



15th Regimental Report
Camp #51 Lexington County, S.C.
Sons of Confederate Veterans



Volume X, Issue VI

WWW.ROOTSWEB.COM/~SCCN15

June 2002

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**Winner of the Ambrose Gonzales Newsletter Award,
Palmetto Level First Place 2002**



Group of survivors of the tunnel escape. History Jackson on left, sitting beside Wash R. Torweek. On right, standing, Berry Benson, on the left, William H. Temple. Between them in smaller oval is George Malone. In oval at left, John Purdy, later state treasurer of Alabama.

Elmira Prison Camp - Personal Information

**Recollections of a Confederate Soldier of the
Prison-Pens of Point Lookout, MD., and Elmira,
New York**

By Walter Addison

[This article is from the Southern Historical Collection of the University of North Carolina Library, Chapel Hill.]

So many exaggerated accounts of the treatment of Union soldiers in Southern prisons have been published from time to time creating as they have done such a wide spread prejudices throughout the country and which of course have been accepted all over the

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North as truth, the wonder is that such silence should be kept by Southerners as to the treatment of Confederate prisoners within Northern prison pens.

The writer having more than six months experience at Point Lookout, Maryland; and Elmira, New York, recalls that which he has witnessed himself, and desires to state truthfully herein, it being evergreen in his memory.

I was a private in Company A, Breathed's battery of Stewart's Horse artillery commanded at the time by Captain Preston P. Johnson of Baltimore, MD., and now a resident of Kentucky. Major James Breathed of Hagerstown, MD., in command of the Battalion.

I was a captive in the summer of 1864 at the time of the Wilderness Campaign, and was sent to Point Lookout and there confined a few weeks, and when there was confined about sixteen thousand Southern prisoners many having been there as long as two years owing to the refusal on the part of the North, to exchange prisoners. During my entire confinement at Point Lookout we were under guard of Negro soldiers whose conduct and treatment of the prisoners was infamously cruel and in many instances they conducted themselves in a savage manner. I have witnessed them fire their muskets indiscriminately into crowded masses of prisoners, shooting two or three men at a single shot, and such outrages were tolerated by their white officers, and they never were punished nor their cases investigated. This repeatedly happened at Point Lookout, and I never heard that one was even reprimanded.

There was at one time an apprehended raid of Mosby's cavalry upon Point Lookout for the purpose of releasing the prisoners confined there. Stringent orders were given to the guard to fire upon any prisoners who were seen out of their quarters after eight o'clock at night. Many prisoners were unaware of the orders, and incautiously ventured out for the performance of nature calls, when they were ruthlessly shot down. Several cases of the kind occurred. All these outrages were perpetrated by Negroes as there were none others on guard.

Water for the use of the prison was collected in barrels distributed about the prison grounds, and the vessel for drinking purposes was conspicuously absent in many places, when the prisoners would drink from the barrel. The audacious Negro was always at hand, and seemed to delight in immersing the head of the drinker, and then gloat over the fun. All this was allowed, and there was no redress. Repeated remonstrances were made to the authorities, but were unnoticed, and such outrages continued to be of daily occurrence.

The Rev. Mr. Eddy, an English gentleman residing in Texas at the breaking of the war, and who espoused our cause, and gallantly fought in the ranks was a prisoner at Point Lookout, and attempted to expose to the outside world the outrageous shooting of our prisoners by the Negro guard was detected in his good work. He remained at Point Lookout after my transfer to Elmira. I next saw him in the guardhouse at Elmira, after suffering as he did cruelties, which befitted a savage than the so-called Samaritan of the Federal army. Mr. Eddy was for weeks confined at Elmira when all sorts of indignities were imposed upon him and when I was undergoing similar punishment for writing an article upon the treatment of the prisoners and which was intercepted in the Elmira PO. The Post Office was cautiously watched and it was almost impossible for a letter to pass such watching eyes as were employed, and the dread of having letters which could contain anything pertaining to the inside workings of the stockade. In any other prisoners served their sentence in the guard house for the same offense, and some marched at the command of the Negro guard with a barrel shirt.

From Point Lookout, and various other Northern prisons there were about Ten thousand prisoners transferred to Elmira, N.Y. in the summer of 1864, the writer being amongst the number. The first installment from Point Lookout was dispatched by sea via New York City in the month of July upon a miserable old Government transport only fitted to carry cattle. About twelve hundred men were crowded upon this old tub between decks with only the hatches open, and there they remained crowded together like sheep for many days, only allowing one or two at a time on the main deck for a few minutes, when they were ordered into their horrible quarters below. The sight of these holds was sickening in the extreme, and the condition and sufferings of the prisoners therein confined was indeed horrible, and a large number of the men being already sick when placed on board their wretched condition upon the voyage can be imagined better than described. After reaching the harbor of New York we were released from the ship until the following day, and upon clearing the vessel the sight presented can never be forgotten. Think of their journey by sea, several hundred miles, crowded together as we were, with so many sick in the sweltering heat of July. It was on a par

with the condition of the Yankee slave ships with a cargo of human souls purchased with a cargo of Boston rum. Our rations consisted of fat pork ad a loaf of bread.

No beds nor straw lie upon, only a blanket spread beneath us on the filth covered hard boards only comparable with hog or cattle pen. Never upon the whole voyage was there any attempt made to sweep or clean the floors. There was scarcely an inch of space where there could be a step between the crowded mass of human freight. The insufficient ventilation of the ships holds rendered the stench and the foul air unbearable, and many deaths were the result. The writer owes the preservation of his own life to the kindness of one of the prisoners (now residing in San Francisco) who was fortunate enough to enjoy a little more freedom than the rest, and who managed to smuggle me a small lump of ice, and a swallow of tea when I was lying jammed in amongst the rest of the hold and sick almost to death. Some were already dead when the ship reached New York, and I feel certain that many died afterward from the affects f that horrible voyage. The continuation of the trip afterward to Elmira was attended with less suffering.

When showing the prisoners on the ship at Point Lookout they were supplied with their rations for the voyage, consisting of a piece of very fat mess pork and a loaf of bread, and it can be imagined what was the condition of things between decks when rolling on the billows of the deep, and hardly one escaped the effects of his first experience at sea. It reminded me of only one other scene I witnessed when passengers upon a ship at sea, which was converging at market nearly two thousand huge densely crowded together upon deck, the animals having been fed upon raw potatoes just before starting. The sea affects them as it does a human being. Those swine were accommodated better than we, they being upon the upper decks in the fresh air, whilst we were between decks almost poisoned by the foul air, which was intensely polluted by human excrement.

The return trip to Richmond from Elmira was no more comfortable than the one described. We were marched from the prison to the depot in Elmira through about two feet of snow -- the weather intensely cold -- in February 1865. Upon reaching the depot wet and cold we were crowded into cattle cars wherein was a little dirty straw scattered over the floor, and not a particle of fire. Thus we were transferred to Baltimore in nearly forty-eight hours, including two whole nights. At Baltimore we were marched a long distance through a blinding sleet and snow storm to the steamboat upon the wharf from noon till night, when we were placed upon a dilapidated government cattle transport and landed at City Point below Richmond. A violent storm of wind, sleet, and snow raged the entire night of our passage down the bay, and unprotected as we were upon the hurricane deck with only a blanket the night was a hard one. Many of the sick of which there were a large numbers were placed below decks in the stalls formerly for cattle, and but slightly protected from the weather, and but little more comfortable than there on the hurricane deck. There can be no doubt that it was the grossest indifference on the part of the Government in thus permitting sick prisoners to be conveyed in such an inhuman and cruel manner. I do not believe that in any instance during the war when Northern prisoners suffered as much, if as, it was for lack of provisions and the refusal on the part of the North to exchange prisoners, it seeming their intention to let the latter die rather than refrain from their endeavor to eat out the substance of the South.

The conduct of many of the physicians in charge of the hospitals herein named deserves especial notice, and the strongest condemnation. If they had been dumb brutes, instead of human beings as they were supposed to be, they could not have exhibited greater brutality. I was ward master in one of the hospital barracks at Elmira, which contained from eighty-five to ninety patients crowded, as they sometimes were to or three in a bunk. The physician, a doctor Van Ness made his visits once and sometimes twice every twenty-four hours. For the many different diseases incidental to such places, nearly every patient received opium pills. That being the favorite prescription no matter what the nature of the disease. On one occasion, three persons so being treated were visible shaking, the surgeon-in-chief, a Dr. Sanger, was called in. He directed Dr. Van Ness to write four or five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic. He wrote forty-five and the patients in a very short time breathed their last breath. No investigation ensued. No reprimand. Dr. Van Ness continued in his position. Hundreds of our prisoners died. I can truthfully say not twenty percent of those in the hospital left it alive. This is no exaggeration of what I believe was a terrible crime growing out of, to put it mildly, the deplorable ignorance of the medical men in charge, if not willful murder.

They had our poor helpless soldiers at their mercy. Often have I heard them, when gathered together in the dispensary discussing their experiences of the day, exult over the numbers of the Rebs they had put through, i.e. killed' and

expressing their desire to, in this way, get rid of the whole number of the Confederates there, thus avoiding an exchange. All in authority at Elmira seemed to be of this opinion. Who that was confined at Andersonville can recall a single instance where there was a greater outrage than at Elmira, where thousands of prisoners were confined in small tents until early winter in such a dreadfully severe climate as that of northern New York where is situated Elmira. I have known persons to be frost bitten, and when some of them provided for themselves little mud chimneys to their tents, gathering chips and other small fuel, the Yankee officers would send a guard to ruthlessly destroy them and Major Beall, who was then in command, would go to the rounds himself, in the middle of the night and deprive them of the extra blankets which were their own personal property, leaving the soldier to freeze to death. No coffee, no tea, no vegetables but a few beans to make tasteless watery soup consisting of the liquid in which the pork had been boiled. After many months the old soldier barracks -- barns -- were used as hospitals. Hundreds were wedged in, and crowded together like packed sardines. Two and frequently three in a bunk. They had no opportunity to cleanse themselves of vermin there first found, therefore who can wonder at the fearful numbers of deaths, arising from ignorant medical supervision, and total lack of proper ventilation. Of the false statements of the humanity then boasted by the Yankee, the bored will get a truthful statement. Humanity equal to that shown at the time they burned, so termed witches. The Northern people, not descended from Yankees, will when the whole truth is known, believe the palm of humanity belonged to the South, and will see through the intentional falsehoods of a prejudiced press.

There is no doubt in my mind as to the intention of our enemies to rid themselves of as many of our prisoners as was possible, no matter what the means to which they resorted. Witness in various instances when contagious diseases were introduced into crowded prisons. I recollect, in one instance at Elmira hundreds of deaths were the result of smallpox introduced by patients from Blackwell's Island, New York. Up to that time not a case of the disease had been known there. In a few days it manifested itself in one of the new importations. Instead of being isolated, he was placed immediately adjoining one of the wards used as a hospital, and there remained for days. Other cases rapidly developed, and soon broke out in a virulent form. Tents were then placed inside the stockade where hundreds were confined, and immediately upon their convalescence were again distributed amongst the well prisoners, even occupying the same beds, thus spreading the disease to an appalling degree. No comfortable buildings were provided for the wretched victims, even when the temperature fell twenty degrees below zero. Very few smallpox patients survived. When discharging smallpox cases they were led to a pump, and there stripped and washed in the coldest weather, and then assigned new quarters for a brief time, when they were returned to the hospital to meet their deaths. Their sufferings were laughed at. Considering their ill usage, premeditated torture, insufficient food, and the prevailing lack of any show of humanity it seems a miracle that one again reached his home. I repeatedly heard it said by Federal officers that the mortality at Elmira far exceeded that at Andersonville. I will say in justice to two officers, Captains Whiton and Munger that they did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners, but were almost powerless to render the aid they deserved.

The outrageous manner in which men were vaccinated excelled anything I have ever witnessed even surpassing the acts of savages. The modus operandi was to assemble the man first in long lines with coats off and arms bared; then the butchering began by illiterate and irresponsible men. They would take hold of a thick piece of flesh, dip a lancet into the diluted virus, and then thrust it entirely through the pinched up flesh. The spurious virus soon produced such fearfully disastrous results that it became necessary to construct gangrene hospitals, from which arose a dreadful stench. Scores died from the effects; others losing arms. I have there seen the sickening effects of their villainous vaccination. There are many who can verify the above.

A most horrible instrument of torture used at Elmira was called a sweatbox. For trivial offenses our men were therein confined for hours, in the scorching suns of July and August. without food and water, and removed in many cases only when the victim was more dear than alive. I vividly recollect when one man dropped with rigid limbs swollen and almost paralyzed, and died in a few days from the effects. This instrument of torture consisted of a narrow upright box, about seven feet high, and wide enough to fit an ordinary sized man. It stood in a perpendicular position with its victim without ventilation, and the poor victim and left to sweat to death.

Another instrument of torture used at Elmira was the dreaded barrel shirt. What was known by that name was a very heavy barrel with one head out, and the other containing a hole large enough to admit the head of a man through it. All offenders, twice a day, for two hours, had to wear it. They were drawn up to form a circle, the barrel adjusted

over the head the inside of the barrel resting upon the shoulders and the parade commenced.

This death-dealing instrument would have been a burning shame amongst savages.

This afforded the Negro guard amusement everyday, and also seemed to gratify their beastly officers. Upon the back of every barrel, on a board twenty-four by six inches, was written in large letters the supposed offense, such as, "Liar;" "Liar No. 2;" "Liar No. 3;" "Dogeater;" "Dogeater No 1;" and so on. Multitudinous outrages no less revolting were of continued occurrence under the eyes of men high in rank under the Government.

As an explanation of the term "dog-eater" mentioned above I will state on one occasion an officer came into the stockade accompanied by his favorite dog. No sooner was the dig discovered by several hungry prisoners than he was seized and converted into food. A search of the camp soon revealed the dog quartered and dressed and hid away in the rafters. The parties to the wrong were quickly discovered, and were for a long time clothed in barrel shirts.

Rats, dogs, cats nor any other animal would long exist amongst that hungry throng of prisoners. Catching rats and selling them for food became quite a business, and the pursued the avocation with quite a profit, the demand being steady.

Would men eat dogs and rats unless suffering from extreme hunger? Many died from insufficient and improper food. I have seen men, almost starved fish scraps from barrels containing hospital refuse and devouring it ravenously, although be so doing were poisoning themselves with the putrid filth they were swallowing.

Can it be imagined that human beings imagined that human beings -- officers -- could witness such sights and then return to their sumptuous meals without a thought of the terrible suffering of there starving Confederates.

The customary prison diet consisted of three or four crackers, and a small slice of fat pork in the morning. In the afternoon a half pint of water in which the pork was boiled, and a piece of bread -- nothing else. There were entirely insufficient to properly preserve health. The diet in the hospital was better, and answered fairly well. No vegetables, tea nor coffee were ever seen. It was repeatedly said, in my presence, that the reason we were denied vegetables, was in retaliation for the refusal of tobacco to their prisoners in the South. On many occasions vegetables sent by friends outside were denied to the prisoners. This occurred oftener at Point Lookout than at Elmira. At the later prison clothes sent to me they refused to deliver, also boots and shoes. In case they did deliver a coat it was not until the tail had been cut off and the tops of boots were similarly curtailed. At Elmira I was one day notified that there was a box at headquarters for me. Upon reporting there for it was opened in my presence by the order of Major Colt who was in command. The articles of clothing therein were of a valuable character. They were refused me. After pleading some time for the new coat, Major Colt consented to having it exchanged in town for another, he said of more suitable color, and detailed. Sent Major Rudd to attend to it. The overcoat was a very handsome and costly one; in return, after charging me five (5) dollars for his trouble he delivered to me miserable shoddy one almost worthless.

I could relate dozens of other outrages equally disgraceful, but enough is said to illustrate what was the condition of thousands of our Confederates confined in the Northern prison-pens. I hope that many of those who had similar experiences will, some day, make known to the world, the disgraceful scenes they there witnesses.

Walter D. Addison
San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1889

Letter by Robert Crowell

[This letter was provided by Phil Palen.]

U.S. Prison Camp Elmira N.Y.
Nov the 29th /64

Mrs. Ferguson,
Madam, I have been a prisoner of war for some time, and am in need of a small amount of money, with which I will

ask you to please furnish me, as I am destitute of some things which I cannot procure without some money. Please let me know if you can furnish me with some clothing, as I am nearly destitute. If you cannot furnish me with some clothing will you please send me the address of some one who can? Hoping to hear from you soon I remain very Truly Yours.

Robert. A. Crowell
Prisoner of war Ward 41
U.S. Prison Camp Elmira N.Y.

Letter of Mike Hunt, undated

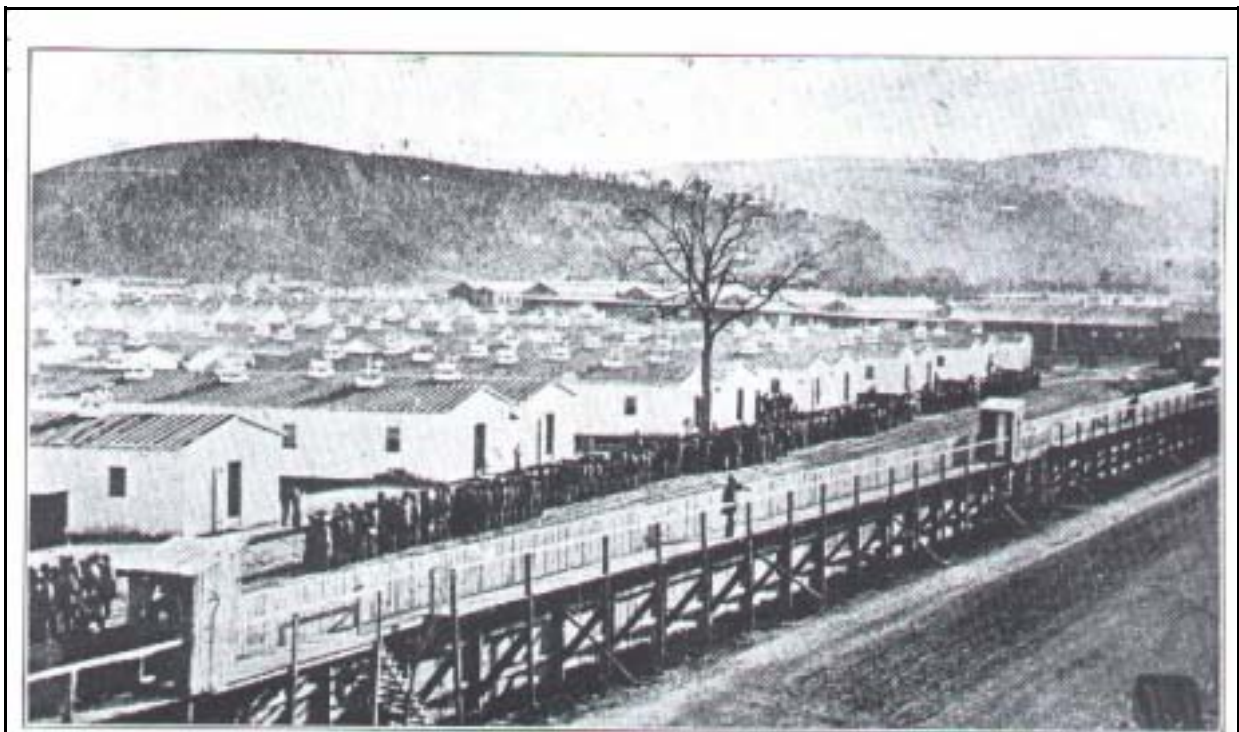
by Mike Hunt

Dear Dady

I may never see you again. I got shot in the back at Gettysburg. They took me to a prison called Elmira.

Love
Mike Hunt

Captain Mike Hunt and General Carter were going to fight at Gettysburg when Captain hunt was shot in the back was artifact is a letter written by Mike Hunt to his father reporting that he was captured. He was sent to Elmira Prison. He thought he wouldn't live. I asked him if it was hard to live in there and he said yes it was the hardest thing he had ever done. He said that's why he thought he would die, so he wrote his dad a letter telling him he may never see or talk to him again. I asked him some questions here's what he said. What was the food like. The food was so bad he was eating worms. How were you treated in the prison. He was treated horribly, there were fights everyday and there was no laws. What was the prison hastily selected and ill equipped. How was your life affected. I have horrible nightmares about all the people I saw die.



Prisoner lineup at meal time at the Elmira Prison Camp. West Water St. in right foreground.

Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments
June 2002

Dear Compatriots:

The heat of another South Carolina summer is upon us. There is the temptation to put off heavy work until the cooler weather returns. We remember the push in winter and spring as we worked hard to get the Fort Cemetery cleaned up before the heat of summer arrived. We did it! And, the cemetery looks great. However, there is still a little work to do. If we hope to have a rededication ceremony in September, we need repair the fence, erect the obelisk, and haul away the remains of the truck. Two of these items require the use of heavy equipment. We have a compatriot who can provide the equipment. We may have short notice of the date when help is needed. You may receive a mailing or telephone call for aid. Be ready. The Camp needs your help.



There will be other projects and events needing your help and participation this summer. The first is the militia show at the Cantey Building at the State Fairgrounds in Columbia June 22 and 23. We have a table reserved for our Camp. This will be an opportunity to sell the remaining brooms and S. C. Division History books we have. I will place some period guns and swords on the table to attract attention. We will have the Camp scrapbook and a display on our proposed Lake Murray C. S. A. veterans memorial. A jar will be provided and donations solicited. We need a few volunteers to help staff the table and greet the public. This will be a great opportunity to recruit new members.

We continue to explore the possibility of placing our Lake Murray monument at the Corley Street Park in Lexington. Important meetings that could decide the location and level of the memorial will take place soon. I will continue to inform the camp of developments. I hope to have good news soon. We also need a few volunteers to serve as telephone reminders. Several compatriots have mentioned to me that they had intended to come to meetings but forgot to come on the appointed day. They were disappointed because they were looking forward to a particular program. Each volunteer would be assigned six to ten names to call 72 to 24 hours before a Camp meeting. I have served as such a volunteer in a previous camp and it is effective. Please contact me if interested.

The big event for the summer is the annual S. C. V. and M. O. S. B. reunion. This year the event will take place in Memphis, Tennessee July 30 to August 3. There may be a special charter bus for the South Carolina Division leaving Lexington on July 31. If interested, call Rusty Rentz at 359-7507. I can promise this will be a special and meaningful experience. If you would like to be a delegate, please contact me.

Enjoy the summer, but be ready to answer the call. Thank you for your support and dedication. See you June 27.

Yours in the Cause,
Wayne D. Roberts
Commander

Copied from **THE BLUE LIGHT** The Official Newsletter of the Friends of the Hunley Volume Four, May 2002

ONE HUNLEY MYSTERY SOLVED.

When the Hunley project team began excavating the submarine, no one would have expected a Union Identification Tag to be found on board the submarine. But on April 27, 2002, a tag was found bearing the name and class of Ezra Chamberlain, Private, 7th Connecticut Infantry, Union Forces. Since the discovery, much speculation has surrounded Private Chamberlain and his ID tag. Was Ezra aboard the Hunley on that fateful night? Did he switch sides? As a prisoner of war, was he forced to man the Hunley? Hunley Project Genealogist Linda Abrams has been working with the team to determine if the Hunley indeed had a Union soldier as part of her crew. The following article by Ms. Abrams is an excerpt of her extensive research into the life of Private Chamberlain.

Ezra Chamberlain was the eldest of four children born to Elsha and Fanny (Cumins/Comins) Chamberlain of Killingly, Connecticut. Ezra was born in Killingly, October 20, 1839 and his father, was a master carpenter by trade. At age 21, the 5' 7" Ezra joined the 7th Connecticut Infantry on September 12, 1861. He was not married and service records indicate duty as a carpenter, which he probably learned by working with his father.

With almost two years of service, Ezra's rank remained that of Private. His service record is routine for soldiers during the Civil War until the failed Union Assault on Fort Wagner, Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, on July 11 1863.

During the Assault on Fort Wagner, Union forces, including Ezra's infantry, the 7th Connecticut, crossed the harbor in small boats, initially undetected, and went ashore believing they were attacking an inferior, unprepared Battery. But they were soon counterattacked by Confederate forces in surprisingly great strength with little cover except small sand dunes. The rout by the Confederate forces was devastating, forcing the surviving Union soldiers to flee back to the boats and safety, leaving their fallen comrades behind. The toll of Union losses was heavy and it is during this battle, as reported by his service record, Pvt. Chamberlain was killed in action.



Ezra's family believed him to be lost at the battle of Fort Wagner, probably having it confirmed by local boys returning home from the battle. In a letter inquiring after any unpaid allowances due his son, Ezra's father refers to his son being lost at Fort Wagner. And many years later, his family erected a large Memorial stone in his honor. This confirms that his family knew of his loss at Fort Wagner, that his name did not appear on any Prisoner Lists, that there was no subsequent communication from him or about him living, and that he was from a stable home environment to which he would have probably yearned to return to upon completion of his obligation. Outside of the ID tag found aboard the Hunley, there is no evidence to support Ezra's possible survival.

But is the ID tag really evidence of survival? In all wars, and particularly the Civil War, it was common practice to ransack the bodies of the fallen enemy left on a battlefield. In some instances, the intent was to gain better equipment and for others, to obtain currency or souvenirs. This activity was widely practiced by both sides, as Museums today, in the North and the South, contain many souvenirs from the opposing forces brought home by local soldiers. Also, ID tags were not an issued item during the Civil War but rather were purchased by soldiers from civilian com-

panies, often set-up near camps, which made and sold them to individual soldiers.

The Confederate Battery on Fort Wagner was again attacked, a short time later, in a larger assault and again successfully repulsed the enemy. This second battle is a significant clue in the mystery of Ezra's ID tag since it placed a Confederate Artillery Corporal, Carlson, on Morris Island. Carlson is accepted as one of the final Hunley crewmembers in various official reports. Therefore, it is plausible that Carlson obtained the ID tag from either Chamberlain's remains or in an exchange of souvenirs with another soldier.

Forensic experts working on the Hunley crew's remains have found that the crewman wearing the ID tag was in his thirties, while Ezra would have been only 24 at the time of the Hunley's historic mission. This corresponds with the conclusion drawn after careful study of Ezra's life: that he could not have been aboard the Hunley.

We'll never know if Pvt. Chamberlain was buried in a mass grave or just left where he fell. The shifting sands and changing tides have all but removed any traces of the island and the Fort. But we do know that Pvt. Chamberlain was killed-in-action, body-not-recovered, on Morris Island, July 11, 1863, and the artifact, bearing his name, discovered on the Hunley, was a battlefield souvenir obtained by a Confederate soldier and subsequent a Hunley crewmember. There is simply no evidence to support any other conclusion.



Linda Abrams, Genealogist working in the Hunley lab.

Civil War breeds cultural conflict ; Symbols of the Old South trigger strong reactions in the new one

USA Today, McLean VA; May 13, 2002; Larry Copeland;

Abstract:

[Greg Stewart], 38, a former Sons of Confederate Veterans official, has led the fight to keep the rebel banner on Mississippi's state flag. [Karen Taylor], 44, who teaches criminal law at Alabama State University, went to court to fight a ticket that police issued her for taping over the word "Dixie" on her license plate.

Like many Southerners whose ancestors fought in the Civil War, Stewart, the Mississippi lawyer, sees his forebears as heroes who should not be sacrificed to contemporary political correctness. Taylor, like many African-Americans, views the Confederacy as a traitorous nation that was founded to preserve slavery.

At Centenary College: Fraternity members escort their dates past students protesting the annual Old South event. Cited over Dixie": Karen Taylor shows where she covered the word "Dixie" on her license tag with red tape. She was given a citation for altering the plate. Stewart: Fighting for banner on flag.

Nation

ATLANTA -- Greg Stewart, a white lawyer in his native Mississippi, and Alabama-born Karen Taylor, a black college professor, don't have much in common except that they are Southerners.

That, and the fact that they are embroiled in separate skirmishes in a cultural war that has heated up across the New South over the symbols of the Old South and the Confederacy.

Stewart, 38, a former Sons of Confederate Veterans official, has led the fight to keep the rebel banner on Mississippi's state flag. Taylor, 44, who teaches criminal law at Alabama State University, went to court to fight a ticket that police issued her for taping over the word "Dixie" on her license plate.

The cultural war is largely over some of the last vestiges of the Civil War. It's mostly about words or symbols, such as flags, slogans on license plates and the names on schools. The battlegrounds are mostly the courts, city councils, state legislatures or the economic marketplace, where boycotts and financial sponsorships are at play.

Like Stewart and Taylor, the combatants often are white and black Southerners. But many say the war over old symbols is raging, in part, because of some very basic factors in the New South: African-Americans hold more political power, and an increase in the number of outsiders has made many white Southerners more conscious, even defensive, about traditions.

But there's little doubt the war is raging. In recent weeks:

* The Wings Over Dixie Air Show here changed its name to the Great Georgia Air Show. Chairman Greg Hall said sponsors questioned the "Dixie" name. "Some of their African-American workers were opposed

to something with 'Dixie' on it," he says. "We decided maybe it's time for a change." A Texas group that supplies some of the vintage World War II aircraft for the show in September changed its name in December from the Confederate Air Force to the Commemorative Air Force. Members say the word "Confederate" scared off some corporate donors.

* In Virginia, a federal appeals court ruled last month that it was unconstitutional for the state to refuse to allow the Sons of Confederate Veterans to display its logo on specialty license plates.

* Several mayors in the South were criticized by the NAACP and other groups after they issued routine proclamations declaring April as Confederate History Month. In Suffolk, Va., Mayor Curtis Milteer, who is black, issued such a proclamation after being asked to do so by the local chapter of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"The Civil War is over," Milteer says. "History is history, and we must move on."

* In South Carolina, the NAACP is holding "border patrols" to urge motorists not to spend money in the state to protest the rebel flag that flies on the Capitol grounds. A white rights group, the European-American Unity and Rights Organization, which supports the flag, also has picketed. The state has sued to stop the demonstrations. The Legislature voted in 2000 to move a rebel banner that had flown atop the Statehouse since 1962 to a lower monument by the Capitol.

* In Gadsden, Ala., Roberta Watts says she lost her seat on the county school board after she tried unsuccessfully to change the name of Nathan Bedford Forrest Elementary School. Forrest, a hero of the Confederacy known as "the Wizard of the Saddle," was also a slave trader. During the Civil War, his troops committed the Fort Pillow Massacre, shooting, drowning and burning alive more than 200 black Union soldiers, women and children who surrendered at the fort in western Tennessee. Forrest later became the first grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

"Gadsden is in a state of denial about racism," says Watts, who says 25% of the middle school is black.

Many of those attacking the symbols of the old Confederacy say many white Southerners are in denial about how society has changed.

"We live in America, not the cradle of the Confederacy," says Carl Galmon, who led a successful effort in New Orleans to rename city schools that had honored slave owners.

To many white Southerners, however, it seems that much of their heritage is under assault.

"Anything that relates to the Old South is under attack," says Charles Lunsford, president of the Atlanta-based Heritage Preservation Association. "There's a large number of people throughout the South who are angry that these cultural icons are being destroyed. And we have to stop it."

To many on both sides, it's nothing less than war, and the foot soldiers on both sides are deeply committed.

Like many Southerners whose ancestors fought in the Civil War, Stewart, the Mississippi lawyer, sees his forebears as heroes who should not be sacrificed to contemporary political correctness. Taylor, like many African-Americans, views the Confederacy as a traitorous nation that was founded to preserve slavery.

Stewart says it hurts to hear Confederate icons called "hate symbols."

"I think there are a lot of people that regret very much letting Hollywood and the Klan redefine these symbols," he says. "The people who fought in that struggle 135 years ago . . . were good people. They were not

monsters."

Taylor stepped into the fray when Montgomery police issued her a ticket for taping over the word "Dixie" on her license plate. Taylor says she always viewed the state slogan "Heart of Dixie" as a tribute to slavery.

"I said to myself, here's my opportunity to engage in a little bit of personal protest," she said Wednesday after a judge dismissed the charge of obscuring her license plate. "The Confederacy used Dixie as their fight song. It was also used to inaugurate Jefferson Davis as president of the Confederacy. I'm offended by it."

J. Michael Martinez, an attorney and political science professor at Kennesaw State University in Atlanta, says it might simply be that passions over symbols such as the Confederate flag run so deep that a resolution is impossible.

"If you want to see it as a symbol of heritage, that's what you see. If you want to see it as a symbol of hate, that's what you see," Martinez says. "What each side does is say, 'My interpretation is the correct interpretation, and I refuse to acknowledge the legitimacy of any other interpretation.' "

In the days that followed this editorial in the May 13th edition of the USA Today, there were two editorial replies of note. Each writer took different sides.

Wednesday May 15th—USA Today

Symbols of hate

As a white man living in the South, I find it difficult to believe in the sincerity of Southerners who contend that displaying symbols of the Old South, such as the Confederate flag, should not offend anyone because these symbols represent "heritage not hate" ("Civil War breeds cultural conflict," News, Monday).

What these Southerners ignore is that their heritage is hate, racism, slavery and Jim Crow. The South fought the Civil War to preserve one of the most evil institutions—slavery. The Confederate flag is a symbol of racism and nothing can change that fact.

The photo in Monday's edition of a Centenary College Student dressed as a Confederate officer disturbs me.

Yes, it is true that many Southerners fought bravely, but that does not make them heroes to admire. A hero is someone who fights bravely in a just cause.

There were many Northern heroes in the Civil War, but there were none in the Confederate army

because its cause, the preservation of slavery, was unjust.

If Southerners feel an emotional need to fly a flag, they already have one—the Stars and Stripes. We Need no other.

Kenneth Matheny
Alexandria, Va.

Friday May 17th—USA Today

Civil War history

USA TODAY reader Kenneth Matheny's letter reflects an effort to belittle those who disagree with someone's opinion ("Symbols of hate," Letters, Wednesday).

Matheny questions "the Southerners" and what the Confederate flag means to them, indicating that their heritage is one of racism, hate, slavery, and Jim Crow. But it is not up to the reader to determine how someone else interprets a symbol of his or her heritage; nor is it up to him to demand that people display only what is consistent with his narrow views of the world.

As far as I can tell, we still live in a free society where people have the right to express their views—even if opinions happen to differ from the viewpoints held by the reader.

Matheny sees the flag as a symbol of racism, hate, and slavery. Others do not.

He claims the South fought the Civil War to preserve slavery. I believe it is time for him to learn more about the Civil War and what led to it.

Michael Piccone
Charlotte, N.C.

Camp Announcements

July 15th 6:30 pm

Meeting of the Maxcy Gregg Chapter MOS&B. We will once again meet at the Chestnut Hill Plantation Clubhouse for dinner and hear a presentation from Mr. Mike Wadsworth. Price of the dinner will be \$6. You are encouraged to invite the ladies to our bi-monthly meetings. Bring a friend and let's see the membership grow.



August 29th

Camp Cookout and Meeting

The entire family is invited to enjoy a cookout and Camp meeting at the Chestnut Hills Plantation Clubhouse. Along with a fine dinner, National Parks Historian Rick Hatcher has been booked to provide us with a presentation on the battle of Wilson's Creek.

Email Addresses are Requested

All Camp members with access to email are requested to provide this information to the Adjutant. Email will be used to provide communication between members and Camp officers as well as be the preferred method of sending out the Camp Newsletter.

By order of
Wayne Roberts
Commander

Ancestor Articles are needed for Camp Project

The Camp voted to publish a compiled version of our Ancestor Articles. This means that we must have more articles coming in. Long or short, photo or no photo, let their stories be told.

All articles will be first placed in the 15th Regimental Report and then placed in alphabetical order in the upcoming book. All profits will go into the Camp's general fund.

Christmas Gala

December 14th, 7 PM

On December 14th, at 7 PM we will converge upon Gilligan's Restaurant in Lexington. Our speaker for the evening will be Fredericksburg/Spotsylvania National Park's Historian Mr. Kelley O'Grady. His topic will be the Battle of Fredericksburg.

Please make plans to attend this meeting. Gilligan's is located near the intersection of Hwy's 6 & 378 (North Lake Blvd). More information to come soon.

Ancestor Highlight

Gabriel Capers Jervey

Co. A / Washington Light Infantry
Hampton's Legion

Submitted by his Great-great-great Grandson
Michael G. Kelly

Gabriel Capers Jervey was born on his father's plantation near Charleston, SC in 1811. He was named for his grandfather, **Gabriel Capers**, who served in South Carolina's Provisional Congresses and General Assemblies during the early months of the American Revolution. In January 1861 Gabriel was one of the "landed gentry" living in Mt. Pleasant, SC. He had a wife, ten children ages four to eighteen, and seven slaves.

On January 9th forces fired on the *federal West* and citizens many Charleston militia established ages for militia were 18 to 45, so at the Gabriel was no longer the state's militia. But his state must have been Capt. Benjamin J. Johnson dated January 19, 1861 its members. Also on Gabriel's oldest son **Jervey** and Gabriel's **Richard C. Jervey**.

Gabriel's ninety-Coast Guards expired in Hampton's legion was federate service on June listed on the muster-in Company A of the battalion. Company A was Light Infantry, a long ton militia unit. Gabriel at enlistment as 45, perhaps would be accepted into service.



Pvt. Gabriel Capers Jervey. Charcoal rendering from an ambrotype.

South Carolina eral supply ship *Star* scrambled to join the companies. The es-service at that time advanced age of 49, expected to serve in his sense of duty to strong. A roster of son's Coast Guards listed Gabriel among the roster were **John Singletary** younger brother

day enlistment in the April. When Wade mustered into Con-12th, Gabriel was roll as a private in legion's infantry bat-the Washington established Charles-understated his age haps so that he

On June 26, 1861 Gabriel and Ben Johnson, by then the Lieutenant Colonel and commander of the

legion's infantry battalion, left with the legion in freight cars from Columbia, SC and traveled via Charlotte, Greensboro and Raleigh to Petersburg, VA. The legion arrived at Richmond, VA, on June 29th and camped at Griffin's Spring for the next three weeks while the Union and Confederate armies assembled themselves in Northern Virginia.

On the evening of July 19th Hampton's infantry received orders to leave Richmond for Manassas Junction, VA. They reached Manassas about 4:00 AM on the 21st after an infuriating journey on a freight train which lasted "two nights and a day without provisions." They reached the battlefield about 10 o'clock that morning. While moving from the Robinson House to the Warrenton Turnpike, the company came under enemy fire. Lt. Col. Johnson was instantly killed and Gabriel fell mortally wounded.

Gabriel was removed from the battlefield and taken to Smith's Hospital at Culpeper Court House, VA. The July 25th issue of the *Charleston Mercury* reported that Gabriel had been mortally wounded. By the 30th Gabriel's sons **James E. Jervey** and **William Capers Jervey** had arrived in Virginia to be with their dying father. On July 31, 1861, ten days after receiving his mortal wound, Gabriel Capers Jervey died.

James and William returned Gabriel's body to Mount Pleasant, arriving there on Saturday morning, August 3rd. A detachment of the Washington Light Infantry received the body at the depot and escorted it to the Presbyterian Church at Mount Pleasant where a funeral service was held later that day. The *Charleston Mercury* recounted the service in their August 6, 1861 issue.

FUNERAL OF GABRIEL C. JERVEY, ESQ AT MOUNT PLEASANT - The remains of our late fellow townsman and parishioner, who fell at the battle of Manassas, were deposited, on Saturday morning last, in the Presbyterian Church of this place, where they laid amidst silence and quietude until five o'clock in the afternoon, when according to previous notice, the usual obsequies were performed. The REV. MR. BIRD of the Methodist Church officiated ... he stated that he lingered for a week after receiving his mortal wound, and read a letter from a friend in Virginia who was with him, which conveyed the gratifying intelligence that he bore himself through that period with marked patience and uncomplaining submission. ... The large assembly present, larger, it is said, than any of a funeral kind which has ever occurred here was a striking proof of the sentiments and feelings which throb in the heart of the community. Sadly, indeed, yet promptly, did the inhabitants go forth and throng the House of God, to render the last tokens of respect to him who had magnanimously given up the endearments of home and situation of leisure and ease, to undergo the difficulties and dangers of the camp and battle field. All honor to such, to each one who generously and valiantly offers up his life for his county's existence and liberties...

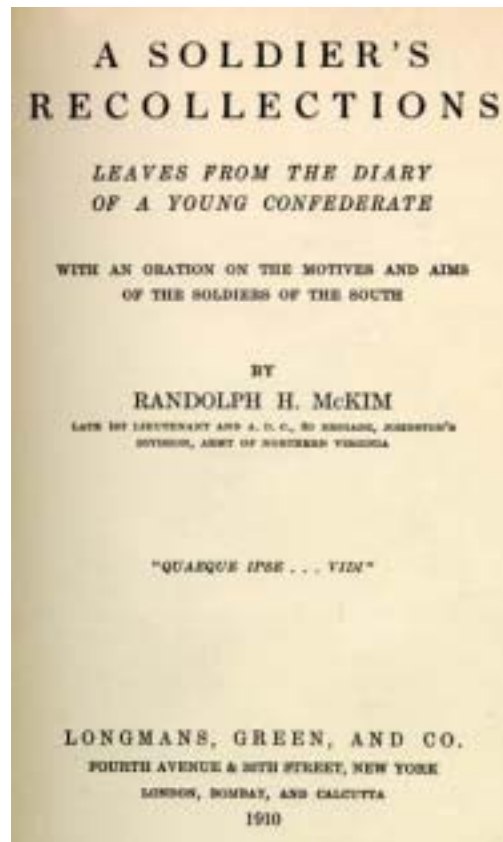
Gabriel's burial location is unknown today although his sacrifice is noted on the Confederate Soldiers Monument in Mount Pleasant's Confederate Cemetery.

Three of Gabriel Jervey's sons served the Confederate cause: James E. Jervey served with the 5th Regiment South Carolina Cavalry from April, 1862 until he was surrendered at Hillsboro on April 26, 1865. During his time in service the 5th was engaged in fifteen skirmishes and major battles. After the war James lived in Sumter, SC. He died in the Confederate Home in Columbia on July 19, 1912; William Capers Jervey served in the 25th Regiment South Carolina Infantry and was killed at Petersburg on July 18, 1864; John Singletary Jervey served most of the war in the 23rd Regiment South Carolina Infantry and was killed at Petersburg on June 20, 1864. Gabriel's brother Richard C. Jervey completed his enlistment in the Coast Guards then later served with the 8th Battalion South Carolina Infantry Reserves until discharged for sickness in early 1865. He died sometime after 1870.

** Information for this article was drawn partly from The Hampton Legion by Ron Field, available at the South Carolina State Museum.

**A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS:
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG CONFEDERATE,
WITH AN ORATION ON THE MOTIVES AND AIMS
OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE SOUTH:
McKim, Randolph Harrison, 1842-1920**

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CHAPTER VI

WINTER QUARTERS, 1861-62

THE autumn of 1861 was spent in camp at Centreville. Our tents were pitched on the summit of a bare hill, from which the encampment of the entire army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston--about 30,000 men--was visible. At night, when the camp-fires glowed all round us for miles, it was a very beautiful sight. My cousin, W. Duncan McKim, and I used to lie there and fancy we were looking down on the city of Baltimore from Belvidere hill. He would say, "Randolph, there are the lights of Barnum's Hotel, and there is the Shot Tower, and there is the jail, and far away there are the lights on Federal Hill." Our thoughts turned, in every quiet hour, to home and kindred and friends. Duncan had a great aversion to serving as cook for our mess of fifteen men, and when his turn came round for this duty, he would do his best to exchange with some comrade for guard duty.

As winter approached, we suffered with the cold on that bleak hill-top, and some of the men excavated the entire space under their tents to the depth of three or four feet, and so slept snug and warm, while the less energetic of the company were exposed to the keen, cold winds. This, however, had occasionally its disadvantages. I remember, for instance, one night as I was going out to take my guard duty, looking enviously into one of these tents and seeing the men grouped cosily together in their "dug-out," some reading, some playing cards, all quite secure from the sweep of the wintry winds; and I wished I could return after my four hours "on guard" to such a snug refuge. But before my watch was over there arose a tempest of wind and rain, and when I passed that tent again, it had collapsed, and there were six inches of water in the cosey place," and blankets and knapsacks, etc., were all afloat!

John Bolling, his cousin Robert, and I had a small "A" tent together in that camp. It was just wide enough to hold the three of us when we lay "spoon fashion," and by "pooling" our assets of blankets, we managed to sleep warm--at least the fortunate man in the middle was quite comfortable. But after lying an hour or so on the rough stony ground, our bones would begin to ache, and the man who waked up first, aching, would punch the others so that all might turn over together and preserve the "spoon" alignment, for only in that formation would the blankets cover all three. So, often during the night, the order would be given to our little squad by whichever man wanted to turn over, "Company A, right face," or "Company A, left face."

Later, I think early in December, we moved from Centreville to the vicinity of Fairfax Station, and there built ourselves huts for winter quarters. The spot selected was a forest of pines, in the midst of which we hewed out an open space large enough to accommodate huts for the entire regiment. This was unaccustomed work for many of us. Indeed, very few men in Murray's company could wield an axe, but, under the pressure of stern necessity, we learned the art just as we had learned the art of cooking. We hacked down the trees "somehow," and at last--long after our comrades in most of the other companies--we got our huts built, and set to work to make ourselves comfortable.

The composition of our mess was notable. It was certainly a rare group of men to be serving as *private soldiers*, on the munificent pay of eleven dollars per month, Confederate money. There was Harry Oliver, a country gentleman of large means, and Wilson Carr, a lawyer who left a good practice in Baltimore to shoulder a musket for the Confederacy, and Redmond, a highly educated Irish gentleman, and Wm. Duncan McKim, a graduate of Harvard, the president of the "Hasty Pudding Club" there and an intimate of Rufus Choate. Then there was McHenry Howard, a second-honor man of Princeton, and John Bolling, who had taken M.A. at the University of Virginia, an honor so difficult of achievement; and, most accomplished of all, Geo. Williamson, master of several modern languages, educated in a European university, widely read and widely traveled. He was a man of great personal charm and of the most exalted ideals. So nice was his sense of duty and honor that we dubbed him "Mr. Conscientious Scruples." We had also a candidate for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church, and I, too, had devoted myself at the age of sixteen to the ministry of the Gospel. I may say that, in such a circle of accomplished men, the conversation in our log hut, as we lay in our bunks waiting for taps to sound, was of a very high order. In a fragment of a diary kept at this time (Jan. 24th, 1862), I find the following entry:

"I have felt my ignorance lately in listening to men in the mess of greater age and far greater reading and information than myself. In listening to George Williamson, describing the cities, and the manners of foreign countries, and the monuments of art and antiquity in Europe, I have felt a longing to travel, and to learn more of men and things; and I have sighed in contemplating my ignorance of the world of Nature, of literature and of art, and yearned to drink deep of knowledge."

I sent to the University of Virginia for some of my books, among them some nice editions of the clas-

sics that belonged long ago to my father, only to lose them all when we suddenly broke camp in the spring and left all such *impedimenta* behind.

The following letter gives a picture of our life in winter quarters at Fairfax Station:

WINTER QUARTERS, January 27, 1862.

TO MY MOTHER:

.....

Wouldn't you like to peep in on us some evening as we sit around our stove amusing ourselves until it is time to retire? We are a happy but a boisterous family, as the neighbors next door will tell you. Our amusements are various --reading, singing, quarreling, and writing. We employ the twilight in conversation, the subject of which is the "latest grapevine" (i.e., rumor), or a joke on the Colonel, or when we are alone, our domestic concerns. We amuse ourselves with the many-tongued rumors which float about on the popular breeze, that England or France has recognized the Confederacy, or that the Confederates have gained anew victory, etc., etc. Then there are frequent domestic quarrels, free fights, passes with the bayonet, and hand to hand encounters, to vary the monotony of our peaceful life here. As soon as night sets in the candles are lit and we draw round the stove and take down our book, or else someone reads aloud till the newspaper arrives, when, other occupations are suspended, and we listen to the news of the day. Then someone proposes a song and "Maryland, my Maryland" is generally the first. We hear that it is universally popular in Baltimore. We sang it by request for General Beauregard some time since. I will send you an account of it taken from the Richmond Dispatch. I was one of the singers, The "enthusiastic young lieutenant" was my captain. Sometimes we get George Williamson to tell of his travels in Europe. He is so entertaining, so happy in conversation, and so thoroughly cultivated, that it is delightful to listen to him. He is one of the finest men I know. Do the girls know him well? We laugh at him about his restless energy. If he cannot be at anything else, he will drive some nails to hang his coat on, or make a shelf to put his books on, or something of the sort. We visited Carvel Hall the other night (C., George, Mac., Jim G. and myself) and had a very pleasant time. Some of the party played whist, and the rest (Carvel, George and I) talked cozily around the fire. Colonel--, a Virginian, came in and sat down with us, and talked to us in a friendly a way as if we had been his equals in rank. Later in the evening we had oysters, raw and stewed, and at intervals of about half an hour, those who drank indulged in whiskey-toddy. When we returned to our hut ("Mrs." Bolling and "Mrs." Redmond had promised to sit up for us) we found the mess chest and a barrel and boxes piled up before the door: this was followed by a fall, and then we routed the rest out of bed and the fight that ensued made such a noise that the colonel sent some men to arrest us. They did not do it though. We have a cook now and live very comfortably. It is a great satisfaction to feel that all this is the work of our own hands. We appoint an "officer of the day" whose duty it is to make the fire and spread the ashes on the floor and sweep up. We have a kitchen, outside the shanty. This morning we had inspection, and afterwards each shanty was inspected by the colonel and staff. "Ah!" said he, "this looks like a soldier's house." Our roof is of shingles, out of trees felled by our own hands. Our beds are made of light poles laid close together; they have a pleasant spring to them and I think as agreeable a bed as I ever slept in. Yesterday I put up a rack for the guns, and everything is now in first-rate order. Who knows how long we will be here to enjoy the fruit of our labors?

Our disaster in Kentucky is much to be deplored. Yet our men fought well till they were overpowered.

I have been promoted to the rank of corporal of the Color Guard, (about two months ago.) Intend trying to improve the months of inactivity by reading and studying German. I received from you the other day some gloves and sugar plums. The last article was particularly acceptable. Don't try to send me anything, for it is so uncertain, and I have everything I want. Love to all.

Among the other literature that occupied me during these few brief weeks in winter quarters, I find note of the following: some of the works of Spenser, the poet, and his *Life*; Macaulay's *Essay on Madame D'Arblay*, and the latter's famous novel, "*Evelina*"; also Carlyle's "*Heroes and Hero-worship*." And among the subjects discussed in our mess, I find the following: Vattel and Philmore on *International Law*; Humboldt's works and travels; the African explorations of Harth, the great German traveller, from the Atlantic almost to the Red Sea, in a line a few degrees above the equator; the influence of climate on the human features; the culture of cotton; the laws relating to property, etc. In further illustration of the high character of the rank and file of the Confederate Army, I may mention that in the Rockbridge Artillery (Va.) (one company) there were, in 1861, seven Masters of Arts of the University of Virginia (a degree very difficult of

attainment there), twenty-eight college graduates, and twenty-five theological students,--all these serving as private soldiers.

I may also mention that the present eminent professor of oriental languages in Harvard University, Dr. Crawford H. Toy, was a private in a Virginia regiment. He was found by a friend in an interval of the battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1864, lying on his oil-cloth, immersed in the study of Arabic. Major Robert Stiles, in his fascinating book, "Four Years under Marse Robert," writes:

"I had lived for years at the North, had graduated recently from Yale, and had but just entered upon the study of law in the City of New York when the war began. Thus torn away by the inexorable demands of conscience and of loyalty to the South, from a focal point of intense intellectual life and purpose, one of my keenest regrets was that I was bidding a long good-bye to congenial surroundings and companionships. To my surprise and delight, around the camp-fires of the First Company, Richmond Howitzers, I found throbbing an intellectual life as high and brilliant and intense as any I had ever known."

He adds that no law school in the land ever had more brilliant or powerful moot court discussions than graced the mock trials of the Howitzer Law Club.

"I have known," he says, "the burial of a tame crow . . . to be dignified not only by salvos of artillery, but also by an English speech, a Latin oration, and a Greek ode, which would have done honor to any literary or memorial occasion at old Yale."

Nor was this high type of men confined to the troops of Maryland and Virginia. By no means. In the Louisiana regiments, for instance, in Dick Taylor's brigade, besides his "gentle Tigers," who were indeed chiefly of a decidedly tough element, the Seventh and Ninth Louisiana were largely made up of planters and the sons of planters, and the majority were said to be men of fortune. And so it was in many regiments from the other Southern States.

The following from my diary shows the feeling of a youth of nineteen about the deteriorating influence of army life.

"Friday, Jan. 24th, 1862. Nearly seven months have flown by in my soldier's life, and they have been months of external activity, but activity of the body only. It has been a period of mental slumber--nay, sloth--for the mind has not even *dreamed*, it has stagnated,--the outward life, the daily duties of a soldier, have been all-absorbing, and reflection--the turning of the mind back upon itself-- has been almost entirely obscured. This has been the tendency, but need not have been the *result*, except to a degree, of circumstances. The gaze of men has been upon me by day, and by night wearied nature has claimed repose.

"I wish to begin anew a reflective life, now that a breathing spell is afforded after the labors of the campaign. In this humble hut, when my companions are wrapt in slumber, I will say to my mind 'Be free!' I desire also to improve the time, and to discipline and drill my mind. To this end, daily reading, a greedy ear, and a summing up at the end of each day of what I have learned by reading, by listening, and by observation, will be conducive."

What a boy of nineteen thought of "Evelina" is thus set down under date of Feb. 1, 1862:

"I read the story before knowing anything of the established reputation and great merit of Miss Burney. The admiration then which the purity and simplicity of her style, and the vivacity of her wit awakened in me, was totally unprejudiced. I received her book as she threw it on the world, with no recommendation save its own intrinsic merits. The simple truth of her delineation of character, and the exalted morality which pervades the whole book, struck me with great force, even while ignorant of the literary period in

which she wrote, when novels were generally vicious, and always indelicate. The character of Evelina approaches as near as may be my ideal of female delicacy and refinement. Yet she seems to me to have lacked firmness and decision on several occasions, and to have shown too facile and yielding a disposition. Macaulay's critique is extremely interesting. He places the author in the rank of eminent English novelists, yet denies her the first rank."

One day word came to our quarters that two ladies desired to see my cousin, W. Duncan McKim, and myself at Fairfax Station. This was exciting news, but I found Duncan very reluctant to obey the summons. In civilized life he had been rather exquisite in dress and manners, and he shrank from appearing in the presence of ladies, surrounded as they would be by well-dressed and well-mounted staff officers, in his rough private's garb. He seemed particularly sensitive about wearing a roundabout jacket instead of a coat before them. However, he yielded to my persuasions, and we prepared to go to the station, brushing and polishing up to the best of our ability. I think we succeeded in finding or borrowing, each, a white collar for the occasion!

The ladies who had summoned us were Miss Hetty Cary, of Baltimore, and Miss Connie Cary, of Virginia. They had ridden to Fairfax Station on the cow-catcher of an engine to visit the army, and when we approached they were on horseback in the midst of a bevy of mounted officers, for they were both famous beauties, and, besides, enthusiastic friends of the cause. When the young lieutenant who had ridden to our camp, to deliver the message saw us coming he pointed us out to the ladies, saying, "There come your friends." We heard afterwards (fortunately not then) that they told him he must be mistaken--those men could not be the gentlemen they were expecting. Doubtless we were much changed and looked very rough. It was embarrassing for us; but when we were near enough to be recognized, they were most gracious and soon put us at our ease.

Life in winter quarters was varied by a very occasional excursion. Thus, under date of February 6, I find the following entry:

"On Tuesday I rode to Centreville and passed a delightful day, principally in the genial company of my dear friend Galliard. He is a man of sweetness of disposition and such warmth of feeling as is rarely met with; and he is withal so intelligent in his conversation, and so spirited and resolute in his actions that

Calendar of Upcoming Events

| | | |
|--------|--------------|--|
| June | 27th | Camp Meeting |
| July | 15th | MOS&B Meeting & Cookout |
| July | 25th | Camp Meeting (Lady's Night) |
| July | 29th-Aug 2nd | National Convention Memphis |
| August | 29th | Camp Meeting & Cookout (Family Night) |



no one that knows him could withhold their admiration. I borrowed of him Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-worship." On my return I found a letter from Tom Mackall. He is in his cousin Colonel Mackall's office, and *he* is Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's adjutant-general at Bowling Green, Ky. His letter is full of interest, and I have learned more from it of the Bowling Green army and the situation of affairs in that quarter than by all that has been in the papers since the place was occupied. The army (he thinks) is a very fine one, equal in many respects to our army here,--deficient in the manual of arms and in 'the cadenced step,' but familiar with the evolutions not only of the battalion and the brigade, but also of the division. He is much struck with the remarkable superiority of the horses and mules to those in this army. The army too is much better provisioned. He tells me he is confident if I get a certificate from Colonel Steuart and go out there, his cousin, Colonel Mackall, will appoint me drill master with rank and pay of first or second lieutenant."

How thankful I feel that I did not take this bait and leave the army of Lee and Jackson, but contented myself with my place as a private soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, and so had part in the great campaigns of 1862, 1863, and 1864.

I have mentioned above the name of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander of the western Confederate Army. He fell, as will be remembered, at the battle of Shiloh, April 6th, 1862, in the moment of a great victory achieved by his masterly strategy and his indomitable resolution. Nothing is clearer than that, had he lived to follow up his success and carry out his plans, General Grant's army would have been destroyed before General Buell with his fresh troops, 25,000 strong, could have reached him. I embrace this opportunity of paying the tribute of my reverent admiration to this great soldier and knightly Christian gentleman, and I would recall to the reader the fact that he lost his life as a result of his chivalrous act in imperatively requiring his surgeon, who should have been by his side, to go to the help of the Federal wounded on the field of battle from which their army had been driven. "These men," he said, "have been our enemies; they are now our prisoners. Do all you can to relieve their sufferings."

Had the surgeon been with General Johnston when he received his wound, he could easily have saved his life. He bled to death from a wound in the lower part of the leg. This unselfish act of his at Shiloh surpasses the deed of Sir Philip Sidney at Zütphen, which has made him an immortal example of generous chivalry.

This brief sketch of life in winter quarters would be incomplete without some reference to the religious services which some of us conducted in our company. Our chaplain was a man without much force, and with still less zeal for his sacred functions, so that we felt the need of supplementing his efforts. Under date of Jan. 30th, 1862, I find the following:

"For the third or fourth time in these singular months since July last, I endeavored to give an impetus to my cherished idea of social prayer-meetings, and this time (the beginning of Dec., 1861) with marked success. They were held nightly, instead of weekly, or occasionally, as before. At first we met in private tents, but finally we procured a tent for the purpose, and fitted it up with rude benches so as to accommodate twenty-five or thirty men. Gradually our numbers had increased, and this would hardly give seats to as many as would come. Among the attendants were some from the other companies of the regiment. Captain Murray was a regular and devout attendant. I began to feel grateful for the success of the effort in its outward manifestations, and hopeful of its inward benefit to the soldiers of the regiment. Giraud Wright, George Williamson, Valiant, and myself regularly conducted the meetings. Giraud and I used extempore prayer; the others

the forms of the Prayer-book. This continued till we broke up our camp at Centreville and removed to our present position. In the hurry of departure, I forgot the tent and it was left behind. This loss, together with

the all-absorbing employment of building our winter quarters has broken up this hopeful work. I cannot acquit myself of much blame on this account. Thus, after five or six weeks this effort, like its predecessors, was discontinued."

But another effort was made, for on Tuesday, Feb. 4th, I wrote in my diary:

"On Saturday evening I again commenced the prayer-meetings. Only a few came, but I felt sure the numbers would increase. The next day I was sent over to Major Snowden's headquarters as corporal of the guard and was obliged to stay all night. I read the XXVIIth chapter of St. Matthew aloud to the men on guard."

Later in the war a wave of religious interest and revival swept over the entire Army of Northern Virginia,-- but it has often been described and I need not dwell upon it here.



June Speaker will be Jonathan Leader

June Speaker

Dr. Jonathan Leader, State Archaeologist

Topic:

The Middle 19th Century Burials in Newberry,
And, A Hunley Update

Jonathan M. Leader (State Archaeologist and Head, OSA)

leader@sc.edu

Jonathan Leader received his Ph.D. from the University of Florida Gainesville, and currently heads the Office of the State Archaeologist. His research interests and background include the ancient Near East, Micronesia, Eastern United States pre and proto-history, submerged resources, cultural resource management, remote sensing and GIS, archaeometry, archaeometallurgy, and conservation. He teaches and lectures on a regular basis in four departments at the university. The most current research projects include the H.L. Hunley project; the SC Cannons project; The Bahamas projects; the Florence Stockade; and the SCIAA Digitized Publications project. When asked nicely, he does all the cooking during fieldwork with an emphasis on Creole, Indian, and Chinese cuisine.

Camp Night Out

Thursday August 29th, 6:30 PM
Chestnut Hills Plantation Clubhouse

Our August Camp meeting is going to be a family affair. The Camp has booked the Clubhouse of the Chestnut Hills Plantation neighborhood for a cookout and a special program by National Parks Historian Mr. Rick Hatcher from Fort Sumter and Secessionville Camp #4. Rick will give a presentation on the Battle of Wilson's Creek.

Currently, the plans for the menu will be Southern BBQ with all the fixings. In order for us to purchase enough food for those attending, we need you to inform us that you are coming and how many guests (adults & children) will be in your party. This will be an event where we will have to pay for the dinner, but not for the meeting place. Please use the form at the bottom of the page to let us know that you are coming and how many guests that you plan to bring with you.



If you have any questions about this evening, please contact either Commander Wayne Roberts (957-4420) or Steve Wolfe (732-1563) for more information. Directions to the clubhouse will be in the July and August newsletters.

I will be attending the August meeting and cookout.

Number of adults _____ @ \$10.00 each Children (ages 6-13) _____ @ \$5.00 each

Children (under 6) _____ (free)

Name _____

Mail to: Steve Wolfe
130 Upper Loop Way
Columbia, SC 29212

If you wish, you can also let us know at the
June/July meetings or call either Wayne or Steve.

**15TH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA
VOLUNTEERS**

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15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers
130 Upper Loop Way
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Email: SC_15th_Regiment@hotmail.com

Next Camp Meeting
June 27th, 7 PM
Lexington County Council Chambers
6th Floor

“To you , Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier’s good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles he loved and which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.”

Stephen D. Lee

The 15th Regimental Report is a monthly publication of the Lexington, South Carolina Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 51.

Re-enactors 2002 Event Schedule

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|------------|---|
| June 28-30 | 140th Seven Days Battle - Virginia (I) |
| Sept 20-22 | 140th Sharpsburg, MD. (BAE) |
| Sept 29 | Battalion Elections |
| Oct 4-6 | Battle of Perryville, KY.(BAE) |
| Oct 18-20 | Battle of Honey Hill - Beaufort, S.C. (BAE) |
| Oct 25-27 | 6th Regt. Reenactment - Brattonsville, S.C. (BAE) |
| Nov 15-17 | Battle of Secessionville (BAE) |
| Dec 6-8 | Gramling Mills Living History - Inman, S.C. |

(BAE) *Battalion Affiliated Event*

(O) *Other*

(I) *Information Only*

