

# 15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers



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



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July 2002

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



## John Pelham (1838-1863)

Although "The Gallant Pelham" served the entire war with the artillery, he was destined to fall while moonlighting in a cavalry charge.

A native Alabamian, he withdrew from West Point upon the outbreak of hostilities and joined the Confederate army. His assignments included: lieutenant, Wise (Va.) Artillery (early 1861); captain, Stuart Horse Artillery (March 23, 1862); major, Artillery (August 9, 1862); lieutenant colonel, Artillery (April 4, 1863, to rank from March 2); and commanding Horse Artillery Battalion, Cavalry Division, Army of Northern Virginia (August 1862-March 17, 1863).

After fighting at 1st Bull Run, he became the captain of the first horse ar-

*Send all camp  
correspondence to:*

**15th Regiment SC  
Vols  
P.O. Box 84381  
Lexington, SC  
29073**

## Commander's Comments

### Commander's Comments

July 2002

Greetings. As I write these lines, I am planning to attend a meeting of the Town of Lexington's parks advisory committee. I will be reporting on this at our July meeting. The possibilities of merging our Lake Murray monument project with a restoration of the cemetery at Corley Street Park have great potential. I hope all goes well.

We met a lot of nice people at the Militaria and Gun Show at the State Fairgrounds last month. It was a good recruiting opportunity. We also raised \$109.00 in sales for the Camp. My special thanks to the following compatriots for helping to man the display and talk with the public: Mike Kelly, Steve Wolfe, Dennis Todd, Eddie Killian, and Bing Chambers. With better planning and longer lead time, we can improve our effectiveness in reaching out to the public for fund raising and recruiting. As we move forward with our Lake Murray monument project we will be doing more of this kind of outreach to raise money for the monument.

Our next meeting will be an opportunity to bring your wives and girlfriends to the meeting. Our speaker is Richard Cote, author of *Mary's World*. This is the story of the women during and around the time of the War in Charleston. I have seen his presentation before and it is excellent. It is of special interest to ladies. Be sure to bring the lady in your life. We are still standing by for another clean up at the Fort Cemetery. The grave stones have arrived and one is at the monument company for a slight correction. When the time comes we will have a mailing or telephone relay to get the news out. Some of you have indicated other cemeteries that may need our attention. Gather as much information as you can about the cemetery. It would be good if there are any Confederate veterans buried there. Prepare a map showing the location with directions of how to get there. Then bring this to the Camp's attention. We are always looking for projects.

Compatriot Jason Neely has an idea for fund raising. He has access to prints of the Statehouse dome by a local artist. There come in several sizes with the larger ones signed and numbered. We will be able to get these at a good price and sell them at a profit to raise funds. We should look into this and see if this is something we may be interested in. Jason continues to spearhead a heritage outreach project with Lexington County schools. If you are a reenactor or are knowledgeable about various heritage topics, you may wish to offer your services to Jason.

Let me remind you about the Camp picnic in August. You need to get your reservations in so we will be able to prepare enough food for the feast. This is an event for the entire family. Our speaker will be Compatriot Rick Hatcher. He is the historian for the National Park Service's Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie National Monument. He provided an excellent presentation at our Christmas banquet and this should be very interesting.

Thanks again for your support,  
**Wayne D. Roberts**  
Commander



tillery battery that served with JEB Stuart, becoming close friends with the general. Commanding his unit, he saw action at Yorktown and during the Seven Days. Promoted, he commanded all of Stuart's horse batteries at 2nd Bull Run and Antietam. At Fredericksburg he held up the advance of a Union division against the Confederate right with only two guns. With only one gun left, he continued to shift positions despite the fact that 24 enemy guns were now concentrating their fire on him. Disobeying repeated orders to withdraw, he only did so upon running out of ammunition. General Lee observed and said, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young!"

Known as the "Boy Major," he heard of an impending action at Kelly's Ford on March 17, 1863. Away from his battalion at the time, he joined the fray with the cavalry. He fell victim to a shell fragment while directing a column past a fence. Thought to be dead, he was thrown over a horse and led from the field. Quite a while later he was lowered to the ground and found to be still alive. He died shortly thereafter. Some believed that prompt attention might have saved his life.

(Hassler, William Woods, *Colonel John Pelham, Lee's Boy Artillerist*)

Source: "Who Was Who In The Civil War" by Stewart Sifakis



SCV Compatriots climbing to the location of Pelham's artillery position at Sharpesburg, MD.

Just as the Spring came laughing thro' the strife,  
 With all her gorgeous cheer--  
 In the glad April of historic life--  
 Fell the great cannoneer.  
 The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath  
 His bleeding country weeps;  
 Hushed--in th' alabaster arms of Death--  
 Our young Marcellus sleeps!  
 Grandeur and nobler than the child of Rome,

Curbing his chariot steeds,  
 The knightly scion of a Southern home  
 Dazzled the world--with deeds!  
 Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt--  
 The champion of the Truth--  
 He bore his banner to the very front  
 Of our immortal youth.  
 A clang of sabres 'mid Virginia's snow,  
 The fiery pang of shells--  
 And there's a voice of immemorial woe  
 In Alabama dells.  
 The pennon droops, that led the sacred band  
 Along the crimson field;  
 The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand,  
 Over the spotless shield!  
 We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,  
 While round the lips and eyes,  
 Couched in their marble slumber flashed the grace  
 Of a divine surprise!  
 Oh! mother of a blessed soul on high,  
 Thy tears may soon be shed;  
 Think of thy boy, 'mid princes of the sky,  
 Among the Southern dead.  
 How must he smile on this dull world beneath,  
 Fevered with swift renown--  
 He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath  
 Twining the victor's crown!

N. B.--This is the original version from Randall's manuscript.--T. C. D.

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No one can be accused justly of raking amid the ashes of the past to rekindle the fires of sectional prejudice when he undertakes to briefly sketch one of the many brilliant careers during the late war that illustrate the valor of the American soldier on a hundred battlefields, especially when that career is all too little known, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. In Alabama, in the vale of Alexandria, September 7, in the year 1838, there was born a babe destined to be Bellona's bridegroom, and write "John Pelham" across the sky in flaming letters of battle. His was a superb career, but for some reason or other it is scarcely known outside of his native State, and even in that State but for being commingled with fiction the daring deeds and brilliant bravery of "Jeb" Stuart's "boy artilleryist" would be almost mere tradition when the last Confederate shall have passed away. Indeed, while writers almost innumerable--both historical and penny-a-liners--have, in song and story, traced the career of lesser light of higher rank, they have scarcely mentioned much less eulogized the beardless boy whom General Robert E. Lee, in his report of Fredericksburg, termed "the gallant Pelham," thus knighting him upon the field. Of this same youth the *London Times*, in chronicling his death in 1863, said: "For his age no soldier on either side in this war (Confederate) has won such fame as has young Pelham."

John Pelham came from old Kentucky stock, his father, Dr. Atkinson Pelham, having removed from this State to Calhoun county, Ala., in 1837. Young Pelham was appointed a cadet at West Point in 1856 by the representative in Congress from the Talladega (Ala.) district, Hon. S. W. Harris. The only five-year

class in the history of the academy was organized that year, which accounts for his being there at the opening of the war. Like many other West Pointers who have made gallant soldiers, his standing in his classes was low, but his commission was passed on, and he would have received it had he not resigned a week before commencement to go South. As a cadet he had a dash and a soldierly bearing, and it is related that when he started to walk across the parade grounds, or from one quarter to another, he went straight as a "bee line" and never looked back, no matter how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was considered the best athlete at West Point, and was there noted for fencing and boxing.

Then, as now, at the academy, a cat with its reputed plurality of lives would be dead a dozen times in taking half the chances those laughing cadets would eagerly seek in the cavalry drill, but Pelham excelled them all. The Prince of Wales was struck with his horsemanship when he visited the academy in 1860. His horseback riding was marvelous, and went down from class to class as a sort of tradition, and long years after he had met a soldier's death the cadets would relate to gaping plebes how Pelham rode. In 1861, when the laughing blue of the Southland sky was overcast by the dark cloud of civil strife and Alabama called to her sons in every clime to come to her defence, Pelham resigned his cadet-ship at the academy and started South. At New Albany, Ind., he was intercepted by the Federal authorities, for it was known there by some one who reported the fact that he had left West Point to join the Confederate army. He was placed under surveillance and not allowed to cross the river to Louisville. However, he accepted the first opportunity to elude the authorities and went up to Jeffersonville.

Around his stay at Jeffersonville and subsequent escape there is woven a pretty little romance, which, whether true or not, is worth relating. He had disguised himself as one of General Scott's couriers, so the story goes, before entering the town, and while watching his chance to slip across the river, he became acquainted with a pretty Yankee maiden, who was visiting friends in the place. She became smitten with the handsome young soldier, and they were together much.

By and by he gained her confidence sufficiently to disclose his identity without fear of betrayal, and informed her of his purpose to go South and join the Confederate army. She was a true Northern girl, and endeavored to prevail upon him to stand by the "old flag," but he was firm. Love has been known to be stronger than patriotism in hearts colder than that of a sympathetic maiden. It was true in her case, and Cupid overthrew Mars in her heart.

Finding her entreaties of no avail, she volunteered to ferry him across the river. Consequently they took a skiff the following day for a pleasure row on the Ohio, but they never came back; that is, he did not, for they landed on the old Kentucky shore, where he bade his fair benefactor a last farewell and she returned to Jeffersonville by way of the ferryboat. From the time he set foot upon Kentucky soil Pelham's brilliant career began. However, he did not remain in Louisville long, but hurried on to Montgomery, then the capital of the Confederacy, and reported for duty. He was commissioned first lieutenant in the regular Confederate States Army, and assigned to duty at Lynchburg, Va., where he had charge of the ordnance. Shortly after reporting there he was ordered to Winchester, Va., and was drillmaster of Albertu's Battery. In the meantime, the Federal army, like a huge snake, was coiling itself around Manassas preparatory to striking Richmond. The Confederate army went out to receive the blow and deliver another in return, and Pelham rushed to the front with his battery. All that long day of Manassas he fought with superb courage. So well did he handle his guns that he attracted the attention of that Prince Rupert of American cavalymen, General J. E. B. Stuart. General Stuart saw what was in the boy, and intrusted him with the organization of a battery of six pieces of horse artillery. Some of these men were from Virginia and Maryland, but most of them were from Alabama. From Talladega, Ala., near Pelham's home, went forty men under Lieutenant William McGregor, a gallant officer now living in Texas. One gun was manned by French Creoles from

Mobile, Ala., who were called by Pelham the "Napoleon Detachment." They were gallant fellows, and invariably in battle the voices of these men could be heard above the roar of the guns singing the "Marseillaise," that stirring song that roused the man of destiny's imperial eagles on many a gory field where the Old Guard could die, but never surrender. This six-gun battery was the nucleus around which gathered that brave body of men that goes down in history as Stuart's horse artillery. Wherever the dashing Stuart and his cavalry went there were Pelham and his war dogs. At Williamsburg and Cold Harbor Pelham fought with bull dog tenacity. At the latter fight he advanced one gun a third of a mile to the front, and for more than an hour it was the only gun on the Confederate left firing, drawing the attention of a whole Federal battery, until Stuart said to Stonewall Jackson:

"General, all your artillery on the left is idle; nobody is firing except Pelham." After the battle the warm pressure of Jackson's hand told Pelham how well he had demeaned himself. That is history. Shortly after this Pelham drove a gunboat from the "White House" with one gun.

He again received the thanks of old Stonewall at Second Manassas, where he thrust his guns forward almost into the enemy's columns and used them with bloody effect. During this fight Jackson said to Stuart, pointing to the young artillerist: "General, if you have another Pelham give him to me." He was then twenty-three years old.

In the bloody repulse the Federals received at Sharpsburg, his guns roared for hours, and a little later he was with Stuart in the bloody track he made from Aldie to Markham's, fighting the immense odds of the foe till they were in a few yards of his guns, drawing off to a better position only to fight again. In was in this gory track that an instance occurred which illustrates his courage. He was with one gun far in advance of the others when the enemy almost reached him, and Stuart ordered him to retire, but he begged to be allowed to remain a little longer, which request was granted. His cannoneers scampered away and left him alone. He loaded the piece and fired almost in the face of the enemy, surging forward like a great billow, and then mounting one of the lead horses, began to gallop away with the cannon, but had not proceeded far when the horse was shot from under him. Quickly cutting the traces to free the dead animal he mounted another, and it, too, was shot down immediately. He escaped with the gun only after a third horse had been shot down and cut from the traces. At Sharpsburg he commanded nearly all the artillery on the Confederate left, and rent the blue lines with shot and shell.

But it was at Fredericksburg that the zenith of John Pelham's renown was reached. The martial king of the proudest nation in all the tides of time might well envy--if the shades in Valhalla are given that privilege--the story that crowned the "boy artillerist" in that stupendous fight and dreadful revelry of death. All was quiet in the Confederate army at Fredericksburg on the morning of the thirteenth of December, 1862. The flower of the South's young manhood was there on the heights in double lines behind bristling bayonets and grimmer guns. Every soldier knew there was to be a fearful fight before the sun sank behind the western wood. The Federal army had crossed the Rappahannock and was forming line of battle under cover of the river bank. Jackson, Stuart and Lee rode down the Confederate lines to the extreme right, followed by waves of cheers, where the Stuart horse artillery was parked. Stuart called to Pelham and said something. Then Pelham turned and galloped to his guns. Immediately he dashed down the heights followed by one gun. It was the "Napoleon detachment," of Mobile Frenchmen. Onward they rushed far down the foot of the heights where the road forks. There they halted, unlimbered and prepared for action. The mist that overspread the field cleared away and the men from the South saw moving toward them steadily, swiftly, with measured tread, a long, compact blue line. On swept the fierce men in blue, their bayonets glistening in the streams of sunshine that stole through the fog. There was a flash, a boom, the earth shook--Pelham's Napoleon had bellowed. Then there was a shrill, hideous, indescribable shriek of a shell as it swirled in the

air and went crashing through the charging lines of blue. The surging mass recoiled, halted, hesitated, then with a demoniacal yell, pressed forward toward the single gun. The yell ceased and for a moment there was a ghastly hush, and then, there came thundering through the chilly, December air from across the Rappahannock boom on boom. From southeast to east, from east to northeast. Then from the north came huge shells whirling death in their arms. Pelham had drawn upon himself the concentrated fire of half a dozen batteries--twenty four guns. Yet his gun continued to roar, and roaring never failed to slaughter. No other gun on the Confederate side had yet opened, but the lone war-dog howled on. And in the half lull between the boom of the cannon there floated above the noise a sound that seemed strange on that day of multitudinous terrors--the Napoleon detachment singing the Marseillaise as they fought their gun. Like infernal imps of Tophet they flitted about in the smoke of battle. Two armies looked on while the Mobile Frenchmen wrote history with blood. Arms, legs, heads were whirled off and the ground around torn as by Titan plows. No other Confederate gun had opened, but the fierce Federals could not pass the bellowing Napoleon. Time wore on. Still the gun roared and the sound of its roaring thundered through the air in breaths of battle to the ears of General Robert E. Lee, as he viewed the red revel from the heights. "It is glorious," he exclaimed, "to see such courage in one so young." And in his report of the battle he spoke of no one but Pelham below the rank of major-general, terming him "the gallant Pelham."

Once, twice, three times, Pelham drove back the Federal columns and delayed the battle an hour. When his ammunition was spent he retired, in obedience to a peremptory order, and was assigned to the command of all the artillery on the Confederate right.

Amid shot and shell he had opened the great battle of Fredericksburg and had become immortal. The part played by Pelham at that fight is history that will survive with General Lee's report. He was a major of artillery then. His commission as lieutenant-colonel was issued soon after, and only awaited confirmation when he was killed. This was at Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, March 17th, 1863. He had gone to visit some ladies in Culpeper county, when he heard the cannonading and hurried to the scene. His artillery had not come up, but he galloped to a regiment that was wavering and shouted: "Forward, boys! Forward to victory and glory!" and at that moment was struck by the fragment of a shell that penetrated the brain and he died shortly after midnight. He died as he had wished--amid the roar of battle.

General Stuart telegraphed to Hon. J. L. M. Curry, at present trustee of the great Peabody fund and well known in Louisville, who then represented Pelham's Alabama district in the Confederate Congress: "The noble, the chivalric, 'the gallant Pelham' is no more. He was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you today. How much he was beloved, appreciated and admired, let the tears of agony we shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable."

His remains were taken to Richmond and lay in state at the capitol, viewed by thousands. He was buried at Jacksonville, Ala., amid the scenes of his childhood. General Stuart's general order to the division announcing his death concluded:

"His eyes had glanced over every battlefield of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and, with a single exception, he was a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell--the noblest of sacrifice--on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war."

He was calmly and recklessly brave, and saw men torn to pieces around him without emotion, be-

cause his heart and eye were upon the stern work he was performing. Such is the brief but resplendent career of the "boy artilleryist."

The deeds of Pelham's nephew, who was a private in Terry's Texas regiment, caused the Texas Legislature to enact that as he, "a hero in more than a hundred battles," had fallen while charging the enemy at Dalton, Ga., leaving no issue, the name of a certain child, a nephew, should be changed to Charles Thomas Pelham, to perpetuate his memory.

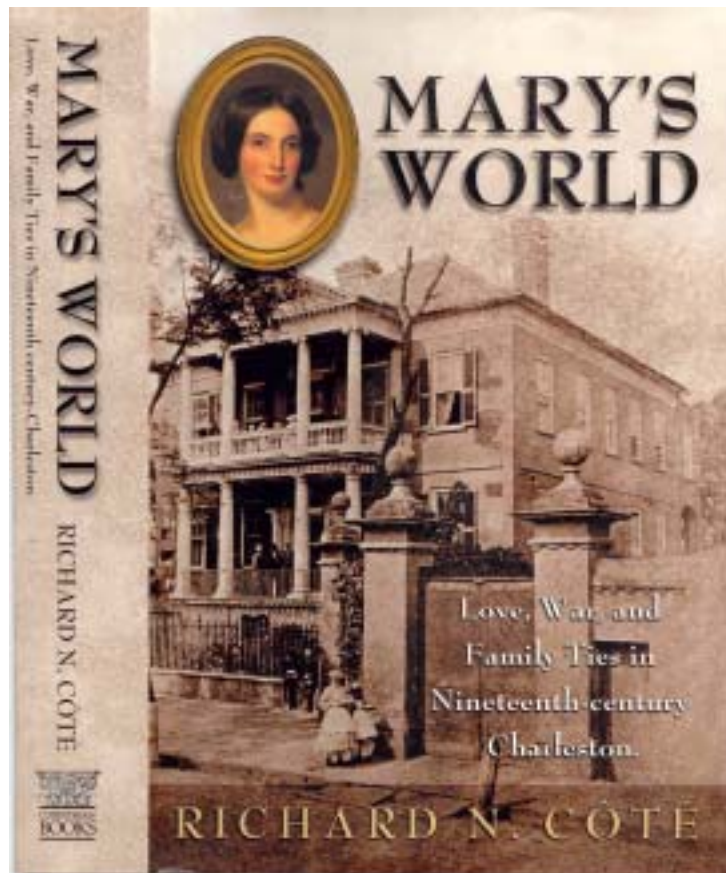
<http://www.civilwarhome.com/gallantpelham.htm>

**July Speaker  
Author  
Richard N. Cote**

## Book Browser Review

Reviewer: **Harriet Klausner**

MARY'S WORLD is an incredible look at the two decades prior to, the Civil War itself, and the subsequent aftermath. Archivist-writer Richard N. Cote evaluated and categorized over 2500 handwritten pages of entries and journals written by Southern aristocrat Mary Motte Alston Pringle. In her own words, we learn much about antebellum South plantation life, especially the owner-family and the manor house slaves. Even more to the point, is the effect of the Civil War and its aftermath that ended a lifestyle, leaving individuals in shock and struggling to cope (or die) with more than just the deaths of loved ones as the iceberg is turned upside down almost over night.



This autobiographical compilation is extremely interesting for those historical readers who devour anything Americana, especially things related to the Civil War. The journal and letters keep the audience fascinated in a voyeur like look because it is obvious that Mary hid little, as she was writing for herself and not mass publication.

<http://www.bookbrowser.com/Reviews/CoteRichardN/marysworld.html>

## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Born in Connecticut in 1945, Richard N. Côté studied political science and journalism at Butler University. He spent six years in the U.S. Air Force and eight years conducting local history research and writing in Wisconsin. In 1979 he moved to the South Carolina Lowcountry, and served for several years on the staff of the South Carolina Historical Society. He spent the 1980s and early 1990s conducting research and writing in the fields of South Carolina biography, social history, plantation life and culture, and architecture. This culminated in the writing of *Mary's World*. In 1995, the publication of *Safe House*, the memoirs of accused spy, Edward Lee Howard, marked his transition from scholarly books to writing for the trade. Dick resides in Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina, where he now writes contemporary novels and non-fiction books.



**Report of Brig. Gen. R. G. M. Dunovant, South Carolina Army, of operations against Fort Sumter.  
OPERATIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S.C.  
O.R.-- SERIES I--VOLUME 1 [S# 1] CHAPTER I.**

HEADQUARTERS, *SOUTH CAROLINA ARMY*,  
*Sullivan's Island, April 21, 1861.*

Maj. D. R. Jones,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

MAJOR: I have the honor to report that on Tuesday morning, April 9, in obedience to orders from your headquarters, I came down to Sullivan's Island attended by the following members of my staff: Maj. N. G. Evans, S.C. A., adjutant-general; First Lieut. Warren Adams, S.C. A., and Second Lieut. Robert Pringle, S. C. A., aides-de-camp; Maj. W. D. De Saussure and Capt. J. D. Bruns, special aides-de-camp.

Information having been received which led us to expect a determined effort on the part of the United States Government to re-enforce Fort Sumter, I at once made all the necessary preparations to prevent, if possible, the success of this attempt. The batteries in process of erection at the eastern extremity of the island were rapidly pushed to completion. Colonel Pettigrew had already taken precautions against a surprise by establishing a picket guard on Long Island and by doubling the sentries on Sullivan's Island.

On the morning of the 11th I reviewed the entire forces under my command, Colonel Pettigrew's regiment of rifles occupying and defending the eastern third of the island with the assistance of the Charleston Light Dragoons, and the German Flying Artillery in charge of a field battery attached to his command, and Colonel Anderson's regiment of the First Infantry being held in readiness to act as a reserve or to be thrown on any point where their services were required.

It affords me sincere gratification to record that, although happily Colonel Pettigrew's regiment was not called into action, and had little share in the perils and honors of the recent engagement, their patient endurance of every privation, and their prompt and cheerful response to every call of duty during a long-continued service, entitle them to unqualified commendation. I may add that as soon as they heard the sound of our guns, twenty-four members of the regiment of rifles went down under fire to the floating battery, their boat narrowly escaping being sunk.

Colonel Anderson's regiment of regulars also deserve special notice for the good order, spirit, and

energy which have universally characterized the command. Three companies of his regiment, Captain Martin's, Captain Butler's, and Lieutenant Valentine's, were detached for duty as artillerists under Lieutenant-Colonel Ripley, and for their share in the bombardment I would respectfully refer you to the report of the lieutenant-colonel commanding the batteries.

The defenses of Fort Moultrie and the preparation of the gun and mortar batteries above and below this post seemed to me to be complete and satisfactory. For this no small measure of praise is due to the sagacity, experience, and unflagging zeal of Lieut. Col. R. S. Ripley, commanding First Battalion Artillery, who was assigned to duty under my command on the 2d day of January last, when Fort Moultrie was generally considered untenable. The suggestions made by this officer in his reports respecting the defenses of the fort have in almost every instance been carried out, and their value has been triumphantly illustrated by the severe test to which they were subjected in the recent engagement. The guns which were used against Fort Sumter were the same which Major Anderson spiked and burned when he abandoned Fort Moultrie.

On the night of the 11th, as hostilities were shortly expected to commence, I made the following disposition of my staff: Major Pagan, Lieutenant Adams, and Lieutenant Pringle to be stationed between Fort Moultrie and Captain Butler's battery, to carry orders to and from these posts and to the brigade of infantry; Major De Saussure to attend me personally, and Captain Bruns to be on detached service at Captain Hallonquist's mortar battery, where he rendered efficient aid during the whole bombardment. Major Evans, who had been confined to his bed by sickness for some days, joined me soon after the battle commenced, and then, as always, exhibited the highest qualifications for the duties of his arduous and responsible post. I am gratified to record that my entire staff acquitted themselves well, and their services to me during the campaign have been invaluable. Although most of them had but little military experience, they have spared no pains to acquaint themselves with the duties of their office, and have, without exception, performed them intelligently, cheerfully, and with dispatch.

During the bombardment, I observed specially the behavior of the troops at Fort Moultrie, and at Captains Butler's and Hallonquist's mortar batteries. At all these posts the energy and spirit displayed alike by officers and men could not be surpassed, I believe, by any troops in the world. The enfilade, Dahlgren, and floating batteries had also a prominent place in the picture, but I must again refer to the reports of the officers commanding these batteries.

I am pleased to mention that Ex-Governor J. L. Manning, lion. W. P. Miles, and Capt. Samuel Ferguson S. C. A., aides-de-camp to Brigadier-General Beauregard, brought orders to me from the brigadier-general commanding during the hottest of the fire. Major De Saussure, of my staff, carried information for the Ordnance Department in regard the short supply of Dahlgren shells under a brisk fire.

As soon as the white flag was displayed from Fort Sumter on the 13th I sent Captain Hartstene, C. S. N., Captain Calhoun, S. C. A., and Surgeon Lynch, C. S. N., to ascertain whether Major Anderson had surrendered. These officers reported on their return that they had been preceded by some members of your staff.

For the details of this action, which has terminated so happily for the glory of our arms and for the honor and safety of South would respectfully refer you to the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Ripley, and to the reports of the officers under his immediate command.

R. G. M. DUNOVANT,  
*Brigadier-General, Commanding South Carolina Army.* 22

<http://www.civilwarhome.com/dunovantftsumter.htm>

## Editor's Notes

I rarely write any comments in our newsletter. My preference is to see the interests of members other than myself expressed here. Yet I feel compelled to make mention of the extraordinary programs that Commander Robert's has aligned for us this year. If you have not been to our Camp meetings lately you have missed a great amount of educational programs and the opportunity to associate with men who have a common link to Southern History.

This month we have the privilege to have Charleston area author Dick Cote as our speaker. We wish for you to bring your lady with you. Dick's book, *Mary's World* is a publication which is of interest to all. A true first hand account of the goings on in South Carolina before, during and after the War Of Northern Aggression. The Miles Brewton house on King Street (and yes it is still there) has seen two armies of occupation in it (British and Yankee) as well as being the center piece of one of Charleston's most famous families. As a person schooled in History, I am very selective in the books that I read. Preferring to read only first hand accounts of the war which changed our homeland forever. This book got my undivided attention. It is now marred with highlighting ink and page markers as I found passages which I know I will be referencing for many years.

The following is an excerpt from *Mary's World*. Buy it, read it, and **LEARN** from their words.

**Robert Pringle writing home upon his being sent to Battery Wagner. A place where he will be mortally wounded.**

*I am off again for Battery Wagner, and will repeat my wishes to you, so that in case I should "I go under", you will know what to do. Enclosed you will find two accounts, the one with the State of So. Ca. please give to Maj. Lucas with a check for the balance on hand say \$29.57. The other please send in to the Adjutant and Inspector General at Richmond, asking for instructions as to what disposition must be made of the balance in hand say \$28.79.*

*Pay to Lieut Colhoun or the senior officer of my company \$30 in full of company fund. Pay to the same officers \$75 to be paid Private J. N. Fitts of my company, it being balance of some money given to me to keep for him.*

*I owe Edgerton Richards and Co. about \$100.81 Cary, Stuben, Dawson and Blackman each small amounts. Yourself for segars, I believe, \$15. I think that these are all my debts, except the \$500 I owe you which I will come to soon. You will find a check for \$935.92 enclosed being the balance of my account in bank and in addition Lieut Lucas owes \$100 on a bet that Charleston would not fall by the 17th inst. From this statement you will perceive, that after my debts are paid, there will still be a balance of some \$5 or 600 on hand. With reference now to the debt I owe you, take the share and if it worth par, pay yourself by appropriating it. If below par, make the difference good out of my funds.*

*After all my debts are paid, give Mama the balance of the money, and tell her, that it is my appropriation towards paying for the miniatures of William, Charles and little Hesse.*

*Do not think that I anticipate being killed from this business like manner of arranging my affairs, but I think that everyone ought guard against all emergencies.*

*In case I should be so unfortunate I have only one request to make, and that is, that my own family will write no obituary of me. In the words of another, my worst torture at this moment, is the overestimate which generous friends form of me.*

On the 19th of August 1863, Alston went across the harbor to Morris Island where he visited Robert and James. He found them both well and in good spirits. Mary was concerned for Robert's welfare and wrote him from Friendville, hoping he was safe, sending him her love, and wishing him God's protection. After surviving shelling after shelling from the federal monitors in the harbor, however, Robert's luck had worn dangerously thin.

On August 21 Robert was serving as chief of artillery at Battery Wagner. That morning, while he was directing fire at the enemy, federal monitors were shelling Wagner vigorously. Their shells were fired at a low elevation, so as to ricochet twice upon the water, the last time about twenty-five yards from the shore. They exploded just over the parapet of the battery. One of these shells struck a school of mullet and hurled one into the gun chamber. Robert picked it up and laughingly remarked, "I have got my dinner!"

Moments later, at about six in the evening, a soldier notified him that one of his guns had been disabled. "I will attend to it," he said with a smile, and he made his way to the parapet of the battery. Just as Robert entered the chamber of the disabled gun, the next-to-last enemy shell of the evening exploded directly in front of him, inflicting mortal wounds. Robert's shattered body was carried back to the bombproof shelter which served as battery headquarters.

There he was treated by the battalion surgeon, Dr. Henry B. Horlbeck. "He was put upon a table and I examined his four wounds and discerned at once that there was no possibility of his recovery," Horlbeck wrote. "The fragment of the shell that struck him in the pit of his stomach passed entirely thru his body, coming out at his back, while another fragment had shattered his arm just below the shoulder, cutting the artery ." Dr. Horlbeck later wrote that the surface of Robert's upper chest and face were "filled with granulated iron forced under the skin, the particles being mixed with the powder of the shell to make the effect more horrible."

When the surgeon told Robert that he had not long to live, Robert's only concern was for his family. Major Lucas wrote that "though his wounds were dreadful and many, a quarter of an hour of perfect collectedness of mind was mercifully granted to him. This he employed in loving messages to those dearer than himself." In the waning minutes of his life, as his blood drained out onto the floor of the bunker, Robert lamented to Dr. Horlbeck, "It will kill my poor mother," and his last words were, "Tell my father and my mother that they know how I have loved them, and I die loving them still and I hope we will all meet in Heaven."

That evening at about 6:30 P.M., after the shelling stopped, the Signal Corps flags on Morris Island telegraphed the news of Robert's death to the silent desolate city. Alston was standing guard duty on the Southern Wharf that night and saw both the shelling and the signals, but had no idea what he was witnessing.

***Battery Pringle...it is named in honor of Robert.***

## Camp Announcements

### September 16th, 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 State Underwater Archeologist Chris Amer. Chris will be presenting a video/slide presentation on his work recovering the H. L. Hunley Confederate Submarine.



This month's meeting will be open to all SCV members. Contact Wayne or Steve for more details. Price of the dinner will be \$6. You are encouraged to invite the ladies to our bi-monthly meetings.

### Extend a warm welcome to the following new applicants

Please extend a warm welcome to our newest 15th Regiment SCV applicants:

Charles N. Taylor Sr	Ryan McCabe Jr
Larry Sharpe Sr	Norman Price
Phillip Kruger	
Robert Mack	
Charles Matthews	
Chris Matthews	

### 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.

### 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

## **Samuel T. & Martin Luther Hallman** Sons of David Hallman & Annis Kirton Hallman Great Great Grandfather & Uncles of Compatriot Edwin Smith

David Hallman had six sons who served in Confederate States Army. He lived in Lexington District in the general area of Pond Branch Community.

Serving in Palmetto Sharpshooters Co. F were Davis, Noah, Daniel James, and George Rufus Hallman. In the 20th Regiment Co. K were Samuel Thomas and Martin Luther Hallman.

I will concentrate on Samuel T. and Martin Luther at this time. Samuel T. was 17 and Martin L. was 19 years old when they enlisted at Lexington County Courthouse on 12/31/1861. Martin Luther died of disease at Wayside Hospital in Charleston on or about 7/5/1863 and is buried in Magnolia Cemetery. His brother Samuel received his effects consisting of \$20 in cash, 6 postage stamps, 1 pocket Testament, 1 canteen, and various articles of clothing.

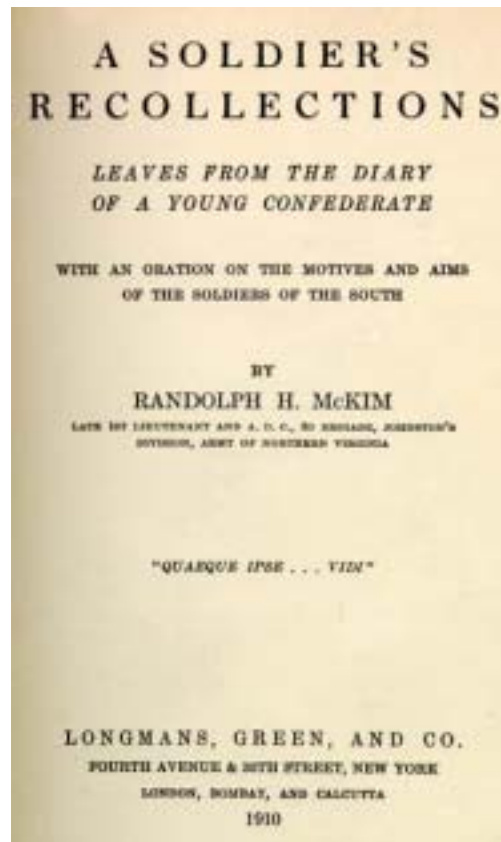
Samuel T. was paroled in Augusta, Ga. on 5/18/1865 and then went to Newberry College and became a Lutheran preacher. He was licensed to preach in 1868 and was ordained in 1869. He served in a number of Churches from 1868 until his death in 1927. He helped edit and was a member of the publishing committee of A History of the SC Evangelical Lutheran Church 1824-1924. He was a pastor at St. Johns Lutheran Church in Spartanburg when he died in 1927. He is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Spartanburg.

George Rufus also died of disease during the war and is buried in Lynchburg Confederate Cemetery.

All other brothers survived the war, with Davis Hallman naming two sons, George Rufus and Martin Luther, in all likelihood after his brothers who had died during the war.

**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 VII  
A WINTER FURLOUGH**

AS the spring of 1862 approached, the Confederate authorities were confronted by the prospect of seeing their armies melt away in face of the enemy, by reason of the fact that most of the regiments had been enlisted for but one year. So, to encourage reënlistment, a furlough of thirty days and a bounty of fifty dollars were offered to all volunteers who should reënlist "for two years" [so my diary reads, but my memory says "for the war"--and this I think is correct], "provided not more than one-fifth of a regiment shall be absent at one time." Hearing this news, I told Watkins and Inloes of it "and proposed to them to embrace the offer." "Next day we went round and talked to those of the regiment who were in camp (the bulk of it being on picket), and finally seven agreed to reënlist." "In a few days we will get our furlough and the bounty of fifty dollars and leave this delectable place!"

Words cannot express the delight a soldier felt at the prospect of a return to "civilization" for the space of thirty days. To have the opportunity of a daily bath, or at least a daily "wash up"; to change one's clothes; to sleep in a bed; to hear no "reveille" at four in the morning; not to be disturbed in the evening by the inevitable "taps"; to sit down at a table covered with a white cloth; not to be met at every meal by the unvarying "menu" of "slap-jacks and bacon," or "bacon and soda biscuit,"--yes, to feast on the "fat of the land" before the land had grown lean and hungry, as it did in another twelvemonth; to bask in the smiles of the noble women of the Confederacy; to enjoy once more their delightful society; to be welcomed and fêted like a hero wherever you went by the men as well as the women,--all this was an experience the deliciousness of which no man who has not been a Confederate soldier can have any idea of,--and the *private* soldier enjoyed it in a higher degree than the commissioned officer, for *he* generally had a few more comforts, or at least a few less hardships, than the soldiers in the ranks. True, we Maryland boys had no home waiting to open its doors to us during our furlough, but the Virginians always gave us a peculiarly warm welcome, and, because we were exiles, did their best to make us feel that their homes were ours. The soldiers of the Union were well clothed and well fed, but they could never have such a welcome as we had, or be such heroes as we were when they went on furlough, because there was no such solidarity of feeling in the North as there was in the South. The condition of the two peoples was entirely different. The Southern soldier was fighting to repel invasion. He was regarded as the defender of the homes and firesides of the people. The common perils, the common hardships, the common sacrifices, of the war, welded the Southern people together as if they were all of the same blood, all of one family. In fact, there was, independently of the war, a homogeneity in the South that the North knew nothing of. But when the war came all this was greatly intensified. We were all one family then. Every Confederate soldier was welcomed, wherever he went, to the best the people had. When he approached a house to seek for food or shelter, he never had the least misgiving as to how he would be received. The warmest welcome and the most generous hospitality awaited him--that he knew beforehand.

Such an experience, even though it lasted but thirty or forty days, was a compensation for much that he endured. The memory of it lingers delightfully after eight and forty years. We could truly say, "*Olim meminisse juvabit.*" And to have passed four years in such an atmosphere, to have felt one's self a unit in such a society, where all hearts beat as one, where all toiled together, and suffered together, and hoped and gloried together, or else bent before the same blast of adversity,--that was something to have lived for--something to die for, too-- something the fragrant memory of which can never pass away.

In my case, however, there was more even than this. Allied, through my noble mother, with many of the old families of Virginia,--the Randolphs, the Harrisons, the Carters, the Pages, the Nelsons, the Lees (to name no more),--I found myself among kinsfolk wherever I went in the old State. During my thirty days furlough, which somehow was lengthened out to forty days, I visited Clarke County, and then Richmond and the James River, and Lynchburg, and Fredericksburg and Charlottesville and Staunton, and in all those places I was welcomed by people of my own blood, who knew all about me, and who received me, not only with cordiality because I was a Confederate soldier, but with affection because I was a relative. So on my travels, those six weeks, I had "the best time going" and was as happy as the days were long.

Millwood, Clarke County, was my first objective. Taking the train at Manassas, February 7th, I got out at Piedmont, where fortunately I found a conveyance which took me as far as Upperville. To quote from my diary:

"For the second time I travelled over that road, but this time in a different direction, under different circumstances and for a different purpose. All the scenes and occurrences of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of July came vividly back. How weary and worn had I trudged with musket and knapsack over that same road, little conscious of the eventful scene I was soon to play a part in. It was a moonlight night and I recognized each turn in the road and each spring by the wayside."

It was late when I reached Bollingbrooke. The family had retired to bed, and it was with difficulty I waked them up. John Bolling was one of my mess, and news of him was welcome, even at the midnight hour. Next day, Willie, a younger son, drove me to Millwood.

"At the highest point in the gap (through the Blue Ridge), just beside the road stands a tree whose branches overshadow parts of four counties: Fauquier, Loudon, Warren and Clarke. We reached the Shenandoah before we expected to, so pleasing was the road, and so busy was my mind recalling each spot associated with the march of the 19th of July. The river was swollen many feet above the watermark of last summer. It swept on rapidly as if defying any attempt to ford it a second time. Indeed, independent of its depth, it would have been impossible for man or horse to stem such a tide. . . . Willie Bolling told me that when he and his father drove to our camp at Winchester last summer a little boy at the ford directed them purposely to drive into a deep hole, and when they were almost drowned, rolled over on his back on the river bank, convulsed with laughter. They were obliged to take the horses out and hire some men to drag the wagon out with ropes. It appears it was this boy's habit to hang about the ford and watch for strangers and make them drive into this hole for his amusement. He could not have been more than eight or nine years of age."

I was again the guest at Millwood of one of my mother's sisters, Mrs. Wm. Fitzhugh Randolph, to whom I have already referred.

"Aunt Randolph makes a baby of me. I am not allowed to wait on myself--not even to *pick up a pin!* At my age I do not particularly enjoy swaddling bands!"

Here I lingered for twelve days of my precious thirty, visiting many of the delightful country homes, dining out, spending the night in some cases, singing with the girls, sleigh-riding, attending a wedding, and other festivities.

At "The Moorings" lived the family of my quondam navy cousin, now Major Beverly Randolph. At "Saratoga" I was welcomed by my charming cousins, Mary Frances and Lucy Page. We sang together "Maryland, my Maryland," and I sang for them "The Leaf and the Fountain," "The Pirate's Glee," and "Silence," which they seemed pleased with. I dined also at stately "Carter Hall," and my diary mentions that "seven, eight, and nine o'clock struck while we were at the dinner table." They "compelled me to stay all night,"--to my sorrow, for breakfast was not served next day till eleven o'clock, and this to a soldier disciplined for months to answer roll-call at four A.M. was no small trial! "Bored to death," was my memorandum of this. Another day I dined at "New Market" with my cousin Dr. Robert Randolph, and was warmly received and as usual "compelled to stay all night." Cousin Lucy (Dr. R.'s wife) "was very affectionate and kissed me." "Next morning, after prayers, seeing an old lady with a cap on come into the room," I supposed she was Mrs. Randolph, "though looking much older than on the previous evening." Accordingly "I saluted her with a kiss before the old lady had time to show her surprise," and before I discovered that it was Mrs. Burwell, Mrs. Randolph's mother. We had never met before, but nobody seemed surprised at what I had done.

I may here set down a remark in my diary to this effect: "I have never heard anyone here address anyone else by a more formal title than 'cousin.' Whatever the company, it is always the same."

This reminds me of Michelet's description of Burgundy, which is applicable in several respects to Virginia. However, the only part of it I can now recall is this, "It is a land of joyous Christmases, where everyone calls everyone else 'cousin.'" My diary mentions also the wedding of Mr. Warren Smith and Miss Betty Randolph, which took place at "New Market" at five P.M., "with eight bridesmaids." The entertainment which followed was prolonged till one o'clock next morning.

Such was the happy gayety and the prodigal hospitality in old Clarke County the first winter of our cruel war. It had not yet felt the iron heel of the invader. The winters that followed till 1865 would tell a different tale. It is still a beautiful country, and some of the fine old homesteads still survive, though few of them are owned by the same old families.

I next turned my steps, February 20th, to Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, where I found another nest of relatives and many friends. At Piedmont, where I struck the railroad and spent the night, "I wrote some blank verse rather to vent my feelings than to while away the time,"--the subject whereof has not been preserved in my record! Met many old acquaintances on the way, and made some new ones, among them a very clever and charming young lady, with whom I had "a long conversation on the subject of matrimony,"--altogether impersonal, however!

I was just in time for the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States of America. It took place February 22d, in the Capitol Square, amid a downpour of rain. In the evening the President held a levee which I attended in company with Mrs. James Lyons and Miss Mary Lyons, enjoying myself hugely, and finding Mr. Davis very gracious and affable. He was a man of fine presence and of distinguished abilities, as was well recognized in *ante bellum* days when he was Secretary of War, and later when he represented Mississippi in the United States Senate. It was he who first projected a transcontinental railway. His State papers were models of vigorous English. He was a graduate of West Point, and had shed his blood gallantly in the Mexican War. Had he been quite ignorant of military matters, he would have been a more successful President. In that case it is likely Robert E. Lee would have been made commander-in-chief in 1862, instead of in 1865, when it was too late.

The Southern people forgave all his mistakes and set him on high as their martyred President, when Gen. Nelson Miles put him in irons at Fortress Monroe after the war was over. He was a man of exalted character, and had a knightly soul.

In Richmond I met "acquaintances innumerable," and many relations, among the former "Tom Dudley" (destined to be a famous bishop), with whom I dined. He was, I think, in one of the departments of the government in Richmond.

The very next day, February 23d, Fort Donelson fell, and my Uncle Peyton's son, Dabney Harrison, was killed, gallantly leading his company. He was a Presbyterian minister, but felt the call to defend his State from the invader, and, doffing his ministerial office, raised a company in his own congregation and was elected its captain. His course and his fate were similar to those of Bishop Polk, who laid aside his episcopal robes and became lieutenant-general in the Southwestern Army--with this difference, that *he* had had a military education at West Point. General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, was another example of a clergyman. entering the army as a combatant.

The same day my uncle lost his daughter Nannie by scarlet fever at Brandon on the James River. The previous July, at the battle of Manassas, the dear old gentleman had lost another son, Capt. Peyton Harrison, and still another, Wm. Wirt Harrison, had been severely wounded. Not long afterwards, his married daughter Mary, Mrs. Robt. Hunter, died in childbed, her illness brought on prematurely by a raid of the Federal soldiers. Still later his son, Dr. Randolph Harrison, was wounded and died, and his youngest son Harry was taken prisoner.

He bore it all like a noble Roman--or rather like a brave Christian, which he was. The story of this family is that of many another in the South.

I may here mention that I had twenty-four first cousins in the Confederate Army on my mother's side, most of them bearing the name of Harrison.

After some halcyon days in Richmond among my many friends, college mates, and kinsfolk, I took the steamboat, February 26th, down the river to upper Brandon, the home of my mother's sister, Mrs. Wm. B. Harrison and her husband. There I indulged in the sport of wild duck shooting several times with varying luck. George Harrison, a year younger than I, was at home, and we had long talks over the fire till the "wee sma' hours," much of it about the Christian ministry, to which we both aspired, and we usually ended with united prayer.

The following Sunday was the Fast Day appointed by President Jefferson Davis, and we rode horseback to Cabin Point to the Episcopal Church, and received the holy communion together.

The following Sunday was stormy, so we had the church service at home, and I read a sermon aloud. I also examined Dr. A. T. Bledsoe's "Theodicy,"--a very able book, by the way.

The next day, March 3d, George and I set out for Jamestown Island, but the boat was caught in a fog and obliged to return. On the 4th we started again and reached the island, which we found fortified with thirteen guns, Columbiads, thirty-two pounders, and Dahlgrens. How strange a spectacle--the island where the first English settlers landed in 1607 and planted the seeds of English civilization, English liberty, and the English Church, fortifying itself against the invasion of the descendants of the Puritans who landed in 1620!

George's brother and my dear friend, Capt. Shirley Harrison, was there in command of a company of heavy artillery. He was "well, and living like a lord"! Twice more we went ducking.

It is sad to reflect on the fate of my uncle's princely home of Brandon, where in the old days as many as forty guests would sometimes be entertained. It was shelled later in the war by the Federal gunboats and rendered untenable. After the war financial disaster overtook him and his sons, and the place was sold for debt.

Lower Brandon and Berkeley were two other Harrison seats, much older than my uncle's. The family's history in America began in 1634 with Benjamin Harrison, the emigrant. It was one of the most distinguished in the old colonial days.

## Calendar of Upcoming Events

July	15th	MOS&B Meeting
July	25th	Camp Meeting
July	29th-Aug 2nd	National Convention Memphis
August	29th	Camp Meeting & Cookout
September	16th	MOS&B Meeting



March 6th I returned to Brandon, and next day drove with my uncle William to Petersburg, thirty miles--roads very bad, and the journey took seven hours. We found Richmond under martial law. March 8th I proceeded to Fredericksburg, where I was the guest, at Kenmore, of another aunt, Mrs. Randolph Harrison. Visited also "Santee," the home of Mr. Sam Gordon. Saw more Harrison soldiers, my cousins. The following extract from a letter to my mother, written just before returning from furlough, may illustrate the spirit of the Southern people at this time:

KENMORE, March 10, 1862.

.....

Our affairs look dark, but not hopeless. The war may be a long one, but it *can* have but one termination--our independence. We are stimulated to new exertion, our people are roused to action, and there exists a deep-seated resolve in the heart of the nation, to choose extermination before subjugation. "God and the Right" is our motto. For my part, I have cast my lot irrevocably with this sacred cause. I have reënlisted, and shall continue to do so until the end is accomplished. If I fall, do not grieve for me. Your son would prefer such a death to any but a martyr's, and you will not be ashamed to think that I have died in my country's cause. But I have *no presentiment* whatever,-- I only speak of *possibilities*.

Good-by, father, mother, brother, sisters. God bless you all is my prayer.

On March 11th I set out again for Millwood--why, I do not know, for my thirty days furlough was at an end, and I have no record of its extension--though I conclude it must have been, for I would not have been insubordinate, I am sure. I travelled by stage as far as Mt. Jackson, but did not reach Millwood, for Manassas had been evacuated, Winchester also, and Clarke County was now in possession of the enemy. I passed through Staunton, where I found more Harrison relations, and then stopped at Greenwood Depot with another sister of my mother, Mrs. Dr. Garrett. Then to Charlottesville, where of course I met many friends, and also another daughter of my Uncle Peyton, Mrs. Hoge, and the widow of my cousin Dabney Harrison.

March 17th I set out again for camp, but was "stopped" at Gordonsville and obliged to return to "Edge Hill," where I had a nest of Randolph cousins-- among them Cousin Sarah, who later wrote that charming book, "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." We had a most interesting horseback ride together to Monticello, Jefferson's seat.

March 22d set out once more for camp, and on the 23d, by walking ten miles from Culpeper Court House, reached the regiment encamped on the Rappahannock, having been absent six weeks.

I have given some account of my visits to different parts of Virginia during my furlough because they reflect the spirit and the life of the people at that period of the war, February and March, 1862. There was still much comfort, even luxury, in the manner of living, and a spirit of joyousness and gayety among the young. The war had not yet begun to press heavily on the resources of the South. There had been in Virginia but one great battle, and that had resulted in so great a victory that there was an absolute confidence among all classes of the ultimate success of the cause. This feeling was damped by the reverses in the west at Fort Donelson, the last week in February; and the surrender of so large a force, in face of the indignant protest of Gen. N. B. Forrest, was galling to the pride of the South. I found everywhere I went a deep religious feeling. At the great houses in Clarke County I was generally asked to conduct family worship. The churches in Richmond and elsewhere were largely attended. Among the young men, I found it easy to introduce the subject of religion. The following entry in my diary illustrates this:

"While at Brandon, George and I had some very sweet interviews. One of them is peculiarly pleasant to recall. He was speaking of his future prospects in life, and I turned the conversation to the ministry, and was delighted to find that he had himself frequently thought of it. I endeavored to strengthen and encourage his inclinations to enter the sacred calling. He told me it had been his sainted mother's wish that he should devote himself to God, and that his father echoes the same desire. Then I invited him to join me in prayer, and with tears of penitence and humility we sought God's blessing. . . . Never did we embrace with as much tenderness and emotion as when we rose from that prayer at the still midnight hour."

I brought back with me to camp thirty-four copies of the New Testament for distribution and made this entry:

"The campaign now opening is likely to be a very active and also a very bloody one. How necessary to enter upon it with a soul at peace with God, and a mind prepared for any event!"



# 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.

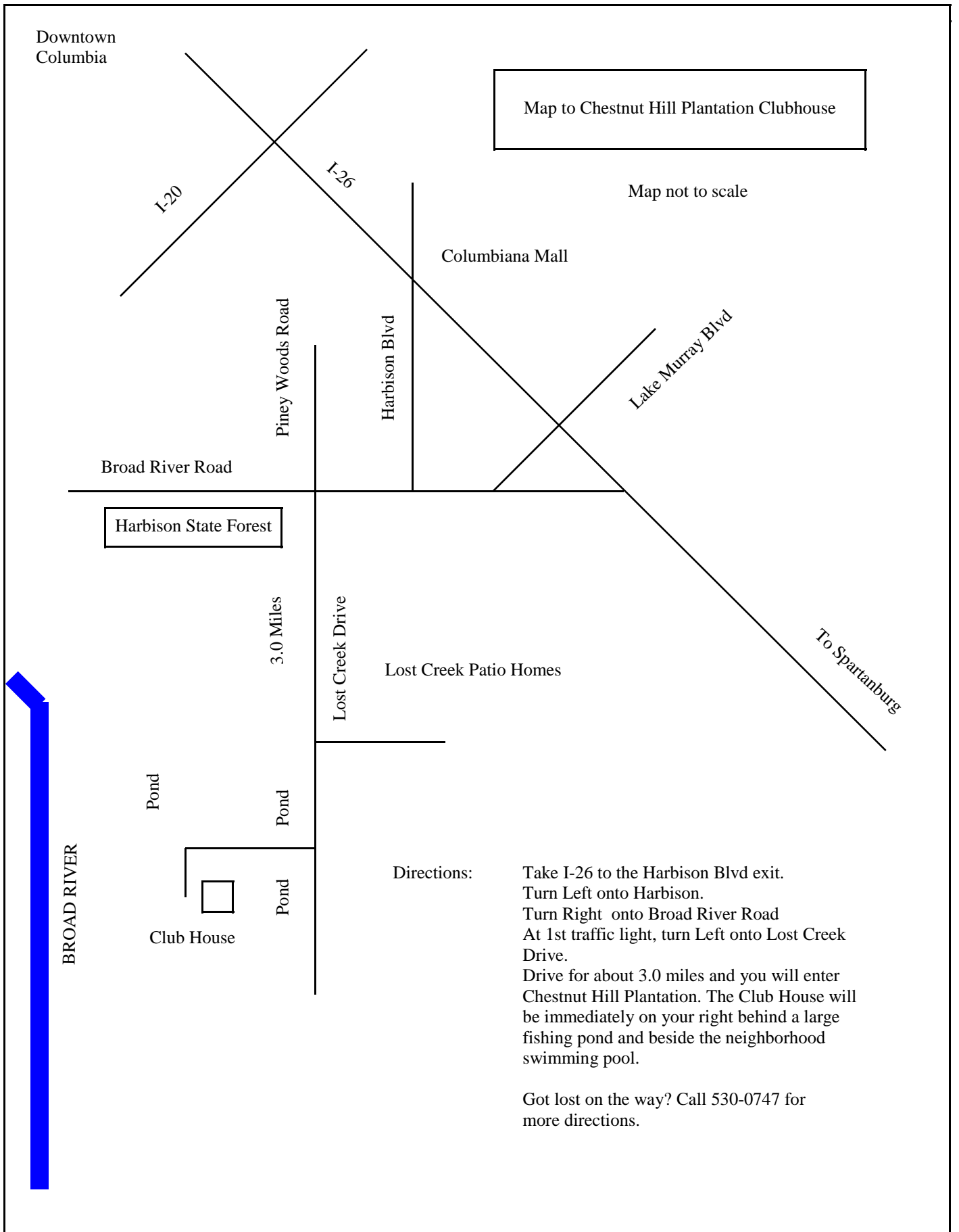
Number of adults \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$10.00 each    Children (ages 6-13) \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$5.00 each

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**

Newsletter Editor  
15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers  
130 Upper Loop Way  
Columbia, South Carolina 29212  
Email: SC\_15th\_Regiment@hotmail.com

**Next Camp Meeting**  
**July 25th, 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*

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*

