



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



Volume X, Issue XII

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December 2002

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**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**



Christmas Moon

John Paul Strain

From the Commander and Staff of the
15th Regiment S.C. Vols
Lexington Camp 51,
Sons of Confederate Veterans
A Special Merry Christmas To All.

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**

Christmas Gala

Gilligan's Steamer & Raw Bar Bill of Fare

****Grilled Crab Cakes:** Our very own recipe of Lump Crabmeat folded with spices, lightly breaded with cracker meal and grilled. \$13.95

****Ribeye:** 12 ounces of choice beef grilled to your liking. \$13.95

****Grilled Chicken:** Two boneless breasts grilled and basted with Gilligan's special sauce. \$8.95

Lowcountry Stir-Fry: Grilled Shrimp, sausage, and shredded cabbage seasoned with Cajun spices. Served over a bed of rice. \$9.95

****Fried Shrimp Dinner:** One-half pound lightly fried. \$9.95

****Fried Seafood Combo:** Combination of any two items, shrimp, flounder, grouper, catfish, oysters, or scallops. \$11.95

Entrees served with baked potato, green beans, and a tossed salad

R2002.05

RESOLUTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL FOR THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON TO AUTHORIZE THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS TO RENOVATE AND RE-ESTABLISH THE GRAVEYARD AT CORLEY PARK IN THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON

WHEREAS, at the October 21 meeting of Council, Council received a presentation from Wayne Roberts, an officer of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and

WHEREAS, this organization proposes to renovate and re-establish the Graveyard at Corley Street Park in the Town of Lexington, and

WHEREAS, this effort will re-establish many graves which would otherwise be lost to posterity and will also establish a monument to those Confederate soldiers who are buried beneath the waters of Lake Murray, will establish a monument to those soldiers buried in the Corley Park Cemetery, and will set forth a history of this important part of the heritage of the Town of Lexington, and

WHEREAS, this effort is supported and will be aided by Jonathan Leader, Ph. D., the State Archaeologist and a Professor of Archaeology at the University of South Carolina, who will be actively involved in this effort., and

WHEREAS, the Sons of Confederate Veterans has requested that Council give its authorization to proceed with this effort,

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS RESOLVED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON that the project of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to renovate and re-establish the Corley Park Cemetery is authorized to proceed in accordance with the findings aforesaid.

Daniel P. Breazeale, Sr.
Daniel P. Breazeale, Sr., Mayor

Dated: *November 4, 2002*

Council:

Stewart Bond
Stewart Bond

Linda Bryant
Linda Bryant

Bobby Halfacre
Bobby Halfacre

James Lowman
James Lowman

Hazel Leggett Tyndall
Hazel Leggett Tyndall

Richard Thompson
Richard Thompson

Important Information for 1st Qtr 2003

January 11th	Civil War Show in Charleston
January 18th	8:30 - Noon Corley Street Cemetery Project
January 25th	Rain Date 8:30 - Noon Corley Street Cemetery Project
January 30th	First Camp Meeting for 2003 Place: Carolina Wings in Lexington

We are beginning the Lake Murray Monument project which has been in the planning for many years.

It is important that we have everyone who is able to assist the Camp at every call for forces.

Remember that we are doing this for those who died and fought for our homeland!

Battle of Fredericksburg, Va. December 11-15, 1862.

Report of Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, C. S. Army,
commanding First Army Corps.

O.R. - SERIES I - VOLUME XXI [S# 31]

HDQRS. FIRST ARMY CORPS,
DEPT. OF NORTHERN VA.,
Near Fredericksburg, Va., December 20, 1862.

GENERAL: Upon my arrival at Fredericksburg, on November 19, the troops of this command were assigned to positions as follows, viz: McLaws' division upon the heights immediately behind the city and south of the Telegraph road; Anderson's division on McLaws' left, and occupying the heights as far as Taylor's Hill, on the Rappahannock; Pickett's division on McLaws' right, and extending to the rear along the margin of the wood which skirts Deep Run Valley; Hood's division near Hamilton's Crossing of the railroad; Ransom's division in reserve near my headquarters. Our batteries were assigned positions along the heights by General Pendleton, Colonels Cabell and Alexander, and Captain [S. R.] Johnston, Colonel Walton being absent sick. Pits were made for the protection of the batteries under the supervision of these officers. A portion of General Pendleton's reserve artillery was assigned to the heights with Major-General McLaws' division. Colonel Walton's Washington Artillery occupied the heights at Marye's Hill, and a portion of Colonel Alexander's reserve occupied the other portion of Anderson's front, extending to the Taylor house, on our left. The brigade batteries that were not assigned to positions on the heights were held in readiness to co-operate with their commands, or for any other service that might be required of them. Our picket line was established along the river bank, extending from Banks' Ford to Talcott Battery, the most important portion of it under the immediate orders of Major-General McLaws.

Upon the approach of General Jackson's army, Hood's division was closed in upon the right of Pickett, and put in position upon the heights on the opposite side of Deep Run Valley. In addition to the natural strength of the position, ditches, stone fences, and road cuts were found along different portions of the line, and parts of General McLaws' line were further strengthened by rifle trenches and abatis.

The enemy held quiet possession of the Stafford Heights until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when our signal guns gave notice of his approach. The troops, being at their different camp grounds, were formed immediately and marched to their positions along the line. Ransom's division was ordered to take a sheltered position in easy supporting distance of the batteries on the Marye Hill. Before the troops got to



their positions, McLaws' pickets (Barksdale's brigade) engaged the enemy at the river, and from time to time drove back different working parties engaged in laying the bridges. The enemy was compelled eventually to abandon his plan of laying his bridges, and began to throw his troops across the river in boats, under cover of the fire of his sharpshooters and one hundred and fifty-odd pieces of artillery. At many points along the river bank our troops could get no protection from the artillery fire. This was particularly the case at the mouth of Deep Run, where the enemy succeeded in completing his bridge early in the afternoon. Later in the afternoon he succeeded in throwing large bodies of troops across at the city by using his boats. Barksdale, however, engaged him fiercely at every point, and with remarkable success. Soon after dark, General McLaws ordered Barksdale's brigade to retire. The general was so confident of his position that a second order was sent him before he would yield the field. His brigade was then relieved by that of Brig. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, which was placed by General McLaws along the Telegraph road, in front of the Marye house (a stone fence and cut along this road gave good protection against infantry). When Cobb's brigade got into position, Ransom's division was withdrawn and placed in reserve. During the night the enemy finished his bridges and began to throw his troops across.

His movements early on the 12th seemed to be directly against our right, but when the fog lifted columns were seen opposite Fredericksburg, the head of them then crossing at the bridges opposite the city. Ransom's division was moved back to the Marye Hill. Featherston's brigade, of Anderson's division (previously occupying this hill), was closed in upon the other brigades of Anderson. The entire day was occupied by the enemy in throwing his forces across the river and in deploying his columns. Our batteries were opened upon the masses of infantry whenever they were in certain range. Our fire invariably drew that of the enemy's batteries on the opposite heights, and they generally kept up the fire long after our batteries had ceased.

Early on the morning of the 13th I rode to the right of my position (Hood's division). The dense fog in the early twilight concealed the enemy from view, but his commands, "Forward, guide center, march!" were distinctly heard at different points near my right. From the direction of the sound and the position of his troops the day before, I concluded that his attack would be upon General Jackson at some point beyond my right. I therefore rode back to a point near the center of my forces, giving notice to General Hood that the enemy would attack General Jackson beyond his right; that he should watch carefully the movements, and when an opportunity offered he should move forward and attack the enemy's flank. Similar instructions were given to General Pickett, with orders to co-operate with General Hood. The attack was made as had been anticipated. It did not appear to have all the force of a real attack, however, and General Hood did not feel authorized to make more than a partial advance. When he did move out, he drove the enemy back in handsome style. About 11 a.m. I sent orders for the batteries to play upon the streets and bridges beyond the city, by way of diversion in favor of our right. The batteries had hardly opened when the enemy's infantry began to move out toward my line. Our pickets in front of the Marye house were soon driven in, and the enemy began to deploy his forces in front of that point. Our artillery, being in position, opened fire as soon as the masses became dense enough to warrant it. This fire was very destructive and demoralizing in its effects, and frequently made gaps in the enemy's ranks that could be seen at the distance of a mile. The enemy continued his advance and made his attack at the Marye Hill in handsome style. He did not meet the fire of our infantry with any heart, however, and was therefore readily repulsed. Another effort was speedily made, but with little more success. The attack was again renewed, and again repulsed. Other forces were seen preparing for another attack, when I suggested to General McLaws the propriety of re-enforcing his advanced line by a brigade. He had previously re-enforced with part of General Kershaw's brigade and ordered forward the balance. About this time Brig. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb fell, mortally wounded, and almost simultaneously Brig. Gen. J. R. Cooke was severely wounded. General Kershaw dashed to the front to take the command.

General Ransom, on the Marye Hill, was charged with the immediate care of the point attacked, with orders to send forward additional re-enforcements if it should become necessary, and to use Featherston's brigade, Anderson' division, if he should require it.

The attack upon our right seemed to subside about 2 o'clock, when I directed Major-General-Pickett to send me two of his brigades. One (Kemper's) was sent to General Ransom, to be placed in some secure position, to be ready in case it should be wanted. The other (Jenkins') was ordered to General McLaws, to replace that of Kershaw in his line. The enemy soon completed his arrangements for a renewed attack, and moved forward with much determination. He met with no better success than he had on the previous occasions. These efforts were repeated and continued from time to time until after night: when he left, the field literally strewn with his dead and wounded. Colonel Walton's ammunition was exhausted about sunset, and his batteries were relieved by Colonel Alexander's. Orders were given for fresh supplies of ammunition, and for everything to be prepared for a renewal of the battle at daylight.

On the 14th, there was little firing between the sharpshooters. The enemy, screening his forces under a slight descent in the ground, held a position about 400 yards in front of us. In the afternoon I sent Captain [Osman] Latrobe, of my staff, to the left, to place artillery in position to play along the enemy's line, with instructions to Colonel Alexander to use such artillery there as he might think proper. The point was selected, and pits made by light the following morning. General Ransom was also ordered to strengthen his position on the Marye Hill by rifle trenches. Similar instructions were sent along the entire line. These preparations were made to meet the grand attack of the enemy, confidently expected on Monday morning. As the attack was not made, this artillery and General Ransom's sharpshooters opened upon the enemy and drove him back to cover in the city.

During the night the enemy recrossed the river. His retreat was not discovered until he had crossed the river and cut his bridges at this end. Our sharpshooters were moved forward and our old positions resumed. Four hundred prisoners, 5,500 stand of small-arms, and 250,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition were taken.

Our loss for the number engaged was quite heavy. Brig. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb fell, mortally wounded, in the heat of the battle of the 13th. He defended his position with great gallantry and ability. In him we have lost one of our most promising officers and statesmen. A tabular statement and lists of the killed, wounded, and missing accompany this report.



Much credit is due Major-General McLaws for his untiring zeal and ability in preparing his troops and his position for a successful resistance, and the ability with which he handled his troops after the attack.

I would also mention as particularly distinguished in the engagement of the 13th, Brigadier-Generals Ransom, Kershaw, and Cooke (severely wounded), and Colonel McMillan, who succeeded to the command of Cobb's brigade, and Colonel Walton (Washington Artillery) and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander (reserve artillery).

Brigadier-General Barksdale with his brigade held the enemy's entire army at the river bank for sixteen hours, giving us abundance of time to complete our arrangements for battle. A more gallant and worthy service is rarely accomplished by so small a force.

I refer you to the reports of these officers for more detailed accounts of the engagements. I desire to call the attention of the Government to the gallant officers and men mentioned in their reports.

Major-Generals Anderson, Pickett, and Hood, with their gallant divisions, were deprived of their opportunity by the unexpected and hasty retreat of the enemy. A portion of General Anderson's command was engaged in defending the passage of the river, a portion of General Hood's in driving back the attack against our right, and a portion of General Pickett's did important service near the Marye Hill. I refer you to their reports for particular accounts.

Major [John J.] Garnett held three batteries in reserve in the valley between the positions of Generals Pickett and Hood, and was much disappointed not to have the opportunity to use them.

My staff officers - Major [G. M.] Sorrel, Lieutenant-Colonel [P. T.] Manning, Major [J. W.] Fairfax, Captains [Osman] Latrobe and [Thomas J.] Goree, and Lieutenant [R. W.] Blackwell--gave me their usual intelligent, willing aid. Major [John C.] Haskell, Capt. H. E. Young and Rodgers volunteered their assistance and rendered important services.

My thanks are also due to Surgeon [J. S. D.] Cullen, chief surgeon; Major [S. P.] Mitchell, chief quartermaster; Major [R.J.] Moses, chief of the subsistence department, and Captain [J. H.] Manning, signal officer, for the valuable services in their respective departments.

I have the honor to be, general, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General, Commanding.

Brig. Gen. R.H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General.

The Spirit of Christmas Past.... Christmas Letters from Confederate Soldiers

From: Tally Simpson, Camp near Fredricksburg
To: Anna Simpson
Camp near Fred'burg

Dec. 25th

My dear sister,

This is Christmas Day. The sun shines feebly through a thin cloud, the air is mild and pleasant, [and] a gentle breeze is making music through the leaves of the lofty pines that stand near our bivouac. All is quiet and still, and that very stillness recalls some sad and painful thoughts. This day, one year ago, how many thousand families, gay and joyous, celebrating Merry Christmas, drinking health to absent members of their family, and sending upon the wings of love and affection long, deep, and sincere wishes for their safe return to the loving ones at home, but today are clad in the deepest mourning in memory to some lost and loved member of their circle. If all the dead (those killed since the war began) could be heaped in one pile and all the wounded be gathered together in one group, the pale faces of the dead and the groans of the wounded would send such a thrill of horror through the hearts of the originators of this war that their very souls would rack with such pain that they would prefer being dead and in torment than to stand before God with such terrible crimes blackening their characters. Add to this the cries and wailings of the mourners - mothers and fathers weeping for their sons, sisters for their brothers, wives for their husbands, and daughters for their fathers - [and] how deep would be the convictions of their consciences.

Yet they do not seem to think of the affliction and distress they are scattering broadcast over the land. When will this war end? Will another Christmas roll around and find us all wintering in camp? Oh! That peace may soon be restored to our young but dearly beloved country and that we may all meet again in happiness.

But enough of these sad thoughts. We went on picket in town a few days ago. The pickets of both armies occupy the same positions now as they did before the battle. Our regt was quartered in the market place while the others occupied stores and private houses. I have often read of sacked and pillaged towns in ancient history, but never, till I saw Fredricksburg, did I fully realize what one was. The houses, especially those on the river, are riddled with shell and ball. The stores have been broken open and deprived of every thing that was worth a shilling. Account books and notes and letters and papers both private and public were taken from their proper places and scattered over the streets and trampled under feet. Private property was ruined. Their soldiers would sleep in the mansions of the wealthy and use the articles and food in the house at their pleasure. Several houses were destroyed by fire. Such a wreck and ruin I never wish to see again. Yet notwithstanding all this, the few citizens who are now in town seem to be cheerful and perfectly resigned. Such true patriots are seldom found. This will ever be a noted place in history.

While we were there, Brig Genl Patrick, U.S.A., with several of his aides-de-camp, came over under flag of truce. Papers were exchanged, and several of our men bought pipes,

gloves, &c from the privates who rowed the boat across. They had plenty of liquor and laughed, drank, and conversed with our men as if they had been friends from boyhood.

Pres Hix came for the remains of Nap his brother and Johnnie Garlington yesterday and will take them to Richmond today. They will be carried on home immediately. Tell Aunt Caroline Jim is getting on finely. Howdy to all the negros. I have received the bundle of clothes sent to Columbia. The bundle contained one shirt, one scarf, and two pairs of socks. At least I suppose it is the one you sent to Col[umbia] to be sent to Barnwell at Richmond. I am a thousand times obliged. When is Harry coming?

There is nothing new going on. I am almost dead to hear from home. I have received no letters in nearly three weeks, and you can imagine how anxious I am. The mails are very irregular. I hope to get a letter soon. Dunlap Griffin is dead, died in Richmond of wounds received in the last battle. Capt Hance is doing very well. Frank Fleming is in bad condition. (He has been elected lieutenant since he left.) Write to me quick right off. I wish to hear from you badly. Remember me to my friends and relatives, especially the Pickens and Ligans. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain

Your bud
Tally

<http://home.att.net/~smerela/christmasletters.html>

Members Who Need To Be Pinned

The following new members are requested to be at the December 14th Camp meeting so that you can be sworn in and pinned.

Christopher Brian Matthews
Russell Everett Moyer
Philip Kruger
Bill Rentiers
Robert Mack
Charles Taylor
Larry Sharpe
Danny Schumpert

Christmas Night of 1862
by William Gordon McCabe
(1841-1920)

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.
Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.
My sabre swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.
My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating between the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.
And sweetly from the far-off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.
I feel again the mother-kiss,
I see again the glad surprise
That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,
As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.
My sabre swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.
Those cherished faces all are gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
Where lies the snow in drifting waves,
And I am sitting here alone.
There's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knee this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."
But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise.
The lips are mute and closed the eyes--
My home is in the bivouac.

Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments

December 2002

We are in the middle of the holiday season. Thanksgiving is behind us and Christmas is coming soon. This is the season of giving and thankfulness. We have a lot to be thankful for. First, we are the heirs of Confederate soldiers and guardians of their good names, virtues, and deeds. We should also be thankful for our camp and compatriots. We can look back over the year 2002 and see that we have accomplished a great deal. We have accordingly been honored by the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the State and National levels. We have given a lot over the past year. We have restored the Fort Family Cemetery and contributed to several worthy causes. Our deeds gave us the chance to contribute to the community and fulfill the charge of Lt. General Stephen D. Lee. We all got a wonderful feeling of satisfaction. And yet, we all know that we are capable of giving more.



This coming year we will have the opportunity to give even more. The Corley Street Park project will require more time and energy. Everyone can make a contribution. We will need everyone's help. We have our first workday scheduled January 18, 2003 with a rain date for the following Saturday, January 25. Please make plans to attend. We need your help. This project will be the largest in our Camp's history. The impact on the community will also be the largest. This is an excellent opportunity for us to live up to Lt. General Lee's charge and show our community who we are and who and what we represent.

We also need volunteers to help with Camp committees. We need people to help with recruitment and retention. Anyone with any ideas in this area is encouraged to call me. This is an important area where we need help. While we have accomplished a great deal, we could do even more with larger numbers. Everyone could help in this area if we would remember to bring guests (potential members) to our meetings. Please do not forget to sell tickets for the Paul Quattlebaum historical marker. If you do not have tickets, they can be picked up at the next meeting. This will be the Camp's third historical marker in Lexington County and fourth overall.

Our next meeting will be on Saturday December 14, 2001 at Gilligan's Steamer and Raw Bar in Lexington. This is our annual Christmas banquet. The seafood here is very good. We have a great speaker lined up and are planning for good fellowship. Be sure to bring your ladies and families.

I hope the Christmas season brings peace and happiness to each of you. Let us remember those who celebrated difficult Christmases during the years 1861 through 1864 as we celebrate again that first Christmas.

Yours in the Cause,

Wayne D. Roberts

Commander

Ancestor Highlight

Private W. D. Geiger

Company H

3rd S. C. Volunteer Infantry

By

Steven L. Wolfe

15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers
Sons of Confederate Veterans, Camp 51

One finds many unexpected things while researching their family tree. I have found that there are many families in the Lexington District that my family is related to. One being the Geiger family of Switzerland. Original spelling of the name was Gygr, thus the pronunciation of Gigger. One member of the family who I have run across but not yet linked as to our relationship to each other is a W. D. Geiger.

W. D. Geiger was born about 1839 as he is listed as being 22 years old in 1861. He enlisted in Lexington, South Carolina on May 13th, 1861 by Col. Rutherford. W. D. was sent to the Shenandoah Valley area where on July 21st 1861, he was admitted to Confederate States of America General Hospital in Charlottesville, Virginia with a case of measles. Surviving this deadly disease, he was discharged on August 9th, 1861. He appears as an officer's cook in December 1861. Private W. D. Geiger's next entry on the micro-film states that he was *Killed In Action* on December 13th, 1862 at the Battle of Fredericksburg.

The following is information which I have located about the men whom Private W. D. Geiger fought with during his last days.

**Report of Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws, C. S. Army,
Commanding McLaws Division.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
December 11-15, 1862**

O.R.-- SERIES I--VOLUME XXI [S# 31]

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION,
Camp near Fredericksburg, Va., December 30, 1863.

Maj. G. MOXLEY SORREL,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

My division occupied the front of defense from Hazel Run along the ridge of hills to the right and through the point of woods extending into Mr. Alfred Bernard's field, one brigade being in reserve. The brigade on the left had an extended rifle-pit at the foot of the main ridge, from the left of the Telegraph road to a private road near Mr. Howison's barn. The next brigade had rifle-pits along the foot of the hills in front of its position, and others on the crest of the hills. The right brigade constructed rifle-pits and breastworks of logs through the woods, with abatis in front of them. The crests of the hills were occupied by the batteries of Captain [John P. W.] Read, one 10-pounder Parrott, one 12-pounder howitzer, one 3-inch rifle; Captain [B.C.] Manly, three 6-pounders, one 3-inch rifle, two 12-pounder howitzers; Captain [H. N.] Ells, one 30-pounder Parrott; Captain [Miles

C.] Macon, two 10-pounder Parrotts and two 6-pounders; [Capt.] R. L. Cooper, three 10-pounder Parrotts; [Capt. Henry H.] Carlton, two 10-pounder Parrotts; [Capt. John L.] Eubank, one 3-inch rifle; [Capt. E. S.] McCarthy, two 3-inch rifles; [Capt. James] Dearing, one 10-pounder Parrott; [Capt. H. M.] Ross, three 10-pounder Parrotts, and, in addition, there was a number of smooth-bore pieces placed along the hills, to be used should the enemy advance near enough for their effectual range. One brigade was constantly on duty in the city to guard the town and defend the river crossings as far down as a quarter of a mile below Deep Run Creek. Two regiments from General Anderson's division picketed the river bank above the town, reporting to the brigadier-general in charge of the brigade on duty in the city. The orders were that two guns should be fired from one of my batteries in a central position, which would be the signal that the enemy were attempting to cross. These were the positions of my command and the orders governing them up to the 10th instant. On that day the brigade of General Barksdale, composed of the Mississippi troops, were on duty in the city.

About 2 a.m. on the 11th, General Barksdale sent me word that the movements of the enemy indicated they were preparing to lay down their pontoon bridges, and his men were getting into position to defend the crossing. About 4.30 o'clock he notified me that the bridges were being placed, and he would open fire so soon as the working parties came in good range of his rifles. I gave the order, and the signal guns were fired about 5 a.m.

I had been notified from your headquarters the evening previous (the 10th instant) to have all the batteries harnessed up at daylight on the 11th, and I had given orders that my whole command should be under arms at the same time.

General Barksdale kept his men quiet and concealed until the bridges were so advanced that the working parties were in easy range, when he opened fire with such effect the bridges were abandoned at once. Nine separate and desperate attempts were made to complete the bridges under fire of their sharpshooters and guns on the opposite banks, but every attempt being attended with such severe loss from our men--posted in rifle-pits, in the cellars of the houses along the banks, and from behind whatever offered concealment--that the enemy abandoned their attempts for the time and opened a terrific fire from their numerous batteries concentrated along the hills just above the river. The fire was so severe that the men could not use their rifles, and the different places occupied by them becoming untenable, the troops were withdrawn from the river bank back to Caroline street at 4.30 p.m. The enemy then crossed in boats, and, completing their bridges, passed over in force and advanced into the town. The Seventeenth Mississippi, Colonel [John C.] Fiser, and 10 sharpshooters from Colonel [J. W.] Carter's regiment (the Thirteenth), and three companies of the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel [William H.] Luse, under Lieutenant [William] Ratliff, were all the troops that were actually engaged in defending the crossings in front of the city. More troops were offered, but the positions were such that but the number already there could be employed. As the enemy advanced into the town our troops fell back to Princess Anne street, and as the enemy came up they were driven back, with loss. This street fighting continued until 7 p.m., when I ordered General Barksdale to fall back and take position along and behind the stone wall below Marye's Hill, where it was relieved by the brigade of Brig. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb and retired to their position--on the right of my line of defense, in the woods of Mr. Bernard. Lieutenant-Colonel Luse, with his regiment (the Eighteenth Mississippi), who occupied the river bank below the town, drove back the enemy in their first attempt to cross the river, and kept them in check until about 3.30 p.m., when two regiments (the Sixteenth Georgia, Colonel [Goode] Bryan, and Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel [W. D.] De Saussure) were sent to his support. It was then deemed advisable and the whole force was withdrawn to the river road, where they remained until daylight the next day, when they rejoined their brigades, excepting the Sixteenth Georgia, which retook its position in the general line of defense. These regiments performed their duties under a severe and destructive fire

from the enemy's guns posted along the hills just above the river on the opposite side.

Early on the morning of the 11th, a battalion of the Eighth Florida Regiment, numbering about 150 men, was put in position to the left of Colonel Fiser and in easy range of the enemy above the upper bridge, then being rapidly constructed by them. This battalion was commanded by Captain [David] Lang, and while under his direction it acted gallantly and did good service. Captain Lang proved himself a gallant and efficient officer, but he was severely wounded about 11 a.m., and the battalion then rendered but little assistance. I call your attention to the special report of Lieutenant-Colonel Fiser on the subject, and to that of Captain [A. R.] Govan in relation to the conduct of three companies of the same regiment, which were on duty with the right of Colonel Fiser's regiment, and also to the indorsement of Colonel Humphreys on the special report of Captain Govan.

The brigade of General Barksdale, I consider, did their whole duty, and in a manner highly creditable to every officer and man engaged in the fight. An examination of the positions they held shows that no troops could have behaved more gallantly.

On the night of the 11th, the Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiments and Phillips' Georgia Legion, of Cobb's brigade, relieved General Barksdale's command, behind the stone wall, at the foot of Marye's Hill, Phillips' Legion on the left, the Twenty-fourth Georgia in the center, and Eighteenth Georgia Regiment on the right, occupying the entire front under the hill. During that night the scouts took 15 prisoners.

On the 12th instant, close and heavy skirmishing was kept up, but no real attack was made.

On the 13th, skirmishing commenced at early dawn, the enemy shelling in that direction until about 11 o'clock, when the advance of the enemy drove in our pickets, and his columns approached the left of the line by the Telegraph road and deployed to our right? planting their stands of colors along our front. Before their deployment was completed, our fire had so thinned their ranks that the survivors retreated, leaving their colors planted in their first position. Soon another column, heavier than the first, advanced to the colors, but were driven back with great slaughter. They were met on retiring by re-enforcements and advanced again, but were again repulsed with increased loss. About 1 p.m., General Kershaw was directed to send two regiments from his brigade to the support of General Cobb, who reported that he was getting short of ammunition. The Sixteenth Georgia Regiment was sent forward at the same time. Not long after this, General Kershaw was directed to take his whole brigade. Just as his command was moving, he was ordered to hasten forward in person and assume command of the position under Marye's Hill, as General Cobb had been wounded and disabled. The South Carolina regiments were posted--the Second and Eighth, Colonel [J. D.] Kennedy and Captain [E. T.] Stackhouse commanding, in the road doubling on Phillips' Legion, Colonel [B. F.] Cook, and the Twenty-fourth Georgia, Colonel McMillan, and the Third and Seventh South Carolina, Colonel [James D.] Nance and Lieutenant-Colonel [El-bert] Bland, on the hill to the left of Marye's house. The Seventh was afterward moved (on a call from the Fifteenth North Carolina Regiment for re-enforcements) to the right and front of Marye's house, the three left companies being on the left of the house, the Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel De Saussure, in reserve at the cemetery. The Third Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, was posted at Howison's Mill, to resist any attack that might have been made up Hazel Run. The Eighth and Seventh Regiments arrived in time to assist in repelling a heavy assault made on the left at 2.45 p.m. The Third and Seventh Regiments suffered severely while getting into position, especially the former. Colonel Nance, Lieutenant-Colonel [W. D.] Rutherford, Major [Robert C.] Maffett, Captains [R. P.] Todd, [John C.] Summer, and [W. W.] Hance were shot down in succession, Cap, in Summer killed, the others more or less dangerously wounded, leaving the regiment under the command of Capt. John K. G. Nance, assisted by Lieutenant [A. E.] Doby, aide-de-camp to General Kershaw. Colonel Nance, although badly wounded, declined being removed at the time, and continued to encourage and direct his men, and after he was removed back to Marye's house ordered that his regiment take a new posi-

tion, where the men would be less exposed, and sent directions to have them resupplied with ammunition.

In the mean time the enemy deployed in a ravine which was between us and the city, and distant about 300 or 400 yards from the stone wall, and advanced with fresh columns to the attack at intervals of not more than fifteen minutes, but they were repulsed with zeal and driven back with much loss on every occasion. This continued until about 4.30 p.m., when the enemy ceased in their assaults for a time, and posting some artillery in front of the town on the left of the Telegraph road, opened on our position, doing but little damage. The batteries on Marye's Hill of Colonel Walton were at this time silent, having exhausted their ammunition, they were being relieved by others from Colonel Alexander's battalion. Taking advantage of the lull, the Fifteenth South Carolina Regiment, Colonel De Saussure, was brought forward from the cemetery and posted behind the stone wall, supporting the Second South Carolina Regiment. The enemy in the mean while formed a strong column of attack, and, advancing under cover of their own artillery fire and no longer impeded by ours, came forward along our whole front in the most determined manner, but they were repulsed at all points. The firing ceased as night came on, and about 7 o'clock our pickets and those of the enemy were posted within a short distance of each other. About 6 p.m. the Third South Carolina Regiment was brought from the hill and posted on the left of Phillips' Georgia Legion, when it was relieved by General Kemper with a portion of his brigade, about 7 p.m., and was then ordered in reserve by General Kershaw, because of its previous heavy loss.

The body of one man, believed to be an officer, was found within about 30 yards of the stone wall, and other single bodies were scattered at increased distances until the main mass of the dead lay thickly strewn over the ground at something over 100 yards off, and extending to the ravine, commencing at the point where our men would allow the enemy's column to approach before opening fire, and beyond which no organized body of men was able to pass.

On the 14th, the enemy were in position behind the declivities in front, but the operations on both sides were confined to skirmishing of sharpshooters.

On the 15th, it was discovered that the enemy had constructed rifle-pits on the edge of the ravine, but nothing of interest occurred during the day. Cobb's brigade was relieved by that of General Semmes on the night of that day, against the wishes, however, of Colonel McMillan, commanding Cobb's brigade, who objected to relinquish such an honorable position.

On the 16th (Tuesday morning), as the fog lifted, it was discovered that the enemy's pickets were withdrawn, and scouts being sent out reported that the enemy had retired across the river, removing their bridges. The town was reoccupied by two regiments from Kershaw's brigade, and a number of prisoners, arms, &c., were taken.

Captain [G. B.] Cuthbert, of the Second South Carolina Regiment, with his company of sharpshooters, was thrown out on the edge of Hazel Run, and did good service in annoying the flank of the enemy as their columns advanced to the attack. His loss was considerable. When General Kershaw's brigade was sent to the front its place along the main line of defense was occupied by the brigade of Brigadier-General Jenkins, a regiment from which occupied the right flank of the troops at the foot of Marye's Hill along Hazel Run, and was of essential service. The lieutenant-general was, however, overlooking the movements of all, and every order was issued under his supervision. The presence of himself and the general-in-chief inspired the troops and rendered them invincible. The very great enthusiasm and ardent desire for the enemy to advance, which existed and was evident among all officers and men, could not be surpassed, and when it was discovered on the 16th that the enemy had retired, there was a universal expression of disappointment.

The artillery along the heights, under the supervision of Col. H. C. Cabell, chief of artillery, and his subordinate, Major IS. P.] Hamilton, opened fire on the enemy's left flank, whenever their columns advanced, with such effect as to always force them to retire in disorder, or to incline to their

right under shelter of ravines and rising ground; forced one of the enemy's batteries to retire, which had come forward on the right, and was of material assistance in checking the advance of their troops, which were threatening the center. I refer you to the special report of Colonel Cabell in reference to the operations of the artillery.

The country and the army have to mourn the loss of Brig. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, who fell while in position with his brigade, and was borne from the field while his men were repulsing the first assaults of the enemy. He had but lately been promoted to a brigadier, and his devotion to his duties, his aptitude for the profession of arms, and his control over his men I have never seen surpassed. Our country has lost a pure and able defender of her rights both in the council and the field. My aide-de-camp, Capt. H. L. P. King, was killed on Marye's Hill, pierced with five balls, while conveying an order to Brigadier-General Cobb. He was a brave and accomplished officer and gentleman, and had already distinguished himself during the operations in front of Fredericksburg, as he had done in all the other engagements when on duty.

Lieut. Thomas S. B. Tucker, my other aide-de-camp, was badly wounded while bearing one of my orders. He has always been noted for his daring and gallantry.

The services of my adjutant-general, Maj. James M. Goggin, were important and distinguished, as they have been always.

My thanks are due to the other members of my staff, Major [A. H.] McLaws and Major [John F.] Edwards, for their assistance. To Lieut. Alfred Edwards, ordnance officer, who was active and efficient in supplying ammunition to the troops, and to Lieut. D. G. Campbell, of the engineers, who had been engaged day and night (frequently all night) in strengthening the different positions, and on all occasions was very devoted and prompt in the discharge of his duties.

Colonel McMillan, of the Twenty-fourth Georgia, who succeeded to the command of the brigade when General Cobb was disabled during the first assaults of the enemy on Marye's Hill, behaved with distinguished gallantry and coolness.

General Barksdale commanded his fine brigade as it should have been commanded, and added new laurels to those gained on every other previous battle-field.

I call attention to the conduct of General Kershaw, who, after the fall of General Cobb, commanded the troops about Marye's Hill, composed of his own brigade and that of General Cobb. He possesses military talents of a high order, and unites with them that self-possession and daring gallantry which endears him to his command, and imposes confidence which but increases as the danger grows more imminent.

My inspector-general, Major [E. L.] Costin, was particularly active and distinguished in leading troops into position and carrying orders frequently under the hottest fire, and for his close attention to all his duties.

The brigade of General Semmes was not actually engaged, but under his supervision the position he commanded was strongly fortified, and his men were well prepared and eager for the fight under his leadership.

Surgeon [John T.] Gilmore, chief surgeon of the division, had his field hospital in readiness, and his arrangements were so complete that there was no detention or unnecessary suffering of the wounded, and those who could not remain in camp were sent at once to the hospitals in Richmond.

The loss in killed, wounded, and missing in my command was as follows:

	KILLED	WOUNDED	MISSING	TOTAL
Kershaw's Brigade	39	333	1	373
Barksdale's Brigade	29	151	62	242
Cobb's Brigade	32	198	4	234
Semmes' Brigade	---	4	---	4
TOTAL	100	686	67	853

I inclose reports of the several brigade commanders with those of their respective regimental and battalion commanders, excepting General Barksdale, who, receiving leave of absence, went away without rendering his report; those of his regimental commanders are, however, inclosed.

Very respectfully,
L. McLAWS,
Major-General.

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**

**Life in the Confederate Army Being Personal Experiences of a Private Soldier
in the Confederate Army;
and Some Experiences and Sketches of Southern Life:**

**Arthur Peronneau Ford
Marion Johnstone Ford**

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**SOME LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE
LAST MONTHS OF THE WAR**

OTRANTO, November 20, 1864.

I have not written to you for some time, as we have been moving about a good deal, and have had some interesting and funny experiences. Last summer we were tired of refugeeing, and decided to go back to Charleston, and lived in a house on Mary street, as we thought well out of shell range; our own residence on South Bay being in the grass, and glass-strewed district. Our family consists only of my mother, sister and myself, our mankind being in service, as you know, except father, who is in the home guard. My mother spent most of her time visiting the hospitals and devising comforts for the soldiers; my sister and I knit socks, and rejoiced when some of our soldier relatives could snatch a breathing-space from arduous duties at Sumter or on the islands to visit us and partake of the best we could bestow on them.

The sound of the shells with their sharp, rasping, hissing sound before they exploded was familiar, the interest being to venture into range sometimes and discover the last place hit. There was a method in Gilmore's management of his "Swamp Angel." We always noticed the shells came quicker at church time on Sunday, and at ten to eleven at night. To add to our troubles, yellow fever broke out this year, the only time during the war. It was not a violent epidemic, but there were some deaths. We thought we were immune, but in September my sister took it.

One evening early in September my sister was better and a friend of mine (whose house we faced in their rear) begged me to come to tea. I went over at dusk, and with her and another guest were enjoying a cup of real tea and a bit of toast--quite a feast, when there was a tremendous explosion apparently just at hand. We all sat quiet, tea cups in hand. The negro boy rushed in, rolling his eyes, with the announcement that the opposite house in Aiken's row was struck, and they were moving out. The lady and her daughter were both ill with fever, and both died shortly in consequence of the fright and removal.

In quick succession several houses in Aiken's row were struck. As I look back now it seems strange to me that we all sat quietly in the drawing-room waiting our turn to be hit. The man servant returning at intervals to report that another of the houses was hit. I welcomed my father, when at nine, he came for me. Nothing ever overcame his sense of humor. He brought a large cotton umbrella, which, he said, he had brought to please my mother, as a shell might spare its hideousness. When I got home I found my mother and sister anxiously awaiting me. I had a little cot in a corner of my sister's room, and my mother, being anxious, lay on the bed by her. I went to bed and was soon asleep, the shelling apparently having ceased, but they had only paused to try a new gun. The first shells always going farthest, I was awakened by the horrible familiar hiss and plaster and glass falling over me. The shell cut the corner of the house and passed so near me that the glasses of the window near by my bed were broken, and the plastering above fell on me. The monster buried itself in our yard, making a horrible deep pit, but not exploding. A few more inches and I would have been buried with it. It shows how accustomed we were to shocks that I do not remember feel-

ing any terror, but remarked quietly in the dark to my mother, "I think we are hit." To my astonishment she broke forth in ejaculations of thanksgiving. The noise and crash had been so great she thought the side of the room with me in it had been taken away. That was the longest range shell that fell in Charleston. In a few days we went to the up-country to be with friends, and then last week came down to Otranto, where we are now.

OTRANTO, January 15, 1865.

I have not written for some time, but we all are really so troubled and depressed that, as mother says, we have to be physically active to keep from thinking, so little writing have I done this winter. I suppose you know father has gone with his company of reserves to Summerville. They are all men of over sixty, but we hear that Summerville is pleased to have them. Aunts Anna and May became so tired of refugee life in Camden that they decided to join mother, Annie, and me on the plantation. With father and our brother away we are very lonely, but Aunt Anna's eighty odd years make us anxious to make her comfortable. She is better off with us, for the terrible scarcity of provisions has not touched us here. We have enough of home provisions, but mother gives every morsel she can spare to the hospitals and soldiers' wayside homes in Charleston. The aunts say that despite the enormous board they had to pay in Camden they had only fresh pork and biscuits, not even milk, as so many of the cattle have been impressed for the army.

Christmas was certainly a very gloomy day. The news that Sherman was in Savannah struck us cold. Our three cousins got leave of absence and came up for a few hours. Mother had a turkey and we did our best, but I think they feel very grave over the state of things. We are in terror lest Charleston will have to be abandoned. Hal begged mother to return to the up-country, but she says she went away three times and will not leave again. She manages the plantation, you know. The negroes are very good, but there is a spirit of restlessness perceptible. Hal was shocked when he heard that we never locked up the house at night.

All the white men are in the army and some women are nervous, but we do not feel so. This intensely cold winter makes us wretched about our poor bare-footed soldiers. Mother can knit a pair of socks a day. Maum Martha spins the wool. I can do only one sock a day. We are fortunate to have so much lightwood. It is the only source of light we have, but we can manage our knitting and Annie even reads sometimes, but the paper is so bad that it is hard to read the printing on it.

OTRANTO, February 1, 1865.

I fear you are really having a dreadful time. The high price of provisions is certainly dreadful on people with fixed incomes.

We had quite an adventure last Wednesday. Father luckily came over from Summerville to dinner. It was a bitterly cold day. We were just sitting down to the luxury of calf's head soup, for father wished some veal to carry back to camp, when Quash came in with a rattled and rather bothered air, and said there was a Yankee soldier outside who wanted to give himself up. We all were thunderstruck, and followed father, who gave vent to great displeasure.

At the door stood a miserable looking creature, shivering in a tattered blue uniform. He was tall, thin, and white as a ghost, and his feet looked particularly white. I never saw a more abject object. Father tried to be very severe, but you know how kind-hearted he is, and while he was scolding the man I overheard Quash say aside to him, "Nebber min' what he say, Maussa doan' mean it. He is one ob de kindest mens in de wurl."

It seems that the man was a prisoner who had escaped from the cars on his way to prison some three

months ago and was trying to make his way to the coast, hoping to get through our lines. He had been living among the negroes, sleeping in their houses by day and traveling by night; but the wretched existence had worn him out and he came to give himself up. He was an Englishman who was impressed on his arrival in New York and he begged father to ask the authorities to let him take the oath of allegiance and fight for us; but father said there had been enough of that and such galvanized Yankees had done more harm than good.

This poor wretch is the first enemy we have seen, and we could not help feeling sorry for him, although, as father says, no doubt he has been demoralizing the negroes. He gave him a good dinner and turned him over to Daddy Paul to take care of until the next day, when father took him to Charleston and delivered him to the authorities. Mother found him an old jacket and pair of shoes and socks, which she gave him. Surely she had never expected to give a pair of her socks to one of the enemy.

Maum Martha thinks our kindness misplaced and told us he talked very different to them from the way he talked to us, but she told us this only after he had left, although it would have made no difference. We may have "heaped coals of fire," etc.

OTRANTO, February 15, 1865.

I have not heard from you for some time, but I know in these dark days you think of us. There is no doubt we live in dreadful times. We may soon be in the enemy's country, or rather our troops may have to retire from the coast.

Yesterday Annie and I determined to drive over to Summerville and dine with aunt, as she and Cousin Sue have begged us to do so. Mother did not want us to go. She feels the perilous times and all the sorrows she has had make her very anxious. But at last she consented to our going, much to Aunt May's disappointment, who thinks we should sit down and say, "Good Lord, deliver us," all the time.

We had a pleasant drive over, as you know it is only nine miles. Daddy Moses drove us and mother insisted that Cully should go as an outrider. He rode Lamb, and went ahead. It showed that mother was nervous, but Annie and I were amused, as we did not know what he was expected to do. We found aunt and Cousin Sue delighted to see us and we enjoyed our day. We left at 5 o'clock, as we could not get off earlier. Father dined with us and tried to start us earlier. Aunt is delighted to have him in Summerville as she says she "never felt so safe, because she knows he will fight."

Our drive home was gloomy and we did not reach there until 7 o'clock. As we drew near we met several of the negroes on farm horses looking for us, and at the avenue gate our maid Fanny peering for us in the dark. Mother and the aunts were wretched about us, particularly as Uncle Pete had come up from the city full of bad news. Charleston is to be evacuated, as Sherman's movements have made that necessary. He was horrified when he heard that we had taken so long a drive, as he says the woods are full of stragglers and escaped galvanized Yankees. I do not know what is before us, or when you will hear from us again.

OTRANTO, February 20, 1865.

Charleston is being evacuated and our army is passing all the time, and we reconcile ourselves to being left in the enemy's lines by the hope that our army, strengthened by the coast troops, may defeat Sherman. This letter will go by the last of our troops. The army has been passing for five days and many of the men come up to the house, where we give them everything we can for them to eat. They are full of courage and their appearance gives us renewed hope. They hate to leave us behind. Henry spent last night here. He got leave of absence with difficulty, but will rejoin his regiment at Strawberry Ferry. He begged mother to retire into the interior; but we mean to stay. He left us this morning. The captain in command of the rearguard at Goose Creek Bridge has just come to bid us good-by, and he took two letters, which he

promised to carry into our lines--one to papa and the other to aunt, which we knew would be the last tidings they would get from us.

This may, or may not reach you, but it is a comfort to write. The worst has come, or I hope it has. After my last letter we awaited the approach of the enemy with indescribable feelings. We tried not to think, and I must say I was afraid of being frightened out of my wits and was too thankful when the Yankees came. I was too angry to be **scarced**. We tried to keep up each other's spirits and were very busy hiding things. We took only Paul, Jack and Martha into our confidence and they helped us faithfully.

Tuesday passed in quiet. Mother, Annie and I took our usual walk in the afternoon and met one of the negroes, who told us that our men had not burned the bridge, and we determined that if this was the fact, we would do it ourselves; but as we approached we were glad to see it blazing in the distance. We felt then that we were really cut off from our own people, but at the same time had satisfaction in knowing that if our army was pursued the enemy would here meet an obstacle.

At 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon as we were again getting ready for a walk, a man was seen riding rapidly up the avenue. I called out, "The Yankees are here. I know them by their blue legs!" and you may be sure the family assembled quickly. In the mean while the man dashed past the house and rode quickly around it, evidently expecting some one to run out; finding no one, he returned to the front of the house, where we five ladies stood together on the piazza. By this time we saw many others coming up the avenue.

"Where is the man of the house?" demanded the man in an insolent tone.

Mamma replied, "He is not at home," and Aunt May added, "He is a gray-haired man."

He gave a leer and said, "But not too old to be in the Rebel army." This could not be denied, so we were silent. Then, with an expression of triumph he said, "You have never seen black troops, but you will soon have that pleasure; they are advancing now."

Mamma said, "I suppose they are not different from other negroes; we are accustomed to them and never have feared them."

This calm reply was evidently a disappointment, as he had hoped we would have been overcome with fear.

He turned off and said, "I must get some poultry for the General's supper," and went to the fowl-house, where about a dozen of his men joined him. In a few moments the cart, which just at the moment was coming up with a load of wood, was seized and filled with our fowls, turkeys, geese, etc., and driven off.

I happened to turn my eyes toward the western entrance from the main road and saw the negro soldiers rushing in.

To my latest day I will not forget their brutal appearance. They came up brandishing their guns with an air of wildness hard to describe, and in a short time were scattered over the plantation, committing every conceivable havoc. Their commander, Lieutenant J--, of New York, rode up to the house, accompanied by several white officers, and while we stood still and calmly upon the piazza he called out, "Where is the man of the house?"

Mother replied as before, when he said, "He is a Rebel," and turning to her said, "I am come to liberate your people," to which she quietly replied, "I hope you will be as kind to them as we have been." This visibly angered him and he exclaimed, "That is a strange reply to make to a Northern man, and an officer of a colored regiment." To which she replied, "We will not discuss the question."

He turned and said something to Quash, our waiting-man, and in a short time we heard him and the other officers upstairs in our bed-rooms. Mamma and Aunt Anna followed quietly and found that he had summoned our two maids, Rachel and Fanny, and was exhorting them to disclose where everything of value was concealed, saying, "Don't lie; that woman (meaning mother) is very bad," and a great deal more in the same strain, trying to incite them against us. They spoke to these servants as "Madam," and of mother as "that woman."

The two girls were very frightened, but behaved remarkably well and assured them that no valuables were hidden, and only the ladies' clothes were in the rooms. However, they ransacked our wardrobes and bureau drawers, throwing our things out all over the floor, and when they came downstairs took all the cold meats out of the larder.

While mother and Aunt Anna were upstairs helplessly following Lieutenant J-- around and witnessing his shameless conduct in our bed-rooms, Aunt May, Annie and I remained downstairs. A quiet-looking officer was standing in the piazza.

Aunt May, who never can control her curiosity, said to him, "We heard some heavy firing in Charleston this morning. Has anything occurred there?" "Good Heavens, Madam," he replied, "have you been so long out of the Union that you have forgotten Washington's birthday?"

At this moment about twenty rough-looking men came charging up to the house, evidently intending to enter. I confess that, for the first time I was alarmed, and calling to the officer said, "For Heaven's sake, protect us; don't let those men enter." He said, "I will do what I can," and placed himself in the doorway.

The men seeing him come forward as our protector, stopped in the piazza. By this time Lieutenant J-- and his party had returned from searching our bed-rooms, and calling to his men said, "Boys, take what you want." These acted like long-pent-up animals suddenly let loose. All our stock, horses and mules were driven off, our cattle, sheep and hogs were killed; the barns and smoke-house were broken open, and all their contents scattered, and all our vehicles of every kind, tools and implements were broken in pieces and thrown into the creek or burned.

It was awful to hear the screams of the cattle and hogs as they were chased and bayoneted, and the scatter and terror of the sheep was terrible to see. Even my pet calf, which you know papa gave me, and I

Calendar of Upcoming Events

December	14th	Christmas Dinner & Camp Meeting
January	18th	Cemetery Project 8:30 - Noon
January	18th	Lee-Jackson Dinner MOS&B Oakley Park Plantation
January	25th	Rain Date - Cemetery Project 8:30 - Noon
January	30th	Camp Meeting Carolina Wings in Lexington



took so much pleasure in raising by hand, was killed; and dear old Aaron, our house cat, was cruelly run through with a bayonet, right before my eyes, as he tried to escape under the house. Such brutal scenes I never had supposed I would ever have to witness.

While all this was going on mother said to Lieutenant J--, "If you take from us all means of subsistence we will starve." He turned, and with much satisfaction said, "You are being punished for what you have done;" and going out, mounted his horse and rode off among the negroes, proclaiming to them their freedom and incessantly asking for "the man of the house." They could only say that he was absent, when he said, "He may not be here, but he has left a -- rebel of a woman, who is as bad as a man, and the house ought to be burnt." The negroes were very much alarmed, and entreated us not to talk to the soldiers as they hated us so and said such awful things.

It was now quite dark and the excitement and confusion were truly awful. We all withdrew to the parlor, and closing the door sat in the dark, not knowing what the next moment might bring forth; but the faithful Quash brought in a candle and placed it on the table with his accustomed air.

He had scarcely brought it in when the front door was opened and in walked General Potter, followed by his aids. Not one of them had the decency to make the least salutation, or take any notice of the five ladies seated in the room. But the General immediately seated himself, while Lieutenant J-- seized our candle, and opening mother's bed-room door called out, "General, this will be a comfortable room for you," to which remark the General assented. Lieutenant J--, then looking around said, "I take possession of this room for General Potter." After this the General made repeated attempts at conversation with us, but as we had that afternoon seen such wanton destruction of our property, and were constrained to see our enemies occupying the rooms in which it had been so often our pleasure to entertain our friends, you may imagine we were in no mood for conversation.

We all soon went upstairs, where Quash brought us some tea. As it was then near midnight we decided to go to bed, and mother said she would go down in the morning and request that a written protection be furnished us, as this had been suggested by the quiet-looking officer, our protector of the afternoon before. Therefore, as early as possible she did so, but General Potter received her very shortly, and only replied, "Your husband is in the Rebel army." She replied, "It was our desire that he should leave us, and I am glad he is not here, for if he had been I suppose he would have been shot."

He replied, "You talk like a fool when you say that," and turned off; when mother said, "If that is your opinion, I have the more need of protection."

As the General was about to go out to mount his horse at the door, Lieutenant B-- came to the rescue, saying, "General, with your permission, I can write a paper addressed to the officers and men of the United States army, saying that it is your desire that this house and its lady occupants be unmolested."

The General only answered, "You may if you wish," when a paper to that effect was written, and its influence was certainly beneficial. We felt that we owed our safety largely to Lieutenant B--, who conducted himself in every way as a gentleman, and on leaving thanked mother courteously for his night's accommodation and politely bowed to all of us.

It was near midday before all of the officers had left the house, and we, much jaded, were able to have breakfast. The house was now kept strictly shut up, as the lawn was still studded with the tent flies of the regiment encamped there. If a door was opened for a moment, a soldier would walk in, and it was as much as mother could do to get him out again.

We kept almost entirely upstairs, taking all of our meals there, and in constant dread of making any noise. One man said to mother, "The General thinks that your husband is hidden; he does not believe that

he is not here."

In this extremity a kind-looking Irish soldier came to our aid and promised that we should be protected if it "cost him his life," and that he would bring a friend with him, who would spend the night in the shed room, "to be handy, if needed." This kind friend, McManus, proved his Irish blood by bringing the most villainous specimen of a man we had yet seen, and whispering to mother that "sure he had no confidence in him at all."

We were much taken aback at McManus's friend's appearance, but relieved when the chaplain of the regiment came up and asked to be allowed to sleep in the house.

Our servants behaved admirably and themselves provided and served our meals with unfailing regularity, and managed to give us many little treats, which we suspected came from the United States commissariat. Mother hopes that she may be able to get us to the city in safety, for our position here is very unprotected and we wish to get possession of our house in the city before it falls into the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau.

I place this letter in the hands of --, who promises to get it through the lines, and I trust it will reach you.

CHARLESTON, March 14, 1865.

I hope my last safely reached you, and I know you feel anxious about us, so I will get -- to smuggle this through the lines. You will be relieved to know that we are once more in our house in Charleston.

By dint of mother's representations of our unprotected condition on the plantation to the officer in command, and her frequent reminders that by their confiscation of all our animals and destruction of our vehicles we had been deprived of all means of transporting ourselves to the city, she obtained transportation.

As soon as the Northeastern Railroad was put in running order, which was within a few days after Charleston was evacuated, the major informed us that we might ride down in a box-car. He also gave us permission to carry in the car whatever household goods we could.

It was hard to choose from the accumulation of years what furniture to take with us, as we knew that all that was left would be stolen, our presence only having kept out the vagrant negroes and camp followers, who, we heard from the servants, complained very much that our house had not been gutted as had others in the neighborhood. We had a very short time for choosing, as we had notice only in the afternoon, that we must be off in the morning. Mother had a time among us, as each had something very untransportable, which, to quote dear Aunt Anna, "it would be sacrilege to leave."

I fought hard for all the books and the old sofa, which had been in the house since the Revolution, and was said to have been Washington's favorite seat when he visited the plantation in 1791; but I had to content myself with only the books that I could get into a trunk, and when our friendly Irish soldier, McManus, who volunteered to help us move the things, seized our valued sofa to hoist it into the car, it proved its antiquity by breaking in pieces. I could have cried over the loss, but mother said, "This is no time for sentiment; it has served from one Revolution to be wrecked in another."

The last night we spent at the plantation was truly forlorn. The servants warned us to expect an attack from some vagrant negroes, who had come from the up-country, and were roving about, as Maum Martha expressed it, "free till dey fool," robbing and destroying, unchecked by the authorities.

We asked the officer in command to give us a guard for the night, but he refused; so mother decided that we must spend the night together in the parlor. The men servants promised to watch outside, and both Fanny and Rachel begged to be allowed to stay with us in the house. You may imagine that it was a weary vigil, as none of us slept, and we put out the light, fearing lest it might guide some evil-doer.

Paul, Quash and Jack walked around the house by turns all night; and I am sure that it was owing to their faithful watchfulness that the dawn found us unmolested.

At an early hour Maum Martha brought in a nice breakfast, and with some pride told us that one of the officers had seen her preparing it and had expressed surprise; but she had told him that she was from an old Congo family herself, an' no upstart free nigger; for since Maussa's family came from France, and hers from Africa, they had been together for five generations. "An' so long as I's in de kitchen I knew what's proper to be sent in de house, even if I hab to scurry to get it."

Quash, Fanny, and Rachel came with us to the city, but Maum Martha and Paul were left behind in their home.

With difficulty we got in to the dirty box-car, and Aunt May had quilted into her skirts many papers for safe-keeping and around her shoulders had her valuable cashmere shawl sewed under a black one, all of which weighted her down so that she fell, and frightened us much by her inability to rise.

We picked her up and were thankful that she was not hurt, and had been kept from getting up only by her entourage.

At the station in Charleston we first heard of the burning of Columbia and while we were waiting for a carriage the officer in command of the guard kept dinning into our ears that General Hampton had burned that city, which assertion mother firmly contradicted, persistently saying that General Sherman had done it.

We were much afraid that we would find our house taken by the Freedmen's Bureau, or by some officers for a residence, but happily neither was the case. But we found that nearly all the furniture had been stolen, and were thankful to have the few pieces that we had brought from the plantation.

As it was on Saturday that we came down all of our things had to be left in the station until Monday, and then when Quash went for them he found that the military gentry (?) had taken from among them whatever they wanted.

All the furniture that we found in the house was an old table and a very large book-case, and my only bed thus far has been a mosquito net spread on the floor.

On Sunday afternoon mother and Aunt May went to see Cousin M., who is very ill, and while Annie and I remained with Aunt Anna, who was resting on her mattress on the floor, Rachel came rushing up stairs, saying, "Oh, mam, some officers say they want this house and have come to take it; they are coming up into the dining-room now."

I at once said, "We must go down and meet them," and calling to Annie to put the few spoons that were out at once in her pocket, we each gave Aunt Anna an arm and went down, followed by Rachel.

I must say I felt much agitated at the thought of what we might encounter, and dreaded for our old aunt, who seemed much unnerved.

As we entered the dining-room by one door a naval officer came in by the other, advancing with a calm air of possession.

I was just going to speak when Aunt Anna astounded us by saying, in the kindest tones, "Why, Ed-

mund! how is your mother?"

We thought her bereft of reason, but the effect upon the officer was instantaneously overwhelming. He staggered and exclaimed, "Good God! Miss J--, is it you? You shall not be molested," and turning quickly, left the house without giving her a chance to say another word.

It seems that Aunt Anna had instantly recognized him as the son of an old and dear friend in New York, and upon the return of mother and Aunt May the unlooked-for occurrence was fully discussed.

Aunt was much commended for recognizing him and we hope that her recognition will stand us in good stead, as we know that Lieutenant Henry is a gentleman, and on account of the warm friendship that has existed for so many years between our old aunts and the elder members of his family he will probably use any influence he may have with the authorities in our favor.

The next day another naval officer called at the house and asked to see mother, whom he told that he had had the pleasure, previous to the war, of serving with those of our family who were then in the navy, and although he had been blockading Charleston for many months he had promised our cousin, Lieutenant --, who remained in the United States Navy, that if he ever got into Charleston he would look us up, and gladly do what he could to help us.

Mother felt that in our present defenseless condition she should not refuse any offers of aid, and thanked him. He then produced a copy of a morning paper, which contained a general order that any citizen who desired protection must put a United States flag on his house, and that no outrages would be punished that were committed on premises that did not contain such flags.

After reading this order he drew from his pocket a small flag, which, he said, with our permission, he would tack to the piazza.

Mother politely declined his offer, but our aunts made such a point of the advisability of accepting it that she was induced to yield. He then asked me to hold the little staff while he tacked it to the post; but I could not touch it, and called to his assistance a little negro girl, as more appropriate, who stood staring in at the gate, and she held it for him.

Annie looked on quietly and said nothing, but at night, after we were gone to bed, said, "I cannot stand it. I cannot breathe with that flag there." She only expressed my own feelings, so we quietly went down in the dark, and pulling it down, secreted it.

We determined to keep our own counsel, as we had heard only the day before of the arrest and imprisonment of a lady for pulling down a similar flag, and had no desire to be martyrs, only we did not want it there. The next morning, while we held our peace, we were much amused at the excitement of our aunts over the disappearance of the flag, and their insisting that they knew it had been stolen, for they had seen "a man going down the street with one just like it."

The house now remains as heretofore, undecorated.

Captain Mayo, our naval friend, has just come to inform mother that orders have been issued by the commanding general that we all must go up King street tomorrow morning, and take the oath of allegiance to the United States. She positively refused, but Captain Mayo says that in case of non-compliance we will all have to leave the city at once. I am at a loss to imagine what grounds the authorities have for fear of us, as helpless a party of five ladies as can be found, the eldest being 81, and the youngest 16; but we must decide today, and unless you see us, if we are actually turned out, I will write you of the result in another letter.

CHARLESTON, March 17, 1865.

Day before yesterday Captain Mayo returned and informed us that the orders had been modified, so that if we desired, only the oath of neutrality would be required.

We had never before heard of such an oath being required of helpless women, but we were willing to compromise under the circumstances. So as there was not the smallest chance of our ever being of any service again to the Confederate cause, we announced our willingness to declare ourselves neutral if the United States Government thought it important.

Aunt Anna said her 81 years rendered her utterly unable to walk as far as the provost marshal's office and asked if the commandant thought her neutrality of importance would he send an officer to the house to administer the oath? This was done.

Aunt May, having in view the new regulation, which prohibited the delivery of letters through the post-office to any one who had not taken the oath of allegiance, and having her daughter in New York, from whom she was anxious to hear, said tremblingly that she would take the oath of allegiance.

Captain Mayo's manner to her immediately changed, and became very cordial, as he said he would go and notify the provost marshal and come back for us, whom he had already offered to accompany.

We retired to our room to make ourselves presentable for the streets, as we had not been out of the house since we came down from the plantation; and Annie and I changed our homespun dresses for our black and put on, with lurking feelings of satisfaction, our bonnets, for which we had paid the milliner, only a few months before, \$150 each. We felt that our enemies would be impressed with the fact that we were quite within the circle of the fashionable world, and really when we appeared Captain Mayo seemed quite struck; but we did not then imagine the reason.

He courteously offered his arm to Aunt May, who took it with a deep sigh, and we, leaving Aunt Anna to Rachel's care, followed them to the provost marshal's office, where we had reason to be glad of Captain Mayo's escort, as the sidewalk in front of the office and the doorway were thronged with idle negroes, who would have made themselves very offensive if they had not seen us escorted by a United States officer.

As we entered, Captain Mayo said to us in a low tone, "The oath will be administered to you ladies by a member of one of the best families of Boston," to which Annie replied, "Don't you think that he might be better employed?"

Of this the captain took no notice as he led the party to the middle of a room, where we stood the attraction of many curious eyes. The officer at the table came forward and asked which of the ladies desired to take the oath of allegiance, whereupon Aunt May, looking very conscious, moved forward and tremblingly held up her hand, but she was so agitated that she could scarcely murmur her assent and sign her name to the iron-clad oath.

When she had finished Captain Mayo congratulated her upon her renewed loyalty, but much to his chagrin she replied, "I only did it so that I could get my letters from the post-office; but I had not idea that the oath contained such dreadful sentiments; please let me scratch out my name and take the oath of neutrality instead."

At this the provost marshal remarked, "Madam, do you not realize the sanctity of an oath, or do you desire to take all the oaths?"

Mother and Annie calmly took oaths of neutrality, and when my turn came and I stepped forward to swear neutrality to the United States, it appeared to be the crowning farce of the day. The officers present seemed to be impressed with the absurdity of the thing and could not control their countenances, and

smiled as I stood before them.

As we sadly walked away we passed several Northern women and observed that they all wore bonnets not much larger than our hands, while our bonnets that we had thought so much of, with their lofty fronts, could be compared to nothing more truly than the tower of Pisa. We could not resist the idea that the oddity of our appearance must have led them to imagine that we had just come out of the ark.

Upon our arrival at home Annie and I at once set about cutting down our bonnets and drawing in and changing the shape of our skirts, but mother was very unsympathetic and said she could not imagine why we wished to look like Yankee women.

Annie and I witnessed a sickening sight yesterday when we were out on the street for a few moments. A handsome large dog was being chased by some negro soldiers, one of whom dashed out its brains with the butt of a rifle almost on to our skirts. We were dreadfully agitated, and upon mentioning the matter to Captain Mayo, he informed us that all dogs must have licenses or be killed. I was much distressed at the danger of losing my pet Cora, but Captain Mayo offered to obtain a license free for her if I would accept it, and as we did not have \$1.50 to pay for it, we accepted his kind offer, so Cora is now protected.

Yesterday mother received notice that a war tax had been levied upon all real estate, and that it must be paid within thirty days. Our tax amounts to \$180, and for our lives we cannot conceive where the money is coming from to pay it, as we have only one gold dollar among us, but little provisions, and only two of our cows that were smart enough to escape into the woods when the others of the herd were slaughtered at the plantation by General Potter's troops.

Mother was greatly troubled about the necessity of raising the money, and seeing an advertisement in the paper that old china and handsome pieces of glass would be bought by a Bostonian for relics, sent an answer to the address and this morning took from the trunk some of our best pieces we had saved and set them upon our only table in readiness for the purchaser.

While we were at dinner two very unattractive citizens of Boston presented themselves, who after looking at the articles, declined to purchase and instead offered themselves as boarders, saying that they had come to Charleston to open a grocery house and would be willing to pay their board in provisions. Of course this arrangement was promptly declined, but we were very much disheartened that our first effort to raise the money for the tax had proved such a failure.

I give you a copy of the oath of neutrality I had to take; it is such a farce.

"Headquarters Northern District Department South.

"Provost Marshal's Office, No. 35 King Street,

"Charleston, S. C., March 15, 1865.

"I do hereby certify on honor that on the 15th day of March, 1865, at Charleston, S. C., the oath of neutrality to the United States of America was duly taken, subscribed and made matter of record of by Miss Marion Porcher.

"THOMAS L. APPLETON,

*Captain Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers,
Provost Marshal, N. D. D. S."*

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) (Cancelled)
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***



15TH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS

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Email: SC_15th_Regiment@hotmail.com

Next Camp Meeting
Saturday December 14th, 7 PM
Gilligan's Restaurant
North Lake Blvd. Lexington

“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.