north of Charleston, Georgetown is located near the mouth of Winyah Bay, which the Pee Dee, Little Pee Dee, Lynches, and Waccamaw Rivers feed into. Although not nearly as important to South Carolina commerce as Charleston, Georgetown is still a major commercial center for the state.

Compared to Charleston, Georgetown is a sleepy and provincial place, but it has a certain old-world charm which I have, in the past, enjoyed. It has so far been spared Union attack, but rumors in the Carolinas say that grace will soon come to an end.

Frustrated by its inability to take Charleston, the Union Navy supposedly has plans to turn its attentions to Georgetown. The rivers pouring into Winyah Bay would be an easy road for troops to travel into the heart of South Carolina. However, I remain confident that our leadership has anticipated this stratagem, if in fact it exists, and has plans in place to counter it.

Columbia

Columbia, South Carolina's capital, sits right in the center of the state where the Saluda River flows into the Broad (which in turn eventually joins up with the Cooper, creating a direct "road" to Charleston).

Only a few thousand souls live there; the presence of an enormous Confederate prisoner of war camp has also kept many folk away, for fear of a riot or breakout by vengeful Union prisoners.



The Citadel is the source of many of the South's great officers.

The camp's known as Camp Sorghum, since it started out as a roped-off field where the prisoners got syrup rations instead of meat. Escapes from the camep became such a problem that many inmates have been transferred to more secure facilities in the city's mental asylum—now known to Columbia residents as "Camp Asylum."

For some reason, a pall of fear seems to hang over Columbia. Although it hasn't been attacked, the residents seem almost paranoid about the possibility of a Union invasion. They claim to have captured dozens of Union spies and saboteurs, but can produce not a single one as proof, and they refuse to offer an explanation for this.

Houses in Columbia are locked up tight every night, and the residents sleep with shotguns and rifles next to their beds. While I cannot fault caution, the residents of Columbia seem to be taking things a bit too far. They also harbor a deep suspicion of strangers; I advise readers of the *Epitaph* not to go there unless they find it absolutely necessary to do so.



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The Deep South

Your esteemed editor, Mr O'Malley, has asked my humble self, Brian McAllen, to describe my bit o' the Americas to you. I've spent a good deal of time roaming this new country and I just hope my coarse observations can do it justice. I'm writing this from St. Augustine, Florida, and things here are hotter than one of the furnaces of Hell (especially for one who was raised in the cool, green hills of Ireland).

The True South

Although Virginians may (or rather, are guaranteed to) boast and bray, the true heart of the Confederacy lies in the row of states from Mississippi to Georgia: the Deep South.

In these nearly subtropical climates grow the magnolias and cotton fields that the world thinks of as quintessentially Southern. Barring Atlanta (and the new growth in central Alabama), the Deep South is rural and agricultural. It has the great preponderance of the fine plantations and the scrappily independent yeomen that together set the Southron character apart.

This Black Belt of agrarian wonder (so called because of the soil) seems almost torn from a past time. Whether that time is the antebellum days of prosperity (and slavery), the romantic England of Sir Walter Scott and King Arthur, or even the days of the forest primeval before human foot trod the sandy hills—well, maybe there's something of all three in it.

Whatever it is, the romance, the fertility (or simply the heat and humidity), there's something about the true South that nothing else can replace. And that's coming from a proud Son of Erin, true enough. I owe Mr. Lincoln's "Railsplitter" thugs some thanks for running me out of Chicago and letting me find the America I came looking for.

The Magnolia State

Although most folk associate Mississippi with the Big Muddy river of the same name, there's a lot more to the Magnolia State than its western boundary. Since the *Epitaph* has already shone the Light of the West upon the swampy stretch between the Delta and Natchez, I'll run back east up the Natchez Trace toward Jackson.

Jackson

About halfway up the Trace, spang in the middle of the state, you come on Jackson, the state capital. The big north-south and east-west rails cross right here, so you can't help but come upon it even if you ain't really trying to do so. Jackson sits a ways up on a bluff above the Pearl River, and it's a pretty poky place compared to the high-stakes action in Natchez. Sherman seems to have burnt out what little spirit the place had before the Vicksburg fiasco. He left so little of the city standing that it's nicknamed "Chimneyville."

Now, although the railways bring in some business, and the lumberyards and sawmills have started up again, most of the big cotton money flows west to Natchez and New Orleans to market, especially since fires still seem to break out more often than not when folks don't pay attention.

One place the fires avoid is Edwards House, the best hotel in the city. Whether that's because it's also the local headquarters for the Knights of the Golden Circle is a speculation I'll leave to those less worried about broken legs than myself. This isn't to say that the Knights don't pretty much run things out at the State Capitol (which I've always thought was delivered by



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accident, intended for a much bigger city, most likely in some other state). The Governor's House, by contrast, has a certain elegance to it, although the current occupant pretty much says "ribbit" when the Knights say "frog." If you're the type of person who asks a lot of pestiferous questions about the Knights, do not get arrested in Jackson.

Stone Flora

The only Petrified Forest in the East grows, if that's the word, about 15 miles north of Jackson, near the little town of Vernon, Mississippi.

It's mighty strange to be walking around these trees which look for all the world like birches and pin oaks carved out of stone. The weather here is fluky, with hot, dry winds blowing or with ground

105 fog too thick to see straight, and I've heard old-timers swear that the stone trees change their position "at night when nobody's a-watchin' 'em."

Due to this tale, I paid particularly good attention to the positions of the trees in my first visit. When I returned the next day, it seemed as if the trees had stayed put.

Northern Mississippi

The northern part of the state is all rolling hills and thick forests dappled with cornfields and small farms. Although the Federals scrapped their way back and forth across it for a couple of years, the last decade has seen the area slip back into its old ways.

Even the railway stops don't amount to much of a disturbance here; Tupelo Station is the kind of place that's so poor that the hillbilly fiddlers and the Negro banjo-pickers have to use the same dance-hall and swap numbers on Saturday nights.

Oxford

Oxford, now, seems like a whole other place. Graceful brick buildings line the streets and crown the hills. The state put the University of Mississippi here forty years ago, and "Ole Miss" never lets the rest of the yokels forget it. The observatory, the library, the medical school and everything else attract some of the Confederacy's sharpest brains, but they keep to themselves out on the campus.



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Atlanta has some of the busiest streets in the South. See the story on page 58.

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The town itself depends on the sawmills for jobs, and the Snopes family that runs `em pretty much runs the rest of the town, too. But, as long as you don't get on any Snopes' wrong side, there's always some interesting chat to pick up in the city's bookstalls, and some more-than-interesting card games to get into at one of the University's fashionable new Poker clubs.

Southern Mississippi

The southern third of the state turns into sandy, rolling country down to the Gulf Coast. You can't grow enough down here to make a great plantation, so the state goes back to oak and pine forests and scrub farms. Where plantations die off, so does a lot of support for the war.

High John the Conqueror



105 Jones County, one of the poorest in the state, still flies the Union flag over its courthouse, and anyone passing through the "Kingdom of Jones" needs to watch out where they whistle Dixie. Jones County is supposed to be one of the

hideouts of the "Black Robin Hood," High John the Conqueror. If only half the stories are true, there can't be a rich planter, haughty cavalry officer, or other too-proud white man in the whole of the Confederacy that Conqueror John hasn't got the best of somehow.

John travels all over the South (but especially in the Black Belt from Mississippi through Georgia) looking for trouble, and usually finding it. Sometimes he just puts the mojo on a traveler or he brings a gang of maroons to whale the tar out of some plantation foreman who's too handy with the whip and needs to be reminded about Jubilee. Other times, he tricks his mark into a game of cards, some wild gambling scheme, or even more grandiose notions which always turn out to cost a pretty penny.

The Rangers have had a reward up for High John for some time now (and the Knights of the Golden Circle have had an even higher one), but whoever he really is, he must know the forests of the Deep South too well to be skunked out now.

Biloxi

The largest city on Mississippi's Gulf Coast, Biloxi sits on a spit of land between the Gulf and Big Lake (naming the Tchoutacabouffa River, which runs north out of the lake, must have taken all the creativity the mapmakers had), shaded by centuries-old magnolias and live oaks. The town is fed by a small fleet of shrimp and oyster fishermen, some of whom came from the same stretch of Ireland that your humble correspondent did. To a man, they consider Dixie to be a vast improvement over the Auld Sod. The food's better, for one; Cajun cooking spread out of New Orleans along the Gulf long ago, and the fresh shrimp just can't be beat, not that you'd have to try very hard to beat the Black `47.

The country around Biloxi (and Ocean Springs and Pascagoula and all the other Gulf towns hereabouts) is pretty close to the bayou country around New Orleans in other ways, too. Negroes hereabouts are fond of their voodoo, and it's not at all smart to go into the swamp country alone. Whether it's voodoo curses, or inbred swampies, not a lot of folk come back from overnight trips into the marsh.

Beauvoir

Another place that folk have a habit of disappearing from is Beauvoir, which has been something of a mystery to folks ever since the Confederate government bought it from the Widow Dorsey.

The Nightwatchers show up in town in December, and the fishermen find reasons to sail farther out, if only to avoid the submersibles patrolling the coast. These grim folks, who take over Fort Massachusetts on Ship Island, seldom come into the city by day, which suits everyone fine. Nobody quite knows what they get up to, although sober citizens have sworn they've seen President Davis on Beauvoir Landing when the papers say he's snug in Richmond.

These rumors you hear about the President's double may have some truth to `em after all, or it might be some other business entirely. Some folks even suggest that the real reason Biloxi holds a Mardi Gras is to celebrate the Nightwatchers leaving again in February—but they don't suggest it real loud.



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The Heart of Dixie

If you ask most Alabamians, they'll tell you that Montgomery is still the capital of the CSA, and Richmond is just holding on to it for a while. You won't find any state of the Confederacy more anxious to drive the Union down by any means necessary. Whether this is because, or in spite of, Alabama's nearly complete isolation from the actual fighting (except for the occasional raid and Farragut's abortive attack on Mobile), I leave to other folk to decipher.

Mobile



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The next town along the Gulf Coast of any importance after Biloxi is Mobile, the gateway from Alabama's Tombigbee and Alabama River valleys (with their bumper crops of cotton) to the Gulf and civilization. As such, it combines the hard-driving prosperity of a river port with the cosmopolitan grandeur of, well, not exactly of New Orleans, but close.

It's an important port for the Confederacy, and Admiral Farragut made a real hash out of his try at taking it back in August of 1864. He managed to drive his lead ship, the monitor *Tecumseh*, right over a mine. When he tried to run the torpedoes with the rest of the fleet, his flagship (the *Hartford*) must have hit a big one, because it sank in a whirlpool, and never refloated so much as a rating's hat. The Union has left the city pretty much alone ever since this embarrassing event.

Madog's Stones

Oddly enough, if you go back behind the city into the low hills that stick out of the white sand and sawgrass swamps, you'll see the occasional bluish-gray stone standing on its end. Sometimes, there'll be three or four together, or even a ring of them. The Indians don't know much about the rocks, except that they won't take you there at night. Some folks say they were left there by Prince Madog of Wales when he brought the last of the Druids to America in the 1100s.



Tombigbee & Black Warrior Rivers

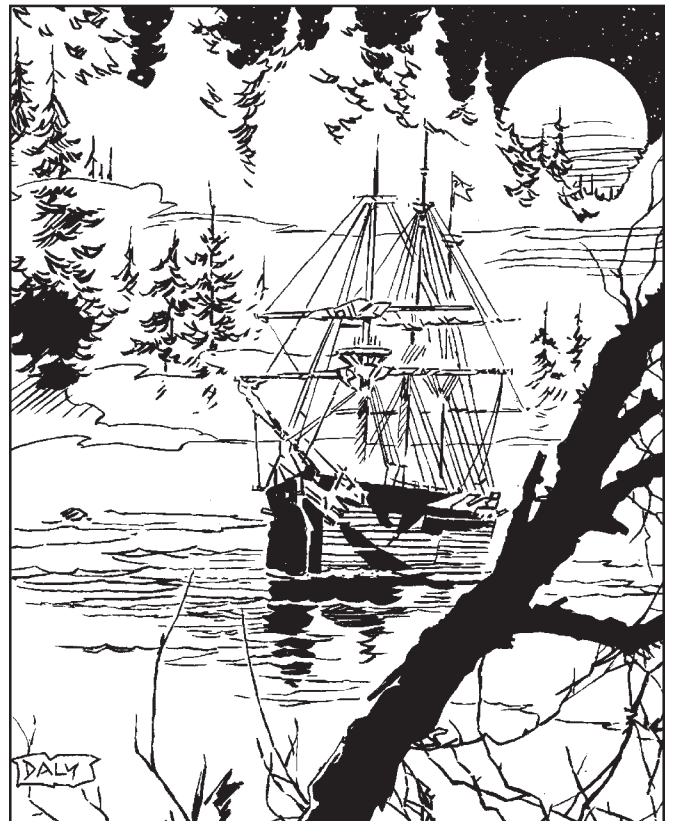
These two broad, slow-flowing rivers are navigable nearly all the way to the fall line in the middle of the state, but the thick forests on either side keep towns small. Occasionally stretches of pine are cleared for cotton, but the sandy soil doesn't take to cultivation as well as the Black Belt to the north. Still, you often see a corduroy road lead into the woods from a quick-sawed landing as you head upriver from Mobile.

The Phantom Ship

Those roads going who-knows-where aren't nearly as disconcerting as the Phantom Ship of the Tombigbee River. This three-masted river schooner shows up on foggy nights with a waning moon. Hailing it draws no response, and boats that go chasing it always seem to get tangled up on a sandbar that wasn't there earlier that day.



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The Phantom Ship of the Tombigbee River.

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Tuscaloosa and Moundville



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All across the Deep South, from Naniwaya in Mississippi to Etowah in Georgia you find these giant mound cities on old trails in the middle of the woods, or occasionally along the riverbanks. The biggest of all of these cities is called Moundville, and it's right smack on the Black Warrior River in the spookiest oak forest I ever set foot in. Nigh on 40 earthen mounds stretch across 300 or so acres. The tallest of them tops 30 feet even now, and Indian graves are supposed to be scattered over the whole area. The weather around Moundville is freakish, with fog, windstorms, thunder and lightning, and even hail showing up with no warning.

Most of the folks who go to Moundville at all are professors from the University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa (which means "Black Warrior" in Choctaw) 15 miles south. Tuscaloosa used to be the state capital until Montgomery took over in 1846, and now it's almost like a city slumbering its way through time under its shelter of water oaks. Those water oaks lining all the streets are why Tuscaloosa is called the "Druid City," at

least according to David Lake, a professor of botany at the University and an amateur historian of the area. Lake also thinks that it might have been Druids from Madog's expedition, or perhaps the Lost Tribes of Israel, who built Moundville in the first place.

Montgomery

Southeast of Tuscaloosa, in the heart of the Black Belt, Montgomery sits on seven hills above the Alabama River. The capital of Alabama and the first capital of the Confederacy, Montgomery is full of fire-eating patriots and big wheel politicians of every stripe. The State Capitol dome and the Italianate First White House of the Confederacy give Montgomery a dignity (not to say a pomposity) that none of the other capitals in the Deep South possess. The plantation-style mansions lining South Perry Street are a testimony to the wealth and power that the cotton barons wield here, and throughout the South.

Actually, many of the *Epitaph's* readers might feel more at home in Montgomery than many another place in the South. Cowboys driving beef in from the prairie ranches along the



Servants of Evil? Rumor has it that the Knights of the Golden Circle perform dark, arcane rituals at their meetings.

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Alabama River valley find the Montgomery stockyards at the end of their trail. Montgomery doesn't quite turn into a cowtown in October (the planter grandees won't let it), but the Lucas Tavern north of downtown on Columbus Street becomes a great place for a poker game, a gunfight, or a drunken brawl—in any order. It's not a bad place to find trouble any time of year, of course, and the railyards down below the bluffs are even better. Don't go down there with anything you necessarily want to take back up the hill with you, including a whole skin.

Knights of the Golden Circle



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The very center of Montgomery's old aristocracy and power lies in Court Square on the other end of Dexter Street from the Capitol building. Although the county courthouse and the Central Bank both sit on Court Square, the Winter Building across the square holds more power than any building in Montgomery, including the Capitol. This yellow marble and brick Italian Revival structure may, in fact, hold more power than any edifice in the Confederacy: It is the headquarters for the Knights of the Golden Circle.

The Golden Circle began among the Southern Rights Clubs from the 1830s, but one of those organizing geniuses America produces like Alabama produces cotton turned what was a loose cluster of debating societies into a political underground. George W. "Lafayette" Bickley, a druggist from Cincinnati, founded the Knights of the Golden Circle in 1854 as a national secret society. He dreamed of expanding the South and slavery into a "Golden Circle" centered on Havana, Cuba that would stretch from Mexico to Nicaragua to Guiana and all the islands and countries in between.

Bickley created "castles" of the Golden Circle with initiations, secret degrees, and handshakes just like the Masons, or the Loyal Fenian Order to which I and Mr. O'Malley have the honor to belong. Under Bickley's leadership, the Circle spread its castles from Texas to Baltimore to Chicago, all places where men were sworn to take arms to expand and protect the South. When the bell sounded, though, Bickley was arrested and deported to Virginia, where he seems to have vanished.

Pulling Strings

The Knights were behind a lot of developments in the War; President Davis sent the telegram ordering the attack on Fort Sumter from Winter House in Montgomery. The Knights kept up their influence in Davis' cabinet. I've heard folks both drunk and sober say that the Knights are behind everything Davis does now. Folks say there's even more behind them, maybe the Masons you hear about up North, or the British royal family, or maybe someone or something even worse than that.

Now, the Knights assisted the war effort up North in the early days of the War and before: Their Copperhead Societies snarled up the bluebellies' lines in Ohio, and some castles of Knights' militia helped turn both Missouri and Kentucky from Union blue to Confederate gray. Even before that, the Knights got folks used to the idea that the South should be free and that Washington was getting too big for its britches. Hell, if it weren't for some Knights I'm not at liberty to discuss, I wouldn't have been able to get from Illinois to the sunny Southland.

After Bickley was eased out, things have been different. Once the War got serious, the cotton kings moved in for real. They reorganized the upper ranks of the Knighthood into a council called the Kuklos Khrysos (Greek for "Golden Circle"), or just the Kuklos for short. The regional castle system stayed the same, and there are plenty of folks who still hold to the Knighthood without knowing what it is they're really serving now.

The new Imperial Grand Master of the Knighthood, and the head of the Kuklos, is Albert Pike, a big wheel in the Masons who apparently once owned (and maybe still does, through banks and kinfolk and what-all) the half of Arkansas that's worth owning. He had to resign his commission after some kind of scandal (massacres of surrendered folk is what I heard), but he still goes by "General." He's not a man to cross, and frankly he's not a man to get near for any reason. You won't have to worry about running into him in church; he hasn't been let into any decent church for ten years. He rides circuit from Montgomery to Atlanta to

Richmond to New Orleans, and when he's not out on Knighthood business he's back in his plantation in Arkansas.



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The Knights own senators like they used to own slaves, and they've got their finger in everything from Tredegar's mills, to Dixie Rails, to shipping lines. "Not a cogwheel turns in Selma that don't make a Golden Circle," one fellow told me before he disappeared. They have a regular smuggling fleet taking cargoes (guns, gold, cotton, and stuff that doesn't bear thinking about) south to the Gulf and beyond. Rumor says that they've got rubber plantations down in Brazil, where slavery's still a going concern. They've just about bought Haiti outright, and they've bought every port official and provincial governor that matters in the Caribbean.

Selma



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This, they tell me, is the New South. Well, they can keep it. If I'd wanted to live in a filthy factory town overrun by grasping millionaire idiots and built on a foundation of sweating human misery, I'd have moved to Liverpool.

Selma is just down the Alabama River from Montgomery, and when you can actually see anything in the factory smoke, it's like a Yankee editorial cartoon. Whitewashed, columned plantation houses loom on the bluffs above the river while sweating Negroes unload endless cargoes of cotton, iron, and coal below.

Factories fill the east side of town, churning out a good half of the shot, shell, rifles, cannons, and other ordnance of the Confederate military, and filling the pockets of the local aristocracy to near-bursting with war profits.

Negroes live in shanty-towns and factory housing crushed together in the east side and ringed around with barbed wire. The mill owners (who also own cotton plantations further up country, of course) say that the wire is to protect workers from "the criminal element." If the wire actually helped, I'd be surprised; the criminal element pretty much does as it likes on the east side as long as it stays away from arson and anything else that could damage the factories. (Some criminal ring has started smashing up buildings, but they've been smart enough to stay away from the mills so far.) Damaging the workers is just fine, of course; getting drunk and getting killed are about as easy in Selma as they are anywhere.

Crossroads

Selma was always a center of slave trading, since between the river and the railroads you can get here from just about anywhere in the Deep South, not that I'd want to.

Now, of course, the barges bring iron from Anniston and Tannehill, and lime, coal, and lumber from the northern hills. (I've heard that there's a new factory town up in the hills called Birmingham that's even worse than Selma. If it's anything like the old Birmingham, that might even be possible.) Cotton, and new Negroes who think that going from sharecropping cotton to factory work is a step up, come from all around. The riverboats bring investors, British and Scottish engineers looking to cash in on them, and War Department bureaucrats here for their bribe money.

The St. James Hotel down at the riverboat docks is the best place in town. The thieves there are mostly your fellow first class guests, rather than low folk waiting in the lobby to roll you the minute you step into the smoky alleys. Those criminals, or at least the white ones, stick to the pool halls and bars east of the riverboat docks in the railyards, but below Factory Town.

Cahawba and Camp Morgan

The junction of the Alabama and Cahawba Rivers floods pretty much any time it wants, which is why the city of Cahawba, capital of Alabama from 1819 to 1826, is now under the muddy brown water of the Alabama River. Some of the taller buildings stick out of the river in the summer, covered with river weeds and similar gunkum.

The Cahawba catfish that swim in and out of the submerged houses are some of the biggest anywhere, but not even the poorest Negro in the state would eat one: They're supposed to hold the souls of folks killed in the floods. Riverboats take the Cahawba channel slow, and only by day, since the old wreckage has a habit of floating around.

However, the mud flats just outside the current flood plain make a dandy place to keep Yankee prisoners. Camp Morgan does just that, holding them handy for "work release" in Selma.

Plenty of Federals go into Factory Town, and



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a lot fewer show up for muster the next Sunday. Some folks say that if you ask around, you can buy Federal prisoners off the mill bosses for whatever you like—and those prisoners are the least likely of all to come back. Despite the rumors, though, the conditions in the prison camp are so vile with mosquitoes, fever, and general Hell that plenty of Yankees think it's worth trying anything to get out.

Montevallo College

Before the War started, the little town of Montevallo (about 30 miles east of Tuscaloosa) held a small school for young women and an even smaller school of divinity. Parson Reynolds' school became a field hospital during the first maneuverings of 1862, since



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Montevallo was on the rail line but well away from the front. Both the divinity students and the young women worked there together as nurses and tended to the Confederate wounded.

In 1863, a small detachment of Federal cavalry retreating from the sights of carnage at Vicksburg happened across Montevallo and, in a frenzy of madness, sabered all the patients along with their student nurses. The War receded from Montevallo, and Parson Reynolds became Dean Reynolds, turning his divinity school into a liberal-arts college. A few years later, it merged with the larger women's college and became a full-fledged coeducational establishment.

Montevallo has an odd reputation. Its arts programs have something of a small fame across the South, but very few students ever leave the campus for careers elsewhere. Maybe they simply fall in love with the tranquility of the area—the place does have a certain charm to it.

The Carmichael Library at the College is small but select; bibliophiles from all over the Confederacy (and even from Europe) visit its collection. Montevallo doesn't neglect the practical arts, either: one of the professors teaches electrical theory. Conservative Southrons raise their eyebrows at the notion of ladies and gentlemen (Montevallo has about 200 or so of each) attending the same classes at the same institutions, but no breath of scandal ever reaches the town.



Montevallo's expanding curriculum includes electrical theory.

Northern Alabama

The northern third or so of the state is essentially forested foothills running up to the Appalachians. By the time you get up near Lookout Mountain and the Russell Caves in the northeast, you might as well be in North Carolina—or in the last century. Everywhere else is tall timber or the red open wound of an iron mine; wherever there's a clearing, somebody plants cotton and builds a plantation house, but that's spotty outside the Tennessee Valley.

Huntsville is a middling sized plantation town, but one with the habit of flying the Union flag whenever Sherman or his ilk go marching through. If the folks at Decatur a few miles west ever figured that trick out, there might be more than four buildings standing there at any given time. Other folk around here don't take their Union flag down until the boys in gray come over the ridgeline. The locals call the area "the Free State of Nickajack." Nickajacks make up Sherman's personal bodyguard, so I hear.

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The Empire State of the South

Georgia actually has quite a bit to back up its boast and brag. The biggest state in the South (except, I can hear your readers holler all the way from Tombstone, Texas), and the one with the most plantations and the largest city, it has also suffered and bled more for the Confederacy than any other state. With all the horror from Chickamauga to Sherman's March, though, Georgia remains as fiercely independent as ever. Perhaps a little too independent for the tastes of some; President Davis has complained long and hard that Governor Brown seems to think more of Georgia than the Confederacy. That may be why Georgia voters keep returning Joe Brown to the Governor's Mansion in Milledgeville.

North Georgia

Up near the Carolina border, Georgia gets wild and mountainous. Between the Blue Ridge and the Appalachians proper, there are a hundred ricks, rills, and hollers. The bald mountains and round tops thereabouts still remember their Cherokee residents, and the mysterious folks that were there before them

Dahlonega

Seventy miles north of Atlanta is the reason the Cherokees aren't there any more. Dahlonega sits spang in the middle of the biggest gold field in the East. After folks found nuggets lying around near the Cherokee farms, it started the 1828 Gold Rush, and the Cherokees got packed off to Oklahoma.

The Chattahoochee Forest, with its towering chestnut, cedar, poplar, hemlock, and (of course) oak trees, runs all across the gold fields. Dahlonega itself is a thriving town of about 5,000. It holds a Confederate States Mint, as well as the standard types of stores (and troubles) in any mining town. Auraria, a few miles south of Dahlonega, is a full-blown ghost town, with the spook stories to match.

Atlanta

Although Atlanta's got its share of factories, and the Good Lord knows it's got more than its share of maltreatment and thievery, it's not nearly the hellhole that Selma is. Atlantans, of course, don't put it that way, calling their growing "Gateway City" the "Queen City of the South" and other such endearments. And to tell it true, even with the crowds and the traffic and the constant whistle-and-screech of the trains passing through all night and day, it's still something to see.

Most of the buildings are red Georgia clay brick, without all the white paint that seems to be the unwritten law of Southern architects everywhere else. The city's got some marble and gilt, of course, but it mostly stays downtown on the banks and churches where God intended.

The 50,000 odd folks in Atlanta mostly work on the railroads or related industries (hotels, livery and carriage stables, houses of ill repute), but the factories and sawmills do a booming business as Atlanta keeps growing and needing houses and all the things householders need.

Atlantans have a real boomtown mentality; they're bound and determined to leave not just Chicago, but New York in the dust as the center for trade and industry in the New World (for lack of any real competition, it's already the center for trade and industry in the Confederacy). You can't stop on the street to check your watch without being offered shares in anything from a patent-medicine manufactory to a new row of brownstone houses "almost built." And everywhere you see Mayor Calhoun's picture and the slogans "Build Atlanta" and "Boost Atlanta." It's not for nothing that folks in Savannah say "If Atlanta could suck as hard as it can blow, it would be a seaport."

Trains and Traffic

Atlanta is built on the prosperity brought by the trains. It's the natural place to change cargoes from anywhere in the South for Atlantic shipment, and cranes and derricks (and hard-working bearers) rise up over every foot of railyard. The Georgia Railroad, Black River, Western & Atlantic, Dixie Rails, Central of

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Georgia, Bayou Vermillion, Southern Railway, and Seaboard & Coast lines all converge on Atlanta.

Plenty of the newer factory buildings advertise "rail included," meaning they've got their own railroad spur running into the ground floor. This means lots of short-haul railroad tracks all over the city. The tracks all come together right in the middle of Atlanta, with as many as a dozen trackways cutting across the city.

It's not unheard of for carriages, steam-wagons, velocipedes, mule teams, and omnibuses to all sit in ever-growing traffic jams for an hour or more waiting for all the trains to go by at particularly close grade crossings like Whitehall or



110 Pryor Street, or the "Peachtree Strangler" on Peachtree Street near the center of town. The opening of the bridge across the tracks at Washington Street has helped, but everywhere else in the business district, you're lucky if you only spend a half hour in a traffic jam.

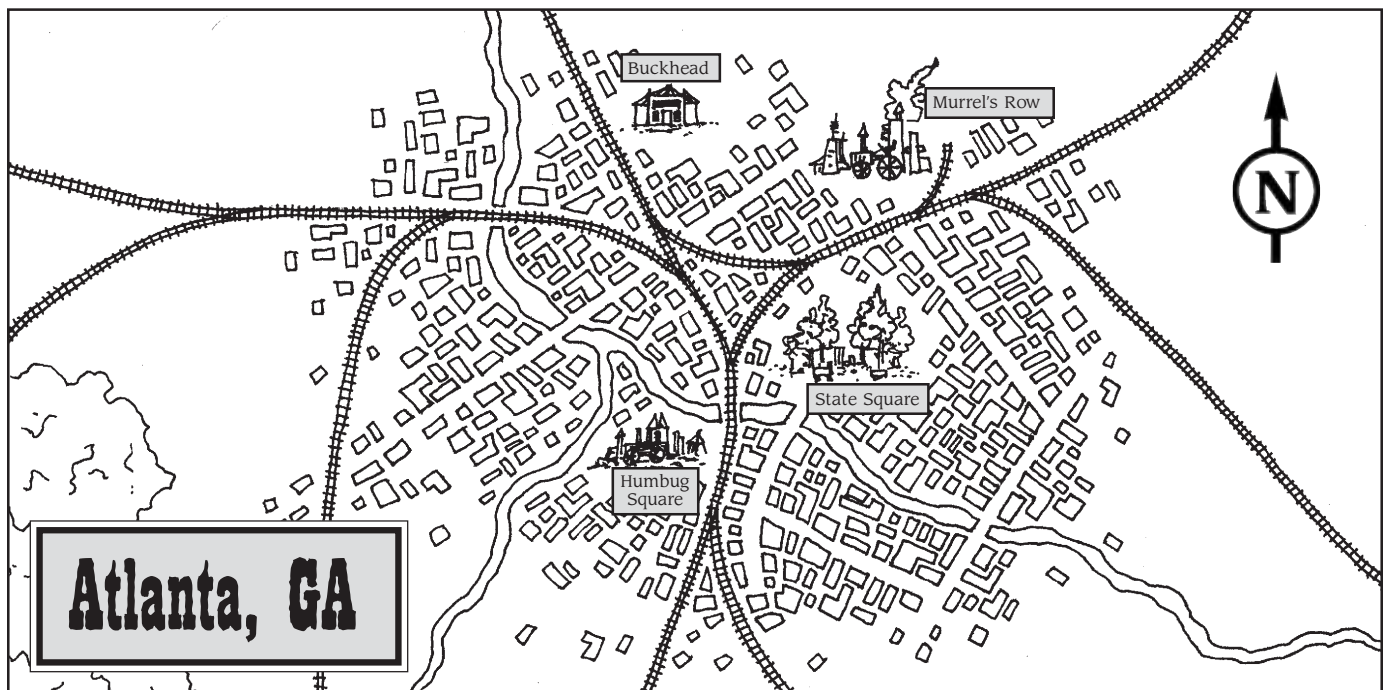
Frankly, you're lucky if you live through the experience at all. What with the cinders flying off the trains, the close conditions, and the nervous strain on profit-minded Atlantans kept waiting for their sales calls, there have been a number of folks just up and die in traffic. Needless to say, that doesn't help move things

along any, since the ambulances can't speedily get through the crush to remove the corpses.

Irbyville and the Tight Squeeze

You won't need to worry about the ambulance if you get unlucky going toward Irby's Tavern (or any of the other taverns, brothels, gaming parlors, pool halls, dance emporiums, minstrel palaces, stereopticon odeums, and so forth and so on) in Irbyville. Some folks are calling Irbyville "Buckhead" now, because a fellow named Henry Irby put a big stuffed deer head up on a pole at the corner of Peachtree and Roswell Roads (three miles north of downtown) to advertise his tavern.

If you can get there, you'll have a grand time. It's lit up night and day with theaters and similar low entertainments, and Atlantans are fine folks after a shot or two of the sweet stuff loosens them up. But getting there from downtown is a job of work; around half way there, at Peachtree and 10th, you run into another traffic jam at a place called the "Tight Squeeze." Here, a wagonyard (with some of those steam-wagons for rent, too), a knot of houses, a blacksmith's shop (with a rail spur to make everything even more exciting) and ten or so stores stick out in



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the street and close the road down to less than two carriage-widths.

The pattern of buildings makes Peachtree Street sort of jog around, so you're never able to see around the corner and tell who's coming. Just far enough out of Atlanta proper that the police don't go there regularly, and just close enough to draw a steady stream of folks with money in their pocket, the Tight Squeeze is a highwayman's dream. (One of those stores is a pawnshop where I've been able to buy my watch back two or three times without the formality of pawning it first.)

Some folks say you haven't really been to Atlanta until you've left twenty dollars in the Tight Squeeze. If that's so, then I reckon I've been to Atlanta about five times.

Murrel's Row

The folks at the Tight Squeeze seem downright neighborly compared to the denizens of Murrel's Row, north of Decatur Street

between Peachtree and Pryor. Here's where the low-class streetwalkers, gamblers, cutthroats, smash-and-grab men, and general scum live and ply their various trades. Cockfights and dogfights are just

the warmup; the bare-knuckle brawls here don't always stay in the ring. Illegal distilleries keep the populace plenty liquored up and ready for trouble.

Murrel's Row is named for the famous Natchez Trace bandit and murderer John Murrel. Folks around here seem to consider him their honorary mayor, although they say his name with a kind of forced heartiness.

Back in the '30s, Murrel stole slaves from the farms that his gang of murderers attacked, and resold them at other villages along the Trace. He also held up stagecoaches, killed travelers for their purses, and generally made himself infamous as the Great Land Pirate.

His greatest scheme, though, was to take the most promising of the slaves he stole and train them in secret. Having armed his slave legion, he planned to lead them on New Orleans and raise the whole state in slave rebellion. Murrel harbored a particular hatred for planters and aristocrats, and wanted to repay them for having him whipped as a horse thief in Tennessee.

But one of his recruits betrayed him to the authorities, and Murrel spent a decade in a Nashville prison before he was released in 1844.

State Square

Just on the other side of the Bayou Vermillion tracks from Murrel's Row sits Atlanta's favorite breathing spot, the gorgeous tree-lined State Square. It was used as an open-air hospital in the darkest days of the Siege of Atlanta, but it has completely recovered its brick-bordered beauty. State Square is truly the heart of Atlanta, with City Hall visible just a couple of blocks southeast over the Markham Hotel's graceful roofline.

The main railroad station, the Grand Atlanta, is similarly visible to the northwest, although its associated hotel, the six-story Kimball House, is not on the Square but heads up the grand business district running south from the tracks along Peachtree Street. The other grand avenue of fancy European shops, banks and hotels runs north of the tracks along Courtland Avenue.

Humbug Square

Underneath the railroad station, in the mud and cinder slag thrown off by the trains and trampled by cartwheels, other folk gather to hawk their wares. Humbug Square is the center for patent-medicine vendors to set up their carts and stages and work the crowds of departing or arriving rail passengers. Jugglers, dancing bears, Negro banjo-players, cracker fiddlers, organ-grinders, freaks, fortune-tellers, and three-card monte dealers add a little variety to the scenery. Hungry? You can buy every kind of critter that can be rolled in cornbread and fried on a stick here. When you've eaten your lunch, it's time to head for the nearest drummers' wagon for some curin' up.

Root doctors, snake-oil salesmen, "Indian medicine men" who have less Sioux blood than I do, alchemists, and every other breed of flim-flam and hocus-pocus artist ever invented all offer cures for everything from impotence, to gout, to sniffles. They ladle their syrupy goo out in grimy bottles that will probably give you four new diseases for every one they cure. The best of the lot is the "Atlanta Alchemist," John Pemberton, although he's been sampling his



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wares pretty freely for some time. It shows confidence, even if it doesn't show much in the way of brains.

John Wilkes Booth in Atlanta?



112 A few years back, folks were all abuzz that John Wilkes Booth, the heroic actor who rid us of Black Abe forever, had somehow survived his fiery death and escaped incognito to Atlanta. He was starting up his old Knights of the White Camellia (sort of a Junior League Golden Circle) and looking for bold men to follow his path and assassinate President Grant and other Yankee politicians.

Of course, it all turned out to be swamp gas (although the New Knights of the White Camellia still meet on Peachtree Road). The dashing figure with Booth's coal-black eyes, raven hair, and heroic limp was actually the Reverend J. G. Armstrong, the pastor of St. Philip's Episcopal Church. Apparently, he caused a similar commotion in Richmond when he moved there in '65. Armstrong does preach a barnburner of a sermon, though.

Yammerin' Ned



113 Edward "Ned" Turner runs the *Atlanta Voice*, your source for everything going on in Atlanta, and all across the South. He's not afraid of anyone, and he'll print anything as long as it's exciting. Folks call him "Yammerin' Ned," because he's always going on in editorials and speeches about horrible monsters, Satanist plots, President Davis being secretly a mechanical man designed by Darius Hellstromme, and everything else under the sun. What folks call Ned's wife Jane, the *Epitaph* can't print—she was a famous rotogravure section beauty before she got carried away with Union sympathies and offered to "light the first torch for General Sherman" if he'd pay her a call.

Yammerin' Ned prints a lot of peace propaganda. He hates the British worse than I do, which I didn't think was possible. If you've got a strong stomach, a good imagination, and your own typewriter you can always support yourself selling stories to the *Voice*. (I was going to sell this piece to the *Voice* before Mr. O'Malley tugged at the old heart strings.)



Murrel's Row: There's no honor among thieves.

Funny thing, though, in the middle of all the blood and sex scandals, there are a lot of stories that light up the real way things work in the South. Turner's already had to move his offices once, when the local Golden Circle castle lit his presses on fire. Whether Yammerin' Ned simply believes everything and gets lucky, or if he prints all that nonsense as camouflage to get the real truth out there, I can't say.

Stone Mountain

About 20 miles east of Atlanta, a single slab of granite juts 825 feet out of the ground. Looking like some slumbering, prehistoric monstrosity, Stone Mountain is two miles long and seven miles around.

My buddy David Lake from Tuscaloosa calls it a "monadnock." He comes out here a lot with other professors to studying the rocks and plants around it. Because the rock is so warm and the soil is so thin, the plants are more like desert or prairie plants than the normal Georgia riot of greenery.

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Milledgeville

Eighty miles southeast of Atlanta, the state capital of Milledgeville is in danger of being completely forgotten. Although the Governor and legislature still meet here, they do an ever-increasing amount of their real business in Atlanta, and folk have begun to talk about moving the capital there. Joe Brown won't do it, if only to keep the voters in the rest of Georgia happy. The War probably means that nobody can afford the time or materials they'd need to put up a new state capitol in Atlanta, but it's surely coming. Until then, Milledgeville slumbers away.

Savannah



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Marching to Savannah may have been Sherman's only good idea during his foolhardy 1864 campaign. It's certainly one of the pleasantest and most civilized places in the Confederacy, which is to say, anywhere in the world. Laid out by the reform-minded founder of Georgia,

James Oglethorpe, in 1733, Savannah has a delightful offset grid pattern which ensures that you can always get where you're going as long as you don't mind a little sight-seeing on the way. Savannah's brand new gas lights ensure that you can even sight-see at night.

From the Factors' Walk promenade above Savannah's bluffs (with frequent catwalks over the streets running to the wharves below) back to Gaston Street, Savannah's cobblestoned streets stretch between rows of magnolias, palms, and moss-covered live oaks.

The handsome brownstone buildings sport wrought-iron balconies, carved railings, bright tile roofs and all the other trappings of success. Savannah actually shares its success (to some extent) with every citizen. The free Negroes in Savannah number nearly a third of the population, and Sherman's abortive occupation of the city actually managed to stop at dispossessing the worst of the aristocrats without leveling the city.

Visitors to Savannah most likely have business at the Cotton Exchange, which sets the price of cotton traded all over the world.

Not only folk from all over the Confederacy but Egyptians, Hindoos, Manchester mill-owners (who make special trips to the church John Wesley founded on Calhoun Square) and everyone else who grows or spins King Cotton can be found at one of the fine hotels on Bay or Bryan Streets. These foreign visitors fit in well in a city full of Moravians, Jews, Huguenot Frenchmen, Austrians, Reformed Salzburgers, Poles, and Irish.

The city boasts 21 entirely different city squares, and although the locals justifiably boast of staying NOG (North of Gaston) their whole lives, there's plenty to draw the eye south of it. Forsyth Park, just south of Gaston, is a riot of carved metal benches, azaleas, fountains, and the omnipresent moss-hung live oaks. True, farther south of Gaston you get the kind of factories and other industrial buildings that are ruining so much of the South I love, but still, everywhere in Savannah seems both magical and somehow better than it has any right to be.

Tybee Island Amusement Park

This park sits at the base of the Tybee Lighthouse, marking the ship channel to the port of Savannah. It is quite a place; carousels, minstrel shows (only with real Negroes—the whole park is run by free blacks), carnival games, food and drink stands, and every kind of fresh fish imaginable. Most of Savannah's young people make their romantic assignations on trips to iSavannah Beach, and a number of young bucks go looking for the better class of paid female.

Bonaventure Cemetery

Two miles east of Savannah proper, Bonaventure Cemetery is more magical, but not quite as proper. Its plant life is, more riotous than the rest of Savannah: fig trees, mulberry bushes, peach trees, palms of every kind, giant oaks, wild wisteria, and grapevines. If my chum Lake ever agreed to meet me down here, he'd have a field day. The cemetery is enormous, stretching down to the Wilmington River. Word has it that many Negroes (and perhaps some of Savannah's other citizens) celebrate voodoo ceremonies here in "the Garden of Good and Evil," as the locals call it.

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The Sunshine State

Florida should really be two states. The British divided it into two colonies, although being British, they made it West Florida and East Florida rather than doing it right.

North Florida is almost the purest distillation of everything good about the Confederacy: sleepy towns, spicy seafood or grilled beefsteaks, independent farmers, small but elegant cities, and beautiful forested hills.

South Florida is like the section of Hell that Lucifer saves for people who divide Florida wrong. If the Union wants it so bad, Judah Benjamin should sell it to them for a nickel an acre and buy somewhere decent, like Maryland, with the profits.

All of Florida is basically the top of a giant limestone cave and tunnel system. Some of it is filled with saltwater, other parts are filled with freshwater, and there are plenty of dry passages and chambers too. The caves fill and empty unpredictably; a rainstorm in Tallahassee can flood caves near St. Augustine. They also open up unpredictably; some folks' houses, and even some small towns just vanish into sinkholes with no warning.

North Florida has some grass and dirt on top of its limestone (which is why it has nice fertile woodlands and prairies), but once you get south of Gainesville it's pretty much all thin-rooted pine flatwoods, sawgrass swamps, and breeding grounds for clouds of biting flies and mosquitoes.

St. Augustine

St. Augustine is somewhat like Savannah's evil twin. Not that it's clearly bad news in the way that Selma is, or even Biloxi when the President honors them with his presence. It's just that where every shadow in Savannah seems to hold a cool nook to drink a julep in, every

shadow in St. Augustine seems like it might have hidden a body once. (Every hotel and rooming house has its own ghost, too. Mrs. Cook, my landlady on Aviles Street, swears by the Spanish cavalier who "keeps the attic room," as she puts it.)



A rather fanciful artist's conception on St. Augustine's vermin.

Past Events

When you read history books written by Britishers or their Yankee lapdogs (or their Virginian apes), you read about Jamestown or Plymouth Rock and the "first settlers in America." Ponce de Leon discovered Florida in 1513 looking for the Fountain of Youth (we'll never know if he found it, because he died of a poison arrow wound in Cuba). Poison arrows notwithstanding, St. Augustine was up and running in 1565, going on 70 years before the Pilgrims started Massachusetts off on its tradition of spoiling folks' fun. Hell, St. Augustine was burned down three separate times before North Carolina lost Raleigh's colony.

But eventually they figured out how to build houses from coquina (crushed seashells, cement, and sand) instead of wood, and St. Augustine has flourished in its own odd way ever since. The British, slow on the uptake, tried to burn the town three more times without any success.

Eventually the Spanish got bored and gave



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the whole place to the Brits. They held it for twenty years and then traded it back to the Spanish for the Bahamas. Finally, Andy Jackson marched south and took it from Spain in 1821, although Congress paid the Spanish to look the other way and pretend it was their idea to begin with.

Today

Now, the city thrums along on the profits from sea trade and railroad shipping, although a lot of that business goes through Jacksonville, a relatively uninviting city 40 miles up the coast. Both Jacksonville and St. Augustine have major stockyards; Florida beef has fed the armies of the Confederacy since Fort Sumter.

John Delian is the major rancher in these parts; he may own most of the good grazing land, since he cleverly bought out the old Spanish land grants from a speculator who bribed Jackson. Most farmers in Florida have figured out that you can't eat cotton, so a lot of

other food shipments go through St. Augustine on the newfangled refrigerator cars.

The city's sewers go right into the limestone caves under the city, and whether it's the humidity or the offal flowing out of the stockyards, St. Augustine has some of the biggest rats I've ever seen—I mean BIG. The rats are another good reason to find a coquina house: they're harder for the vermin to chew into, although it does nothing to keep the spiders out. Spiders kill the flies, though, so I'm not complaining.

St. Augustine Sea Monster

One local pest eats more than flies. At least four ships from Fort Lauderdale to St. Mary's have fallen victim to our St. Augustine Sea Monster.

Survivors describe something with giant tentacles and an enormous mouth lined with six rows of teeth, moving with awesome speed, and at home in both fresh and salt water. Whether it's some kind of Yankee submersible, an actual sea serpent, or some other kind of wonder nobody knows yet. It seems to prefer the waters about 30 miles off St. Augustine for some reason, though. Maybe the so-called "Devil's Triangle" is its spawning ground.



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Devil's Den & Millhopper

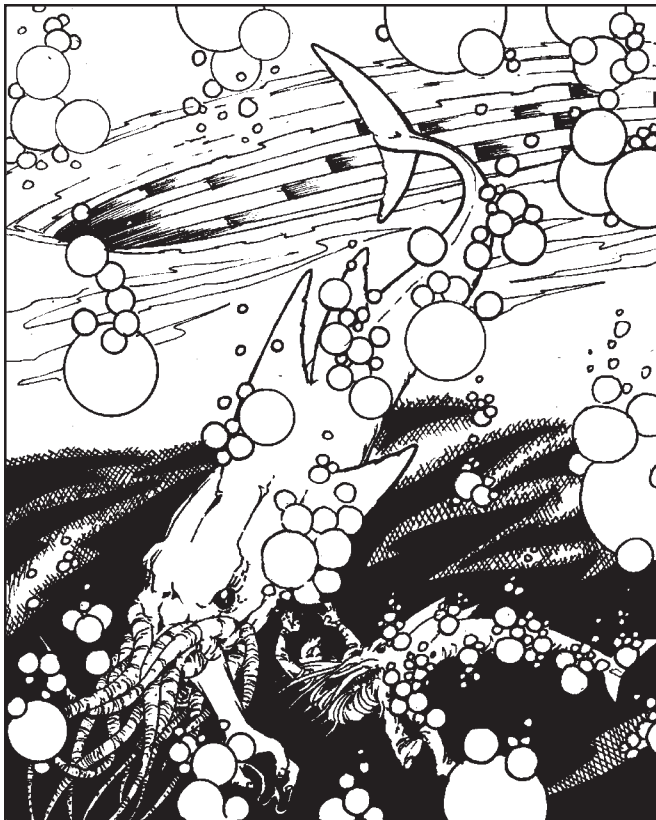
Devil's Den is an enormous limestone cave under a hot spring near Williston, in the middle of North Florida. Folks who dive through the spring report that the cave inside is full of bluish light and goes back "farther than you can tell."

The Devil's Millhopper is the largest sinkhole anyone's found. It's 120' deep and 500' across. There's even a wooden staircase down to the floor of it, which is speckled with sulfur springs and odd holes. Both these places are within a few miles of Gainesville, so don't go buying a lot of property in those parts.

Unscrupulous land speculators have been doing just that. They've been buying up land in the vicinity of sinkholes and in the Everglades for as little as 2-3¢ an acre, and then turning around and selling it to gullible buyers from out of state as prime real estate at four to five times the price.



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Artist's conception of the St. Augustine Sea Monster.

The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the Confederacy

1077 EDITION

CONFEDERATE EDITION

VOLUME 107

Tallahassee

Florida put its state capital in Tallahassee as a compromise between partisans of Pensacola and St. Augustine supporters; Tallahassee was midway between the two cities, trading in short-staple cotton and lumber. The legislature only meets three months out of the year, which strikes me as just about right. If you're a lumberman or a state official, you've got a reason to go to Tallahassee.

George Washington's grandniece lives there on a pension from the French Empire. It seems she married Napoleon's nephew Prince Achille Murat back in 1826 in the hopes of becoming Queen of Sicily. Murat would have had better luck trying to be Governor of Florida. His widow, "Princess Catherine Washington Murat," lives in a one-and-a-half story cottage called "Bellevue" and talks to her cats.

The Apalachicola Forest

More than two thousand square miles of prime longleaf pine, oak and cypress forests grow in the Apalachicola River valley between Tallahassee and Pensacola. It's unmapped, untrailed, and definitely unsafe. There are bears and

115 panthers in the woods, and the ground is full of sinkholes, lakes that weren't there last week and won't be there next week, and all kinds of similar confusion.

Locals talk about the "Apalachicola Smoke," a pillar of smoke that drove both Union and Confederate ships onto the rocks thinking it a signal from one or the other side. Some call it a natural geyser, but others speak knowingly of the "Devil's Punch Bowl" and say it's a signal for demons returning to the infernal realms.

Pensacola

The Spanish founded Pensacola in 1559, but a hurricane came along and made sure that St. Augustine got the honors for first city; the second try in 1568 worked. Pensacola is a major harbor town, much like Mobile, although Pensacola's Blackwater River unfortunately

goes nowhere in particular. However, it's an important Dixie Rails head for lumber and beef shipments. The lumber barons' mansions on North Hill are considerably more attractive than the row of cotton-king homes above Selma.

Now, Pensacola is the heart of the Southern Aerial Command. The newly founded Confederate Flying Corps has established a secret aerodrome somewhere in the region. Some folks worry about the odd lights in the sky over Gulf Breeze, but a little bird told me it's our boys in gray keeping the skies safe.

Tampa-Town

This fishing village serves as the local support for Fort Brooke, the main military establishment on the west coast of Florida. A local pair of entrepreneurs, the Ybor Brothers, have decided to import Cuban workers to roll cigars in Tampa, apparently because it's the only place in the country godforsaken enough to keep the Cubans from either getting homesick or lighting out for better jobs. The cigars sell for premium prices, and I've heard rumors of a lucrative smuggling trade taking these things North. The Union aristocrats like a good Cuban cigar as much as their Southern counterparts, it seems.

Lately, the Cubans have been terrified by a furry, manlike creature known as the Brooksville Humanoid skulking around the cigar plant at night. (He was supposedly first seen by a farmer in Brooksville.) Whether there's something out in the swamps or whether the Cubans have figured out a way to be let out of working the night shift, I couldn't tell you, although I'd wager the Ybors have their ideas.

Key West and the Union Navy

As if the weather in Florida wasn't already enough to strike a man dead, there are Yankees right on the Confederacy's doorstep as well. Federal gunboats based out of Key West keep the Gulf of Mexico well patrolled, and they're a constant thorn in the side of Confederate ships off the Florida coast. Although it used to be part of Florida, Key West remains a Union fortress to this day. When the war started the local



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A rare photo of the Great Gun on Cape Canaveral. The Union fort at Key West may not trouble the Confederate Navy much longer.

Union Navy commander claimed the island for the U.S. and as a result it has the dubious distinction of being the only Federal city in the South.

After seventeen years of war, the Navy has managed to take over a good chunk of the small island of Key West, a place the Spanish call *Cayo Huesos* or Isle of Bones. The name is more than appropriate today since it has been the scene of several bloody naval engagements between Federal and Confederate ironclads. Any sharks living in the waters around Key West are well fed ones.

Today the place is a fortress, with powerful rifled guns and torpedoes guarding this vital Union port. The U.S. Navy maintains a huge base on Key West and the island supplies coal for steamships throughout the Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean, and southern Atlantic.

Rumor has it that the naval base also has a large reserve supply of ghost rock and several experimental warships based there. In the past year Confederate smugglers and naval officers have reported increased losses whenever they operate within a few hundred miles of Key West. Ships just seem to disappear, not even a word in the Union papers about a victory at sea (and we all know how Yankees love to crow about their victories).

Cape Canaveral & the Great Gun Project

Something big is going on behind the mangroves at Cape Canaveral. Work gangs laid railroad track south from Tallahassee into the interior—God knows how many workers the supervisors killed putting that line in through the swamps. The garrison at Fort Pierce has been reinforced, and a flotilla of ironclads sits off the coast, staging out of St. Augustine. You can't get the story out of anyone—security is tighter than a Baptist on voting day. Unless, of course, you happen to know the right folks to ask at the Railroad Commission, who see all the manifests.

What's going on is that some of the glassy-eyed folk at the War Department are building a Great Gun, hundreds of feet long, capable of shelling Key West from Cape Canaveral—a range of 400 miles! It'll be mounted on a specially-reinforced rail car (powered by ghost rock, from what I figure) and just like at a roundhouse, it can be pointed any direction for aim. The metal is experimental, the shells are experimental, heck, the whole project is experimental.



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The chief engineer on the job is Thaddeus G.B. Murchison, a New Yorker who took his plans for the Great Gun to the Confederacy when the Union War Department rejected them. We've got the top artillerists from Tredegar and Selma and everywhere down there, along with wild-eyed scientific types from Fort Roswell and elsewhere, building something the Yanks just can't beat. I expect to read about the fall of Key West by the end of the year.

Naples Find



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The influx of new troops into the state, surveying fort sites, and generally being nosy has started turning up all kinds of things for the professor-types to scratch their heads over. Mostly mounds like they have in the northern part of the state, but also some skeletons or something that just don't fit neatly into the textbooks. I've heard that somewhere behind Naples (just south of Fort Myers) is a mound city even bigger than Moundville.

The Everglades



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Almost the whole southern third of Florida sits under an enormous sea of grass, jungle, cypress marsh and mangrove swamp called the Everglades. Ten thousand square miles, all of it crawling with bugs, snakes, alligators, and even worse things. Compasses don't work once you get too far in, and the "River of Grass" is always changing its course—maps aren't good for more than a month at a time. Whole islands of pine forest the size of Manhattan sit somewhere in the middle of it all, and that's where the Seminoles still wait.

The Seminoles

The Seminoles, rightly speaking, weren't an Indian tribe at all, but runaway Creek Indians escaping from Spanish farms and mines ("Seminoles" means "runaway" in Creek). Later, runaway Negroes joined the tribe in the heart of Florida, which, if you didn't get the point earlier, is nearly impenetrable. That didn't

stop that glorious madman Andy Jackson. He'd pretty near killed all the Creek Indians living in Alabama, and he'd be damned if he'd let a bunch of mixed-breeds play him for a fool in the swamps of Florida.

So, for 20 years off and on between 1817 and 1837, Jackson and his successors fought the Seminoles tooth and nail. They hunted them like animals, burned villages, flayed folks alive, and generally made life even worse than the Everglades did normally.

Finally, the Seminole chief Osceola was fool enough to believe a flag of truce protected him, and a bunch of Seminoles got packed off to Oklahoma to join the other tribes who ticked off Andy Jackson. But there's still more than enough Seminoles who never thought much of truce flags (and there was a pretty steady supply of runaway slaves until just recently to reinforce the tribe) to keep the interior of Florida dangerous and unpleasant.

As if that weren't enough, the Union's little boil at Key West keeps an endless stream of infiltrators, spies, and smugglers sneaking into the Everglades to sabotage the coastal forts or to enter the Confederacy with even less formality than those damn Yankees normally apply.

Finally, the crackers and other folk who live deep in the swamp have married each other enough to produce some truly delightful forms of mind and body. Don't go on any boat trips into the 'Glades if you don't enjoy meeting new people—a lot.

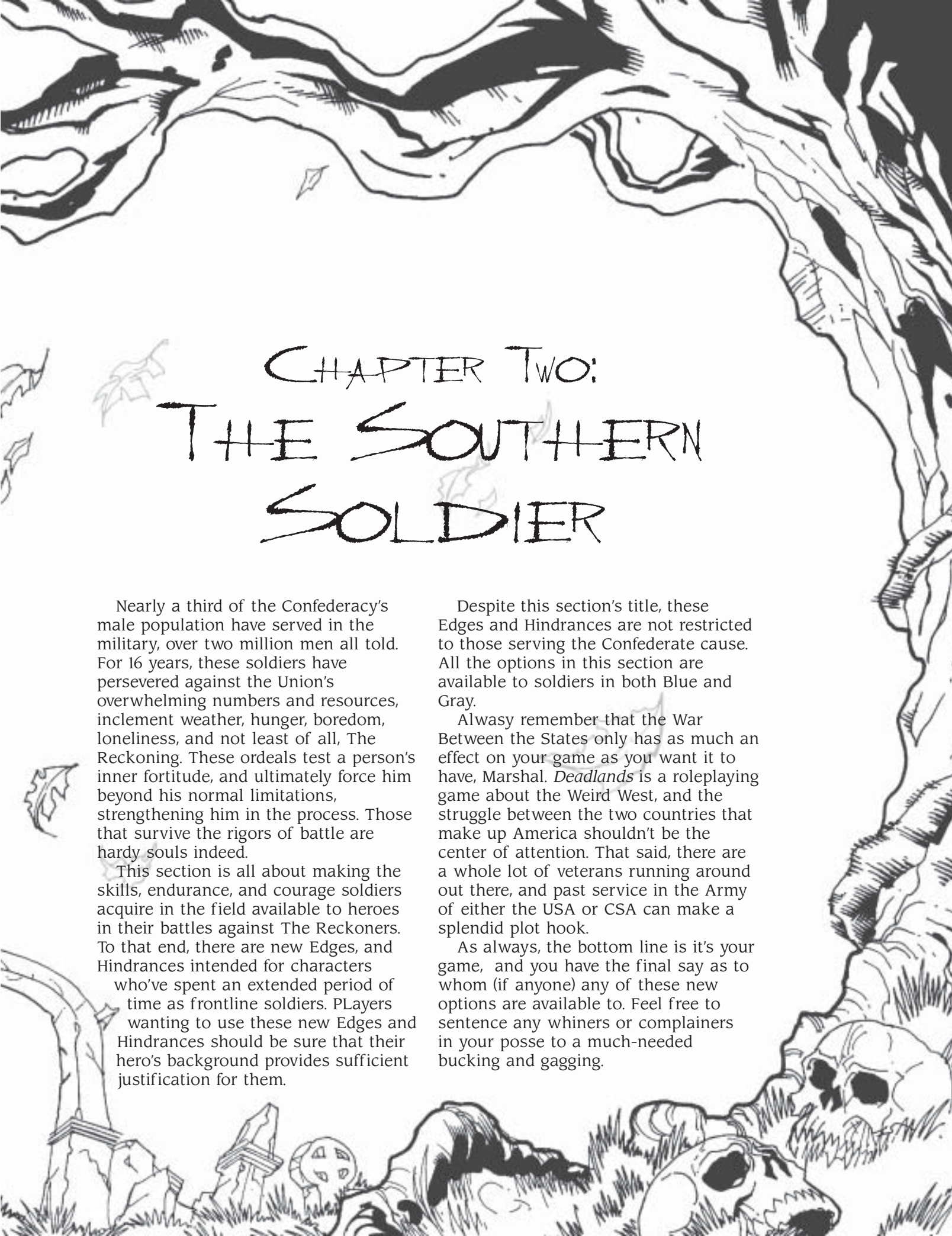
A Fond Farewell to Dixie!

Well, that wraps up yet another *Tombstone Epitaph* guide to the Weird West, or East in this case. We hope you have enjoyed this trip into the very heart of the Confederacy. Hopefully, the information contained herein keeps you safe on your journeys—or leads you to the adventure you seek. As you have learned, there are dark forces afoot in the civilized lands of the South, just as on the high plains and in the boomtowns of the Weird West. The *Tombstone Epitaph* shall endeavor to bring you the unvarnished truth about these sinister forces, wherever they may be.

Believe it, or else!







CHAPTER TWO: THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

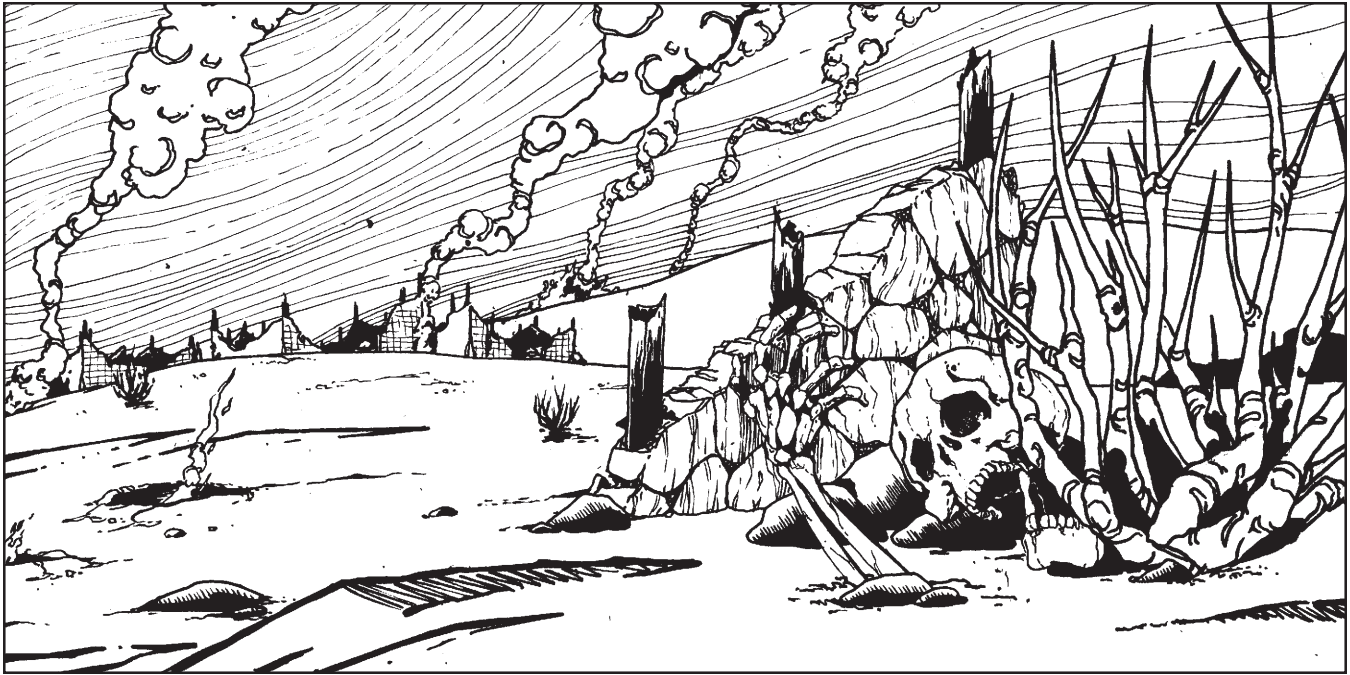
Nearly a third of the Confederacy's male population have served in the military, over two million men all told. For 16 years, these soldiers have persevered against the Union's overwhelming numbers and resources, inclement weather, hunger, boredom, loneliness, and not least of all, The Reckoning. These ordeals test a person's inner fortitude, and ultimately force him beyond his normal limitations, strengthening him in the process. Those that survive the rigors of battle are hardy souls indeed.

This section is all about making the skills, endurance, and courage soldiers acquire in the field available to heroes in their battles against The Reckoners. To that end, there are new Edges, and Hindrances intended for characters who've spent an extended period of time as frontline soldiers. PLayer's wanting to use these new Edges and Hindrances should be sure that their hero's background provides sufficient justification for them.

Despite this section's title, these Edges and Hindrances are not restricted to those serving the Confederate cause. All the options in this section are available to soldiers in both Blue and Gray.

Always remember that the War Between the States only has as much an effect on your game as you want it to have, Marshal. *Deadlands* is a roleplaying game about the Weird West, and the struggle between the two countries that make up America shouldn't be the center of attention. That said, there are a whole lot of veterans running around out there, and past service in the Army of either the USA or CSA can make a splendid plot hook.

As always, the bottom line is it's your game, and you have the final say as to whom (if anyone) any of these new options are available to. Feel free to sentence any whiners or complainers in your posse to a much-needed bucking and gagging.



NEW EDGES

Here are a few new Edges to give your Southern hero a leg up on the competition.

CAVALIER

1/2

Boys learn to ride at an early age in the rural South, and when The War came, those boys became the elite troopers who fight alongside Nathan Bedford Forrest and John Mosby. Confederate cavalry units are justly feared by their Federal opponents. Cavalrymen who hail from the industrial North have gained proficiency since the start of The War, and are a force to be reckoned with, but overall, Confederates remain superior horsemen.

To reflect this cultural advantage, this Edge only costs one point for heroes hailing from the South. Yankees will have to pony up two character points for the same benefit.

Characters with the *cavalier* Edge suffer no penalty to *shootin'* rolls while mounted, instead of the usual -2.

FOOT CAVALRY

1-5

Confederates, such as the legendary Stonewall Brigade, are renowned (atleast in the South) for their ability to march long distances in short spans of time and still whip double their number of Yankees when they reach their destination. It's no wonder their shoes wore out quickly, and Confederates spent most of the early War in bare feet.

For every point of *foot cavalry*, a character adds +1 to all *Vigor* rolls made to walk extra-long distances. The roll to keep going after twenty miles, for example, is normally made with a -2 penalty, but a character with 2 points of *foot cavalry* ignores the penalty entirely.

FORBEARANCE

1-5

"Starving Confederate" was a redundant term in the early part of The War, and hunger sometimes drove Southern soldiers more than anything else. Legend has it Confederates once attacked a Yankee regiment yelling, "Get 'em boys! They got cheese in their haversacks!"

Even when food was available, it was usually hardtack (crackers indistinguishable from bricks), salt pork (heavy on the salt) or "sloosh" (corn meal mixed with salt pork grease).

A character with the *forbearance* Edge learned to accept deprivation as a

companion. For every point in this Edge, a character does not lose Wind for one day's failure to eat the required amount of food. (For example, a character with 3 points of *forbearance* can starve for 72 hours with no ill effects.) After that time, they lose Wind normally.

This Edge does not prevent loss of Wind from dehydration, so don't throw away your canteen just yet. Also, Blessed who are trying to boost their *faith* rolls by use of the *fastin'* Aptitude must forego the benefit of this Edge while doing so. As far as the Almighty's concerned, no pain means no gain.

GALLOWS HUMOR

2

Georgians and Louisianans are said to joke about even dire situations, which enables them to lead even suicidal charges. They can stare the Grim Reaper himself in the face, just so long as something strikes them as funny about him.

Characters with this Edge respond to fear and danger with grim witticisms about their opposition or their own plight. When such heros fail a *guts* check, they may immediately attempt a second check using their *ridicule* Aptitude, against the same TN. If they fail, they suffer the normal effects of the failed *guts* check.

Because it's no fun keeping a joke to oneself, the ridiculing phrase must be spoken aloud by both the player and the character, so being gagged or otherwise speechless deprives a character the benefits of this Edge. In other words, you have to actually make up and state a witicism about the situation. No joke, no roll.

The Marshal has final word on the effectiveness of the chosen phrase. If the best the player can do is, "You, you...stupid monster! Look how...stupid...that is!" or similar, the Marshal may penalize the roll, disallow use of this Edge or both.

Likewise, a player who comes up with a devastatingly funny line (the kind that halts the game so everyone can regain their composure) might receive a bonus to her roll. This might also apply to the rest of the Posse's *guts* rolls if they were able to overhear the hilarious remark.

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REBEL YELL

2

The banshee-like, blood-curdling Rebel Yell has terrified Yankees and emboldened Confederates from Manassas on. Legend says it can't be done on a full stomach, but under other circumstances, it's your hero's trademark.

A *Rebel Yell* absolutely requires a character to wail at the top of their lungs, so there's no mistaking use of this Edge. Assuming there's nothing preventing the *Yell* (such as a gag), the character is +2 to all *guts* checks for the remainder of the round. If the character achieves Surprise prior to letting loose with his yelling, all those Surprised must make their *Cognition* checks to act at a base TN (9) instead of the usual base TN (5).

Since the yeller's adrenaline rush and the opponent's shock both wear off quickly, *Rebel Yell* is only effective once per encounter. Thus, it's wise to save it until you've caught your opponents off-guard, or when you're in deep, deep trouble.

SEEN THE ELEPHANT 1-5

Soldiers are exposed to carnage inconceivable to civilians. They retain memories of it long after the battles are over, but as compensation, they no longer scare easily.

For every point a character has in *seen the elephant*, they add +1 to all *guts* checks so long as the potential source of fear is not of a visibly abnormal nature.

For example, a survivor of Sharpsburg is highly unlikely to be phased by the mere sight of a corpse, no matter how badly shot up it may be. However, if a corpse gets up and moves around, all prior bets are off and the normal benefits of this Edge become null and void.

Similarly, the rumble of cannon fire is like crickets chirping at night to a soldier who's *seen the elephant*, but if



that rumble turns out to be from a hungry Mojave rattler, that soldier is left with his normal TN for the *guts* check. This benefits of this Edge are cumulative with the *brave* Edge, which boosts *guts* checks regardless of what provokes them.

NEW HINDRANCES

Need a few more points? Here are a few hindrances with a decidedly Southern bent to `em.

HONORABLE

Whether your character was born into the aristocracy, worked their way into it, or is a sympathetic outsider, they live by the dictates of honor. While this scores points with others who have this Hindrance, it also complicates their lives occasionally.

A hero with this Hindrance must be a paragon of virtue, hospitable to guests and charitable to those of lesser social standing (at least in public). Lying, cheating, stealing or even bad manners are unthinkable to an *honorable*

character no matter what advantage might be derived, even when dealing with dishonorable parties. He views any position of authority or leadership as his by right, as well as the respect and obedience of all those of a lesser social standing.

Honorable male characters place women on a cherished pedestal, and always rush to their aid. Any slight against his personal character, his family or a lady must be properly avenged. (See "The Code Duello" on page 15 for guidelines)

Honorable female characters must yield to the authority of their husbands and fathers, and must be good hostesses, homemakers, and mothers. Only in the total absence of a father or husband (an increasingly common and unfortunate situation due to The War) can *honorable* women assert their independence.

Any dishonorable act which is publicly disclosed results in "social death," and the character is shunned by most of Southern society, including their family, friends and many who are themselves less than *honorable*. In this situation, a character is usually better off in the Weird West or some other place where reputations count for little, but most renew their commitment to the strictures of this Hindrance in hopes of regaining social respectability.

Be careful about taking this Hindrance. If improperly played, it can cause a fair amount of inter-posse friction. It can also be hazardous to your hero's health if he takes his honorable self out into the wilder parts of the country. A whole lot of folks out there care precious little for honor

IMPULSIVE

3

Your character has a motto: "Act before you think." Even if that's not actually her actual motto, it should be, because she seemingly does her utmost to live by it.

Impulsive characters are doers, not thinkers, and they tend to go off based on their own hunches even while the rest of the posse makes elaborate plans and preparations.

Of course, quick action often times saves the day, but this Hindrance also gets your character into a lot of trouble, which the rest of the posse may not feel obligated to help her out of.

SHOOTIN' IRONS

Southern soldiers had to make do with inferior firearms in the early years of the War Between the States. The Confederacy's industrial base is not the match of that of the North, and CSA soldiers often trade their antiquated smokewagons in for the more up-to-date ones looted off the corpses of their enemies.

In addition to weapons "liberated" from the Yankees, the Confederate Army has used its blossoming relationship with the British Empire to buy or barter some more modern hand artillery. These days the Confederate Army commonly equips soldiers with either the Mk I Snider/Enfield rifle or the Martini-Henry Rifle.

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THE MK I SNIDER/ ENFIELD RIFLE

The Mk I Snider/Enfield Breechloading Rifle is essentially an 1853 Enfield Rifle Musket, the legendary workhorse of the Confederate Army, converted from firing cap & ball rounds to metallic cartridges. Though supplanted in Confederate service by the Martini-Henry, many discharged veterans, militia, and garrison troops still carry them. Extra ammo for the Snider/Enfield costs \$5 for 50 rounds, but such rounds are incompatible with other .58 caliber weapons. The Mk I accepts the same bayonet as the 1853 Enfield.

MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE

The Martini-Henry is a single-shot breechloading rifle that fires metallic cartridges. It's currently the standard-issue long arm of both the Confederate and British Armies. Though inferior in firepower to repeating rifles, the British adopted the Martini-Henry out of fear that soldiers armed with repeaters would quickly exhaust their cartridges instead of firing disciplined volleys.

Confederate soldiers usually abandon Martini-Henrys in favor of captured Winchesters, but the South lacks the industrial capacity to produce sufficient cartridges for the Winchester to supplant the Martini-Henry. Extra ammo for this gun, imported ready-made from the Empire, costs \$4 for 50 rounds. Like most non-repeating rifles, the Martini-Henry can mount a bayonet if desired.

NEW SHOOTIN' IRONS

Rifles	Ammo	Shots	Speed	ROF	Range	Damage	QD	Con	Year	Cost
Mk I Snider/Enfield	.58	1	2	1	25	5d8	-1	6	1867	\$25
Martini-Henry Rifle	.45	1	2	1	25	4d8	+0	4	1871	\$25

BLOCKADE RUNNER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 2d6

Shootin': pistol 3

Nimbleness 3d12

Climbin' 3

Drivin': ship 4

Fightin': sword 3

Sneak 1

Swimmin' 3

Strength 4d6

Quickness 3d6

Vigor 2d6

Cognition 2d10

Artillery 2

Search 3

Knowledge 1d10

Area Knowledge:

Wilmington 2

Trade: sailor 3

Mien 4d8

Overawe 2

Tale-tellin' 2

Smarts 2d8

Survival: ocean 3

Spirit 3d6

Guts 2

Wind: 20

Edges:

Belongings (small sailboat) 2

Tough as Nails 3

Sense of Direction 1

"The Voice" (threatening) 1

Hindrances:

Big Britches -3

Greedy -2

Superstitious -2

Vengeful -3

Gear: Saber, .36 Navy pistol, 50 rounds of .36 ammo, maps of the North Carolina coast, compass, sextant, 15' sailboat, \$158

PERSONALITY

Yeah, I used to have a schooner. She was a real beauty. I lost her about three years ago. The worst part about it is I knew better than to take her out that night after finding that dead albatross. But I had an expensive shipment to deliver, and each day we sat hidden in that cove cost me money. I was as sure as could be that we'd make it into Wilmington.

Less than an hour out, we ran into a Union gunboat. It blew off our mainmast with its first salvo. Its second salvo caught us on the waterline and the ship started going down fast. I was lucky to get off alive. I spent six hours in the water swimming for shore rather than let those Yankees capture me.

Someday I'll scrape together enough money to get a new ship, and when I do, I'm going to find that Union gunboat and send it to the bottom any way I can. In the meantime I make my money running people in and out of the all the little coves and inlets along the coast. There are a lot of people up to things they don't want anyone else to know about.

Quote: That'll cost you \$20 a head, unless you're fightin' Yankees—in that case I'll take you for free.



DISCHARGED VETERAN

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d12

Shootin': pistol, rifle 4

Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1

Fightin': brawlin', rifle 3

Sneak 1

Strength 3d8

Quickness 2d6

Quick draw 2

Vigor 4d8

Cognition 3d10

Search 2

Knowledge 2d6

Area Knowledge: 2

Mien 1d6

Overawe 2

Smarts 4d6

Ridicule 2

Survival: plains 2

Spirit 2d10

Faith 2

Guts 2

Wind: 18

Edges:

Seen the Elephant 3

Gallows humor 2

Hindrances:

Cautious -3

Honorable -3

One-armed Bandit -3

Gear: Martini-Henry

rifle, bayonet, 50

rounds of .45 ammo, a

pouch of chewing

tobacco, LeMat pistol,

50 rounds of .44 ammo,

Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, \$170

PERSONALITY

I thought I had seen some horrible things during the war, but I was wrong. It wasn't until I came back home and discovered what was going on in my own hometown, that I knew what true evil was. Some demon-like creature was stealing and eating all of the small children in town. Luckily, the skills I learned while fighting under General Lee gave me the edge I needed to put an end to the menace.

When I lost my arm at Sixth Manassas, I thought my fighting days were over. I was wrong—they've just begun.

Quote: Put down the little girl and back away from her. NOW!



WAR WIDOW

TRAITS & APTITUDES

PERSONALITY

Deftness d6

Shootin': pistol 3
Lockpickin' 2

Nimbleness d6

Climbin' 1
Fightin': brawl'n' 2
Horse ridin' 2
Sneak 1

Strength d6

Quickness d6

Vigor d6

Cognition d8

Scrutinize 3
Search 2

Knowledge d6

Area Knowledge: 2
English 2
Trade: bar tendin' 2

Mien d12

Performin': singin' 3
Persuasion 2

Smarts d10

Bluff 2
Gamblin' 2
Streetwise 2

Spirit d8

Faith 2
Guts 2

Wind: 14

Edges:

Purty 1
Renown (as a singer) 1
"The Voice" (soothing) 1

Hindrances:

Curious -3
Obligation (her son) -3
Squeamish -3

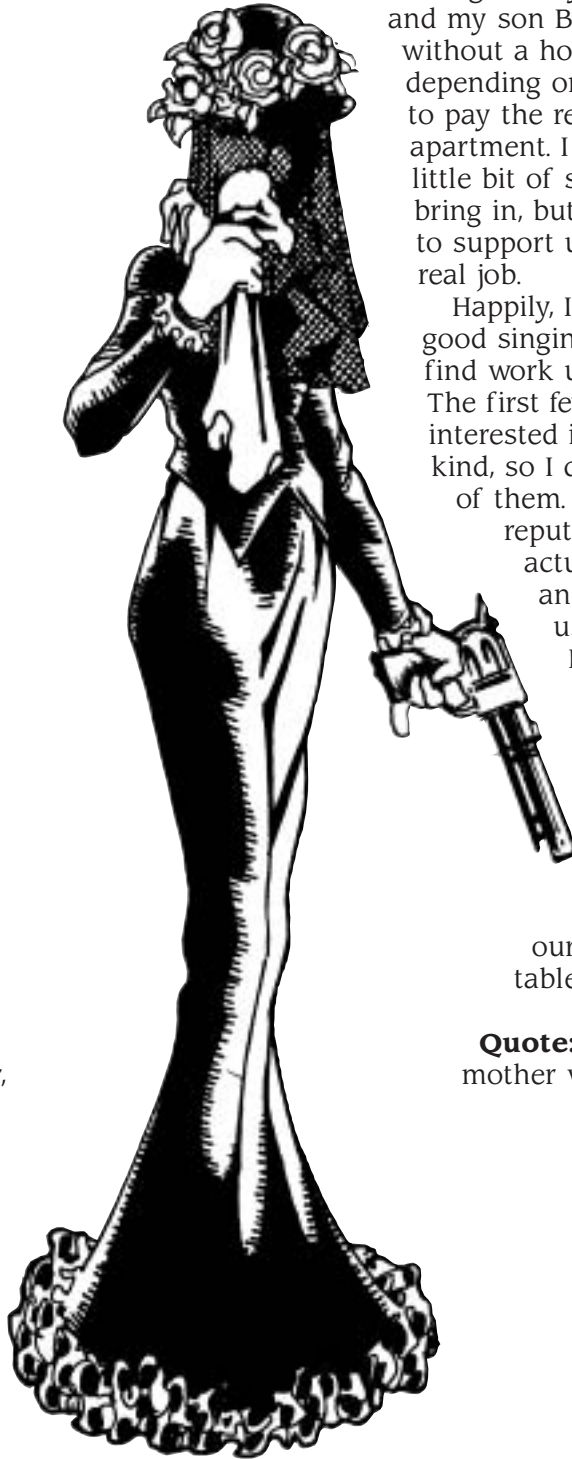
Gear: Remington 2-shot derringer,
50 rounds of .41 ammo, small
knife, fancy dress, \$220

My world came to a crashing halt when I got the notice from the War Department that Russell had been killed in the Battle of Washington. My husband was dead and my son Bobby and I were soon without a home. We had been depending on the pay he sent home to pay the rent on our small apartment. I paid for food with the little bit of seamstress work I could bring in, but that was not enough to support us—I needed to find a real job.

Happily, I was blessed with a good singing voice, so I tried to find work using my natural talent. The first few places I worked were interested in talents of another kind, so I didn't last a day in any of them. I eventually found a reputable tavern that actually needed a singer, and I've been supporting us that way ever since. I've even become somewhat of a minor celebrity in town.

It's sometimes a rough line of work, especially when the crowd has had a bit too much, but it keeps a roof over our heads and food on the table.

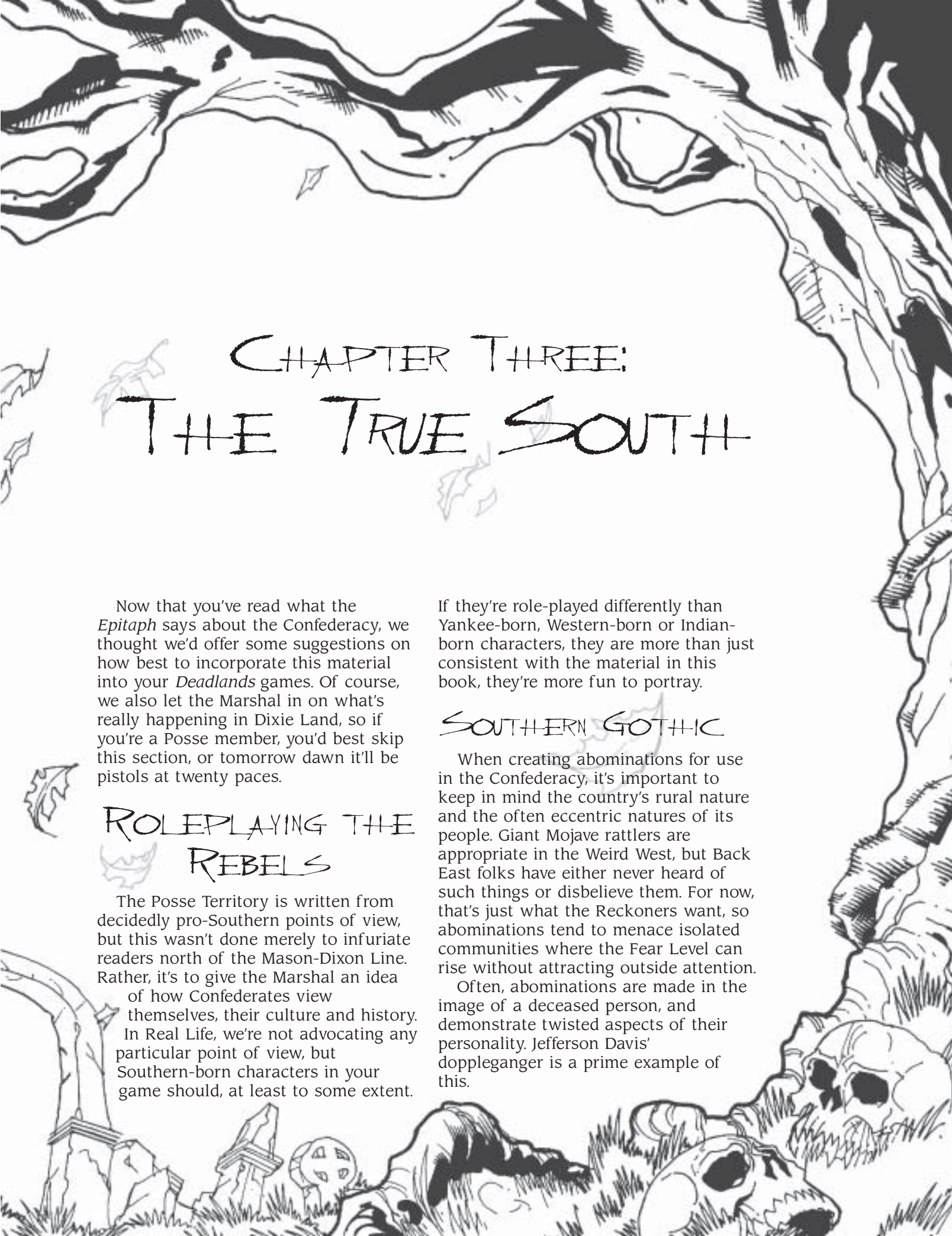
Quote: "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"



THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK







CHAPTER THREE: THE TRUE SOUTH

Now that you've read what the *Epitaph* says about the Confederacy, we thought we'd offer some suggestions on how best to incorporate this material into your *Deadlands* games. Of course, we also let the Marshal in on what's really happening in Dixie Land, so if you're a Posse member, you'd best skip this section, or tomorrow dawn it'll be pistols at twenty paces.

ROLEPLAYING THE REBELS

The Posse Territory is written from decidedly pro-Southern points of view, but this wasn't done merely to infuriate readers north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Rather, it's to give the Marshal an idea of how Confederates view themselves, their culture and history. In Real Life, we're not advocating any particular point of view, but Southern-born characters in your game should, at least to some extent.

If they're role-played differently than Yankee-born, Western-born or Indian-born characters, they are more than just consistent with the material in this book, they're more fun to portray.

SOUTHERN GOTHIC

When creating abominations for use in the Confederacy, it's important to keep in mind the country's rural nature and the often eccentric natures of its people. Giant Mojave rattlers are appropriate in the Weird West, but Back East folks have either never heard of such things or disbelieve them. For now, that's just what the Reckoners want, so abominations tend to menace isolated communities where the Fear Level can rise without attracting outside attention.

Often, abominations are made in the image of a deceased person, and demonstrate twisted aspects of their personality. Jefferson Davis' doppelganger is a prime example of this.

It's worth remembering Confederates perceive most Reckoning-related events as Divine Intervention, based on what they know. For instance, every Reckoner's favorite plague the Wasting is seen by most Southerners as Divine Wrath upon the Yankees for their sinful persecution of the Confederacy. Few suspect The Reckoners may plague the Yankees simply to keep The War going and further their hellish ends.

RACE AND GENDER IN THE NEW SOUTH

Except for isolated examples such as the Knights of the Golden Circle, racism is becoming a thing of the past in America. In *Deadlands*, the Confederacy resembles the United States during World War II: some progress has been made towards equality, and more will come after peace returns and people resume their normal lives.

Further integration of Confederate society has yet to become a concern, but when it does, blacks and whites will approach it with a greater sense of community and shared values than in actual history.

Women have begun breaking out of the Southern Belle mold. Necessity made it socially acceptable for unmarried women to pursue most vocations, so long as they fulfill their class' other expectations. Only women who openly defy their husbands and fathers, fail to provide for their children or otherwise lack virtue are ostracized. A few women have grown unconcerned with such stigma in any event.

The bottom line is: if you're portraying all (or even most) Southerners as racist, sexist rednecks, or as minstrel show cast-offs, you're robbing your posse of the enjoyment of interacting with truly well-rounded characters. If you save the truly bigoted characterizations for abominations and Fearmongers, your posse will derive more enjoyment from defeating them.

TRUTH IN THE CITY OF GRAVES

Fear Level 3

The Southern Sentinel's report on Richmond is accurate, so far as it goes, though as a high War Department official he's more aware of the less-than-democratic governance of the District than most residents.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Marshals are likely aware that all is not well in the Confederate presidency. Jefferson Davis was slain over five years ago and replaced by a doppelganger created by the Reckoners. In order to continue making The War as bloody as possible, the doppelganger systematically eliminates potential threats to itself and its tyrannical regime, beginning with Davis' immediate family.

First Lady Varina Howell Davis saw her son Billy recover from diphtheria contracted during her husband's fateful trip to Kentucky (when he was killed and replaced), only to watch the doppelganger coldly snap the boy's neck before her very eyes. She was given one chance to save herself and her surviving children: go into exile in Mississippi, and remain silent.

Hysterical, Varina and her family were escorted to Davis Bend that night, where she remains to this day, guarded discreetly by the Nightwatchers. If Mrs. Davis could be contacted, she has much to tell.

Billy's death "from fever" evoked great public sympathy, just as the doppelganger counted on. This outpouring of sympathy helped "Davis" weather the political storms caused by postponing the 1873 elections, declaring martial law, and the suspicious deaths of its political rivals. These include George Trenholm, who nearly escaped the District with conclusive evidence of fraud in last year's elections.

Chances are fair the doppelganger will survive the impeachment battle with the woefully unpopular Congress, but it has laid plans to go out with a literal bang if all else fails (see **Firefall** on page 84).

THE CAPITAL GUARD

No one foresaw the tyranny which has governed Richmond since it became the Capital District of the Confederacy, and it was a *fait accompli* before anyone did. The removal of state and city authorities, as well as the Texas Rangers, secured the city as the doppelganger's base of operations, and opened the way for Richmond to become a Deadland. Given the doppelganger's preoccupation with The War, it must entrust the Capital Guard with gradually escalating the Districts' Fear Level.

GENDARMES

Ostensibly Richmond's "beat cops", the gendarmes are in truth well-paid and well-armed thugs who bully city residents with impunity. Thorough investigation of crimes or respect for a suspect's Constitutional rights are alien concepts to them, and brutality is their preferred methodology. While obviously law-abiding people are usually left alone, anyone even vaguely suspicious-looking is considered fair game.

If your Posse encounters gendarmes, they are likely targets for harassment, as strangers are perceived as easy marks. Getting taken into custody could mean a trip to Castle Thunder if offenders make a large enough nuisance of themselves, but typically gendarmes "accept bail" from suspects and conveniently lose arrest records for a small additional fee. Thus, the gendarmes actually add to lawlessness in the city, but the resulting apprehension amongst the citizenry maintains Richmond's Fear Level, as per the doppelganger's intent.

PROFILE: GENDARMES

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, horse ridin' 4d6, lockpickin' 2d6, shootin': pistol, shotgun 4d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6

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Area knowledge: Richmond 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8, ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Law man 2, rank 1

Hindrances: Greedy -2, mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Gendarmes carry various weapons, but Colt Army revolvers are standard-issue, as are double-barrel shotguns if they're expecting trouble.

Description: Gendarmes' preferred mode of dress combines items that are recognizably police issue with others which belie their bushwhacking natures. They are issued distinctive badges, but most are indifferently displayed until otherwise necessary.



THE NIGHTWATCHERS

Potential applicants are dying to join the Nightwatchers, because as you may have guessed, all members are Harrowed. The Davis doppelganger diverts as many bodies as possible to Richmond for interment (hence the city's nickname), and manitous raise more than usual from their graves (draw two extra cards for anyone laid to rest in Richmond to return Harrowed, but the manitou begins with total dominion). The Nightwatchers' nocturnal vigils in Hollywood Cemetery are actually recruiting missions, and they rarely lack for manpower (corpsepower?).

Once out of the ground, Harrowed join the Nightwatchers' efforts to protect the doppelganger from direct harm by its enemies (such as the Knights of the Golden Circle) and eliminate its critics. Administration opponents who threaten Davis' schemes are brought to Castle Thunder and interrogated thoroughly whenever possible, but otherwise they are killed horribly to deliver an unmistakable warning to other Presidential enemies.

While most Nightwatcher activities occur within Richmond, members are sent anywhere the doppelganger perceives a significant threat, such as the "bodyguard" detachment now with Varina Howell Davis in Mississippi to guarantee her continued silence. In addition to the obvious benefits for the doppelganger, the regular deaths and disappearances maintain the Fear Level in Richmond and throughout the Confederacy.

Since all Powers, Aptitudes, and Trait levels are found amongst the Nightwatchers' ranks (including at least one Harrowed huckster), Marshals can assign members whatever abilities they need to be challenging for their Posses. (For more information on Harrowed and their powers, see *The Book o' the Dead*.) For example, here's the game info on one of their assassins, Major Hunter Hardwicke.

PROFILE :MAJOR HUNTER HARDWICKE.

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d10, S:4d12, Q:4d10, V:4d12

Climbin' 3d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, quick draw: pistol, rifle 3d10, horse ridin' 4d10, lockpickin' 3d12, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d12, sneak 5d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Richmond 5d6, gamblin' 2d8, guts 5d6, marksman 4d8, overawe 5d12, search 4d8, trackin' 5d8

Edges: Brave, law man 2, rank 3, seen the elephant 2, "the stare"

Hindrances: Aura o' death -5, mark o' the devil -3, mean as a rattler

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 5
Manitous 3; Powers: Cat eyes 2, claws 5

Gear: LeMat Grapeshot Pistol, Winchester '66 rifle, Whitworth rifle

Description: Maj. Hardwicke invariably wears a black uniform and a grim expression

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

George W. Alexander is a flamboyant man, who executed his duties as provost marshal with ruthless efficiency and then sang in Richmond theatrical productions in his spare time. He insists all his clothes and horses be black, just like the huge dog Nero he uses to terrify all those he meets.

Despite his alleged cruelty, Alexander avoided legal censure until 1863 when he was caught accepting bribes, and most forgot him during his nine-year imprisonment. However, the Davis doppelganger knew Alexander's reputation and offered him the chance to maintain order in Richmond once more, which he accepted enthusiastically.

The supernatural means placed at his disposal surprised him, but Colonel Alexander quickly learned their value in rooting out "traitors," "subversives," and other "enemies of the state." In fact, Alexander's Harrowed underlings proved so adept at these tasks he proudly lent

them his own peculiar sense of style and *savoir faire* in the Nightwatchers' obsidian uniforms.

The Colonel uses black magic to interrogate inmates at Castle Thunder, and to execute them once they no longer have useful information. He gives no thought to the sinister nature of his work, because nothing matters to Alexander but his unquestioning service to the President, no matter what he might be called upon to do.

PROFILE: COLONEL GEORGE ALEXANDER

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, swimmin' 1d6, throwin': bolts o' doom 5d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:2d8, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8

Animal wranglin': dog training 2d10, area knowledge: Richmond 3d8, faith 5d8, guts 4d8, leadership 2d10, overawe 3d10, performin': singing 1d10, scrutinize 5d8, search 2d8

Edges: Friends in high places 3 (Pres. Davis), Law man 2, rank 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, intolerance 2 (of "subversives"), loyal (to Davis), self-righteous

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' doom 4, cloak o' evil 4, phantasm 4

Gear: A .44 Colt Army-Thuer, a fancy black wardrobe and Nero, his dog.

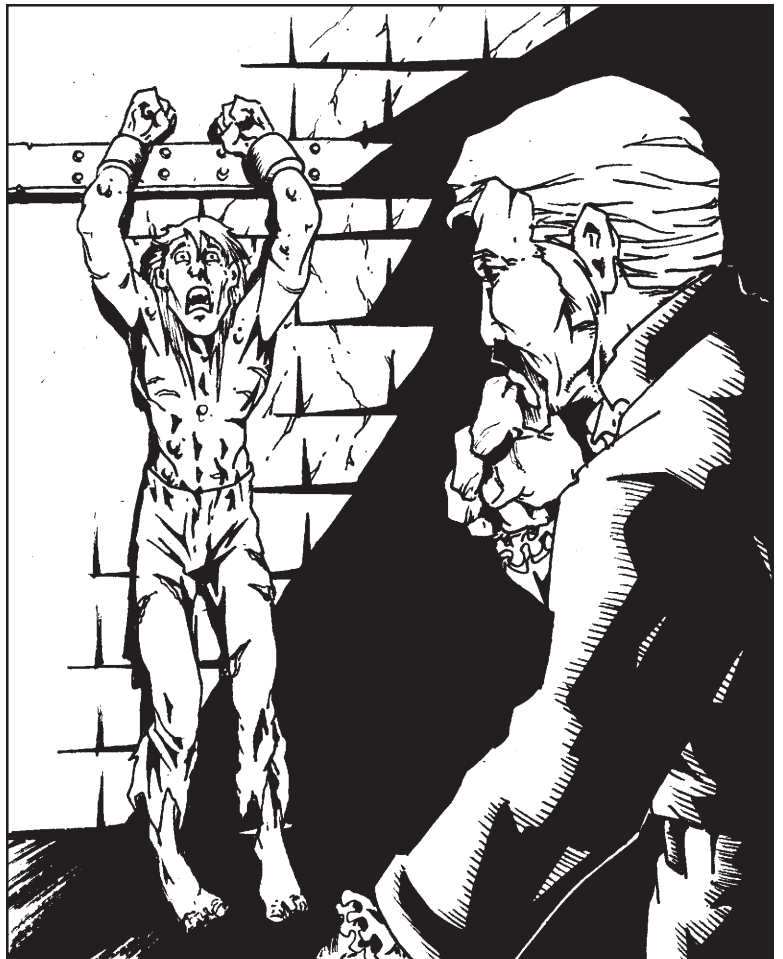
Description: See above.

TORTURE GARDEN

Castle Thunder inmates endure not only Alexander's hellish inquests, but the daily routine of tortures described in the Posse Territory, administered by members of the Nightwatchers. The Harrowed guards do this to preserve Castle Thunder's Fear Level of 5, and because the manitous just flat out enjoy hurting people. Among their current victims are two notables of interest to others, including maybe your Posse.

The first is former *Examiner* editor Edward Pollard, who remains imprisoned because Col. Alexander (mistakenly) believes he knows of journalists secretly disloyal to the President. If Pollard were freed, he'd be quite prepared to write an expose on Castle Thunder.

The second is Captain Charles Gates and the surviving crew of the Union air carriage *Meade*, brought here after being shot down and captured last November. Alexander is slowly extracting the secrets of the technically advanced vehicle from them, which is furthering Confederate efforts to copy it. The Yankee airmen have kept the most vital secrets through sheer determination, and the Union government would love to see them rescued before Alexander breaks them.



FIREFALL

The doppleganger does in fact have a doomsday plan. In the event the President is ever removed from office, Alexander and the Nightwatchers have been ordered to detonate the gunpowder stored in Libby Prison's basement.

Colonel Alexander believes this will prevent the prisoners from aiding any sort of "Unionist coup," but he has no knowledge of the sizable quantity of ghost rock that's there as well. The resulting pillar of fire will reach the Tredegar Iron Works, and explode the much larger store of ghost rock there, causing the city's near-total immolation and turning Richmond into a funeral pyre for the Davis doppleganger.

No doubt the Reckoners look forward to this closing act.

A HARD RAIN'S A GONNA FALL

Meanwhile at the Tredegar Iron Works, its newly-constructed facilities house the Confederacy's most innovative scientific minds, George and Gabriel Rains. The brothers work under direct authority of the President, designing terrible new devices such as the chlorine gas weapons which turned the tide of November's Union Offensive in Virginia.

Since then, they've tried to top themselves at the President's behest (and unbeknownst to them, the manitous'), and though George has yet to develop a more lethal toxin, Gabriel has a poison gas artillery shell ready for testing. Unless outside forces intervene, chlorine gas will rain on Union soldiers during the next November Offensives.

The Davis doppleganger has of late considered another use for the Rains Brothers' devices: riot control. Should the Confederate citizenry, guess the dopplegangers true nature, the streets or Richmond may be stacked with bodies.

STONE COLD

"Weather-related setbacks" is a euphemism for the Confederate Flying Corps personnel found frozen to death, and though Belle Island is frequently gripped by winter chill, several deaths occurred in above-freezing temperatures.

Colonel Hill has repeatedly asked the Texas Rangers to investigate, but the Davis doppleganger vetoed bringing them to Richmond. Frustrated, Col. Hill is now looking for outside help, and would-be investigators may yet discover the ice wraiths. These are the spiritual remains of the prisoners who froze to death on Belle Island and who now seek out others for the same chilling fates.

PROFILE: BELLE ISLAND ICE WRAITHS

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d8, S:3d10, Q:2d4, V:4d10

Dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Area knowledge: Belle Island 4d6, guts 3d6, search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Undead

Chill o' the Grave:

Ice wraiths emanate bitter cold, and all those within 5' of one are -2 to all actions and lose 1 Wind per round as a result. Anyone touching an ice wraith suffers 2d8 damage from frostbite (plus STR if the ice wraith struck them).

Heat Seekin':

Ice wraiths can discern heat sources (such as live bodies) at normal sight ranges, even in total darkness.

Weakness—Fire: Fire damage affects them normally.

Description: Ice wraiths are ambulatory corpses with visible signs of having frozen to death (frostbitten limbs, etc.). They still wear the tattered remains of their Union Army uniforms.

ARSENIC & OLD LACE

Elizabeth Van Lew was once the most capable Union spy in Richmond, sending information North via the prisoners she visited prior to their exchange. When Unionists escaped from Libby or Castle Thunder Prisons, she hid them in her home until they could be smuggled back to Yankee lines, until the spring 1865 campaigns claimed her sanity.

After Ulysses S. Grant laid siege to Petersburg, Van Lew anticipated a quick, joyous end to The War, but instead the Wasting and Robert E. Lee ravaged the Union armies and drove them back across the Potomac. Her hopes shattered, and by then completely ostracized, Van Lew had only the Union dead left for company. She exhausted her fortune interning many of them outside of Petersburg's mass, unmarked graves, and after that, Van Lew took up a shovel and buried them herself. Ultimately, the stress of overseeing thousands of corpses drove her mad, and convinced her the Union cause she once believed in was lost.

Yankee sympathizers who know Van Lew's reputation and seek her aid learn too late she now poisons all such visitors—better dead than to misplace one's faith, she believes. The Capital Guard allows her to continue, as it greatly aids their efforts to uncover and eliminate Unionists in the District. In fact, the Guard goes so far as to promulgate rumors Van Lew still offers sanctuary to Yankee sympathizers in order to lure others into her trap.

PROFILE:

ELIZABETH VAN LEW

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:1d4, Q:2d4, V:2d4

Climbin' 1d6, filchin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:1d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:1d8

Bluff 4d10, guts 3d8, persuasion 4d8, scrutinize 4d10, search 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places 3 (the Capital Guard), keen, light sleeper, "the voice" (soothing)



Hindrances: Ferner (Yankee sympathizer in the C.S.A.), loco: homicidal maniac 2, self-righteous

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: the homicidal and paranoid Ms. Van Lew dispatches guests with arsenic-laced meals, but anyone tasting such cuisine can detect an unusual garlic-like smell with an Onerous (7) *Cognition* roll before suffering any ill effects. Those who finish the meal suffer a wound level to the guts every hour thereafter until they die or receive proper medical attention. (Poisoning symptoms include vomiting, diarrhea, convulsive delirium, coma and eventual heart failure.) She also carries an American Pepperbox to deal with any guest stubbornly clinging to life.

Description: Van Lew is a petite, bird-like spinster. In other words, the last person anyone would ever perceive as a threat.



LET IT BLEED

The Southern Sentinel dismisses accounts of monsters in Screamersville, but those stories recount the grisly handiwork of an abomination known as the Exsanguinator, who originates from kindly Dr. Jabez Farthington. The good doctor showed his generous spirit by working long hours at Chimborazo Hospital and then offering his services free of charge to the pitiable denizens of Screamersville. This changed once he met a young Cyprian named Mary Driscoll.

Despite her vocation, and his marriage, Dr. Farthington fell madly in love with Mary, and she eventually returned his affections and left the Cyprian life behind. The two carried on a passionate affair until Dr. Farthington's wife learned of it and publicly disgraced them.

The scandal cost Farthington his family, career and fortune. However, fate decreed Farthington had not sufficiently paid for his transgressions. Soon after a band of ruffians robbed and beat him to death. Mary Driscoll, distraught at the loss of her beloved, returned to her sordid former life, but alcohol now blinds her to the fact death has not quite parted them.

Jabez Farthington's tortured spirit maintains a constant vigil over Mary, and though he never reveals himself to her, he exacts bloody revenge on those who "defile" or threaten her. The Exsanguinator ambushes Mary's customers and severs their arteries with a half-foot-long amputation knife.

PROFILE: THE EXSANGUINATOR

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d8, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:3d10

Dodge 2d8, fightin': knife 4d8, shootin': pistol 1d10, sneak 3d8, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:4d10, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Area knowledge: Richmond 3d10, guts 5d6, medicine: general & surgery 5d10, search 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Coup: The amputatin' knife, which disappears from non-Harrowed hands after an hour.

Damage: Amputatin' Knife (STR+2d8).

The knife invariably strikes major blood vessels, causing all wounds inflicted by it to bleed and subtract from the victim's Wind each round. Light wounds deduct 1 Wind per round, heavy wounds deduct 2, serious 3, critical 4 and maimed 5.

Immunity—Normal weapons

Weakness—Bludgeoning Weapons:

Blunt weapons such as the clubs used to slay Dr. Farthington affect the him normally.

Description: The Exsanguinator appears as a fashionably dressed man who, upon closer inspection, displays the injuries which killed him: bruises, bloodstains, and broken limbs.

HAVE YE BEEN HEALED?

Moses Drury Hoge became famous seven years ago, after his prayers for the minutes-dead Robert E. Lee were answered with Divine Intervention which resurrected the General and restored his health. Hoge became a close spiritual advisor to the Lee family (and to many other leading figures in Confederate society).

Despite his notoriety, most people are unaware Hoge dedicated himself to battling the forces of the Reckoning after the Chaplain Corps first brought him face to face with an Abomination. When Lee left Richmond to found Dixie Rails, Hoge resigned from the Corps to become the General's eyes and ears in the Capital.

DOWN & OUT IN THE DISTRICT

The Spotswood Hotel is everything it's reputed to be, but it may also be out of a posse's price range. If so, the converted slave pens are their only option, and the abominations known as the slave warders may make the night they spend there their last. For more information on slave warders, see the **Abomination Appendix**, starting on page 118.

THE FRONTLINE STATES

There's more than just farming and fighting going on in the Confederacy's border states. Lets check out the real story on Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

THE DEADLY TRIANGLE

Fear Level 4

Confederate submersibles are blameless for the disappearance of the *Mary Celeste's* crew and the strange phenomena around the West Indies, but

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the do patrol the waters off the Atlantic coast, on the hunt for Federal shipping.

PROFILE:

ADMIRAL JAMES BRUNING

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d10, dodge 2d10, drivin': submersible 5d10, fightin': sword 3d10, shootin': pistol 2d8, swimmin' 5d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:3d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Atlantic Ocean 4d8, artillery 3d10, bluff 3d8, guts 4d8, leadership 5d10, persuasion 3d10, ridicule 2d8, scrutinize 4d10

Edges: Brave, rank 3, renown 3, seen the elephant 2

Hindrances: Enemy 3 (Union Navy), honorable, loyal

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: Colt Navy revolver, saber

Description: Besides the uniform, Admiral Bruning is distinguished by his light hair and blue eyes.

PROFILE: SUB CREWMAN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, drivin': submersible 4d6, fightin': cutlass 4d6, lockpickin' 2d6, shootin': pistol 4d6, sneak 2d6, swimmin' 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6

Artillery 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8, ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, tinkerin' 3d6

Edges: Brave, mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Honorable

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Colt Navy revolvers and cutlasses

Description: Crewmen wear either Confederate Navy or Marine Corps uniforms, depending on their branch.



CONFEDERATE SUBMERSIBLES

The eight *Manassas*-Class submersibles (*Manassas*, *Fredericksburg*, *Chancellorsville*, *Chickamauga*, *Atlanta*, *Nashville*, *Petersburg*, & *Louisville*) have the same statistics as the submersible boat in *Smith & Robards*, with room for 30 passengers. They are equipped with auxiliary air tanks, a 6-pound deck gun, high-capacity bilge pumps, four torpedo tubes, an air float and aqua ears.

TERROR ON THE HIGH SEA

The real culprit behind the strange goings on is an ancient portal device buried beneath the sea. This arcane

device belonged to the same ancient race responsible for the cliff paintings found in the great Maze. The portal was part of a settlement which was destroyed long ago by an earthquake and tidal wave.

The portal still works. It's keyed to the stars and other heavenly bodies, so it activates at random times with unpredictable results. Draw a card for each day the posse spends at sea in this area. If the card is a Joker, the heroes encounter some form of weirdness created by the portal. Roll on the **Devil's Triangle** table on the opposite page.

THE MAD GASSERS

The people of Botetourt and Mattoon were victims of an unlikely pair of thieves. Dr. Aylor Talbott is an extremely mad alchemist whose genius is hampered only by a shortage of funds, and his partner Mary Elizabeth Hoddic is a second-generation American looking to better herself with a new angle for burglaries. They met when Dr. Talbott thwarted her attempted robbery of his laboratory with a dose of his choking slumber gas, and the comely Hoddic persuaded him of its potential for profitable criminal use.

Small towns like Botetourt and Mattoon have been targeted thus far because the rigidly analytical Talbott insists upon proper experimentation and testing before moving on to bigger thefts. Hoddic is impressed enough with the results to remain patient, and provided a posse doesn't stop them, her patience is likely to be rewarded with a fortune in ill-gotten gains.

PROFILE:

DR. AYLOR TALBOTT

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:2d4, Q:3d6, V:2d6

Shootin': pistols 1d6, teamster 2d6, throwin': elixirs 4d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:4d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d6

Language: Latin 2d12, mad science 3d12
medicine: general 2d12, science:
alchemy & chemistry 5d12

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, keen

Hindrances: Bad eyes 2, cautious, greedy

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Horse & wagon containing a small lab, large carpet bag, 12 oz. philosopher's stone, 3 formulas, Colt Old-Line revolver, 12 doses of Choking Slumber Gas (Each dose has the combined effects of the eponymous elixirs in a 10-yard-diameter area. See *Smith & Robards* for details.)

Description: Dr. Talbott resembles a stereotypical mad scientist in most regards, save for his close-cropped dark hair and clean-shaven face.

PROFILE:

MARY BETH HODDIC

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Filchin' 3d10, lockpickin' 4d10, shootin' pistol 2d10, sleight o' hand 2d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d6, M:2d10, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d10

Bluff 4d10, guts 3d10, language: Czech 2d6, persuasion 5d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 4d8, streetwise 4d10

Edges: Brave, purty, "the voice" (soothing)

Hindrances: Greedy, outlaw 2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: One derringer in purse, another in garter holster, lockpicks.

Description: Mary Beth is a gorgeous, voluptuous red-head, and usually dresses to accentuate these characteristics.

THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE

The unidentified airship sighted above Wytheville is in truth quite earthly in origin. Dr. E. H. Benjamin was once a dentist and part-time tinkerer, but after hearing the siren song of the manitou, he left his Maine for Salt Lake City and a position with Smith & Robards.

He became obsessed with perfecting an improved air carriage vehicle, but his work yielded unpromising results. His superiors moved him to other projects, but he secured Shan Fan attorney

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George Collins as a covert financial backer, and continued work on the air carriage during his off-hours. Collins' generous support enabled the doctor to complete a working air carriage, but Benjamin double-crossed his partner and absconded with it.

Dr. Benjamin and his mercenary crew flew the stealthy air carriage east, causing reports of "unidentified airships" to appear in local newspapers throughout the country before taking refuge in the mountains of southwest Virginia. There, Benjamin tests improvements to his design, shrouded in an elaborate sham calculated to make eyewitnesses reticent to recount their incredible experiences.

THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE

Roll	Effect
1	The sea becomes as flat as glass, and the ship is becalmed. Sound doesn't seem to carry as far.
2	A thick, stationary wall of fog appears before the ship. Inside the fog compasses work erratically, the temperature drops by 20°, and visibility is reduced to 3 yards.
3	The heroes spot strange lights on the horizon. No matter how far or fast the posse travels, the light never get any closer.
4	The heroes spot a deserted and derelict ship. The vessel is obviously from another time and/or place, for instance a Spanish galleon or Greek trireme.
5	The posse sees psychedelic lights during a storm. If they approach the lights, the heroes and any gear they are carrying are transported to another time and/or place. Where is up to you, Marshal, but this is the perfect opportunity to run an adventure set in the past or future of the <i>Deadlands</i> world. The heroes' ship remains behind to puzzle investigators.
6	The same as above, except the posse's vessel comes along for the ride.

The colored lights disorientate interlopers until a slumber gas takes effect, after which they're taken aboard and strapped to a table inside a featureless room. Benjamin and his assistants then don masks which make them appear to be grey-skinned, bald, bulbous-headed monsters with large black eyes and slitted mouths and nostrils. In that guise they perform embarrassing anatomical examinations upon their captives. After that, the victims are kept anesthetized for several days before being left near the spot they were abducted from.

The manitous rendered Benjamin quite mad, and he obeys their every command. For the time being, they're content to have the Doctor maintain Wytheville's Fear Level of 2, as he prepares his amazing aircraft to fulfill other dark purposes of The Reckoners.

PROFILE:

DR. E. H. BENJAMIN

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, drivin': air carriage 5d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 2d10, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:4d10, M:3d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:1d6

Bluff 4d10, guts 3d6, leadership 3d8, mad science 3d10, medicine: general 2d10, persuasion 2d8, professional: dentist 3d10, science: engineering 5d10 chemistry 2d10, tinkerin' 5d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, dinero 4, mechanically inclined, sense of direction

Hindrances: Bad eyes 2, curious, loco 2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Colt Navy revolver, 12 doses Slumber Gas

Description: When not in his monster mask, Dr. Benjamin looks every inch a crazed dentist.

PROFILE: CREWMAN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, drivin': air carriage 4d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, lockpickin' 2d6, shootin': pistol & automatics 4d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6

Gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8, ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, tinkerin' 3d6

Edges: Mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Greedy

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Colt Peacemakers

Description: Crewmen dress in fine civilian garb, but still manage to look like ruffians.

BENJAMIN'S AIR CARRIAGE

Use the air carriage statistics in *Smith & Robards*. It's equipped with a luxury cabin, two Gatling mounts, colored spotlights, and a small lab. The craft is also much quieter than a normal airship.

SALT OF THE EARTH

The bloodthirsty lot who massacred helpless Union soldiers on the Saltville battlefield were justly hanged, but the Reckoners resurrected them as salt vampires to prey upon the innocent. Their stealth and skillful tactics allow them to operate without discovery. In addition, the forensic science of 1877 has not discerned the loss of vital body salts as the cause of the victims' deaths, so a major clue to the nature of these abominations remains undiscovered, and Saltville's Fear Level stays at 2.

PROFILE: SALT VAMPIRES

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, S:4d10, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, shootin': rifle 3d8, sneak 5d10

Mental: C:4d6, K:1d6, M:2d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Saltville 5d6, guts 3d8, overawe 2d8, trackin' 4d6

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Desalinization: Touching a salt vampire inflicts 3d6 damage (plus STR if the salt vampire struck them)

Immunity—Normal weapons

Weakness—Water: Each bucketful of water thrown on a salt vampire inflicts 2d6 damage.

Description: Salt vampires are mobile pillars of salt with a vaguely human shape.

AVENGING KENTUCKIANS

Twelve years ago John Hunt Morgan arose from a ditch in Greeneville with a manitou inside and a thirst for vengeance. Morgan organized a band of hard-fighting Kentucky mountain men to wage bloody campaigns of retribution upon the Federals who invaded their beloved Bluegrass State.

Union soldiers became doubly fearful of Morgan's Raiders, though the General himself is now much more afraid of living than he ever was of dying. When the Yankees retire back across the Ohio River, he battles his inner demon in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, maintaining a self-imposed exile from his beloved wife and the life now lost to him.

PROFILE: GENERAL

JOHN HUNT MORGAN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:4d10

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin' brawlin' & sword 3d10, horse ridin' 5d10, shootin': pistol 3d8, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8

Area knowledge: Kentucky 4d6, guts 5d8, leadership 5d10, overawe 4d10, search 3d8, survival 3d8

Edges: Brave, cavalier, rank 3, seen the elephant 3, "the stare"

Hindrances: Angst 2, death wish 5, rage 3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 4, Manitou 4, Powers: Claws 4, hell beast 2



Gear: 2 Colt Army revolvers, saber

Description: General Morgan is a handsome, dark-haired, mustachioed man, but his inner turmoil shows on his face.

PROFILE: TYPICAL RAIDER

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, fightin' brawlin' 4d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle or shotgun 4d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Kentucky 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8, ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Cavalier, Rebel Yell, seen the elephant 1 (Some have *rank* as well.)

Hindrances: Loyal (to Morgan)

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Horses, plus a mixture of Colt revolvers, Spencer carbines and scatterguns



MOB RULES

The Louisville Beast was born of the panic caused by General Sherman's threatened sack of the city, when a prosperous merchant named Mark Metzner saw his family trampled to death by a fleeing mob.

He pursued the guilty crowd, and when that proved futile, he returned to the ashes of Louisville. He now spends the days hidden in the cellar of his ruined home. By night, madness forces him above ground in search of the most readily available food: Yankee soldiers. Metzner's familiarity with the ruins, enables him to surprise solitary Federals and leave only their partially devoured remains to mark his presence. The Fear Level in Louisville is now 4 as a result.

PROFILE:

THE LOUISVILLE BEAST

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d12, S:5d12, Q:3d12, V:5d12

Climbin' 2d12, dodge 5d12, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 5d12, swimmin' 1d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:1d10, Sp:1d8

Area knowledge: Louisville 5d4, guts 5d8, overawe 3d8, scroungin' 2d10, search 5d10, survival 5d10, trackin' 5d10

Edges: Big ears, brave, keen, light sleeper, sand 2, sense of direction

Hindrances: Loco 5

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Gear: The Beast attacks with pieces of rubble, which are equivalent to clubs and knives.

Description: The Beast looks like a crazed, feral man in tattered, bloody clothes.

HEADACHES

General Burnside and the men slain during the ill-fated Union expedition to Knoxville were killed by nasty Abominations known as brain busters, which inhabit the lonely mountain passes of eastern Tennessee to this very day, creating a Fear Level of 2. Thus, any Posse traveling there on foot or horseback is likely to have a surprise encounter with them.

They typically lie in wait in groups of 7-12 until someone passes by. Then the brain busters drop from their perches and attempt to shatter the victim's skull. If successful, the brain busters feed upon the scrambled grey matter of the deceased as soon as practical, and return to their perches afterwards.

PROFILE: BRAIN BUSTER

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d10, S:3d12, Q:2d6, V:4d10

Climbin' 5d10, dodge 1d10, fightin': crushin' 5d10 sneak 1d10 (5d10 plunging toward victim)

Mental: C:3d10, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d8

Guts 3d8, trackin' 5d10

Pace: 4

Size: 4

Wind: 18

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Skull Crushin': A diving brain buster rolls against its *fightin': crushin'* Aptitude, and if successful, inflicts 3d12+6 damage. Roll 1d6 for Hit Location: 1-2: Left Arm, 3-4: Noggin, 5-6: Right Arm.

Armor: 4

Description: Unless moving under its own power, a brain buster is virtually indistinguishable from a large rock or boulder.

PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY

The Reckoners created once-mythical succubi to spread terror amongst Cyprian patrons, and in Nashville the effects of their powers have been mistaken for a plague, as The Southern Sentinel recounts. (For more information on succubuses, see the **Abomination Appendix** on page 118.) The Nashville Hospital Association is devoting resources towards a futile search for a cure, which distracts them from continued development of their Wasting vaccine, but this is merely an added bonus for The Reckoners, who'd like to raise the city's Fear Level of 1.

THE RIVER OF DECEIT

Passengers aboard the *Cumberland Queen* can travel between St. Louis and Nashville with no questions asked, which makes it a favorite for Agency operatives, Confederate Secret Service Agents and others who require transportation between the warring American countries. While other passengers enjoy conventional games of chance, spies engage in often lethal contests against each other aboard the steamboat. Such activities merely amuse Messrs. Wallace and Bond so long as passengers are not unduly frightened, but anyone who carries an act of violence beyond this point faces a terrible fate at their hands.

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Messrs. Wallace and Bond are both skilled hucksters, and they are secretly Level 10 Initiates of The Court (see *Hucksters & Hexes* for more details on this organization). The *Cumberland Queen* affords them not only a steady income, but a means of keeping tabs on the activities of both the Union and Confederate governments. All information they acquire is sent to the Royal Court, which may cause future problems for unsuspecting passengers.

PROFILE: DOUGLAS

WALLACE & JASON BOND

(These statistics are usable for both)

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, filchin' 4d12, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 2d12, sleight o' hand 5d12, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 3d8, throwin': black lightnin' 5d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:4d10, M:3d8, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 5d10, bluff 5d12, gamblin' 5d12, guts 4d10, persuasion 3d8, professional: riverboat proprietor 5d10, ridicule 3d12, scrutinize 5d10, search 4d10, streetwise 4d12

Edges: Arcane background : huckster, dinero 3, old hand, renown 1 (amongst gamblers)

Hindrances: Greedy, loyal (to The Court), vengeful

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Huckster: Hexslingin' 5, Tricks:

Envision, groom, likker up, palm Hexes: Bedazzle (5), black lightnin' (5), bodyguard (5), foil (5), looking glass (5), pardners (3)

Gear: Derringer, Copy of *Hoyle's 1777 Edition*

Description: They're both always dressed to the nines, but Wallace's flowing blonde locks differentiate him from the dark-haired Bond.

THE NASHVILLIAN CANDIDATE

Howell Beasley is secretly leader of Nashville's Knights of the Golden Circle, a position bestowed on him after deceiving the Widow Acklen into marriage and securing funding for their activities. Beasley uses the funds to expand the Knights' influence in Nashville. When Adelia discovered this and objected, he made her a prisoner in the mansion.

Albert Pike, leader of the Knights, was pleased with Beasley's efforts until the thwarted assassination of Gen. Cleburne. Beasley is counting on the city council election to re-ingratiate himself. If that was insufficient to bring out Beasley's ruthlessness, the fact his probable opponent is black definitely has. Ideally, Beasley wants to guarantee victory by discrediting Napier, but if all else fails, he'll have him assassinated on election eve. After that, he's already picked out new drapes for the mayor's office, governor's mansion and beyond.

Adelia would love to rid herself of Howell, and is desperately trying to inform the authorities of her husband's intentions towards Napier. She can't be sure of anyone in Nashville's loyalties, so she's trying to enlist the aid of the Texas Rangers, or perhaps your Posse if they're passing through the City of Sin.

PROFILE:

HOWELL BEASLEY

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6

Dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 2d6, horse ridin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 4d6, swimmin' 2d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d10, M:4d10, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Nashville 5d10, bluff 5d10, gamblin' 3d10, guts 4d8, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 4d10, professional: law 5d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8

Edges: Dinero 5, friends in high places 5 (fellow Knights)

Hindrances: Intolerance 3 (of Negroes), loyal (to the Knights), self-righteous

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: American Pepperbox, hidden Derringer, \$500 in cash

Description: Beasley is usually dressed in unmistakably aristocratic fashion.

THE BONES

After its defenders' flesh rotted away, Fort Negley became home to a Bone Fiend (see *Rascals, Varmints & Critters* for game statistics), which claims those curious enough to poke about in the ruins and unsuspecting night travelers along the Franklin Pike. To complicate matters for investigators, the Abomination's black skull lies deep within the rubble, and the Bone Fiend has scores of remains to draw upon.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

As readers of *Tales o' Terror: 1877* know, the proprietresses of the Confederate Rose Boarding House have spied for the Confederacy since the Union occupation and continue to aid the Southern Cause. After last November's Offensives, they sheltered the wounded General Cleburne during his convalescence, and thwarted an attempt by the Knights of the Golden Circle to murder him.

THE CAROLINAS

Let's get the real story on fear in the Carolinas.

INDIANS

Players may wish to play a character who is an Indian from the Carolinas. If so, the following notes apply.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS

The following guardian spirits are appropriate for North Carolina Indian characters: Bear (especially well-regarded by the Cherokee), Crow, Eagle, Owl,

Snake, Turtle, and Wolf. The Deer guardian spirit may be taken in place of Elk; the effects are identical.

THE LOST COLONY

What *did* happen to the Lost Colony? In the real world, we still don't know, and likely never will. Fortunately, *Deadlands* lets us settle that nagging question: they went inland to join friendly Hatteras (Croatoan) Indian tribes on the mainland, and eventually "went native" in order to survive. They didn't go quietly, though; they told their children about how white men "abandoned" them. Today their degenerate, hate-filled ancestors still live there in the deep swamps, eager to capture and kill other whites as a way of getting revenge.

LITTLE BILLY

General William Whiting's ghost is haunting Fort Fisher. His ghost is determined to ensure that the fort does not fall into Union hands. Each day around sunset the ghost walks the walls looking for any sign of invasion.

If the boys in blue make another grab for the fort, they'll have their hands full. Little Billy's ghost has the power to raise the Confederate dead in the vicinity of the fort. Any attack on Wilmington will be met by an undead legion.

Any posse members with Union sympathies may run afoul of the general's ghost or his undead minions. Any attempt to sabotage or subvert the garrison of Fort Fisher attracts his attention and wrath.

See page 118 for more on ghosts.

PROFILE: LITTLE BILLY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, S:2d8, Q:3d8, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistol 5d8, sneak 6d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d8, M:4d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge (Wilmington) 5d8, artillery: cannons 4d6, English 2d8, guts 3d8, overawe 4d10

Pace: 10

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Ghostly Form: See page 118. He can be harmed by silver or enchanted weapons, hexes, and any piece of Union artillery.

Fear Attack: See page 118.

Undead Host: Whiting can raise and control all Confederate dead buried within two miles of Fort Fisher. These have typical walkin' dead stats. Whiting doesn't want to attract attention to himself, so he only does this when confronted with a serious threat.

Coup: A Harrowed who counts coup on Whiting's Ghost gains the power *unholy host* at level 1.

Description: Whiting appears as a ghostly version of himself. His form bears the jagged neck wound caused by the shell splinter which killed him.





BLACKBEARD'S GHOST

Blackbeard has indeed returned from the dead in ghostly form to wreak havoc on local shipping—and, more importantly, to recover his head.

Teach sails the waters around Ocracoke in a ghostly version of the *Adventure*, terrorizing other ships and searching for his head. If he ever succeeds in finding his head, he will vanish forever.

Unfortunately, that's not likely to happen anytime soon, since it did, in fact, wind up in Massachusetts—the old pirate's looking in the wrong place! Anyone trying to get rid of him is in for a hike north of the Mason-Dixon line.

PROFILE: BLACKBEARD'S GHOST

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, S:2d12, Q:3d8, V:4d6

Fightin': sword 5d10, shootin': pistol 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:5d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Overawe 6d10

Pace: 10

Size: 7

Wind: NA

Terror: 10

Special Abilities:

Coup: A Harrowed who counts coup on Blackbeard's Ghost gains the power *skull chucker* at level 1.

Ghostly Form: See page 187. He can be harmed by silver or enchanted weapons, hexes, sunlight, and any descendant of any member of the crew of Lt. Maynard's ship.

Fear Attack: Blackbeard's Ghost inspires fear on all who view him, as described on page 118, except that his power works on anyone within 20 feet of him.

Ghostly Saber And Flintlock:

Blackbeard's Ghost possesses a ghostly saber and flintlock pistol. A successful attack with either weapon inflicts 4d6 Wind damage on the target; if the target is reduced to 0 Wind he must roll 5d6 on the Scairt Table.

Immunity—Wind or Physical Stress.

Description: Blackbeard's Ghost looks like a headless, waterlogged corpse with the wounds he suffered in his battle with Lt. Maynard's crew. Where his head should be is an obviously ghostly replacement which looks like his normal bearded head, right down to the haze of smoke. He only appears at night.

THE ADVENTURE

Blackbeard's ghostly ship cannot be damaged and it's fast enough to keep up with any ship it sets its sights on. Once it closes within 100 yards it fires a salvo from its cannons. Treat this as four hits by a 12-pounder solid shot (4d20 damage), and distribute the hits randomly.

After Blackbeard's ghost "takes" a ship, searches it, and does not find his head, he and his ship vanish and any damage suffered by the "captured" ship is instantly repaired.

WILMINGTON

Fear level 2

A terrible Abomination, somewhat akin to a Pox Walker, stalks the streets of Wilmington. Its very touch spreads the dreaded yellow fever.

PROFILE: THE TAR BARREL STALKER

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, S:5d8, Q:3d6, V:4d8

Dodge 3d10, fightin': fever touch 6d8, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Overawe 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Terror: 6 (at present); 10 (if a full-blown epidemic is raging)

Special Abilities:

Coup: A Harrowed who counts coup on the Tar Barrel Stalker gains the *sicken* power at level 3, but can only use it to "contract" and spread one disease: yellow fever. At the Marshal's option, he may also gradually be overcome by a compulsion to use the power to continue the Tar Barrel Stalker's deadly work.

Fever Touch: The Tar Barrel Stalker's touch infects the victim with yellow fever. This typically results in the victim's death within one week unless expert medical care is received immediately. Treating someone with this dreaded disease requires a *medicine* roll against a Target Number of 13.

Immunity—To Wind or Physical

Stress: The Tar Barrel Stalker is affected by other forms of damage just like Harrowed characters.

Description: Possessed of a smoky-dark humanoid form, but no facial features, the Tar Barrel Stalker smells of burning pitch.

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THE THALIANS

The Thalian Association is not all that it seems. In fact, it has become a ring of Unionist spies! Many of the long-time members of the troupe have always been Union sympathizers, and as the War sucked away the loyal Confederates in the group, the Unionists were able to turn the organization to their own ends – and, being actors, they have had no difficulty hiding their intentions and activities.

The Thaliens spend much of their time observing Wilmington and its environs, spying on things which are of use to the Federals (such as blockade runners, activities at Fort Fisher, and the like). Professional Union spies come into Wilmington for Thalian performances and, while mingling with the actors after the evening's entertainment is done, receive coded reports. If not stopped, the Thaliens may soon obtain information which will allow a successful assault on Fort Fisher, leading to the conquest of Wilmington itself.

DIX HOSPITAL

A sinister connection exists between St. Mary's and Dix Hospital. While Rev. Smedes remains a fine, if stern, headmaster, not all of his staff are so praiseworthy. In fact, one of the professors at the College, a Dr. Randolph Abbington, is an escapee from Dix! Abbington, a wealthy and demoniacally intelligent lunatic, was sent to Dix in 1865. He managed to bribe his way out four years ago and, with a little bit of effort and guile, obtained a position at St. Mary's teaching chemistry.

By day an ordinary professor, at night Dr. Abbington allows his mania free rein. When the "fits," as he calls them, are on him (which often occurs on full moons), he is prone to kidnapping, raping, torturing, and otherwise abusing a student whom he has been "eyeing" for some time prior. Then, making use of



his corrupt contacts at the Hospital, he has the broken, often raving, young woman committed to the Hospital forever. Nearly a dozen of them still reside there, most of them now insane. A few are still quite lucid but they are unable to get anyone to listen to their pleas.

Reverend Smedes is deeply concerned about the disappearances, but he has used his considerable influence to hush the matter up to prevent the school from being disgraced. He has even contemplated hiring bounty hunters or others of like persuasion to track down the missing girls.

Marshal who need a more overt threat to Raleigh can easily make use of Dix. The concentrated insanity there may act as a beacon for the Reckoners, who could send manitous to take possession

of the patients. The "spirit-ridden" maniacs could then break out and riot across Raleigh – perhaps just as a Union attack on the city was beginning

BENTONVILLE

The restless dead left by the battle at Bentonville are unable to forget their animosity, and so they are forced to play out the fight over and over again, typically on new moon nights which are dark and still. Anyone on the battlefield or observing the ghostly fighting must make an opposed *Spirit* roll against the battlefield's "pull," which is rated as 5d8. If the battlefield wins the contest, the character is irresistibly drawn into the battle, forced to fight alongside whichever side he supports—and possibly to die with them and add his ghost to their ranks.

The battle lasts 1d6 hours. Have each character involved in the battle draw a card each hour. Treat this as if drawing a card to determine a Trait Coordination. The hero must make an opposed roll against this Coordination to avoid damage. Red cards require a roll against the hero's *fightin'*, black cards roll against the hero's *dodge*. If the roll is failed the character takes 4d6 damage from red cards, and 4d8 damage from black cards—Jokers cause a whopping 4d12 damage! Roll hit location normally. Heroes who die here draw three extra cards to see if they return Harrowed.

HANNAH'S CREEK SWAMP

David Fanning and his bummers are out to get revenge for their deaths—on anyone who enters the swamp! The dead bummers have returned as a new type of abomination: hangmen. Take a look in the **Abomination Appendix** on page 118 for all the details.

DROMGOOLE

None of the popular stories about Peter Dromgoole are correct. He did go to the duel, and in that duel he was badly injured. Thinking him dead, his

rival and the seconds buried him beneath the rock which now bears a reddish stain. He finally awakened and, crazed with fear to find himself buried alive, managed to dig himself out. While resting atop the stone, he drenched it with his blood, staining it an odd shade of red which has never completely disappeared. Then he limped off into the thick woods surrounding Chapel Hill to hide.

He's been hiding ever since. His mind, unhinged by the experience, snapped, and he preferred to stay in the woods rather than rejoin civilized society. He lives by catching small animals with his bare hands, and by stealing food.

As the years have passed, he has become even more deranged. Some years ago he lost all vestiges of sanity, kidnapped a student he found walking in the woods, butchered him atop the Piney Prospect rock, and ate his innards raw.

He has indulged his taste for young, raw flesh ever since, periodically snatching a student and bringing his meal to his dining table atop the cliff. His insanity, coupled with his ghoulish diet, have given him a demonic strength and ferocity.

PROFILE: DROMGOOLE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:5d12, S:5d12, Q:4d10, V:4d10

Climbin' 3d12, dodge 4d12, fightin' brawlin' 6d12, sneak 6d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6
Area knowledge (Chapel Hill woods) 8d6, survival (woods) 5d6, trackin' 4d6

Pace: 12

Wind: 26

Edges: Big Ears, Thick-Skinned 3, Tough As Nails 5

Hindrances: Hankerin' (human flesh) -1, Loco -5, Ugly As Sin

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Infection: Dromgoole's fingernails are long, sharp, and dirty. If he scratches someone with them, there is a chance (a roll of 1 on 1d6) that the hero becomes infected with a loathsome disease (exactly which one is left to the Marshal's wicked imagination).

Terror: 5

Description: Dromgoole barely looks human anymore. His eyes are bloodshot, his teeth filed to points, and his fingernails have grown into foul claws.

UWHARRIE GHOST ROCK MINES

Unbeknownst to most local residents, several of the most prominent ghost rock mines are owned by members of the Knights of the Golden Circle. They use the profits obtained from them to finance many of their sinister schemes and plans.

The Circle's chief agent in this area is a fellow named Nathaniel Montgomery. Seemingly an aristocratic fellow from the Montgomery, Alabama, he is, in fact, a witch-man from the mountains to the west (see page 122 for a profile of Appalachian witches). He keeps a close eye on all strangers or anything else which could affect the Circle's interests, and has no problem taking steps to see that impediments to the Knights' plans are swiftly removed.

DOC PARSONS

What Stewart Davidson said about the good doctor is true—to a point. He does travel the Uwharries healing folks, and he gives selflessly of his time to help others. However, he also has a profitable sideline botching his treatments so his patients expire. Then he and Abraham Miller come back, dig them up, and sell the bodies to medical schools all over the Confederacy!

When a skeleton is needed, Doc and Abe boil the flesh off the bones, then dump the leftover "meat" in nearby creeks and lakes. Thanks to this, the catfish, perch, bream, and other fish in the area have developed a taste for human flesh! If you don't watch out, a simple fishing trip could end up leading you to your Heavenly Reward.



PROFILE: CANNIBAL CATFISH

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:1d4, Q:3d8,
V:2d6

Fightin': barbs, bite 3d6

Mental: C:1d4, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Pace: 12 (in water only)

Size: 1-4 (some of these catfish are *big*)

Wind: 10

Terror: 6

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1)

Barbs: The barbels (tiny, tentacle-like growths) around the catfish's mouth can latch onto an arm or leg and hold on while the catfish chews away. With a successful *fightin': barbs* roll, the catfish has latched on, his *Strength* for purposes of

holding tight is 2d6. The victim must engage in opposed *Strength* rolls to pull the fish off of him. As long as the fish is attached, all *fightin': bite* rolls it makes are automatically successful.

Description: It's a catfish—ugly dirty green color, barbels around the mouth, fins and a tail.

THRASH DOCTORS

It's up to you whether thrash doctors are fakes or the real McCoy. If they're real, being a thrash doctor is a Knack.

THRASH DOCTOR 3

A thrash doctor's healing powers do not work instantly; the cure takes effect in a day or two.

White Chip: The character can improve a subject's ability to heal himself—a natural healing roll automatically succeeds (the character can't use this on himself, unfortunately).

Red Chip: This allows the character to cure any minor illness or disease, like a cold, flu, or most fevers.

Blue Chip: The hero can cure more serious illnesses, including restoring up to 10 points of Wind or one Wound Level lost to disease or injury.

BALD MOUNTAINS

What, do you think we have *all* the answers? Sorry, Marshal, we're leaving this one up to you. Come up with an explanation for the balds, and work it into your campaign as you see fit.

RUMBLING BALD

All right, we'll tell you about this one. If your characters take it into their heads to go down into the fissure—it's a tight squeeze, but they can do it—they'll find a honeycomb of caves at the bottom. Occasionally boulders fall into the fissure and the caves, creating odd, echoing booms and raising clouds of smoke-like dust. The place would make a great hideout for a gang of desperate outlaws or spies, if they can keep themselves safe from the falling stones.

Everything doesn't have to have a horrific story behind it, now does it?

HICKORY NUT GORGE

Fear Level 3 (for Cherokees)/1 (everybody else)

Cherokee tales do not lie, there are indeed mystical warriors in Hickory Nut Gorge who hate all Cherokee. (Mind you, they're not exactly socialable to white men or other Indians either.)

No one knows who the spirit tribe are, or why they have such a special hatred for Cherokee Indians. Perhaps they are the spirits of a tribe the Cherokee slew, or perhaps they object to having their privacy disturbed by other tribes. Whatever the explanation, they do not hesitate to attack any Cherokee daring to enter the Gorge.

PROFILE: SPIRIT TRIBESMEN

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:2d10, S:3d6, Q:5d10, V:5d8

Bow 4d12, fightin': spear (or other weapon) 3d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:4d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d12

Search 4d6, trackin'

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Terror: 4

Special Abilities:

Immunity—Wind and Stun. Spirit tribesmen suffer the effects of wounds normally, and disperse until the next sunset if they are put down.

Spirit Weapons: Spirit Tribesmen carry ghostly bows, spears, tomahawks, and the like which function the same as normal weapons, doing normal damage and ignoring armor. If taken from a Tribesmen, a weapon vanishes into mist.

Vanishing: Spirit Tribesmen can appear and disappear at will, coming and going between this world and the Hunting Grounds. This takes an action. The Tribesmen can then reappear anywhere within 20 yards on a later action. If a Spirit Tribesmen is killed in the Hunting Grounds, he is dispersed forever

Description: Spirit Tribesmen appear as ethereal, translucent Indians.

NANTAHALA GORGE

Fear Level 2

Nantahala is a fearful place because of the legends associated with it, and the things which lair there. Only the bravest dare to enter it, and few of those ever survive an encounter with the gorge's main inhabitant: Ulagu

ULAGU

Ulagu dwells deep in Nantahala Gorge, waiting to menace any foolish enough to disturb it. This massive insect is an unusual form of giant wasp, possibly related to the pit wasp (see the *Rascals Varmints & Critters* sourcebook for more details). Larger, faster, stronger and deadlier, it is also solitary, though it does tend to attract swarms of ordinary wasps to its lair.

And it loves to eat people.

PROFILE: ULAGU

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:4d10, Q:4d10, V:5d6

Dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:4d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:1d10

Pace: 2 ground/20 air

Size: 20

Wind: 16

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Flight: Pace 20

Air Supremacy: When Ulagu is flying, his Nimbleness increases to 3d12, thus also increasing his *dodge* and *fightin'* abilities.

Wing Gust

Stinger: STR+3d6. Additionally, due to the venom in the sting, a victim will lose 3d6 Wind every round (beginning the round after he is stung) until he becomes unconscious. The effect of multiple stings is cumulative.

Description: A gigantic wasp.

SPEARFINGER

This legendary monster does exist, and she's one tough opponent to tackle—especially since she has no heart. Well, she has a heart, but it's definitely not in the right place! Spearfinger carries her heart in her right hand, which is why her right fist is always clenched. A hit there causes extra damage.

PROFILE: SPEARFINGER

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:4d10, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Dodge 2d12, fightin': spearfinger 4d12, sneak 3d12

Mental: C:3d6, K:3d6, M:4d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Stone Skin: Spearfinger's skin is the equivalent of 5 levels of Armor. Better break out the armor-piercing ammo, pardner.

Damage: Spearfinger (STR+2d8; She always targets the guts in the hope of spearing a nice liver for lunch) Stone Teeth (STR+1d4)

Shapechanging: Spearfinger can change her shape into that of an old woman (she loses her Stone Skin) or a pile of stones (she keeps her Armor).

Absent Heart: Spearfinger's heart is carried in her right hand, not her chest. A hit to the gizzards adds no extra dice of damage. However, if she is hit in the arm, the Marshal should roll 1d6. On a roll of 1, her right hand has been hit and she suffers an extra two dice of damage (because her heart is so vulnerable there). Characters who learn her secret can target her right hand specifically at the standard -6 penalty.

Description: See the main text.

CHEROKEE LORE

Here's the scoop on some of the Indian lore of the region.

THE NUNNEHI

The Nunnehi are similar to the Spirit Tribesmen described above. However, they are not hostile to the Cherokee. In fact, they help them on occasion.

The Nunnehi "fairy crosses" are relics if found intact (they are often stepped on and broken, spoiling their magic). They're not as good as legends make them out to be, though. A fairy cross grants anyone who wears it a +6 bonus to their *sneak* rolls. The only taint is that Cherokee won't look kindly on anyone wearing one, and the Nunnehi themselves will become positively hostile if they find a mortal with one of their charms.

YUNWI TSUSDI

The Yunwi Tsusdi also use the Spirit Tribesmen character profile, but they have a Size of 3. However, they have one additional power, *death curse*. They can pronounce a curse on anyone within 10 feet of them, causing that person to wither and die over the course of a week. Only powerful magic (more than just *helpin' hand* or *lay on hands*; *healing touch* would probably do the trick) or the granting of a boon by the Little People can reverse this effect.

NORTHWESTERN SOUTH CAROLINA

Fear Level 2

When Confederate forces came to this region to stop the raids, they expected nothing more dangerous than a straightforward battle. What they found instead was far worse. The raiders were not human bandits, but rather, fiends in human form! Or, it should be said, *humans* form, for they were 'gloms—manitou-driven leftovers from the terrible fighting in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The untapped resources of northeastern South Carolina—specifically, people to kill and eat—

attracted them. Beauregard's regiment destroyed them, but only at a great cost in soldiers. Every man who survived found that the shock of the experience turned his hair white.

In truth, many of the 'gloms were not destroyed, merely dispersed. Their essences remained alive, but found little to inhabit after the Confederates burned most of the bodies left from the fighting and the raids.

With little more than a head and torso here and there, the 'gloms are slowly working their way south, terrorizing and slaying as they can, and slowly acquiring better "hosts." They come in search of the survivors of the first battle; the white hair serves as a "mark of the 'glom" which attracts them like a beacon.

Further information and statistics on 'gloms can be found in *Rascals, Varmints & Critters*.

CHARLESTON

Fear Level 2

The killings of prominent blacks are the work of conspirators who call themselves the Guinea Captains, after the title given the masters of the slave ships of old. The Guinea Captains rabidly opposed the abolition of slavery, and the granting of any rights to blacks. That some blacks achieved wealth by war profiteering incensed them further, and when blacks began to defect to the Union and fight on its behalf, their rage reached intensely murderous proportions.

Led by the most vicious of their bunch, a prominent planter named Willingham, they have begun secretly stalking blacks, capturing them, torturing them to death, and then stealing everything they can from them. Connections amongst the local constabulary have helped them stay one step ahead of the law.

The Guinea Captains are ordinary men. You can use Archetypes such as Soldier, Gunslinger, and Desperado for them. However, they enjoy the favor of the Reckoners, and if any of them die a violent death as a result of their evil activities, they automatically return from the dead Harrowed. A typical Harrowed Guinea Captain has the powers *charnel*



breath, sicken, and wither. All of them have the stench of the old slave ships clinging to them.

Surprisingly, the Knights of the Golden Circle have not tried to establish any sort of alliance with or control over the Guinea Captains—although it's probably only a matter of time.

THE GRIEVE

Charleston's widows are being victimized by an Abomination known as a *grieve*. It lives off of the grief and despair of humans, and evokes these emotions through its ability to change shape.

This particular *grieve* has hit on a most fiendish scheme. It finds a young widow (identifying her by her black dress), follows her home, and soon takes the opportunity to sneak into the house to find a portrait or picture of her late husband.

It assumes the husband's form and initiates a "joyous reunion." After a few days or weeks it murders a household

servant or close friend and takes that person's place. Then it sits back and enjoys the feast of grief when the woman "once again" becomes a widow.

Since its activities are becoming known in Charleston, it may soon move on to other cities. There is no shortage of war widows in either the Confederacy or the Union, so this Abomination can travel nearly anywhere and find new victims.

PROFILE: GRIEVE

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:4d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:2d8

Dodge 3d8, fightin': grief touch 5d8

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:4d8, Sp:3d6

Performin' 5d10, persuasion 5d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: None in shapechanged form, 7 in natural form (a faceless, almost featureless hairy human body)

Special Abilities:

Shape Assumption: A grief can alter his form to resemble any human being. He cannot assume "generic" shapes; he can only copy living or once-living people.

Grief Touch: If attacked, the grief retaliates by touching its attackers, invoking feelings of grief in them which are so intense they cause 3d6 Wind damage.

Description: In its natural form, a grief is a faceless, featureless, grey humanoid thing.

COLUMBIA

Fear Level 3

The problems in Columbia stem from the mass graves created by Camp Sorghum, which could easily be considered the worst camp maintained by either nation. Life there is harsh and brutal, and few prisoners last more than a year or two, at the most.

When prisoners die, the warden, Vincent Burke, has their bodies dumped into large graves and covered with lime (to mask as much of the smell as possible). When a grave gets full, the warden's men cover it up with dirt and dig another.

GOT ZOMBIES?

Ever since the Reckoning, that many dead in the same place don't rest easy—especially when they died of such brutal treatment and were unceremoniously dumped into a pit in enemy territory. One soldier after another has been coming back as a walkin' dead, digging his way out, and terrorizing the city. They kill and eat innocent farmers and citizens, set fires, and try to destroy anything which their worm-riddled minds perceives as being of value to the Confederacy.

The Reckoners prefer to milk this situation for its fear slowly, so they've used one corpse at a time, rather than a bunch of them in a 'glom or similar construct. Even worse, whenever the townsfolk capture or kill one of these odd, high-skeletal undead, it crumbles to dust, leaving them with no evidence of what occurred.

THE DEEP SOUTH

Heres the truth of the strange doings in the southernmost reaches of the Confederacy. It's hit, it's humid, and it can be deadly

JACKSON

Fear Level 1

The city's fear rating is more a reflection of its apathetic, beaten state than of its general safety. Most of the more powerful servants of the Reckoners have followed the planters' lead and turned their attention elsewhere, leaving the Firebugs as the preponderant supernatural threat.

Firebugs seem to spring up in places burnt during the War, although their activities are only particularly noticeable in relative backwaters like Jackson.

PROFILE: FIREBUG

Corporeal: D:4d4, N:3d12+4, Q:5d8, S:1d4, V:3d6

Dodge 6d12+4, sneak 5d12+4

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Size: 2

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Flying: Only when on fire, pace 20

Fire: Although their carapace is fireproof, firebugs secrete a volatile resin which burns like kerosene. Each bug does 1d12 points of fire damage to whatever (or whoever) it's touching at the beginning of each round in which the creature is excited.

Vulnerability-Water: Firebugs don't like water. A bucketful of water does 2d6 damage to these critters.

Description: Firebugs look like giant cockroaches (about the size of small rats) of a deep red color. Normally, they're warm to the touch, but if a swarm gets together they begin rubbing their shells against each other and striking sparks.

STONE FLORA

This Petrified Forest is actually an extension of the Arizona Petrified Forest. Those who know the proper rituals (mostly Indian shamans) can travel between the two. The old-timers, of course, are just pulling poor McAllen's leg.

OXFORD

Although the Snopeses run Oxford town pretty much as a stereotypical corrupt Southern dynasty might, the University stays independent. A small community of scholars has actually stumbled upon evidence of the arcane and magical (although they're far from guessing the full truth about the Reckoners or any other major aspect of the world), which leads many more contemplative or concerned hucksters to gather here and study (under the guise of Poker clubs). Accusing someone of cheating at cards here can be extremely detrimental to a hero's health.

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HIGH JOHN THE CONQUEROR

High John the Conqueror may be an aspect of Anansi, the Trickster-Spider god of the West African tribes, or he may be a voodoo loa who got bored hanging around New Orleans. At any rate, he served as the comforter and (to the extent possible) protector of the slaves during slavery time. He would trick masters or overseers into embarrassing themselves or into promising better treatment for slaves. He visited the slaves and told them jokes and stories, and taught them wisdom in songs and simple magics. After emancipation, John thought about retiring, but the dangers of the Reckoning convinced him to stay around.



John can travel any distance in no time at all, as long as there is a "child of Africa" playing the drums at his destination. If he doesn't feel like "walking on the waves of music," John rides one of the horses he stole from the Devil, Hallowed-Be-Thy-Name and Thy-Kingdom-Come, which are the fastest horses in all Creation.

High John can't be hurt or killed with bullets or steel, and he can pass for white using his talking magic, even though he's a deep, rich, chocolate color. He often travels as a large gray rabbit, and answers to the name Br'er Rabbit if the speaker is either good-humored or respectful. John the Conqueror tries everything possible to fight his battles with jokes and magic, but he can be as physically formidable as John Henry if the situation demands it and an innocent life is at stake.

The various robberies, muggings, beatings, etc., that McAllen ascribes to High John the Conqueror spring from various groups of black highwaymen, vigilantes, and ruffians who all ascribe their actions to "High John the Conqueror" to strike fear and confusion into the whites. High John doesn't usually mind, considering it all a big joke, but if anyone robs a poor man or a fellow black man (or commits a truly atrocious crime like rape or unprovoked slaughter) in John's name, he takes care to get proper retribution against the wrongdoer. This keeps most of the black bandits relatively honest.

PROFILE: HIGH JOHN THE CONQUEROR

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:4d12, Q:4d12, S:2d10, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d12, sneak 4d12, swimmin' 2d12

Mental: C:4d8, K:2d8, M:3d12, Sm:4d10, Sp:4d10+8

Area knowledge 5d8, bluff 5d10, disguise 4d8, gamblin' 5d10, guts 5d10, performin': singin' 5d12, performin': any

musical instrument 5d12, persuasion 6d12, ridicule 4d10, tale tellin' 6d12

Edges: Renown 3, The Voice (all) 1

Hindrances: None

Pace: 12

Wind: 28

Special Abilities:

Br'er Rabbit: John can become a large gray rabbit at will. He keeps all his previous statistics, but his Pace is tripled.

Walk the Waves of Music: John can travel any distance in no time at all, as long as there is a black person playing the drums (or a fence, or whatever), or even clapping rhythmically, at his destination.

Immunity—Bullets or Steel

Passin': John can appear white to any white man. Any black man still sees him as black.

Spells: John knows all voodoo spells. See *River o' Blood* for details.

Gear: Conjure hat with anything High John wants in it, such as conjure bags, roast chicken, etc.; a banjo or guitar; two horses faster than anything in the world which come instantly when he whistles for them.

Description: See above.

BILOXI

Fear Level 3 (Winter), 1 (Summer)

What's going on is that the Knights of the Golden Circle have their own agents in the Nightwatchers, and their own agenda for the President.

Dr. Gustavus Herod, one of Pike's top Black Alchemists, is brewing his own duplicate of Jefferson Davis. They intend to kill the doppelganger and replace him with their Davis simaculum. This one completely under Golden Circle control. The irony of duplicating a doppelganger is not lost on Dr. Herod.

The duplicate is mystically linked to the Davis doppelganger, and the Golden Circle sorcere have to proceed carefully to avoid detection. Because the doppelganger's magical defenses are lowest in the winter for arcane astrological reasons, the Knights work to grow and train their own substitute during that time.

For more information on the Knights of the Golden Circle, see page 109.



PROFILE: DR. GUSTAVS HEROD

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:2d6,
V:2d10

Fightin': fencin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 2d8,
throwin': elixir 3d8

Mental: C:5d8, K:4d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d10,
Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 5d12, guts 4d6,
language: Ancient Egyptian 3d12,
language: Latin 2d12, medicine: general
5d12, science: alchemy 7d12, science:
chemistry 5d12

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist
3, friends in high places (Knights of
the Golden Circle) 4, "the stare"

Hindrances: Greedy, intolerance (racist
bastard)

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Cloak o' evil 5, zombie 6

Gear: A fully equipped alchemical lab
in Beauvoir with at least 5 lbs. of
Philosopher's Stone and all elixirs in
Smith & Robards, special metal tank
holding a mostly-grown duplicate of
Jefferson Davis. He's never without a
packet of poisoned candy.

Description: Dr. Herod is a stocky
fellow with a neatly-trimmed white
beard; he looks like a kindly general
practitioner.

MOBILE

Fear Level 2

The standing stones near mobile are,
in fact, Druid stones sanctified by
bloody magics from pagan times. The
last of the Druids died long ago, but
dark magic is easier near the stones.

As a consequence, Hucksters may
draw two additional cards when casting
a hex within 100 yards of the stones. In
addition, anyone placed upon a stone
within 24 hours of his death may draw
two additional cards to see if he returns
as a Harrowed. If he doesn't come back
Harrowed, he comes back as a walkin'
dead.

We told it you it was dark magic.

FARRAGUT'S DEMISE

The *Hartford* was destroyed by a
zeuglodon, a prehistoric whale that's
been napping at the bottom of Mobile
Bay for the last forty million years or so.
Every summer, the heat wakes him up
briefly and he stuffs himself to bursting
on several tons of fish and other mixed
seafood, frightening everything else into
leaving the water. It was Farragut's bad
luck to wake up the zeuglodon with all
his shelling and cannon fire on August
5, 1864. The zeuglodon swam up,
grabbed the *Hartford*, and just dragged it
under; eating the crew whole.

PROFILE:

JUBILEE ZEUGLODON

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, Q:1d6, S:7d12+20,
V:4d12+8

Fightin': brawlin' 5d10, swimmin' 5d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d12, Sm:1d6,
Sp:1d4

Size: 40

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 4

Teeth: STR+2d12

Swallow: On a raise, the zeuglodon can swallow any ship smaller than 30' in length whole, although he'd rather chew the crew to bits first. Too much wood and metal gives it indigestion.

Description: This is a very big zeuglodon. He's about 280 feet long, with a long, narrow jaw full of needle-sharp, saw-edged teeth. He looks like a giant moray eel, and when he bothers to swim (which isn't very often), he does it by undulating back and forth in a serpentine manner (this often creates strange swells and ripples on the surface of the bay). The zeuglodon has a thick dorsal ridge on his back that can snap a wooden hull in half with little effort. Fortunately, this zeuglodon is profoundly lazy, only stirring on the hottest summer days, and then only to feed.

GHOST SHIP OF THE TOMBIGBEE

This ship is the ghostly remnant of the schooner *Pyrenees*. This ship ran aground on a sandbank and capsized during a storm nearly ten years ago. The entire crew was killed in the storm-swollen river.

The ship hit the sandbar because its regular pilot was not at the wheel. He had had a disagreement with the ship's hot-tempered captain, Mark Willingham,

over his pay. Rather than pay the pilot the \$20 he asked for, Willingham threw the double-eagle overboard. The captain is now cursed to sail the river as a ghost until he recovers the gold coin and pays his pilot.

The pilot of any ship following the *Pyrenees* must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* roll to avoid grounding his ship on an unexpected sandbar. Success allows the pilot to overtake the ship, although any attempt to interact with it fails unless the posse has the gold coin (see below).

A hero digging in the spot where her ship runs aground finds an old \$20 gold coin. Returning this to the ghost ship allows the captain and crew to go to their final rest.

TUSCALOOSA AND MOUNDVILLE

Some of the mounds across the south are the work of the giant ant-lion-like "Mound Builders" (see *River of Blood*). Others are, indeed, burial mounds for various lost civilizations, both Indian and displaced ancient Old World cultures.

Moundville itself, though, is a religious complex for the tribes who eventually became the Choctaw, Creek and Chickasaw nations. It's sacred to their sky gods, especially to the Buzzard God of death and storms. The Iste'e Luputsk'ee, a sort of undead weather-magician, remains at Moundville even though the tribes he served have been deported to Oklahoma decades ago. This does not make him happy, and white men are the special targets of his wrathful weather.

PROFILE: ISTE'E

LUPUTSK'EE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, Q:2d8, S:3d8,
V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 2d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d10, M:3d12, Sm:3d10,
Sp:4d10

Overawe 1d12, **ridicule** 5d10

Size: 6

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Turn Into Buzzard: Just what it sounds like. This transformation takes but a single action.

Shaman: Rituals: The Istee Luputskee knows all rituals at level 5 (d12) and always has a pool of 5 Appeasement to draw on. Favors: Call weather, curse, guiding wind, lightning strike, wilderness walk (only in Moundville).

Immunity/Vulnerability: Until the Istee Luputskee's Thunder Stone (a large meteorite carved with the Death Buzzard and buried in one of the mounds) is destroyed, the Istee Luputskee will reform from mist and fog the next day, no matter what was done to him.

Description: The Istee Luputskee appears either as a buzzard or a gaunt Creek Indian dressed in ancient ceremonial garb, and tattooed with the image of Death-Buzzard.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE

These conspiratorial, racist plutocrat bastards are even worse than McAllen thinks. Albert Pike is a bona fide Black Magician. His Civil War record is not as dark as McAllen paints it, though; Pike resigned in 1862 rather than be cashiered for insubordination after his dismal performance at the Battle of Elkhorn Tavern.

The Knights are willing to make alliances of convenience with groups like the Masons in the Union or even Baron LaCroix in New Orleans, as they struggle to dominate the South and restore the old order to power. Pike and the Kuklos would much rather get rid of the Davis doppelganger and rule the Confederacy themselves, which is why they're brewing up trouble in Biloxi (see page 106).

The Knights' activities are hardly restricted to those described in this book. Their power, wealth and influence give the Knights eyes and ears from Richmond to Cape Canaveral, and they have more plots and schemes than some folks have hot meals.

Basically, Pike and the Knights are totally dedicated to seeing the return of a now-dead society (the Antebellum

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South), and they are willing to do anything and everything to succeed. No price is too high, even that of their lives, or even their souls.

SELMA

Fear Level 3

Selma is a place where the Reckoners hardly have to do any work at all; the Fear Level (or at least the level of human hatred and misery) would probably be just as high without their activities.

For now, Selma is completely under the thumb of the Knights of the Golden Circle. Pike keeps major Abominations out of town—they're bad for the profits. Minor monstrosities prey on the shantytowns and factory hostels, and the more



subtle horrors that spring from empty souls and coal-hard hearts seep through the hallways of the great mansions.

The locals live in mortal fear of the Knights. Posses involved in any sort of anti-Golden Circle activities had better be careful who they confide in. Although most inhabitants have no love for the Knights, they will inform on anyone acting against them to avoid being implicated themselves. Careless heroes may get a late night visit from members of the Circle.

FLOODED CAHAWBA

The Cahawba catfish don't hold anyone's souls, but they're mean as anything—and stringy, too. Cahawba itself does have a population of, well, swimmin' dead, however. Use the walkin' dead statistics, adding a *swimmin'* Aptitude at level 5. They eat the catfish when they can't get a clumsy or unlucky fisherman, bargeman, Union prisoner, or riverboat passenger.



CAMP MORGAN

Fear Level 3

The guards here are grossly corrupt; for a few dollars, they'll adjust the records to say anything. As a result, nobody has any idea how many Yankees there are here, or even how many there are supposed to be. The Federals die in droves, either of camp fever or of overwork in the factories.

PROFESSOR DIPPLE & HIS MORTUTRONS

Someone has benefitted from all the death at Camp Morgan, one Professor Sendigovius Conradin Dipple. Dipple's experiments on electromechanically powered corpses are proceeding apace, what with all the ready material coming out of the camp. The professor is using his "Mortutrons" (as he styles them), for one of the simplest of activities: crime.

Dipple's activities haven't yet reached the attention of the Knights of the Golden Circle, since he has only used his Mortutrons to rob gin mills (and to kill the loan shark who loaned him the start-up capital to construct his laboratory in Factory Town and buy his first three Yankees). But Professor Dipple has great plans for the army of Mortutrons he intends to construct—he's just not sure what they are, yet.

PROFILE: PROFESSOR DIPPLE

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:1d6, Q:3d6, S:2d6, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, teamster 2d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d12, M:1d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d8

Mad science 3d12, Medicine: surgery 4d12, science: biochemistry 3d12, science: electro-engineering 4d12, scroungin' 4d10, scrutinize 1d10, search 4d10, streetwise 2d10, tinkerin' 5d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Bad ears -1, curious, hankerin' (Dr. Stebbins' Revivifying Brain Elixir, or gin, whichever is easier to get) 5

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Electro-mechanical tools, a control box for his Mortutrons, and a half-empty bottle of gin.

Description: Dipple is a little weed of a man, with thinning black hair and a bushy mustache. His eyes are usually a bit bloodshot from his constant drinking.

MORTUTRONS

Treat Dipple's Mortutrons as ordinary walkin' dead, with d12 *Strength* and Armor 2 from all their electro-mechanical parts. They follow Dipple's instructions exclusively, but they are not very bright. Dipple has 10 Mortutrons at his disposal right now, but he has plans for many more. About half of them are armed with double action pistols.

MONTEVALLO

Fear Level 2

McAllen's version of the story, although the one that most people seem to recall, is not completely correct. The Union soldiers killed Parson Reynolds along with the rest of his charges and many folk in town. "Dean Reynolds" is the ghost of Parson Reynolds; Montevallo is a college of ghosts, run by and for the shades of the departed.

It does have some living students, most of whom don't suspect the College's true nature at first. Since many of them are exceptionally sensitive or artistic, they soon intuit the truth, and either remain silent or "pledge a society" by slitting their wrists. Particularly gifted students are invited to join the faculty.

ATLANTA

Fear Level 2

Although Atlanta has plenty of abominations, murder, and depravity, it also has an almost hypnotically powerful self-image of "positive thinking" driven by Mayor Calhoun's ceaseless barrage of cheerful, boosting messages. Thus, although the supernatural underbelly of Atlanta is at least as strong as any other city of its size, it's harder to find without actively going out and looking for it.



PEACH-TREE STRANGLER

The "Peachtree Strangler" is not just a colorful metaphor. This abomination is actually an incorporeal entity which draws energy to form itself from traffic jams and tie-ups, and then kills the unwary. Their victims choke on coal dust and road dust, have heart attacks or strokes, and so forth.

PROFILE: PEACH-TREE STRANGLER

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d10, Q:3d8, S:2d10, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d10, Sp:1d8

Search 3d10, **overawe** 4d12

Size: 8

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Gremlin: The Strangler can use this ability while still unformed. It can force any mad science gizmo to make a Reliability check at -4. It use this ability to stall vehicles and create jams.

Intangible: The Strangler can form out of any traffic jam, and fade likewise. It cannot form where traffic is moving smoothly. It cannot be affected by physical damage.

Strangle: STR+2d6

Description: The Strangler appears as a large cloud of dust and soot.

MURREL'S ROW

Fear Level 3

Murrel's son, also named John, has taken up the cause of his dear, departed father. He's more than the "honorary" mayor of the Row that McAllen describes. He is, in fact, the most powerful criminal boss in the city. He hasn't given up on his plans to use an army of freed blacks to "liberate"

Atlanta, or at least to burn it down and massacre the aristocrats. Rather than an isolated swamp training camp, Murrel houses his indoctrinated "Army Of True Jubilee" in a network of coal-tunnels and cellars beneath Murrel's Row.

By day, they can go anywhere and spy out information for Murrel—nobody pays any attention to a Negro sweeping a floor or running an errand. Murrel's Army also leaves doors unlocked, poisons food or wine, and commits other stealthy crimes at Murrel's orders.

Murrel uses the knowledge he gains to plan daring robberies, blackmail Atlanta's leading citizens, and conspire against his enemies. The Knights of the Golden Circle hate Murrel, and have a covert reward of \$10,000 for his head in alcohol.

PROFILE: JOHN MURREL

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:3d10, Q:2d10, S:2d10, V:4d6

Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, fightin': knife 4d10, horse ridin' 2d10, shootin': pistol 3d12, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:3d6, M:3d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge 5d6, leadership 4d12, overawe 3d12, streetwise 5d6

Edges: Dinero 4, renown 3, "the stare", thick-skinned, tough as nails

Hindrances: Enemy (Knights of the Golden Circle) 5, intolerance (aristocrats) 5, mean as a rattler, outlaw, vengeful

Wind: 25

Gear: Anything he needs, he can get with his Army.

Description: John Murrel looks like a weather-beaten old horse thief, all crags and wrinkles and evil temper. He dresses in old clothes, favoring a brown greatcoat.

HUMBUG SQUARE

It's entirely up to you how many of these folk are genuine hucksters and alchemists and how many are just

colorful con men working one or another scam. The most important Humbug Square figure, as McAllen says, is John Stith Pemberton, "the Atlanta Alchemist." He's a local pharmacist with a strong cocaine habit, but when he's seeing straight he can't be beat in the elixir game.

PROFILE:

JOHN STITH PEMBERTON

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S:2d6, V:2d10

Fightin': sword 3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, sleight of hand 3d6, teamster 3d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:4d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d6

Language: Cherokee 2d12, mad science 3d12, medicine: general 2d12, medicine: pharmacy 3d12, persuasion 3d6, science: alchemy 6d12, botany 4d12, chemistry 5d12, scroungin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist 3

Hindrances: Ailin' (rheumatism and ulcers), hankerin' (cocaine and morphine, alternately), poverty

Gear: Medicine cart, roots, herbs, leaves, etc., completed elixirs (any).

Description: Pemberton is in his late forties, with a long scraggly beard and sunken cheeks which make his eyes pop out even more. He wears a shabby suit that was once very expensive and fashionable.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Actually, McAllen has fallen for the double cover story. "Armstrong" is actually Booth. His actions earned him special recognition from the Reckoners, who returned him from the grave as a special abomination. He has revived his Knights of the White Camellia and he is slowly transforming them into a secret cult of assassins which could rival the ninjas of medieval Japan.

Booth is always looking for true sons of the South to send on some suicidal mission or other for the Reckoners. Anyone expressing the appropriate fiery sympathies might get referred to a White Camellia meeting. Those who possess the proper qualities are recruited into his slowly growing cult.

Currently, the Camelliards have a tight group of about ten active members, mostly fanatics willing to slip into Yankee territory and kill politicians or whomever Booth instructs. One of the most useful Camelliards is Asaph Perkins, a telegraph dispatcher who runs a network of railroad agents. The KWC can get men onto any train in the South, and quite a few in the North, thanks to his good offices.

PROFILE:

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:2d10, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 5d10, dodge 4d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 6d10, quickdraw: pistol 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d12, sneak 5d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d10, M:4d12, Sm:2d12, Sp:2d8

Academia: drama 4d10, disguise 5d10, leadership 3d12, performin' 5d12, persuasion 4d12, ridicule 3d12, scrutinize 3d8, tale-tellin' 4d12

Edges: Purty, "the voice" (all)

Hindrances: Big britches, loco (delusions of grandeur), superstitious

Special Abilities:

Aim: Booth suffers no called shot penalties when firing at a target from behind.

Stealth: Booth receives a +6 bonus to all *sneak* rolls.

Immunity—Normal Damage

Weakness: Booth can only be harmed by magic or by an attack from behind him. He must be unaware of the attacker.

Gear: Pistol, clerical vestments.

Description: A raven-haired man with piercing, coal-black eyes and a classically handsome profile.

YAMMERIN' NED

Ned Turner began as a newspaperman with no interest but selling papers. However, his extensive research in his ever-growing files (the most complete repository of corruption, horror, crime, supernaturalism, and scandal in the South) led him to piece together the truth. His discovery, that the Reckoners are prolonging the war and

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manipulating politicians in Richmond for their own ends, drove him around the bend. He's fanatically dedicated to getting the truth out, but he's not always sure where the real truth lies, seeing the Reckoners in every shadow. His paranoia doesn't extend to his own life and safety, oddly enough, although he takes precautions against real threats.

SAVANNAH

Fear Level 1

The reason that Savannah seems like such a placid oasis of tranquility is that John Wesley invoked a powerful blessing on the place when he preached here in 1736, founding the Methodist Church. The entire area north of Gaston is under divine protection, although certain



buildings are less divine than others (the Cotton Exchange, for instance).

The layout of Savannah followed a magical whist pattern divined by Oglethorpe in hours of prayerful meditation over the cards, and acts to focus and boost any act of beneficial magic cast in the area. Members of the clergy get a +2 modifier to all *faith* rolls made to invoke a miracle.

The Reckoners haven't really been able to get a foothold even in the Southside, and Sherman's refusal to harm Savannah (and the city fathers' later endorsement of his promise of land grants to the slaves in the area) helped keep the area focused for good and decency.

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY

This Cemetery, which Wesley explicitly granted to the powers of darkness in the half hour on either side of midnight, has a Fear Level of 1 by day, 2 by night, and 4 during the crucial hour.



ST. AUGUSTINE

Fear Level 2

St. Augustine is, indeed, a city with a dark past. The Spanish massacred the French colony nearby, which is why the city's Bay is called Matanzas ("slaughters"). For some reason, the city tends to keep ghosts around longer than other cities; they're not quite as numerous as McAllen's informants report, but they're plentiful.

RATS OF UNUSUAL SIZE

The primary abominations in the city are the ratkin (abominations sprung from the centuries of pirate greed and rapacity) and the spiderkin (abominations sprung from the corruption and machinations of everyone involved in Florida from British political swaps to Jackson's corruption to the trade in adulterated beef).

The ratkin and spiderkin fight an on-and-off war with each other in the sewers and caverns beneath the city, occasionally taking human victims for food.

RATKIN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, Q:3d12, S:2d8, V:3d10

Climbin' 4d10, dodge 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge (caves) 3d6, scroungin' 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Size: 5

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6)

Infection: Ratkin carry extraordinarily unpleasant diseases. Victims must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid infection from their bite.

Gnaw: Ratkin can gnaw through almost any non-metallic substance (except coquina), given enough time.

Description: Ratkin resemble horribly bloated rats slightly smaller than a teenage boy. They travel on four legs for speed, but can walk on two. They have long, hairless tails, opposable thumbs, and sharp incisors.

SPIDERKIN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 5d8, dodge 4d8, fightin' brawlin' 3d8, throwin' webbing 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge (caves) 4d6, search 4d8, streetwise 3d10

Size: 4

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4)

Venom: Bitten characters must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid paralysis that last 1d4 hours. Paralyzed characters are wrapped up in webbing and slowly drained of juices.

Webbing: Spiderkin can throw webs across gaps or onto opponents. Spiderkin webbing tangles its target, reducing all Corporeal Attributes by one step per hit. The webbing has a Speed of 1, and a Range Increment of 3 (max range 20 yards). If any of target's Attributes are reduced below d4, she is immobilized. A hero who has been webbed can use an action to cut free with a sharp knife. This requires a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll. Success cancels the effects of one webbing hit.

Wall Walkin': Spiderkin can walk up any vertical surface, or even along the ceiling.

Description: Grayish brown, large, furry spiders with long mandibles and tiny humanoid faces in front.

THE SEA MONSTER

This abomination sprang from a location where a slave ship became trapped in the Sargasso. The sailors ate the slaves and then, still becalmed, ate each other in their madness. This horrific crime spawned the monster; a horrific blending of shark, giant squid, and sea serpent. Able to easily crush any wooden ship with one mighty blow, it prefers to chase ships into the feared Devil's Triangle, toy with them, and then pluck the raving crew one by one from their hiding places.

Often all its victims ever see are the things tentacles, of which it has eight.

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The monster can attack with up to four tentacles on each action. Once four tentacles have been maimed, it withdraws.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d10, Q:4d8, S:6d12+20, V:5d12+6

Fightin' brawlin' 3d10, fightin' jaws 5d10, sneak 4d10, swimmin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:3d10, Sm:3d4, Sp:3d6

Size: 25 (body), 10 (tentacle)

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Bite: STR+2d8

Tentacle Grab: The monster can grab (with a successful *fightin' brawlin'* roll) anyone (or thing) within reach (about 20 feet). Grabbed folks can free themselves by getting a raise on an opposed strength roll (good luck!).

Swimming: Pace 30

DEVIL'S DEN

Devil's Den, as well as the Devil's Millhopper, although natural, do give access onto the network of caverns and tunnels crisscrossing Florida.

APALACHICOLA

The peculiar smoke pillar is actually a moonshiner's signal. If your heroes follow it, they find a hidden clearing and buy tasty, tax-free whiskey. What, does everything have to be evil?

PENSACOLA

The lights in the sky are, indeed, Confederate experimental aircraft. The newly founded CFC stages squadrons out of a top-secret aerodrome in Gulf Breeze. Here the mad science techniques and ghost-rock mechanisms developed at Roswell are being tested without too much danger of Union observation.

THE BROOKSVILLE HUMANOID

This creature is a large skunk ape (see *River o' Blood*) who has become addicted to tobacco. He hangs around the cigar plant to steal cigars.

CAPE CANAVERAL

Key West is only the test shot. According to Murchison's calculations, the Great Gun should be able to hit Washington, New York, Chicago, or pretty much any other city within 1500 miles without a significant margin for error.

Even with the maddest of mad science, sadly, the accuracy of the Gun won't be good enough to use it to target enemy troop movements. Hence, the projectiles launched from it (some within the War Department are endorsing chlorine gas bombs, or even experimental ghost rock explosive shells) will only be good for destroying fixed targets and devastating civilians.

Needless to say, this project has great support from the Reckoners—it's a pure and simple terror weapon with no legitimate military use. President Davis has made sure that some of his toughest Nightwatchers are always on hand for security along with elite Ranger units.

NAPLES PYRAMIDS

Actually, what the Confederate cavalry scouts found about thirty miles inland from Naples was far better than Moundville. Although the investigation proceeds slowly, Professor LePlongeon has identified the complex as a lost Mayan colony, possibly the original source for the entire Mississippian Mound culture. There are crumbling step pyramids, long roads made of crushed shells and coral, and other evidences of high Mayan culture.

How much of the Mayan city survives (just monsters and haunts, or surviving descendants of the Mayan settlers) is up to you Marshal.



THE EVERGLADES

Fear Level 4

The human dangers in the Everglades include not only the Union infiltrators, Confederate spy catchers, inbred swamp murderers, and desperate smugglers. The Seminole Remnant continues its fight from deep within the swamp. Deadly fighters and masters of camouflage, many of the Seminoles have learned voodoo black magic.

Not all the dangers in the swamps are human. In addition to sinkholes, lost footing, unpredictable compass variations, etc., there are more active predators. Natural hazards include diamondbacks and cottonmouth snakes, bears and panthers, and the omnipresent 'gators. Check out *River o' Blood* for details on these swamp beasts, and ideas for others to infest your Everglades with.

The worst of all the varmints in the 'Glades, however, are the immense clouds of bitin' flies and mosquitoes. They can't quite eat a man alive, but they can leave him covered with a hundred bleeding wounds—attractive bait for a lot of other things.

PROFILE: BITIN' FLIES

Corporeal: None

Mental: None

Size: 0

Terror: 0

Special Abilities:

Bitin': Bitin' flies attack in huge clouds. Each round that a character spends within such a cloud, he loses one Wind and gains lots of tiny, horribly itchy, bloody wounds. Clouds last 1d10 rounds and then disperse. Victims who lose more than 5 Wind to the flies suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls for the next 24 hours due to the horrible itching.

Swarmin': Obviously, bullets, swords, etc. have no effect on swarms of tiny bugs. Magical winds might, or directed spells.

Smudge Vulnerability: Bitin' flies attack any people who venture into the Glades, unless they have covered every inch of exposed skin with a pungent herbal ointment (local Seminoles know it, as do the local swampies). The ointment can be burned in a smudge pot or campfire to keep bitin' flies away, at the cost of some visibility and the occasional racking cough.

Description: See above.

OTHER HAZARDS

The horrible excesses of the Spanish slaughter of the Calusa, the terror of the escaped slaves, and the brutal Seminole Wars under Andrew Jackson created a vast quantity of hatred, fear, and terror for the Reckoners to work with in the heart of the Everglades. .

You can't even trust the plants in the Everglades. The killer sawgrass and strangler fig are only the most common of the deadly flora of the "Lake of Grass," but there are others. Telling the warped varieties of these plants from their more mundane cousins takes an Onerous (7) *survival: swamp* or *science: botany* roll.

Both plants are intent on doing in anyone they can. Walking safely through cannibal sawgrass, which can grow to chest height, requires that no exposed skin (and especially no blood) touch it at any time. If the grass "smells" flesh

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or blood, it waves its razor-sharp blades in an attempt to fillet the passerby and compost him.

The strangler fig tries to grab and strangle to death anyone passing it. It then sucks the corpses under its roots to feed on their nutrients. The fruit of this tree has a reddish tinge to it.

PROFILE: KILLER SAWGRASS

Corporeal: none

Mental: none

Size: Varies

Terror: 5 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Sawgrass Cut: Each person within the grass takes 3d6 damage each round they remain in the grass unless they make a Hard (9) *dodge* roll.

Weakness-Fire: This dry grass is easily destroyed by fire. It doesn't attack anyone holding any sort of open flame. Anyone in the grass when it's ignited takes 4d12 fire damage.

Description: It's cannibal sawgrass, but it's still sawgrass.

PROFILE: STRANGLER FIG

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S: 3d12+4, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d4, Sm:2d4, Sp:3d6

Size: 15

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Strangle: If the fig succeeds in an attack, it has looped a vine around the victim's neck. It automatically does STR+1d8 per round thereafter unless someone cuts the vine loose (successful attack with a bladed weapon). Any fig tree has an effectively infinite supply of vines (easily 100 or so on any tree).

Description: This is a large fig tree with overhanging branches festooned with vines.

ABOMINATIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The Reckoners have populated the cities, shore, hollers and mountains of the South with more than its fair share of special abominations. Here's the lowdown on a few of them.

GHOSTS

Many of the strange beings which posses may encounter while traveling through the South East are people who have returned from the dead, not as walkin' dead or Harrowed, but as ghosts or phantoms.

People who return as ghosts usually died a violent death and seek revenge, or were especially evil and are cursed to roam the Earth in death. A few rare ghosts are the result of someone who experienced some extreme emotion while dying and is doomed to relive it or inflict it on others.

Ghosts can usually be driven away or destroyed by means of the *exorcise* miracle. *Consecrate armament/item* allows the weapon to affect ghosts and items to make them uncomfortable. *Hinder* reduces a ghosts' *overawe* Aptitude (and other Aptitudes, if any) Other miracles that affect them normally are *expose*, *falter*, *protection*, *safekeepin'*, and *sanctify*. Ghosts are considered to be "evil" for purposes of these miracles even if they are not, *per se*, malign.

Most hexes based on Mental Traits affect ghosts as well, subject to specific exceptions created by the Marshal (*bedazzling* a ghost usually has little effect, for example). *Spirit coils* can trap a ghost, and *soul blast* and *argent agony* can both damage ghosts.

Here are statistics for a typical apparition. Adapt, adjust and tweak it as you see fit.

PROFILE: GHOST

(a.k.a. Phantom, Apparition, Poltergeist)

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, Q:3d6, S: 3d8, V:3d10

As in life

Mental: C:2d6, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

As in life

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Terror: 4-10 (sometimes greater, depending upon ghost's appearance and demeanor)

Special Abilities:

Ghostly Form: Ghosts are intangible, able to pass through walls, sink into the ground, and move their ghostly hands through some hombre's chest. They cannot be harmed by physical weapons or attacks, unless the weapons are made of silver. Hexes and enchanted weapons can also hurt them. Some are vulnerable to sunlight or any attacks by the pure of heart.

Coup: Counting coup on the most powerful phantoms sometimes nets a Harrowed the *ghost* power at level 1. Other specific ghost may grant different Coup Powers, as appropriate

Fear Attack: A ghost can inflict fear upon any human within 10 feet. This requires an Opposed *Spirit* roll between the ghost and his target. If the target loses, he must roll 3d6 on the Scairt Table (or, at the Marshal's option, simply flee at top speed for 1d8 minutes).

Chill Touch: Some ghosts can "touch" corporeal beings and inflict Wind damage by chilling them (the air near such ghosts is usually noticeably cool, but not damaging). Assume ghosts with this ability have *fightin': chill touch* 4 (or better). If the attack succeeds, it does 2d6 Wind damage to the target. If the victim is reduced to 0 Wind, he passes out for 1d6 minutes as well as suffering the usual effects of having no Wind.

Immunity—Wind or Physical Damage

Description: Varies. Some ghosts are clearly ephemeral beings—you can see right through their ghostly forms. Others appear to be made of true flesh and blood, but bear horrible wounds or ghastly pale skin which reveals their true state.

GIANTS IN THE EARTH

Giants do in fact exist in the very wildest and most remote backwoods of the Appalachians. You won't find them just anywhere—only in the deepest hollers and wildest, most unsettled areas—but they're there. Getting rid of them when you want to clear the land and farm it, or build a railroad, poses difficulties—they're mighty big and strong, after all.

Giants usually have one head, but some have as many as four! Increase the level of their *search* Aptitude by 1 for each head after the first.

A quick note here, Marshal. Part of the horror in a *Deadlands* game derives from subtle fear and horror. Giants ain't subtle. Make sure you keep them well away from any sort of civilization. These abominations are for the deep, deep mountains. Keep them there.

PROFILE: "TYPICAL" GIANT

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:8d12, Q:2d6, V:8d12
Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, throwin': rocks 4d8
Mental: C:1d6, K:1d6, M:6d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d10
Overawe 4d10, **search** 1d6
Pace: 15 or greater
Size: 9-12
Wind: 22
Terror: 4-7
Special Abilities: None
Description: A gigantic (and usually extremely ugly) person, sometimes with multiple heads.

OLD FIRE DRAGAMAN

Old Fire Dragaman's an even tougher row to hoe than the normal garden variety giant. He's old, he's ornery and he can breath fire. "Gettin' shet of" this particular giant is a good job for the King to give an enterprising posse.



PROFILE:

OLD FIRE DRAGAMAN

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:6d12+8, Q:3d8, V:6d12+6
Fightin': brawlin' 5d10, shootin': firebreathing 4d10
Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d6
Overawe 6d10, **search** 1d6
Pace: 18
Size: 12
Wind: 22
Terror: 9
Special Abilities:
Firebreathing: Once per round, at a cost of 5 Wind, Old Fire Dragaman can belch out a fireball at some hapless antagonist. The fireball has a radius of 5 yards, and does 2d10 damage to every target in the area.
Fire Immunity: Old Fire Dragaman cannot be burned, and takes no damage from fire, including flamethrower blasts.
Description: See main text.

HANGMEN

These abominations form from the bodies of people who have been hanged and left to rot. It doesn't matter whether the hanging was justly deserved or not, these monsters are looking to turn other people into buzzard bait—their victims end up strung up in a tree.

PROFILE: HANGMEN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d10, S:4d12, Q:2d8, V:3d10

Dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', rope: 5d10, sneak 5d10, throwin': rope 4d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:4d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Search 4d10

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Immunity—Normal Damage

Rope Attack: The hangman attacks with the rope that was used to kill

it. It always takes called shots to the head. It can throw the end of the rope up to 20' or attack with it in hand-to-hand. If it hits, the rope closes around the target's throat. The victim must make a *Vigor* roll against the hangman's *Strength*. If the contest is failed, the target takes the difference in Wind. If the target wins with a raise, he has slipped the rope off. The target must make this test on each of the hangman's actions until he either hits 0 Wind or gets the rope off.

Weakness: The rope that killed it.

The only way to kill a hangman is to force the rope it carries around its neck. This requires the attacker to get a raise in hand-to-hand combat and then win an opposed *Strength* roll. As soon as the rope goes around the creature's neck, it drops to the ground, dead

Description: A hangman looks like emaciated corpse, head lolling to the side at a decidedly unnatural angle.



SLAVE WARDERS

These repugnant creatures are a distillation of the evil done during centuries of chattel slavery, and they manifest in areas strongly associated with it, such as auction blocks, slave pens, and the plantations of cruel former slave owners. The old slave pens in Richmond are plagued by these malignant spirits.

When the opportunity to ambush a victim arises, 7-12 (1d6+6) slave warders appear to attack and berate them hatefully in a manner borrowed from the most merciless fugitive slave hunters. Unlike the old hunters, they have murder as their goal instead of capture. They carry bloody whips and chains with manacles to torment their victims

PROFILE: SLAVE WARDERS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:3d8, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin', whip 4d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': shotgun 2d6, sneak 2d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d4, M:2d8, Sm:1d8, Sp:4d4

Area knowledge: former slave states 5d4, guts 3d4, overawe 2d8, ridicule 4d8, search 5d10, trackin' 5d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Lashes: Use statistics for normal whips, with damage increased to STR+2d6.

Chains: A successful *brawlin'* roll against a stunned or unconscious victim binds their hands and feet in Armor Value 3 chains.

Description: Slave warders resemble fugitive slave hunters of old, but they have more crazed expressions and mannerisms to go along with the Hellish glow that surrounds them.

SUCCUBUS

These seductive and beautiful monstrosities love to take advantage of men who do most of their thinking below their belt-line. The consequences of giving in to their temptations can be fatal.

PROFILE: SUCCUBUS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:4d8, Q:2d8, V:3d10

Dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin', wrasslin' 5d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 5d6, swimmin' 2d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:4d12, Sm:4d12, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge 5d6, bluff 5d12, guts 3d8, language (native) 5d6, persuasion 5d12, scrutinize 3d10, streetwise 3d12

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Terror: 7 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Allurin': A succubus' good looks allows her to add +4 to most *persuasion* rolls or other situations where her physique comes into play.

Temptin': By using a Fate Chip, a succubus can sap a person's resistance to her charms and seduce even the most chaste individuals. Apply the following penalties to anyone attempting to

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spurn a succubus' affections: white chip: -2; red chip: -4; blue chip: -6.

Man-Meltin': The flesh of those locked in an intimate embrace with a succubus slowly melts, inflicting 3d10 damage to areas in bodily contact on each of the abomination's actions. The victim's mind enters a false euphoric state, so *Cognition* rolls made to notice the damage are at -5, with the penalty decreasing by one for each wound level the victim has suffered. If the victim attempts to break free of the embrace, the succubus attempts to maintain its grip with its *fightin': wrasslin'* Aptitude.

Description: Blonde, brunette, or redhead, succubi all look like incredibly desirable ladies.





WITCHES IN APPALACHIA

The backwoods witches of the Appalachians do things a bit differently from their city slicker cousins. See *Back East: The North* for more details.

THE GENTLER SEX?

Witches are almost always women. They tend to fall into two categories: young, bewitchingly beautiful ones (no pun intended, of course!) and ugly, old crones. A young witch tends towards subtlety; she likes to take advantage of her good looks to get a man to fall in love with her so she can witch him. (Yes, "witch" is both noun and verb in the Appalachians.) The hag-like witches

typically live by themselves in backwoods cabins where they can work their witchery as they please.

You won't find witch-men—male witches—very often. They're rarer than hen's teeth, but they tend to be powerful. They also tend towards exceeding ugliness, but every now and again you find one whose good looks belie his dark heart.

WITCH-GANGS

Many witches are solitary—too many cooks spoils the brew—but sometimes they like to gather in groups called *witch-gangs*. Witch-gangs usually have 13 members; the most powerful witch serves as the gang's leader. Witch-gangs hold their witch-meetings in old, abandoned mills, hidden hollows, caves, and other such out of the way places where they won't be disturbed. Sometimes they use their powers to drive folks away from a meeting-place they want to use, making it seem haunted so no one goes near it.

CREATURES

Witches sometimes have special pets—what you'd call familiars back in the Old Country. These creatures are often used to spy on neighbors and other folks the witch wants to know about. Lizards and black cats are the most common creatures, but many others are possible.

AFFECTING WITCHES AND WITCHERY

Witches have a sort of immunity to most forms of damage, at least as far as killing them permanently goes. The only way to kill them for sure is to use silver. Silver knives, silver bullets, silver hammers—anything like that will do. A witch killed by any other means automatically comes back Harrowed to continue her witchery; a witch killed with silver cannot become Harrowed. For this reason, witches fear silver. They refuse to handle silver coins or objects, and flee from silver strongly presented.

Silver can sometimes break a witch-spell as well. We'll go into detail about that in the power descriptions below.

A universally-accepted way to cancel out witch-powers is to invoke the Lord. That's right, just saying "the Lord" or "my Lord" automatically causes a spell to fail—or so folks say. Actually, it's not quite that effective, Invoking the Lord while a witch is casting a spell raises its Target Number by 4. To do this, characters must keep a card up their sleeves and roll the bones as usual to see if they can interrupt the witch as she's casting. If they fail, they don't get the words out in time. Once the spell is cast, invoking the Lord doesn't work.

Similarly, the blessed have special protection against witchery. This works just like the blessed and black magic.

PROFILE:

APPALACHIAN WITCH

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, filchin' 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:4d6, M:2d8, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d10

Academia: occult 2d6, faith 4d10, overawe 3d8, persuasion 3d8, ridicule 3d6, scrutinize 2d8, survival: mountains 3d6

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 3-7 (depending on appearance, demeanor, and so forth)

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Appalachian witches can work black magic. They prefer subtler spells, such as *animal mastery*, *curse* or *spook*, to flashy effects like *bolts o' doom* or *zombie*. They use many spells in a subtle manner. For example, *puppet* can be employed to make someone stand stock-still for a night, but not to literally control a victim's actions for any period of time.

Blight: A witch can curse crops, livestock, and people, causing them to sicken, wither, and die. She can affect one acre of crops per point of Terror she has (for many small Appalachian farmers, an acre or two is all it takes to ruin them), or one animal per point of Terror, or one person. This power can also be

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used to cause one well to go dry. Once the power has been used, it takes effect over the course of about a week as the crops, animals, or people die or the well dries up. During this time characters can counteract the blight with hexes, spells, or miracles, allowing the subject to start growing/living normally again. Failing that, only convincing the witch to remove the curse can end the suffering.

Drought: Drought lets a witch control the weather, making it rain or not rain. The power's area of effect is a 5 mile radius. If she chooses drought, there will be no rain in that area for 1 week per level or her *faith*. If she chooses rain, it will rain steadily for one hour per level in her *faith*. Anyone in the area of effect of rain is at a -2 to all actions while outdoors.. For every raise achieved on the roll, she can increase the intensity of the rain (as well as the penalty) to downpour (-4), gullywasher (-6), and finally toadstrangler (-8). Once the spell has been cast, the witch can leave the area without negating its effects.

Shapechange: Most witches can change their shape into one specific type of creature. A black cat is the most common form assumed, but pigs, black dogs, and crows are also possible for her. The witch can also change her appearance to that of any other person. The witch can make herself look just like a specific person, or simply look "different" (prettier, taller, different gender, and so on). The change lasts for only an hour, though, and if the witch touches or is touched by anything silver, she instantly changes back to her true visage or form.

Sensitivity: Silver. As described above, only silver weapons can put a witch down for good.

Description: See above.



Deadlands Dispatch

Issue #4

Character Info, Errata, and The Big Picture of the Deadlands Universe

Welcome to Pinnacle's regular update on the Deadlands universe. In this issue we talk about the expanding forces of the Reverend Grimme and the latest events from the *Epitaph's* hometown of Tombstone.

— The Big Picture —

Grimme Missionaries

It appears the Reverend Grimme is carrying through on his promise (some might call it a threat) to spread the word of his faith outside of Lost Angels. A group of five, very dusty Guardian Angels staggered into Tombstone recently. The group had walked the entire Ghost Trail from Lost Angels, braving attacks by Mojave rattlers and Apaches along the way.

The group is led by a senior Angel who goes by only the name of Mordechai. Shortly after the tattered Angels arrived in town, Brother Mordechai revealed his intentions of building a Temple of Lost Angels in Tombstone—an announcement that was not exactly popular with the locals.

Many Tombstone inhabitants, led by the Cowboys and not so secretly funded by Bayou Vermillion, have banded together to form a “Non-partisan Anti-Grimme League.” There have been a few scuffles between the locals and the Guardian Angels, but no serious violence has broken out. Fred White, and surprisingly, Sheriff Beehan, have worked hard to head off any hostile confrontations.

This has led many to speculate that the good Sheriff has been slipped some cash by the recent arrivals. Beehan denies these rumors, of course. His response to questions about the Angels' plans is, “I believe a Temple would be a good thing for Tombstone. This degenerate place could use a spot of religion.”

The Angels have not gained any converts since arriving in Tombstone, but this has not stopped them from pressing ahead with their plans. They've purchased a lot on the northeastern edge of town and they've already begun clearing it in preparation for building.

Hot Times in Tombstone

There's another pot getting ready to boil in the “Gateway to the Great Maze.” The feud between the Cowboys and Doc Holliday is heating up.

After a long meeting of the Anti-Grimme League at Ike's Place—which consisted mostly of shouting “Death to Grimme” in between shots of whiskey—the Cowboys decided to perform one of their trademark “jollifications.” They rode around shooting up the town for nearly fifteen minutes before Doc decided to put a stop to it.

The Cowboys picked the wrong night to piddle in Doc's canteen. His tuberculosis has been acting up of late, and he was drowning his sorrows in a bottle when the Cowboys came stampeding past the Oriental. When Doc heard them, he stormed out onto the porch and started firing. Luckily for the Cowboys, his aim was a bit off that night—only three were hit, and none of the wounds were fatal. Before the stunned Cowboys could react a squad of five Texas Rangers showed up and put an end to the shooting match.

One Riot, One Ranger?

For reasons unknown a squad of five Texas Rangers has taken up residence in Tombstone. No one knows why, but everyone has their suspicions. Some think it's to keep an eye on Grimme's lackeys, others think it's to prevent some Bayou Vermillion scheme or other, yet others believe they're investigating the sudden influx of well-mannered Mexicans into the Cowboys, and some think its due to rumors that US Marshal Wyatt Earp may be coming to town.

Needful Thangs

He Died of What?

Dying of an infection is not a particularly heroic way to die, but it happened all the time back in the Old West. During the Civil War, as many soldiers died of disease and infection as were killed in battle.

We don't want to saddle you with a whole lot of extra bookkeeping, so you Marshals out there should feel free to pick and choose when you apply these rules—if at all. Use these rules to add flavor to your game, not bog things down.

You don't need to check for infection every time an hombre nicks himself shaving, just in those situations where it seems appropriate. After dealing with an infection or two, your heroes might be less enthusiastic about chasing a ratkin down into a stinky, nasty, germ-infested sewer.

Getting the Bug

Any wound can potentially become infected if not treated properly. After a hero has been wounded, wait until all first aid and magical healing has been applied to the hombre and then check any remaining wounds for infection. The character must make a *Vigor* roll for each wound he has. The TN for these rolls is the same as if he was making a natural healing roll. A heavy wound for instance, requires a roll of 7 to avoid infection.

There are a few wrinkles to throw in here though, because some wounds are more likely to get infected than others, and there are some things your hero can do to cut the risk of infection. The bacteria which cause both gangrene and lockjaw can both be found in the

soil, so for starters, your cowpoke needs to clean the wound. Assume this happens if anyone makes a successful *medicine* roll on the wound, but if the hero was crawling around in the mud before being treated, this may not be enough. In any case, serious wounds or worse are too deep to completely clean out; your hombre needs to try some other methods to stay out of the boneyard. In the end, it's up to the Marshal whether the wound has been cleaned sufficiently. A dirty wound increases the TN needed to avoid infection by +2.

Many infections are caused not by the weapon, but by the victim's clothing. All sorts of bacteria breed in a person's clothes and any weapon which cuts through this clothing embeds articles of it in the wound. Any wound in a location covered by clothes or armor has the TN to avoid infection raised by +2 (maybe the Celts were on to something when they went into battle naked).

Wounds which involve extensive loss of skin are also prime candidates, like those caused by flame or being dragged behind a horse. These wounds increase the TN by +2.

Lastly, having any sort of human or animal waste come in contact with the wound is big trouble. This includes wounds suffered in sewers, active cow pastures, and any serious or worse wounds to the lower guts (what's in your intestines should stay there, unless you're in the outhouse). This raises the TN by +4.

Killing Germs

There are some things your hero can do to help himself. The first is to apply an antiseptic to the wound. In the Weird West, this usually



means alcohol. Beer won't do it, but any sort of hard liquor has enough alcohol to sterilize the wound. This lowers the TN by -2 and hurts like a bitch.

Some mosses contain natural antibiotics. Finding these requires a Hard (9) *survival* roll, and for the hero to be in a temperate, wooded area (there's not much moss in the Mojave). Applying this to the wound lowers the TN by -4.

The last trick you character can try is cauterizing the wound. This sears the flesh around the edges of the wound and kills the bacteria through heat. It also stops any bleeding from the wound.

There are two ways your hero can do this. She can heat up a knife, poker, or other metal utensil that fits inside the wound until it's red hot and then slap it on, or she can pack the wound with gunpowder and light it. Either way is extremely painful and leaves a Hell of a scar. The patient must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll to avoid taking an additional wound to the affected location, so use this with care on critical wounds.

Gettin' Sick

If your hero makes her *Vigor* roll, she's in good shape; the wound heals cleanly (although your Marshal may make you roll again if the wound is exposed to dirt or you don't change

the dressing on a regular basis). If she failed the roll, she's got some pain headed her way.

For our purposes there are two basic types of wound infection (there are a lot more, but these are enough to make your heroes miserable): lockjaw and gangrene. It's up to your Marshal which one your hero gets, although lockjaw is more common from injuries involving rusted metal.

Lockjaw: Lockjaw is caused by the tetanus bacteria. This sneaky germ has a long incubation period so your hero may not know he's got it until after his wound has healed up. The Marshal should roll 1d20+4 to see how many days it takes before symptoms appear. Once they do, it's too late unless your hero knows a preacher with a magic touch. The first signs are headaches and difficulty opening his mouth, 1d4 days later your hero's facial muscles contract giving him a permanent sardonic grin. Each day after this he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid taking a wound to the guts (this can't be cure with *medicine*). He also suffers violent muscles spasms which double all wound penalties.

Gangrene: Gangrene sets in within 1d6 days after the wound was suffered. This nasty little germ kills the flesh it has infected and then feeds off it to make more of itself. A hero with gangrene must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll each day to avoid taking a wound to the affected location (*medicine* rolls cannot heal this wound).

If the infection is in the guts or noggin, a maiming wound kills the hero. If it's in a limb, once the area is maimed, the infection begins to travel up the limb toward the hero's guts. Assume each limb has three sections divided by the major joints. Roll 1d6 to determine where the infection started: the arm has the (1-2) hand, (3-4) forearm, and (5-6) upper arm; the leg has the (1-2) foot, (3-4) calf, and (5-6) thigh. Each day after the limb takes a maiming wound, the hero must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll to prevent the infection from moving up the limb one section closer to his guts. Once the infection reaches the guts, it begins causing wounds there.

The spread of gangrene can be stopped by amputating the infected limb above the gangrenous section or cutting the infected tissue from the torso. Amputation requires a Fair (5) *medicine: surgery* roll. Successful or not the limb comes off, but a failed roll causes 2d6 damage to the guts from shock and blood loss. Cutting the infection out of the torso requires a Hard (9) *medicine: surgery* roll. A success removes the infection and inflicts a wound on the patient. Failure doesn't remove all of the infection and inflicts a wound equal in size to the original.

The Staff of Hop Li

Hop Li was one of the heroes of the 37th Chamber of the Shaolin Temple in California. Note I say was, this brave monk died recently while defending a number of small Chinese communities just south of Shan Fan.

These towns were being harassed by a patrol of Guardian Angels who came by on a regular basis demanding tribute for their master back in Lost Angels. Hop Li easily whupped their tails with his chi powers and sent them slinking south. Grimme must not have cared for this very much, because the next patrol that showed up in the settlements was accompanied by the Angel o' Death and some other high-ranking Angels.

Hop Li put up one Hell of a fight, but he was hopelessly outnumbered and soon fell to the black powers of the Angels. The battle took place on top of a cliff overlooking the Maze, and as the monk died, he hurled his staff over the edge into the swirling waters below.

In the hands of most warriors this weapon performs just like an ordinary staff, but in the hands of an *enlightened* warrior the staff shows its true abilities. By spending a ch'i point, the staff's user can make two attacks per action with the staff for an entire round. By spending 2 ch'i points and getting a running start of at least 5 yards, the warrior can use the staff to vault up to 30' in the air. Landing from this jump requires only a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* roll.

Profile

Let's take a moment to meet those responsible for this latest helping of horror, mayhem and intrigue. (Hey, we have to blame somebody.)

Kenneth Hite

Kenneth Hite is an honorary Southerner, born in Oklahoma, where he first began roleplaying and reading history. He combined the two as a co-author of *GURPS Alternate Earths*, and has also written such books as *Secret Societies* and *Major Arcana* for *Nephilim*, *The Cainite Heresy* for *Vampire: the Dark Ages*, and *Nightmares of Mine*, a guide to horror roleplaying. He has also written portions of *Mage: the Sorcerer's Crusade* and the *Star Trek: the Next Generation RPG*. He is currently the Line Developer for Last Unicorn Games' *Star Trek* RPG, and his column of general weirdness, "Suppressed Transmissions," appears weekly in *Pyramid* magazine. Now a damn Yankee, he lives in Chicago with his wife, Sheila, a lot of very odd books indeed, and no discernible regrets.

Steven S. Long

Steven S. Long is a freelance writer and game designer. Prior to movin' out west to help keep the Fearmongers at bay with such fine tomes as *Law Dogs*, *Tales O' Terror: 1877*, and *Brainburners*, he practiced law Back East in North Carolina. After taking down his shyster's shingle and setting out to write and design games, he wrote

books like *Dark Champions* and *The Ultimate Martial Artist* for Hero Games (for whom he recently finished the long-awaited Fifth Edition of the HERO System), *World of Darkness: Combat* and *Destiny's Price* for White Wolf Game Studios, and many other products designed to help fine folks while away a few hours. Recently he's been takin' trips out among the stars in his job as general roustabout for Last Unicorn Games's *Star Trek* game lines, including becoming Line Developer for the *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine Roleplaying Game*.

Christopher McGlothlin

Christopher McGlothlin, M.Ed. is a life-long Virginian who read his first War Between the States book at age 6, his first gaming book at age 12, and you currently hold the result. He holds Bachelor of Science Degrees in Political Science and Journalism, as well as a Master's in Education, from Radford University. His daylight hours are spent as Chairman of the Halifax County High School Social Studies Department, and he is currently a Camp Lt. Commander in the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a Chapter Commander of the Military Order of the Stars & Bars, and 1st Corporal of the 18th Virginia Infantry Regiment, Company G, CS Army.

The Miami Dolphins, MST3K, the JSA, professional wrestling and classic sci-fi all bring out the Fan Man in him. PEG first published his work in *Tales o' Terror: 1877* last year, and like all things, it was made possible by God and his wonderful wife Tanith.



DEADLANDS, REVISED EDITION

JULY, 1999

BE AFRAID...BE VERY AFRAID