

15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers



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



Volume X, Issue XI

WWW.15THREGTSCVOLS.ORG

November 2002

Inside this issue:

<i>Commander's Comments</i>	7
<i>Point Lookout POW Camp</i>	8
<i>Musings on the Battle of Pocotaligo</i>	9
<i>MOS&B Scholarship</i>	11
<i>Ancestor Highlight</i>	13
<i>Some Experiences and Sketches Of Southern Life</i>	14
<i>Calendar of Events</i>	18
<i>Membership Dues</i>	20
<i>Re-enactors Schedule</i>	23

**Winner of the S. A. Cunningham Newsletter Award,
Camps with over 50 members.
2002 SCV National Convention - Memphis Tennessee**

**Winner of the Ambrose Gonzales Newsletter Award,
Palmetto Level First Place
2002 South Carolina SCV State Convention - Aiken**

"The Civil War in New Mexico" By P. G. Nagle

In 1861, New Mexico was a Territory of the United States, comprising modern-day New Mexico and Arizona plus a portion of modern Nevada. This vast, arid, mountainous land was inhabited by native New Mexicans (descendants of Spanish settlers, who had been citizens of Mexico until 1846), a few American civilians (mostly tradesmen who arrived via the Santa Fe Trail), Federal soldiers (garrisons of frontier forts), and numerous tribes of Apaches, Navajos, and Pueblos. The territory comprised the modern-day states of New Mexico and Arizona, and part of modern Nevada.

After the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter, orders were sent to the Commander of the Department of New Mexico, Brevet Colonel William Wing Loring, for the withdrawal of virtually all troops from the Territory. Loring, however, had already resigned from the Union army and left New Mexico to join the Confederate army. Many other officers serving in New Mexico also resigned to join the rebellion, including Henry Hopkins Sibley, who went straight to Richmond to lay a plan before Jefferson Davis for the conquest of New Mexico.

Sibley's plan was daring. With three regiments of volunteers to be raised in Texas, he would strike north up the Rio Grande into New Mexico, capturing the weakly held Federal forts and their stores of supplies, gathering more volunteers from sympathizers in the countryside, and driving the Federal army out of the territory. His first goal, the capture of Fort Union and its large military supply depot, was only preliminary. Sibley envisioned the conquest of Colorado, whose gold mining profits would be diverted to aid the Confederacy. From there he and his expanded army of conquest would march to San Francisco, acquiring a seaport that would be next to impossible for the Federals to blockade. With the

Let the Newsletter Editor know if you wish to receive your newsletter by email.

Send all camp correspondence to:

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

Confederacy reaching from coast to coast, leaders in Europe would be likely to recognize it as a nation. Davis approved Sibley's plan, made him a Brigadier General, and gave him permission to raise the troops he required in Texas. Sibley returned at once to San Antonio, to spend the summer of 1861 raising his brigade, consisting of the 4th, 5th, and 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers.

Meanwhile, New Mexico was left in the hands of Major E.R.S. Canby, a compatriot of Sibley's with whom he had served on the frontier for several years. Both men were veterans of the Mexican War, and their close friendship led to the prevalent rumor that they were related by marriage.

Canby set about consolidating his forces for the defense of the Territory. He delayed as much as possible the departure of his troops for the eastern theater of war, citing lack of transportation among the reasons for their retention. Leaving Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge (in modern Arizona) to fend for themselves against the attacks of Apache war parties, Canby concentrated their garrisons at Fort Fillmore and Fort Craig on the Rio Grande. He also sent pleas for reinforcement to the United States government, to Kansas, Colorado Territory, and California. He knew New Mexico was vulnerable to attack, and very early on he suspected Sibley's ambitions.

While Sibley was raising his brigade, a battalion of mounted volunteers of the 2nd Texas, under the command of Lt.-Colonel John R. Baylor, occupied Fort Bliss. Southern sympathizers in nearby Franklin (modern El Paso), in Mesilla, and to the west in Tucson were active in supporting the addition of the area known as Arizona--roughly corresponding to the Gadsden Purchase--to the Confederacy. Baylor saw his chance for glory and led his men up the Rio Grande to Mesilla, skirmishing there with the garrison of Fort Fillmore. When its commander, Major Isaac Lynde, fled the post with his troops, Baylor pursued him into the mountains where he surrendered the entire command without firing a shot, much to the disgust of its officers and men.

The triumphant Baylor proclaimed himself Governor of the Confederate Territory of Arizona on August 1, 1861, claiming all land south of the 34th parallel. The stage was set for Sibley's invasion of New Mexico.

Word of Baylor's capture of Fort Fillmore quickly reached Colonel Canby in Santa Fe. In response he suspended the writ of habeas corpus in New Mexico and asked the new Territorial Governor, Henry Connelly, for four additional companies of volunteers. Though the Territory was sparsely populated, Connelly launched a campaign to raise more volunteers from both the Anglo and Hispanic citizens. Canby wrote to Governor Gilpin of Colorado Territory, who was in the process of raising a regiment of volunteers from the mining towns around Denver City, asking him to raise one or two companies for the purpose of supporting Fort Wise, which lay within Canby's command. He also began assembling a battery of field artillery, drawing on men and resources throughout his department. This battery would eventually be commanded by Captain Alexander McRae, a native of North Carolina and a staunch Unionist.

In Texas, Sibley encountered delays in enlisting and equipping his troops, which resulted in a late depar-



ture. The first wave left San Antonio for Franklin, Texas, in late October 1861. Sibley had unintentionally embarked upon a winter campaign in a territory of high steppe deserts, whose plateaus more often than not rose a mile above sea level.

Two full regiments of Sibley's Brigade, the 4th and 5th Texas Mounted Volunteers, started marching to New Mexico in late October and early November, traveling in small detachments because of the scarcity of water along their route of march. The third regiment in the brigade, the 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers, was still incomplete at the time of its departure for New Mexico in late November.

Early in December, Colonel Canby submitted a report to the Adjutant-General in Washington, describing the condition of regular and volunteer troops in the Territory and expressing doubt that the volunteers could be made efficient in any reasonable period of time. He asked for one or two regiments of volunteers from the East to replace the regular troops scheduled for withdrawal, saying, "The New Mexican volunteers, without the support of regular troops or of volunteers drawn from some other part of the country, cannot be relied on to resist an invasion of the country, if one is attempted." This opinion reflected the difficulties of recruiting, training, and arming volunteers in New Mexico. The effort was hampered not only by lack of resources such as weapons and uniforms, but also by a language barrier; many of the native volunteers spoke only Spanish, and some of their Anglo officers were unable to communicate with them.

The first advance of Silbey's army arrived in Franklin, Texas, in mid-December. On December 20, 1861, Sibley, who a few days earlier had formally assumed command of the Confederate forces in New Mexico (including Baylor's force), addressed a proclamation to the people of New Mexico Territory. In it he declared, "by geographical position, by similarity of institutions, by commercial interests, and by future destinies New Mexico pertains to the Confederacy."

Hoping to gain foreign recognition for the Confederacy and to forestall any attempt by Federal forces to cross Mexico, Sibley sent Colonel James Reily of the 4th Texas on a diplomatic mission to the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua. Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Scurry assumed command of the regiment in Reily's absence. Reily bid his men farewell on Christmas Day in a camp just north of the Mexican border. Sibley's army had entered New Mexico Territory.

Moving north up the Rio Grande, the 4th Texas established a camp above Fort Thorn, seventy miles from Fort Craig, where Canby was assembling his defensive forces including McRae's field battery. Canby continued to write letters to Washington, Leavenworth, and Denver City, begging for more troops and warning of the Confederate army's approach. His pleas were largely ignored.

The 5th Texas and a battalion of Baylor's men under Major Charles Pyron soon joined the 4th's camp at Fort Thorn. By mid-January their supplies were running low. On February 7th, 1862, Sibley's hungry and cold brigade began to march on Ft. Craig, leaving many men behind in Mesilla who were sick with small-pox and pneumonia.

In mid-February, Colorado Acting Governor Lewis Weld received a telegram from General David Hunter at Leavenworth, ordering the 1st Colorado Volunteers to support Canby. The regiment set off on a winter march a few days later, destined for the large and under protected military depot at Fort Union in New Mexico. Two independent companies of Colorado volunteers had earlier marched south and were now at Fort Craig.

On February 16th the Sibley Brigade arrived south of Ft. Craig and made a demonstration of force, hoping to entice the Federals to fight. Canby offered a counter-demonstration of nervous New Mexico Volunteers, but refused to be drawn into a general engagement. Unwilling to attack the strongly defended fort, the Confederates retreated, harassed by Federal cavalry. General Sibley, who was unwell, placed Colonel Tom Green of the 5th Texas in temporary command of the army. Green was a hero of San Jacinto and an intrepid commander, a favorite with his men. Never one to hesitate in the presence of an enemy, he decided to turn Fort Craig and threaten the Federal supply line to Santa Fe and Fort Union.

The Sibley Brigade spent three days crossing the Rio Grande and struggling up a sandy ravine. Federals from Fort Craig harassed them, provoking a largely harmless exchange of artillery. On the night of Febru-

ary 20th the Federals picketed the river, forcing the Confederates to make a dry camp. That night 150-200 horses and mules escaped from the Confederate camp and made their way to the river, where the Federal pickets caught them.

On the cold and cloudy morning of February 21st, Confederate pickets rode to a ford north of Fort Craig, near the village of Valverde. They were pushed back by Federals contesting possession of the water. Both sides sent reinforcements into the developing battle. Light snow fell from time to time, increasing the discomfort of New Mexico Volunteers who had repeatedly swum and waded through the chest-deep waters of the Rio Grande.

At noon General Sibley, again unwell, placed Colonel Green in command once more. While Federals pressed forward, concentrating their attention on the Confederate left, Green called for volunteers for a charge on Captain McRae's battery of six guns on the Federal left. At the same time, a movement of Federal troops from the center toward their right opened a gap between McRae's battery with its supporting troops and the rest of the line. When Green's volunteers charged, the remaining supports were scattered. Captain McRae and many of his cannoneers, who stood by their guns to the last, were killed. Soon after the battery was captured by Green's men, Canby sent a courier to request a truce for the purpose of collecting the dead and wounded. By late afternoon the Battle of Valverde was over, resulting in a victory for the Confederates. Reported losses were: Federal, 68 killed, 160 wounded, 35 missing; Confederate, 31 killed, 154 wounded, 1 missing.

Due to heavy losses of horses to sharpshooters during the battle, the 4th Texas was dismounted and their surviving horses were distributed to the 5th. For the remainder of the New Mexico Campaign, the 4th marched as infantry, a high sacrifice for Texans who were used to being in the saddle.

Sibley's triumphant army continued north up the Rio Grande with the six guns they had captured at Valverde in addition to the artillery (mostly mountain howitzers) they had brought with them from Texas. Swiftly capturing Socorro, then Albuquerque, they next marched on Santa Fe, the Territorial capital. Unionist citizens and skeleton garrisons of Federal troops fled before them, setting fire to the depots they were abandoning in order to prevent the Confederates from capturing the supplies they so badly needed. Governor Connelly moved the Territorial government from Santa Fe to the town of Las Vegas, about thirty miles south of Fort Union.

Meanwhile, the First Colorado Volunteers, marching south to support Canby, had arrived near the border between Colorado and New Mexico. Their commander, Colonel John P. Slough, learned of the Battle of Valverde and the Confederate advance up the Rio Grande just as the regiment was making camp in the snow after a hard day's march. Slough made a rousing speech to his men and asked if they were willing to endure a forced march in order to save New Mexico. They replied with a resounding cheer, and abandoned their camp preparations and much of their gear as they again took up the march through snow to Fort Union. They reached the fort on March 11 after a grueling six-day forced march, two days before the Confederate advance troops entered Santa Fe. After a few days' rest at Fort Union, Slough led a column south on the Santa Fe Trail. It comprised the Colorado Volunteers and some regulars from the Fort Union garrison, whom Slough had claimed on the strength of his commission being senior to that of the fort's commander.

On March 25 an advance force of mounted troops from the Colorado Volunteers and the U.S. Cavalry arrived at Kozlowski's Ranch, a stage stop on the Pecos River east of Glorieta Pass. The advance's commander, Major John Chivington, sent scouts into the pass. Near dawn they captured a handful of Confederate scouts and carried them back to Kozlowski's. The Federals now knew that the Confederates were west of Glorieta Pass. At dawn on the morning of the 26th, Major Chivington led his advance of about 170 infantry and 234 cavalry (total approximately 404) into the pass from the east.

In Santa Fe, the commander of the Confederate advance, Major Charles Pyron, became concerned that his scouts had not returned, and cautiously moved his troops, numbering around 420, and two 6-pounder cannon into the pass from the west. These forces met in Apache Canyon, near the west end of the pass, and immediately clashed. The Confederate cannoneers placed their two howitzers in the road and opened fire.

Federal infantry moved up the rough sides of the canyon and sought to flank the Confederates, who limbered up their guns and fell back. Chivington pursued, seeking again to flank the Confederate position by sending skirmishers up the hillsides. He then sent a mounted company of Colorado Volunteers in a charge, which included a subsequently famous jump over the gully of Apache Creek. The horsemen rode back and forth among the Confederates, inflicting casualties but failing to capture the cannon, which were swiftly withdrawn. As darkness began to fall, the Confederates requested a truce, and the Battle of Apache Canyon came to an end. Federal forces had lost five killed and fourteen wounded, Confederates approximately four killed, twenty wounded, and seventy-one captured.

As night approached, both commanders withdrew, each concerned that his small advance force might be overwhelmed by concealed enemy reserves. The Confederates retreated to Johnson's Ranch at Cañoncito, just west of the pass, where they had placed their supply train. The Federals fell back to Kozlowski's Ranch.

On March 27th both sides waited for the enemy to come to them, the Confederates going so far as to dig themselves in at Cañoncito. Both had also sent urgent messages to their main forces, requesting support. Confederate Lieutenant-Colonel Scurry, marching the 4th Texas northward from Albuquerque, had received Pyron's messenger and promptly urged his troops on in a forced march for Canoncito, where they arrived in the middle of the night cold, hungry, and exhausted.

The commanders of both armies had been absent from the field at Apache Canyon. General Sibley was in Albuquerque, and Colonel Canby was still at Fort Craig, sending messages across country to Colonel Slough to return to Fort Union and wait for his orders. Slough did not receive them until after the second part of the Battle of Glorieta Pass on March 28th.

Having spent the 27th in inactivity, on the morning of the 28th both sides again moved into Glorieta Pass. This time the Confederates were reinforced with approximately 600 men of the 4th Texas and under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Scurry. When added to the men of the 5th and 7th Texas and Pyron's 2nd Texas who had been engaged at Apache Canyon, the total Confederate force numbered approximately 1285.

The Federal column under Colonel Slough had arrived at Kozlowski's Ranch, adding their numbers to Chivington's advance, for a total of approximately 1340, including about 50 who were to remain at Kozlowski's guarding prisoners. Thus, on the morning of March 28th, each force had roughly 1290 effectives.

Colonel Slough determined he would attempt a pincer movement (difficult to coordinate under the best of circumstances and with seasoned troops) to flank the Confederates and catch them between two forces. For this purpose he sent Major Chivington with a detachment of approximately 490 infantry and scouts up onto Glorieta Mesa, south of the pass, with orders to come around behind the Confederates and take them by surprise while Slough engaged them in front with his main force, numbering approximately 800. Chivington's guide was Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Chaves of the New Mexico Volunteers, who owned ranch land in the area and knew the pass well.

Colonel Slough led his main column into the pass, where around mid-morning they paused at a stage stop known as Pigeon's Ranch. The men filled their canteens from the well and visited their wounded friends in the stage stop, which had become a makeshift hospital after the fight on the 26th. At about 11:00 am the Federal pickets came galloping back along the trail with the news that the Confederates were at hand. Slough ordered his men to advance and the two armies met about 500 yards west of Pigeon's Ranch.

Slough's main force, reduced by the number of the flanking force under Chivington, was about 800 strong. They were outnumbered by Scurry's 1285 Confederates, but they had stronger artillery. Slough had a heavy artillery battery two 6-pounders and two 12-pounder field howitzers, and a light battery of four mountain howitzers. Scurry had four pieces of artillery, two mountain howitzers and two 6-pounders, but he had left one of the 6-pounders at Cañoncito to guard the supply train.

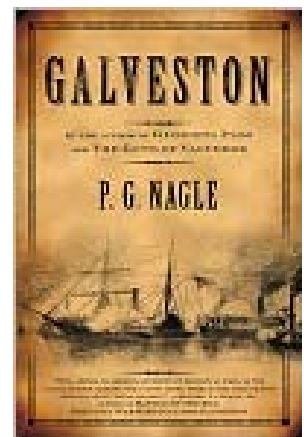
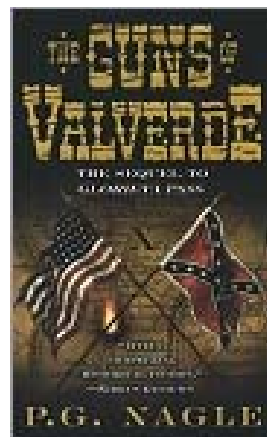
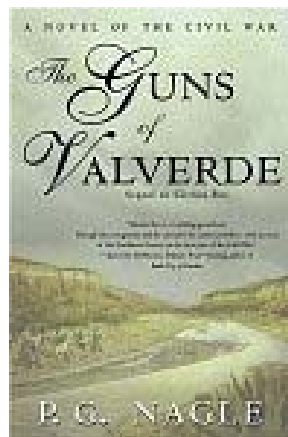
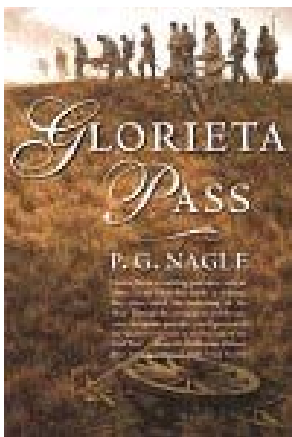
Slough threw his mountain howitzers up onto a hill south of the stage stop, and unlimbered his larger

guns in the middle of the Santa Fe Trail. The battle joined, the Confederates commenced a series of charges, which gradually forced the outnumbered Federals back. At 2:00 pm Slough fell back to a new defensive line abreast of Pigeon's Ranch. At 4:30 he retreated again to a position just under a mile to the east of the stage stop. Colonel Slough by this time must have been wondering what had become of his flanking force.

History had not recorded whether it was by chance or by purpose that Lieutenant-Colonel Chaves had not led Chivington's column down from the mesa and into the pass behind Scurry's main force. It is a fact that, however, that he brought them all the way to Cañoncito. From the top of a cliff he showed Chivington an interesting view: the Confederate supply train, inadequately guarded. Chivington deliberated, but in the end he could not resist so tempting a prize. He dismounted his troops and sent them scrambling down the cliff, then formed them and attacked the train's guard under fire of the 6-pounder cannon the Confederates had placed on a hill opposing the entrance to the pass. Swiftly overwhelming the guard, the Federals burned the Confederate train, disabled the gun, then returned up the cliff with their prisoners, and marched back toward Kozlowski's.

In the pass, fighting dwindled as both sides became exhausted and darkness approached. The main force of Federals, after steadily retreating all day, finally withdrew, leaving the Confederates in possession of the contested pass. The Confederate victory was empty, however; the loss of their supply train crippled their campaign. Losses in the battle were: Federal, 31 killed, 50 wounded, 30 missing; Confederate, 36 killed, 60 wounded, 25 missing.

After falling back on Santa Fe, Colonel Scurry realized there was no hope of advancing again. Soon after General Sibley arrived in Santa Fe, word reached him of a Federal column approaching from California. This news was the death knell of his campaign. From their high mark of Glorieta Pass, a mere 74 miles from their goal of capturing Fort Union, the Army of New Mexico was now forced to retreat in order to save itself. The New Mexico Campaign had ended.



<http://www.pgnagle.com>

Editor's Note: It was suggested to me that I look at Ms. Nagle's web site. An author who writes about the war in the west, she does make a few changes to facts to make her books more readable, but she does state what she had changed. I wrote her an email and she was kind enough to respond saying that she would be glad to contribute to our newsletter.

Thank you Ms. Nagle on behalf of the 15th Regiment S.C. Vols Camp 51.

Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments

November 2002

Dear Compatriots:

Good news! The Lexington Town Council has approved our plans for our Corley Street Park/Lake Murray Confederate Veterans Monument Project. We are now in control of our own destiny for this project. When I was elected commander last year, I set several goals for our camp. One of the most important was to get our Camp back in the habit of doing projects. We have already completed the Fort Family Cemetery project. You, the Camp members, deserve a great deal of praise for a job well done. We are on our way with our next project to place a historical marker for General Paul Quattlebaum. Keep up the good work and keep selling those raffle tickets.



The Corley Street Park project will be our largest, most complex project to date. Consequently, I am scheduling our next meeting on November 25, 2002 as a planning meeting. This is also our annual election night. We do not usually have a program or a speaker for this meeting. In addition to our elections for commander and adjutant, we will have a planning and scoping meeting for our Corley Street project. I have invited State Archaeologist Jonathan Leader to attend and assist with our plans, as he will be a part of our project. I will also invite Dan Walker, the Director of the Town of Lexington's Parks and Recreation. We will be discussing the tasks to be done, the order the tasks should be done, and the manner in which they should be done. Give our project some thought and come prepared to share your ideas and volunteer for the areas of work needed. This is our chance to make a lasting contribution to the community and to recognize deserving Confederate Veterans. Our work will be on display for generations to come.

The following tasks will be among those to be discussed. We need to locate and mark all graves, we need to locate and secure fieldstones to permanently mark the graves, we need to remove the existing fences, we need to research the cemetery chain of title, we need to research the companies from Lexington County and their commanding officers, we need to approve the type of bricks and lettering, we need to organize plans for the selling of the bricks, and we need to work with the Town of Lexington and the Lexington Chamber of Commerce to identify grants and corporate donations. We will need to decide how to divide the work into groups or committees.

There are many other tasks that will need to be identified and accomplished for this project. Please come prepared to share your ideas. This may be the greatest project our Camp ever completes. Just think of the pride and satisfaction we will have as we carry out the charge of Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee. I hope to see each of you at the next meeting.

Thanks again for your support,
Wayne D. Roberts
Commander

Point Lookout POW Camp Needs Our Help

To every SCV Camp,
Division and Individual Compatriot:
(October 20th, 2002)

Yesterday at the Virginia Division Executive Council meeting, our Division pledged \$1000 towards helping purchase the land adjacent to Point Lookout. Point Lookout is sacred ground. We have a rare opportunity to be able to truly honor our courageous Confederate ancestors and memorialize their graves with the purchase of this land. We also will be given the chance to rub some salt in the eyes of the Veterans Administration and the Federal Court system.

I challenge every entity of the SCV to produce the needed cash to make this purchase. If we all pitch in, it can be done. I see so many positive things happening throughout the Confederation. This can be as big as any of them.

Brag Bowling
Commander
Virginia Division

I'm asking (begging) that everyone please make a donation to this worthy cause. As most of you know, the Supreme Court refused to hear our case concerning flying our ancestors' flag over their mass grave in the Pt. Lookout Cemetery. We do have one other option... we have the opportunity to purchase the land adjacent to the cemetery where we intend to erect a POW statue to the those who were imprisoned/died in this camp, 1863-1865. Then, we will install a semi circle of all seceding state flags around the statue. In the center, by the statue, we'll fly the Confederate Battle Flag, 24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week. We need \$29,000.00 NOW! We have raised 9K so far. Please help us. Makes checks out to: POW Statue Fund and mail to: Frank Towberman, Treasurer, P.O. Box 337, Claremont, VA 23899. All details and a picture of the proposed plans can be seen on our web site: <http://PLPOW.tripod.com>

Thank you.
Patricia Buck
President PLPOW Descendants Org.

Musings on the Battle of Pocotaligo
By
Wayne D. Roberts
From An Address Given at the Dedication of
Battle of Pocotaligo Historical Marker
October 19, 2002

Confederate military intelligence was aware of an impending attack on the southern Atlantic Coast by the summer of 1861. They even predicted this attack would occur in the fall of that year, after the first frost. The Confederates knew the Union Navy was looking for a place to serve as a base of operations against southern ports, especially Charleston.

Port Royal, South Carolina was selected for several reasons. They felt that Port Royal was the best harbor south of Chesapeake Bay. They believed it could serve as an excellent base of naval and army operations against Charleston and Savannah. They also knew that navigation was possible up the Broad River to the Pocotaligo River and up to the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. From the start, seizure of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad was a principal focus of Union plans at Port Royal.

The Confederate defenses for Port Royal and St. Helena Sound were anchored by Fort Walker on Hilton Head Island and Fort Union Naval Attack was begun on of attack was to form a line of war- and Beauregard and then turn to on the way back before turning This resulted in a long oval-shaped forth trying to shell the two forts fired by Fort Walker on Hilton ates suffered setbacks right away. vided with the wrong sized ammu- Confederate ammunition was ex- onded. Hilton Head, Port Royal, into Union hands. The next part of stream and overland and cut the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and then turn their attention to the capture of the cities of Charleston and Savannah themselves.



Beauregard on Phillips Island. The November 7, 1861. The Union plan ships passing between Forts Walker port passing closer to Fort Walker again to port and sailing back in. pattern of warships sailing back and into submission. The first shot was Head at 9:25 A. M. The Confeder- Some of the guns had been pro- nition. By about 2:00 P. M., the hausted and the forts were aban- Beaufort, and St. Helena Island fell the Union plan was to drive up-

On the same day that the Battle of Port Royal was being fought, General Robert E. Lee arrived at Coosahatchie to take command of the Department of the South. Lee was somewhat in a state of disgrace. His campaign into West Virginia had been a disaster. His troops thought him timid and old, referring to him as "Granny Lee." His assignment to the Department of the South was thought by some to be a reprimand.

But these people did not understand Lee or appreciate his abilities. Lee's keen military mind immediately seized upon the importance of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. He knew the railroad would be the main focus of Union actions. Therefore, Lee immediately drew up a plan for defense and issued orders to deploy troops and construct fortifications. Lee's plan was to deploy cavalry pickets on roads, ferry crossings, landings, and waterways. These lookouts were to sound the alarm of approaching troops and/or gunboats. Cavalry would be rushed to meet the invaders and slow them down. Meanwhile, light artillery and infantry would also be sent to slow down the invaders. Artillerists would be rushed to certain fortifications where guns were already mounted. The new wrinkle in warfare with this plan was that the main body of

troops would be stationed at railroad depots at Adams Run and Hardeeville and even Savannah and Charleston with locomotives and railcars to rush them to the point of attack.

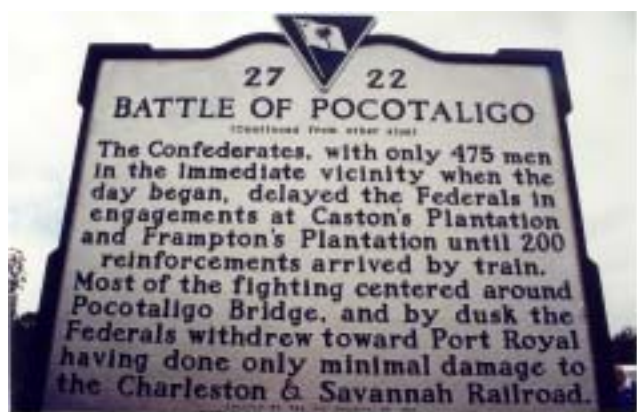
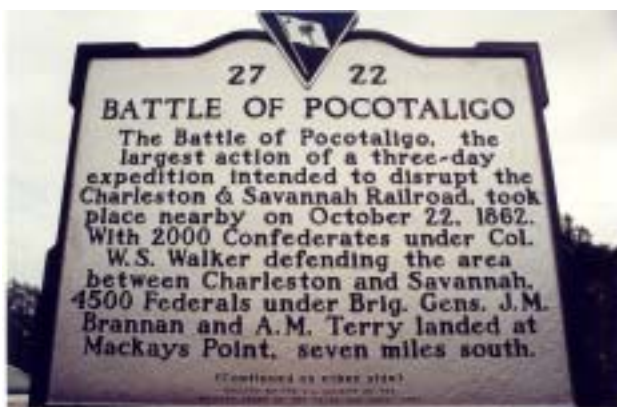
This is exactly what happened at the Battle of Pocotaligo. Even though it took the Union generals nearly an entire year to get their plan into action. Even though they had made half-hearted attempts before such as the First Battle of Pocotaligo in the spring of 1862.

On the morning of October 22, 1862, the Union attempt to seize the Charleston and Savannah Railroad began. Union gunboats, transports and barges deposited their 4,700 forces on Mackay's Point at dawn. A feint was launched against Coosahatchie. By 9:00 A. M., Col. W. S. Walker, commander of the Third Military District, was informed of their arrival and ordered troops deployed to Pocotaligo. Meanwhile, at mid-morning, the Confederates were busy fighting a delaying action with cavalry as artillery and infantry were moved in to assist at a lunette. As they were driven back, a second stand was made at mid-day by even more Confederates at Frampton's Creek. Fierce fighting ensued. These delaying actions were not being fought to repel the Union troops, just delay them long enough to bring the larger Confederate units into the fray from their dispersed camps.

By mid-afternoon the fighting had progressed to the vicinity of the modern highway here, U. S. 17. The Union right flank was trying to take the Pocotaligo Bridge. However, more and more Confederate troops were arriving on the field and the Union attack was beginning to slow and falter. One constant demoralizing factor for the Union troops was the repeating scream of locomotive whistles as more and more troops arrived by train.

At 5:00 that afternoon, the Union troops began to withdraw. Union troops, 4,700 strong, were defeated and driven back by only 450 Confederate troops who reached the field in time for the battle. Though outnumbered more than 10 to 1, the Confederates prevailed in victory.

Who was the architect of this Confederate victory? I submit that it was Gen. Robert E. Lee. Even though Lee was commander of the Army of Northern Virginia at the time the Battle of Pocotaligo was fought, the plan of battle employed by Col. W. S. Walker was the same one designed by Gen. Robert E. Lee almost a year earlier. This was a new development in military history. Troops stationed elsewhere were rushed to battle by rail. Decades later the Germans used a similar idea with their autobahns serving to rush their troops into battle during World War II. In no way do I intend to take anything away from the excellent manner in which Col. Walker directed the Battle of Pocotaligo. He prosecuted the battle very well. Today we know of the military abilities of Gen. Lee. But in those dark days of his command here, his abilities were yet to be known by the public at large. The Battle of Pocotaligo demonstrates that he had those abilities even then.





Military Order of the Stars & Bars

Descendants of the Confederate Officer Corps

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

Elm Springs • P. O. Box 59 • Columbia, TN 38402-0059

1-800-380-1896

Dear Applicant:

The Military Order of Stars and Bars has established a college scholarship program to honor genealogically proven descendants of Confederate Officers, or descendants of the Confederate Executive or Legislative branches of government, or descendants of members of the Confederate States' legislatures, judiciary, and executive branches of government.

The MOS&B Scholarship Program annually recognizes and awards merit based scholarships to worthy individuals who meet eligibility requirements and have been judged on information submitted by the applicant.

The named annual scholarships are the *General Robert E. Lee Scholarship*, awarded to an applicant(s) residing in the Army of Northern Virginia Department; the *Lt. General Nathan B. Forrest Scholarship*, awarded to an applicant(s) residing in the Army of Tennessee Department; and, the *Major General Patrick R. Cleburne Scholarship*, awarded to an applicant(s) residing in the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department.

The General Executive Council has determined that for the 2003-2004 academic year each Department scholarship awarded will be in the amount of one thousand dollars (\$1,000). The number of scholarships awarded to each Department will be one. Additional scholarships may be awarded, as determined by the General Executive Council, subject to the availability of funds.

Scholarship candidates should carefully complete all application requirements, package the material together, and mail to the MOS&B Scholarship Committee at PO Box 59, Columbia, TN, 38402-0059. The information should be postmarked no later than March 1, 2003.

Your pursuit of a MOS&B Scholarship reflects the highest honor on your Confederate ancestors, and you have been faithful to the charge of General Lee, who said, "*Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less.*"

Deo Vindice

Jeffery W. Massey.
Commander-General
MOS&B

MILITARY ORDER OF STARS AND BARS SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM
(GENERAL INFORMATION AND DATA REQUIRED FROM APPLICANTS)

ELIGIBILITY:

Applicants, for a MOS&B Scholarship, must be a genealogically proven descendant of a Confederate Officer or descendant of a member of the Confederate Executive or Legislative branches of government or descendant of a member of the Confederate States' legislatures, judiciary or executive branches of state government.

THE SCHOLARSHIPS:

The MOS&B scholarships shall be named as follows. *The General Robert E. Lee Scholarship* shall be awarded to applicants residing in the Army of Northern Virginia. *The Lt. General Nathan B. Forrest Scholarship* shall be awarded to applicants residing in the Army of Tennessee. *The Major General Patrick R. Cleburne Scholarship* shall be awarded to applicants residing in the Army of Trans-Mississippi.

On recommendation from the committee, scholarship amounts shall be determined annually by the General Executive Council. Funding will be from available resources as determined by the Executive Council.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

TIME SCHEDULES: Scholarship applications must be submitted to the MOS&B Scholarship Committee by March 1 each year. Award winners will be notified as soon as they are selected and funds awarded for scholarships will be forwarded to selected institutions by July 1.

REVIEW: The committee will review all criteria and provisions and may request additional information or clarification from the applicant. The committee may waive a provision, if extenuating circumstances warrant such a waiver. The provision waived should not significantly affect the merits of the application. The committee's decision as to eligibility and merit is final.

DISBURSEMENT OF FUNDS: Applicants awarded scholarships must be enrolled in an accredited two year or four year college/university, which is a degree-granting institution, before funds are disbursed. Scholarship funds will be placed on deposit at the institution where the person is enrolled, for the benefit of the applicant, and any unused portion shall be returned to the MOS&B by the institution.

SCHOLARSHIP LIMITS: Applicants may not receive a scholarship more than once. However, the committee may consider an award for a previously selected applicant who is entering graduate studies.

JUDGING CRITERIA: Scholarships awarded shall be merit based and applicants will be judged on academic performance, character, school and community activities, ability to express himself/herself in written form, personal motivation, leadership potential, and the strength of the recommendation. **JUDGING CRITERIA:** Extra Curricular - 10%; Personal Statement - 10%; Academic Performance - 70%; Recommendations - 10%

DATA SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS:

COMPLETED APPLICATION: Applicants must complete the printed application in its entirety. Signing of the application attests to the accuracy of ALL data submitted for scholarship consideration.

ANCESTOR PROOF: Applicants must be a genealogically proven descendant of a Confederate Officer or a descendent of a member of the national or state Confederate government branches. (see Eligibility).

PERSONAL STATEMENT: An applicant will submit a personal letter of application describing his/her academic and career aspirations and include other areas that have influenced the applicants development as a person committed to pursuing his/her educational goals. The applicant may use any approach to completing this assignment. The personal letter is limited to one page back and front.

ACADEMIC RECORDS: The applicant must submit an academic record of courses completed where currently enrolled, and include grade point average and class rank. Scholastic aptitude test scores and/or other pertinent test scores, if not in the applicants transcript, should also be included. Transcripts not released to the applicant should be sent to MOS&B Scholarship Committee, by the institution transcript officer.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Applicants must submit three letters of recommendation attesting to the applicant's character, ability, dependability and integrity. One of the letters shall be from a teacher, counselor, or principal from the last institution where the applicant was enrolled.

SPONSORSHIP: All applicants must obtain a letter of sponsorship from a MOS&B State Society or Chapter that will be submitted with application material.

Ancestor Highlight

Memories of the Confederacy

(As told by Mrs. T. H. Blout, great-great aunt of William F. Harrell, Sr. to Mrs. Andrew J. Howell, historian Cape Fear Chapter, U.D.C.) On October 21, 1917)

On Tuesday, March 14, 1865, while we were at breakfast, a troop of cavalry about 40, past up the road from the direction of Wilmington. We learned afterwards that they had been sent from Clinton or Warsaw to burn the house of Parson Sinclair, a Baptist minister and ardent confederate, two or three miles above us, who had bushwhacked some of Sherman's soldiers. Early in the afternoon I was descending the stairs and saw through the window over the door these same Yankees coming at full speed towards the house. Thinking to save the lock from being broken. I got to the door as quickly as possible, hurried to let them in, turning the key in the knob, stepping in the corner to let them pass, not however in time to prevent one of them striking the door with the butt of his gun, and sent a splinter two feet long sailing down the hall. In they came cursing, swearing and stamping; spurs rattling, swords jiggling – and - Oh it was awful!

They took everything eatable and drinkable that could be found. One of them was about to take a drink from Ma's large bottle of castor oil when my Mother exclaimed, begging him not to take it from her. He broke the bottle instead. They made all kinds of threats and left, declaring they would return at night and burn the house. When they were gone there were left 18 or 20 little homemade cakes, which we divided among us for the children. Each of us tied up a small bundle of clothes and laid a blanket beside it, as we expected to spend the night in the woods. We waited all night for them to come and burn the house, but saw no more of them. When we looked around the next morning, the office was a sight to behold. They had evidently tried to destroy everything in it. A nice mahogany desk had all the drawers taken out and the contents thrown about the room. The desk was then overturned and broken in several places. A fine tool chest was treated in the same way. A large wooden chest containing files of the Wilmington paper for several years, and a quantity of material for the servant's clothing was empty; and ink, of which they found several bottles, was poured everything. This mass of debris stood two or three feet high all over the room, 15 by 23 feet in size.

All over the yard were scattered letters, many of them from my Father's desk. Some of them were the first letters written to him by his children. Others came from the houses of neighbors, letters from their boys in camp, and we were several days getting these things together, among other things we found some tablespoons marked plainly with the names of neighbors several miles off. As the Yankees road off each carried some things from our little store of provisions. Throwing away and trampling anything they did not care for. One of the Yankees mounted his horse with a covered wooden bucket, which he found troublesome. Opening it and finding it contained about six pounds of course brown sugar – gold dust to us – emptied it and made his horse trample it in the dust; then threw the bucket to one of the servants. We afterwards heard that they spent the night at the residence of Mrs. Gulon, who was away from home, a lovely lady and a strict member of the Presbyterian Church. They danced in her nicely furnished rooms with the Negro women as partners – slept with their clothes on in her nice beds, and upset things generally. It was said by reliable persons in Fayetteville that when General Sherman left he crossed the river on a bridge of boats.

The army was followed by a number of refugees. Their homes had been destroyed and followed because to remain meant starvation. Of course a great many Negroes joined them, and, in crossing the river the Negroes being the last to cross were arranged according to value; able bodied men first, young women next, the weaker and old ones last. When they came to these last the bridge was cut loose and a number of them were drowned. "Twas also said that a frequent sight along the roads were piles of little Negro babies and in an old well between us and Fayetteville was half filled with little babies."

SOME EXPERIENCES AND SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE

BY MARION JOHNSTONE FORD

KENT--A WAR-TIME NEGRO

© This work is the property of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It may be used freely by individuals for research, teaching and personal use as long as this statement of availability is included in the text.

"An African Morgan--a citizen whose name we shall not mention, although many readers know and will recognize the case--was surprised some days ago by the entrance of a good servant, who was supposed to be, if living at all, in Yankee hands at Knoxville. This servant went cheerfully, of course, or he would not have been sent, to wait on 'Young Massa,' who is under Brigadier-General Jenkins, in Longstreet's corps.

"In the retreat from Knoxville, he was accidentally wounded, and necessarily left behind.

"When taken to Knoxville, he was questioned by General Foster, well known for his connection as engineer with Fort Sumter, which has done more than he desired or expected for the defense of Charleston.

"Being asked his master's name, the man replied, when General Foster condescendingly said: 'Oh, yes; I knew him when I was at Sumter. You know that you are now free and have no master.' We need not report the further conversation, or the conduct of the servant. Suffice it to say he did not--like some of our gossiping friends in uniform--talk to everybody about his intention, but at the first promising opportunity he took French leave of Yankee friends and freedom in Knoxville, and not knowing then where to find or reach his 'Young Master,' he struck, according to his best information, for the 'Old Master' and the 'home place.'

"He was compelled to walk over one hundred and fifty miles, and in great part over the route travelled lately by General Morgan, and succeeded in reaching a railroad, which gave him a lift toward this city.

"We would have more such cases if opportunities could be found."--*Charleston, S. C., Courier, January 19, 1863.*

This Kent was not of blood royal, as his name might indicate; he came of a dusky African brood, but his loyalty and faithfulness would have done credit to any race. How he got his name I do not know, but it was a relief to the ear after those his mother had chosen for his brothers--"Cully" and "Hackless." Whether the latter was intended for Hercules, neither Martha, their mother, nor any one else knew.

Kent was the flower of his flock as regarded his appearance, being tall and slender, with shiny black skin and unusually high features for a negro. He seemed to justify his mother's boast that she was "no low-blooded negro, but was of a good family in Africa." And she really had some foundation for this unusual pride among her race, for our grandmother, who died at a great age many years ago, was fond of telling among the incidents of her childhood, that once when a shipload of Africans was brought to her native city for sale, her husband went to purchase some for his plantation, and among several he brought back "Katura," Martha's ancestress. After the usual process of shutting them up until they could be induced to wear clothes, she, with the others, was sent up to the plantation. When they arrived there and began to mingle with the other negroes, one of those that had been bought some time before, at the sight of "Katura,"

rushed forward and prostrated herself at her feet with every mark of affection and respect. She could speak English and explained to the astonished onlookers that this was a princess in her country, who had been sold by her uncle to the slave-traders. It seemed a barbaric romance. Katura, however, took kindly to civilization, and soon settled herself in her new position with no undue repining. In time she was comforted by a partner, and brought into the world numerous progeny, who were noted for their integrity and fidelity unto the fifth generation, which brings us to that of Kent.

When the great war broke out, and all the men and youths were joining the army, our hearts were heavy, and we felt full of sad forebodings at Otranto, our country home, where parting and sorrow had never come. We were a large band of girls, with one young brother, the idol of our hearts, and the apple of our parents' eyes. Like everybody in those days, we were very patriotic, but when it dawned upon us that Harry must shoulder his rifle and go to Virginia we felt that love of country cost us dear. Harry completed his sixteenth year the April after the secession of South Carolina, and as there was no doubt that his college days were over, as he would not study, we were not surprised when the day after his birthday, he galloped up the avenue, dashed into the room where we were sitting, upsetting a chair, and exclaimed:

"How soon can you get me ready, girls? I joined the Hampton Legion this morning, and we are off to Virginia, --Hurrah!"

"Hush, Harry!" exclaimed our eldest sister; "pick up that chair; don't you see mother is faint?"

"No, it is past," murmured our mother, trying to smile, as we all turned to her. "God bless and keep you, my boy. I expected you to enlist; you could not do otherwise, and now," stifling a sigh, "I must think of your outfit, and you must take a servant too. I wonder which will be best."

"A private with a servant seems an anomaly," laughingly said Harry. "But I believe several of the boys have men, and anything to ease your mind, mother dear." "Our minds must learn to do without ease, as well as our bodies, I fear, in the days that lie before us," she answered, stroking his curly head as he knelt by her chair; "but we must act, and not think now."

The days that followed were busy ones. The difficulty was not what was needed, but what could be carried. It was an exciting novelty to pack a knapsack, and its small capacity was a constant check to our zeal. Harry's constant reminder, "I will have to march with that on my back, nobody knows how far," brought a pang to our hearts. It was decided that he should take a "body-servant"--the old-fashioned Southern rendering of the French term "valet." After much deliberation and, I fear, heart burning among the servants, for in this, as in other instances, the post of danger was also that of honor, Kent was selected, much to his own and his mother's gratification.

The day appointed for the company to which Harry belonged to join the Legion in Virginia came all too soon. He shouldered his knapsack, and tore himself from us, followed by his colored attendant, with whom we all shook hands and whom we urged to "take care of Mas' Harry."

"Yes, Missus," he responded, looking preternaturally solemn.

Of course Harry left a great gap behind him, but we tried to excel each other in efforts at cheerfulness, and bright prognostications as to his future career as a soldier. We succeeded only tolerably in these laudable efforts, when Martha waddled in--she was our cook, and a decided character in her way. I believe, next to our mother, she thought herself of first importance among the feminine part of the household. She gave a keen glance at our mother, whom she idolized.

"Well, Missus," she said, dropping a little curtsy, "I come to see how you gettin' on. You all looks pretty blue, but I 'clare to gracious there's no 'casion to fret. Nuttin' gwine to hu't Mas' Harry w'en Kent

gone to tak' care ov him. Missus, you dunno how smart dat boy is; an' I jus' tell him, 'Mas' Harry tinks he's a man and a soger, but you know he ain't nuttin' but a baby, an' a ma-baby at dat.' An' I jus' tell him he need not to come home if he let anyt'ing hu't Mas' Harry. So don't you fret, Missus."

"But how could Kent prevent Harry's being wounded or hurt, Martha?" I asked.

"Now, Miss Sallie, don't you go for to talk nonsense," responded the old woman. "An' your ma always says w'ere dere is a will dere is a way. Well, dat's what I tells Kent, an' I tells Affy, de gal he's courtin', it's no use for she to fret, fur 'less Kent brings Mas' Harry back safe, dere won't be no weddin' fur him."

"Oh," I said, "he is courting, is he? That is why he looked so serious when he left."

"It looks so, Missy. He tell me to look sharp at her, an' see if she notice anybody while he is gone. An' I will--an' let her know, too, if she do," she muttered as she left the room.

Harry saw much active service, was in many battles, and fortunately escaped with only one wound. He told us in his letters of Kent's faithful following, and attendance on long marches, and after a battle he always found him looking anxiously for him, with something to eat as nice as he could get. Indeed, he was a wonderful provider, but Harry was by no means sure that Kent could have made good his claim to many of the eatables he set before him, for his conscience was an elastic one as to the rights of property in food. So long as he got what he wanted for Harry, he stopped neither to buy, beg nor borrow, but helped himself. His kindness of heart, ready wit, and readiness to lend a helping hand to any one in need made him a general favorite in the company, where he was noted for the care he took of his young master.

The years of the war sped on, and brought privations and sorrows which each year seemed to intensify. Our home was no longer the bright place it used to be, for we had lost many friends, and self-denial was the order of the day. We were very busy, too, and that helped to keep us cheerful.

There were new accomplishments to acquire. We learned, and taught our maids, to card and spin the home-grown wool, and when that did not suffice for the extraordinary demand we had supernumerary wool mattresses ripped up; the ticking was considered to make handsome frocks for the servants, and the wool when dyed and woven made excellent homespun suits for ourselves, that were not to be despised for durability and warmth. There was quite a rivalry as to who could make the prettiest dyes for our dresses, but after a time black was most worn. Then we had our old light kid gloves to ink over carefully, so that we might not go barehanded to church. We thought those gloves a great success when we first dyed them, but when we came to wear them, the ink never seemed to dry, and would soak through, and dye our hands most uncomfortably. Our greatest achievement after all, I think, was the piles of socks we knitted by the light-wood blaze at night. Our old-fashioned butler always placed a candle--a tallow one, or still worse, a home-made myrtle wax one--upon the table, but we considered it an extravagance to light it unless there was something urgent to read. I am surprised now that we did not mind the heat of the blaze more in summer, but I do not remember our thinking of it. There was one great spasm of patriotism when every worsted curtain in the house was cut into soldiers' shirts. Some of these were of brilliant colors and patterns, and I cannot but think might have served as targets for bullets. We even undressed the piano and converted its cover into a blanket for a soldier. We were chagrined afterwards to hear from some of our friends who had done the same thing, that the latest advice from the field was that the soldiers found the garments, so improvised, very unsatisfactory, and begged the ladies not to sacrifice their belongings so recklessly.

There were no plum puddings or mince pies in those days, according to the accepted recipes, but we made Confederate fruit cake with dried peaches and apples instead of raisins and currants, with sorghum for sugar; and potato pones and puddings were very frequent, and both dishes had the merit of a little going a long way, especially after the supply of ginger gave out.

We never had any use for the potato, peas, groundnut, or any sort of mock coffee, but we drank orange leaf, or sage tea in preference to any other homemade beverage. We managed to keep a little store of genuine tea for medicine, and when our mother pronounced any of us ill enough to need a little coddling, what a treat it was! The invalid never would consent to partake, unless it was a family tea party. What enjoyment those occasions gave!

In the latter part of '63 we were distressed to hear from Harry that he was ill in the hospital in Tennessee. He wrote: "I think we are falling back. Kent is ill with pneumonia, and the worst of it is that if we fall back I have no means of transportation for him; it will be hard to have to leave him."

Dire was the distress that letter brought us. We waited anxiously for further news. Harry brought it himself. He had been ill, and was sent home on furlough. He looked worn, and very unlike the bright boy who had left us.

"What of Kent?" we asked.

"I had to leave him," he said. "I could not help it. We were falling back rapidly. Many were left in the hospitals, and are now prisoners. It was only through my captain being such a friend of father's, and stirring himself to get me a place in an ambulance, that I was not left. I dragged myself to see the good fellow, although I could scarcely walk. He was very sick, and distressed to part with me. I told him the enemy would be in town that night, and he would be free. He said, 'Mas' Harry, that is nothing to me; if you don't see me home, you will know I am dead. Tell Missus, and Ma, and Affy so."

Martha was given the message, but our conscientious mother added: "But, Martha, if you do not see him you need not be sure he is not living; but you must not count too much on seeing him, for if he gets well he will doubtless be tempted to stay, and try a new experience."

The old woman twirled the corners of her apron, as she said sadly: "Missus, it is five generations since my fam'ly come from Africa, and Mausser's from France; we's been togedder since dat time, an' been fait'ful togedder; for once w'en times was hard wid Mausser, he mout hab sold us, but he didn't. He kep' us all togedder, an' you tink Kent such a fool as not to know dat, an' be happy 'mong strangers? He got to work w'erebber he is, an' nobody gwine to consider him like you all. No, ma'am, if he alive I'm lookin' for him, w'atever it seems like to you, ma'am." And she bobbed her curtsy and walked off, leaving her mistress feeling quite small.

Harry remained with us for some weeks. It was pleasant to see his enjoyment of home fare, even in its pruned condition. Everything seemed luxurious after the camp life; but he did not linger after he was well enough to return to the army. There still was no news of Kent. Harry refused to take another servant in his place, although urged to do so. "No," he said, "I could not find any one to fill Kent's place; and it is a demoralizing life. I do not know if even he could stand the restraints of civilization again."

Several months passed after Harry's departure, and we had given up any idea we might have had of hearing any more of Kent. Martha mourned him as dead, and induced her preacher to preach his funeral, she and Affy attending as chief mourners. Affy in a black cotton dress of Martha's which swallowed her up, and Martha with her very black face muffled in a square of black alpaca, from which, as she peered out, her teeth and eyeballs looked dazzlingly white.

One freezing night in December, as we were trying to summon resolution to leave the warm chimney corner and go to bed, we were startled by a rap at the door. Everything was startling in those days. Our father opened it, and the light fell on a tall figure clad in a United States uniform, surmounted by Kent's smiling countenance.

"Why, where do you come from?" we exclaimed.

"Well, I tole Mas' Harry if de Lord spare my life I'd come home, an' here I is, sir, and Missus, an' mighty proud," he added, as my mother extended her hand to him, and said:

"You are a faithful fellow. Your mother knew you better than I did."

We soon dismissed our returned wanderer to his rest. Martha's and Affy's delight may be imagined, and the speed with which they doffed their mourning was marvelous. The next morning we were anxious to have Kent's adventures, which he was pleased to narrate. His comfortable attire looked very spick and span beside the faded garments of those around, and his excellent shoes were a source of undisguised envy to his fellow-servants.

"Well, Miss Sallie," he said, when I remarked on his appearance, "I thought I'd better get myself the best I could while I was w'ere dey was plenty, as I could give ole Maussa one nigger less to clothe. You see, ma'am, w'en Mas' Harry an' our people lef,' I felt pretty bad. That night, sure'nuf, as Mas' Harry tole me, the Yankees came booming into town, an' it wasn't long befo' all our mens, who was in the hospitable, was took prisoners; but they seemed very kind to them. W'ile they was sick they give them everything. It was a cur'ous t'ing, w'en General Foster come through w'ere I was, he noticed me, and asked me w'at I was doin' there, an' I tole him how I had been wid my young Maussa, an' w'en I tole him w'ere I come from an' Mas' Harry's name, 'Oh,' say he, 'I know his father well. I was stationed at Fort Moultrie befo' de war, an' I have eaten many a good dinner at the old Colonel's.' I tole him, 'Yes, sir, Maussa had the bes' of everything, an' my ma was a splendid cook.' So then he say: 'If you come from them you knows your business, an' w'en you are well, I will take you into my service. You is free now, you know.' So they kep' me in the hospitable, an' give me nice things to make me well, an' w'en the hospitable discharged me, de General took me an' was rale kind. I had good greenback wages and plenty of everything, an' not much to do, an' rale coffee, as much as I wanted, too; but somehow I couldn't diskiver to be settled. I had been in de Soudern army so long, w'en they talked of beatin' it, it made me oneasy, an' w'en I studied on Mas' Harry back in de army wid nobody--for I know he wouldn't take nobody in my place--an' wid not 'nuf of even corn bread an' bacon, widout me to perwide," he added, with a grin, "I jest kep' studyin', but I never said nuttin', an' every day dey tole me how lucky I was to be free. I jes' made up my mind, an' I got the General to let me draw all de clo's I could, an' a overcoat an' shoes an' blankets on my wages, an' den I ask him for a month's wages in advance, an' he seem a little surprised, but he was very kind, an' he give it to me; so w'en I got everything I

Calendar of U pcoming Events

November	18th	MOS&B Meeting
November	25th	Camp Elections/Meeting
December	14th	Christmas Dinner
January	18th	Lee-Jackson Dinner MOS&B



could, one night I waited on the General fust rate, w'en he was goin' to bed, an' fixed everything very nice, an' he said I was a rale good servant an' a treasure of a boy; but I jest took my things an' watched my chance, an' jest slipped off in the dark, an' dodged about until I got out of their lines an' into our'n. I had to walk a hundred miles befo' I got to our regiment. An', Mis', they jest gave me three cheers w'en I tole them how I come back; an' I took de liberty to bring a bottle of whiskey, an' I treated Mas' Harry's ole mess. Dey tole me he had jine another regiment. I had to walk a good piece more to de cyars; but one of our officers give me a letter to the conductors on de cyars, so I jest come through without payin' a cent. An' mighty glad I is to git home," he added, drawing a long sigh of relief.

"But did you not feel bad at robbing the kind officer who employed you?" I asked.

"Well, Missy," he answered, "seems like Mas' Harry has the bes' right to me, an' he was robbin' Mas' Harry ob me." And, turning to our mother, he said: "Please, ma'am, I would like a week at home to marry Affy, an' den can't I find Mas' Harry?"

It is needless to add that Kent's wedding was as festive as it could be made. It was a holiday on the plantation, and dancing was kept up to the sound of the rhythmic stick beating, from morning until night. The bride was proud, happy and dusky in white muslin; the groom a marvel in his attire, and with all the airs of a traveled man.

After the surrender Kent followed his young master home, and he and Affy settled on a pretty part of the plantation, declaring that they would live "faithful togedder" for the remainder of their lives.

ROSE BLANKETS

In the busy rush of to-day it is sometimes a relaxation to pause for a moment and let memory carry us back, far back, to the peaceful, uneventful days before the Civil War. Life seemed to go slower then. We had no cables to tell us, and often harrow us, each morning with the events all over the world of the preceding day. And (inestimable boon) our only ideas of war were time-mellowed Revolutionary anecdotes. There was in these days no more beautiful place in all the luxuriant low country contiguous to Charleston than Hickory Hill. The plantation consisted of rice fields which bordered Goose Creek on both sides. The massive brick dwelling, built in Colonial days by the pioneer of the family which still dwelt there, stood beyond the rice fields in view of the creek; venerable moss-crowned live-oaks stood sentinels around. The approach was through an avenue of similar trees, whose branches formed a beautiful arch over the luxuriant sward beneath. These trees were the admiration and pride of the countryside.

Years had only added beauty to the rugged old house, for ivy and climbing rose vines had dressed its walls and framed many of its windows. In the springtime it was a veritable bower. At the time of which I write it was a "maidens' bower." From my earliest recollections three unmarried sisters, Miss Martha, Miss Joanna and Miss Mary, composed the family. My parents lived on an adjoining plantation, and although our dwelling houses were some distance apart, there was a short cut along the rice field banks, and a happy child was I when any pretext afforded an excuse for a visit to the ladies. Their individuality had a great charm even to my childish mind. When I first remember them they must have all been past their sixtieth birthdays, and were counted ladies of the old school. Miss Martha was the eldest. She took life very seriously, was very tall and thin, was the housekeeper and head, besides being considered "the clever woman of the family." She could be very tragic on the smallest provocation. Her drop of good Scotch blood made her hold her head very high, and also made her a rigid Presbyterian. When she was not hemming a pocket handkerchief she usually had one of Scott's novels in her hands. Miss Joanna, the second sister, who was as genial as her sister was severe, used to say she "did not know what Martha would have done if Scott had

never written; he had really diversified her life by his novels."

Miss Joanna had the cheeriest old face imaginable, bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, with high cheek bones, her gray hair waved becomingly, and she always wore a lavender ribbon in her cap. She was the social one of the sisters; that is, she performed the social duties. Miss Mary, the youngest, was at sixty the spoiled darling, having been considered the best looking, and delicate in her youth. All the airs of a beauty, and the privileges of an invalid still clung to her. Indeed, her very white skin and black eyes were very impressive. Her sisters always gave her the tenderest consideration and never failed to be affected by her gentle melancholy and pathetic sighs. They were all much given to charity, but Miss Mary was more lavish than wise. Whole families of beggars, not only preyed upon her, but tyrannized. There was a tradition that Miss Mary had been rescued in her youth from a runaway carriage by a lover who was anxious to marry her; she had inclined to him, but had been deterred by the fear of parting from Miss Joanna, who usually directed her affairs, and sometimes made up her mind for her.

The sisters were accounted quite wealthy. They owned a handsome residence in the neighboring city

Official Notification

2003 SCV MEMBERSHIP DUES

**All members are hereby notified that your 2003
Sons of Confederate Veterans Membership Dues are now due.**

**Each year we are required to pay our dues between August 1st and February 1st.
Member's dues not post marked by February 1st will be dropped from the roster
and will be required to pay**

National Headquarters a \$5.00 re-instatement fee.

**Regular Membership is currently \$37.00 per year.
(\$20.00 National, \$5.00 State, & \$12.00 Camp 51)**

Life Membership Options:

National	\$300.00
State	\$100.00

**Payments can be made to the Camp Adjutant at each
Camp Meeting**

or

**Mail your payment to the Camp Adjutant at:
15th Regiment SC Vols
P.O. Box 84381
Lexington, SC 29073**

of Charleston, where they betook themselves when fear of country fever drove them from their beloved country home. The yearly exodus was a great trial to Miss Martha, who was supposed to manage the plantation. The neighbors said the negro foreman, Boston, managed the place and the ladies also. They would never employ a white overseer, as they said "a hireling could not make allowance for the negroes as they did." Indeed, their negroes were a terrible care to them; they had large retinues of house servants, both in the city and country, both having a sinecure during their absence.

Miss Martha frequently complained that she was "hard worked in finding something for the servants to do." The young ones grew up so rapidly, and to put certain families to field work was not to be contemplated.

That the ladies did not suffer more from their reckless management was providential. They had the affection of all their servants, but the women were lazy and the men great inebriates. Their idol, and coachman, Billy, was a terrible case. Their lives were often in peril when he was on the box. After some hair-breadth escape Billy would be summoned before the trio and Miss Martha would say tragically, "Billy, you will be the death of us." "Fore de Laud, Missis, I wouldn't hurt a hair of yore heads," would be his rejoinder. That he did not was not his fault, but his good fortune, for on one occasion, having been sent to meet Miss Martha and Miss Mary at one of the wharves, he was so far gone that he drove carriage and pair over them, knocking them down as they approached to get into the carriage. Miraculously they escaped with only bruises. Their black silk dresses were kept as curiosities, as the iron shod hoofs of the horses had left their impress in several places. On another occasion, having met them at the theater with the carriage, he drove them several miles up the road toward their country home at 11 o'clock at night before they could induce him to turn. These episodes, combined with the very apparent fact that their friends had ceased to borrow their carriage, which they enjoyed lending as much as using, sealed Billy's fate. To soften his downfall, they told him he could give Cuffie, his successor on the box, some "hints on driving," and they would be glad to fill his molasses jug when it was empty, and if he must drink, to take molasses and water. He could employ himself by sweeping the yard. Billy never said what he drank, but died shortly after of delirium tremens.

Joe and Romeo, the butler and his assistant, were quite as harassing. Romeo's besetting sin was indolence. He had been known to shed tears at the prospect of one of the little tea parties in which the old ladies delighted. On these occasions their guests were their contemporaries, "the girls," of whom there were a great many in maiden state in the quiet old city. The handsome rooms were always lit by candles in tall silver candlesticks. Miss Martha would never consent to the introduction of gas, which the more progressive Miss Joanna advocated.

"No," decided Miss Martha, "candles are much more lady-like." What would she have thought of electric lights?

On these occasions Joe handed a waiter with tea, Romeo followed with delicate cakes, and then bread and butter, while a boy followed in the rear with a tray "to catch the cups" as they were emptied. Ice cream followed at "last bell ring," ten in summer and nine in winter, when the party broke up. Any more substantial refreshment would have been deemed "very unrefined" by the whole assembly.

There was a rumor that on one of these occasions both Joe and Romeo had been very unsteady as they handed their waiters. Dire was their mistresses' mortification. Miss Martha always seemed to feel responsible when her servants misbehaved. She would exclaim, "A single woman has great need of strength of mind." Miss Mary's unflinching rejoinder would be, "Thank God, you have it, sister." One evening Joe brought especial obloquy upon himself. He must have shared Billy's molasses jug, for he had not drawn the tea as directed.

Miss Martha, in consideration for some of "the girls" who were growing feeble, always accompanied Joe on his rounds. As he paused before a guest she would hold a lump suspended in the sugar tongs as she would say, "Green tea and black; dear, which will you have?" On this occasion Joe took advantage of her deafness to mumble, "Both made in de same pot." The guests were quite diverted, but did not enlighten Miss Martha as to Joe's confession, and their progress continued until they reached Miss Mary. When she overheard Joe's assertion, she looked at him with mild indignation, but only said, "Sister, you had better sit down. I will explain later my asking you to do so." Miss Mary's suggestion of any course of action to Miss Martha seemed to call for explanation.

The next morning, when she told of the duet she had interrupted, Joe was summoned. Miss Martha told him he had brought disgrace upon them and would further bring their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. He of course expressed great penitence, and was vociferous in promises of amendment. His mistresses tried to feel faith. Miss Mary, however, had to take a great deal of orange-leaf tea before her nerves recovered the shock. Kindly Miss Joanna said privately, she had known nothing of what was occurring, but she was glad the girls had something to amuse them; she had thought them very merry, and though Joe had failed in his demeanor he had shown a wonderful regard for truth. Had the ladies and many of their generation lived to see emancipation they would have parted with many "an old man of the sea."

One April morning I set out to take a bunch of May roses over the rice field banks to Hickory Hill. These roses were especial favorites with the sisters, and I was pleased to have the earliest blossoms to carry. Miss Joanna kept a rose jar. Miss Martha was famous for the rose water she distilled. I only expected to see Miss Martha, for I knew Miss Mary had been drooping, and Miss Joanna had taken her to visit a friend, who, although long past her youth, had recently married a Northern gentleman, with whom she lived on her beautiful plantation near the city.

Miss Joanna and her sister had left only the day before, so I was surprised to see the carriage at the door and Cilla, the maid, removing their shawls and trappings. "Why, Cilla!" I exclaimed, "are the ladies back already?" "Yes, missy," she replied, grinning and dropping a curtsy, "Miss Joanna an' Miss May, an' Miss Burton had a kine uv upsettin', an' so we come home." Wondering what was amiss, I hastened in. I paused as I entered the sitting-room, for I saw the ladies were much perturbed (small excitements were very usual with them, but their demeanor betokened something serious); Miss Martha sat very erect, with her most judicial aspect, the needle with which she was sewing suspended. "Come in, child," she said as she saw me; "if my sisters make fools of themselves you may as well know it as the rest of the world."

Miss Mary and Miss Joanna sat with their bonnets on. Miss Mary with the air of a culprit, Miss Joanna decidedly ruffled, and her cheeks redder than usual. She said: "Don't jump too quickly to conclusions, sister; it does seem queer for us to return so hastily, but when I tell you about it quietly, you will, I am sure, see that we were not entirely to blame. You know Caroline's husband is rather abrupt in his manner."

"He has no Southern suavity," interrupted Miss Mary.

"The evening we got there I was feeling rather dull, and he really made me nervous by shouting in my ear several times, 'Cheer up, Miss Mary.' I jumped every time."

"He no doubt meant it kindly," said Miss Joanna, "but I dare say it prepared you for what followed."

"We had a pleasant evening on the whole, although I thought Mr. Burton did express his Northern views of slavery a little more than was called for, especially as he did not seem to object to Caroline's owning a great many. She was in high feather and seemed delighted to see us. At bed-time she accompanied us to our room, where there was a bright fire, and Cilla awaiting us. After Caroline left us Cilla begged leave to go to a dance at the negro quarter; she said it was in her honor, and she seemed in haste to be gone. So I promised to do what Mary would need and sent her off. After I was undressed I was standing by the fire

brushing my hair. I saw Mary fumbling about the bed and asked her if she was ready for me to tuck her in. Instead of answering, she came, as I thought, mysteriously up to me and whispered, 'Negro.'

"Of course I thought there was a man under the bed. I remembered our watches, Mary's diamond pin, and how far we were from Caroline and Mr. Burton; for we were in the company wing. I screamed for help as loud as I could; the more noise I made the more distressed Mary seemed. Caroline and Mr. Burton came running, in most indescribable costumes," the old lady continued, with a look of amused retrospection. "There stood Mary in her bed-gown and curl-papers; I in my wrapper, and Mary staring at me as if she thought me crazy.

" 'What is the matter?' they both exclaimed.

" 'Oh,' I said, 'Mary says there is a negro under the bed.'

"We'll soon have the rascal out," said Mr. Burton, poking under the bed with a big stick.

" 'Oh,' said Mary, 'I never said anything of the kind, Joanna. I meant,' she said, turning as red as a beet, 'that there were not rose blankets on the bed, but blankets without the rose embroidered on them, and I call those negro blankets. Joanna made such a noise I could not explain what I meant,' and she burst into tears. Mr. Burton bounced out of the room, muttering something. Caroline was very angry. She said that if she had had any idea that we girls could behave in such a way she would never have invited us to visit her. She had wished to give her husband an agreeable impression of Southern ladies, but she did not like to think what his impression must be; and as to rose blankets, we never could understand when things were out of date. Those were beautiful new blankets, bought in New York when refurnishing their guest-room. And in fact she was so angry," concluded Miss Joanna, "that I do not like to remember all she said."

"But I must tell you, sister," put in Miss Mary, "she said she knew I was always a fool, but she had thought Joanna had a little sense, and I agree with her, Joanna, that you ought not to have made such a noise. I never felt worse in my life than when you began to scream. And I never slept a wink all night, as you know. Now, Sister Martha, which do you think the most to blame?"

"I cannot say," said Miss Martha, "but I know I will never go to visit any friend with either of you. I don't wonder Caroline was angry, and what an impression you have made on her husband."

"Oh," said Miss Joanna, "we know he was furious. We had a most unpleasant time at breakfast the next morning. I tried to make a joke of the whole episode, but failed. They were too angry; so as Mary was feeling so shaken, and had taken all her orange-leaf water with no benefit to her nerves, I thought we had better come home; and I am delighted to be here; and too thankful neither of you are married," she continued, with a return of her genial smile. "For I nearly exhausted myself trying to mollify Mr. Burton."

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "with no success. I do not envy Caroline her new acquisition, and I am sure rose blankets are the best."

Such were the agitations and events of these tranquil lives. Their days glided by in peace and kindly ministrations. They were fortunate in following each other in quick succession to the old Scotch churchyard where their fathers slept in the "City by the Sea."

**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
Monday November 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 23-24	Battle of Secessionville (BAE)
Dec 6-8	Gramling Mills Living History - Inman, S.C.

(BAE) ***Battalion Affiliated Event***

(O) ***Other***

(I) ***Information Only***

