

15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers



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



Volume X, Issue VIII

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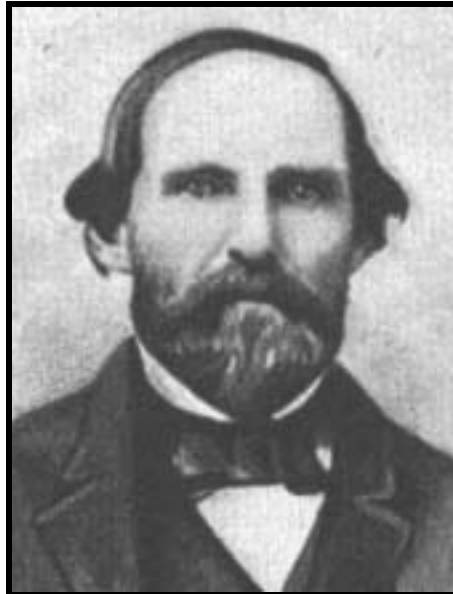
August 2002

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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**



**Brig General Ben McCulloch
(1811-1862)**

One of Texas' most noted heroes, Ben McCulloch was born in Tennessee and died in Arkansas. He spent most of his life in service to Texas, however, and is buried in the Texas State cemetery in Austin.

Send all camp correspondence to:
**15th Regiment SC Vols
P.O. Box 84381
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29073**

McCulloch was born November 11, 1811 in Rutherford County, Tennessee into a family that would grow to twelve children. He and became well educated through extensive reading. While in his mid-twenties still in Tennessee, McCulloch met David Crockett. Although he planned to accompany Crockett to Texas, McCulloch's plans were delayed. He did, however, arrive in Texas in time to participate in the Battle of San Jacinto.

After San Jacinto, McCulloch was elected to the Second Congress of the Republic and later, to the First Legislature of the newly formed state. He also helped protect the Texas frontier, and served in several expeditions against Mexicans and Indians, including the Battle of Plum Creek.

Early in the Mexican-American War, McCulloch led a company of scouts into the Matamoras-Camargo-Monterrey triangle south of the Rio Grande. McCulloch became a "49er" in the rush to find California gold. The following year, in 1850, he was elected sheriff of Sacramento County, an office he held until returning to Texas in 1852.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, McCulloch and his brother Henry participated in the takeover of Federal garrisons in San Antonio. Commissioned a brigadier general in the Confederate army, he led a division in the battle of Elkhorn Tavern (Pea Ridge) in northwest Arkansas. On the second day of the battle, March 7, 1862, the legendary Texan was hit by a Federal marksman and killed instantly. His body was brought to Austin for burial in the State Cemetery.



Sons of Confederate Veterans
In South Carolina
1894-2000



Compiled by
Dennis E. Todd
Historian, South Carolina Division
Sons of Confederate Veterans

2001

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The Battle of Wilson's Creek Missouri August 10, 1861

Respecting the neutrality of Ky., the Confederates undertook to gain control of Missouri. The beginning of Aug. there was a Confederate force of about 10,000 militia and volunteers from Mo., Ark., and La. advancing from southwest Mo. At Pocahontas, in northeast Ark., Wm. J. Hardee was organizing 5,000 Ark. volunteers. M. Jeff Thompson's "Mushrats" were nearby in southeast Missouri. At New Madrid on the Mississippi a force of 6,000 Tenn. troops under Gideon Pillow was located. The separate commands were expected to cooperate in an advance on St. Louis.

The fiery little Nathaniel Lyon had assumed control of military affairs in Mo. Franz Sigel had clashed with Gov. Jackson's forces at Carthage, Mo., 5 July, and then withdrawn to join Lyon at Springfield. Since his department commander, Fremont, showed no concern for the safety of his force and would give him no support, Lyon determined to take the offensive against the advancing enemy.

Lyon planned a concentric advance against the combined Confederate forces under McCulloch that were camped at Wilson's Creek, southwest of Springfield. While he himself led the main attack from the north, Sigel was to attack from the south. Both forces bivouacked a short distance from the unsuspecting Confederates the night of 9 Aug.

The northern column moved out at 4 A.m. and drove back the outposts of Rains. Lyon's main body then advanced west of the creek, while a flank guard, under Capt. J. B. Plummer, moved on the opposite side against a Confederate force that had been seen advancing toward the "Corn Field" from the Ray house. Plummer's battalion of Mo. Home Guards was reinforced by the 1st US Inf. (300 men). In an hour's fight the Federals drove the enemy back to the Ray house.. but were then counterattacked and routed with a loss of 80 killed and wounded. Hebert's 3d La. ("Pelican Rifles") and McIntosh's Mounted Ark. were the Confederate troops involved.

By about 6:30 A.M. the Confederate line under Price had been drawn up to oppose Lyon on Oak Hill. Totten's 2d US Arty. and DuBois's were supporting the Federals with 16 guns, while the batteries of Guibor, Bledsoe, Woodruff, and Reid (total, 15 guns) supported the Confederates.

After an hour's fight Price was driven down the hill to Wilson's Creek where he re-formed to counterattack. Greer's cavalry attempted to aid the latter movement by an envelopment of the Federal left by way of Skegg's Branch. However, Totten spotted this threat and repulsed it with his guns.

Sigel, meanwhile, had advanced according to plan toward the battlefield from the south. At 5:30 A. M. he was in position near Tyrel's Creek and had placed a battery on high ground east of Wilson's Creek to fire into the cavalry camps of Greer, Churchill, and Major. When he heard Lyon's opening guns, Sigel routed the Confederate cavalry and then advanced toward Sharp's House, taking up an intermediate position on the way. At Sharp's House he was attacked and routed by McCulloch with Hebert's 3d La. and Churchill's cavalry. When Hebert's Pelican Rifles advanced in their natty gray uniforms, Sigel mistook them for the 1st Iowa and assumed that Lyon had already carried his portion of the field. Reid's battery enfiladed the Federals from positions on high ground east of Wilson's Creek while McCulloch's attack routed them. By 11 o'clock Sigel was out of the fight and the Confederates could mass their entire strength of two to one against Lyon.

On Oak Hill the Federals had repulsed two attacks. Lyon had been wounded twice (in the leg and head) before finally being killed at about 10:30. It was about this time that the third Confederate charge was under way. The 1st Iowa was brought up from reserve but when ordered by Schofield to charge refused to go forward. At 11:30 the Confederates broke off the action and retired down the hill for the fourth time. Maj. Sturgis, who had succeeded Lyon, then ordered a withdrawal. This

controversial decision was apparently prompted by Sturgis' lack of confidence in the ability of his tired troops, who were almost out of ammunition, to withstand another attack. "Had the fortunes of battle spared Lyon, Wilson's Creek might have been the most brilliant victory of the Civil War," wrote Monaghan. "General Sherman blamed the next four years of strife and pillage in Missouri on Lyon's death".

Although a minor engagement, this was one of the most fiercely-contested of the war. The Federals were outnumbered 11,600 to 5,400. They lost 1,235 (223 killed, 721 wounded, 291 missing) while inflicting on the Confederates a loss of 1,184 (257 killed, 900 wounded, 27 missing). They killed or wounded 214 Confederates for every 1,000 of their own troops engaged, whereas the Confederates inflicted only 81 casualties on the same basis. Considering Sigel's poor performance, this over-all record is particularly remarkable.

McCulloch did not pursue the Federals, as they retreated to Rolla. Price occupied Springfield and then captured a Federal brigade at Lexington, Mo., 20 Sept.

Source: "The Civil War Dictionary" by Mark M. Boatner III

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We are proud to announce that the reorganization of our web site has been completed. Yet we are not finished and should never be finished with it as we are a growing group and as such the web site will grow with us.

There was a large amount of thought and preparation which went into the design of this site. One key element was to use computer software which can be operated by anyone with a little training. We chose to go with Microsoft Front Page. A decision was also made to register a domain name for the camp. We decided on the abbreviated form of our name 15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, hence 15THREGTSCVOLS. The ".ORG" means organization.

A request has been sent to National and to the State webmasters to redirect the link to our camp to the new web site. Look for it over the next couple of months.

Wolfe Consulting has donated the programming time, domain registration and the first year's web hosting fees. Next year it will be the Camp's responsibility to pay the web hosting fees and domain fee. Wolfe Consulting will be willing to donate its maintenance fees to the Camp.

Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments

August 2002

Dear Compatriots:

It has been an exciting time since I saw you last. My wife, Carol, and I just returned from the S. C. V. National Convention in Memphis, Tennessee. Also in attendance from Camp 51 were Judge Advocate Dennis Todd and his wife, Ernestine. We had a great time in Memphis. There are plenty of interesting things to do in Memphis. Two things appeared to be inescapable in Memphis—music and barbeque. There were plenty of both, and that is not a bad thing.



The convention, at the luxurious Peabody Hotel with the ducks in the lobby fountain, got off to a great start with the opening ceremony. As I walked into the grand ballroom I noticed the band and looked around for screens and other audiovisual equipment I have come to expect for opening ceremonies. There were none to be found. I braced myself for a poor ceremony. The audiovisual presentation of the opening ceremony at the 1996 convention in Richmond had been so good, how could this compete? Well, I was in for a big surprise. The ceremony started with a focus on Nathan Bedford Forrest. This was Memphis, so this was not unexpected. I had already noticed four different pictures of him on the cover of the official program, plus one additional photograph of his bronze statue. As the narrator mentioned his parents, the door opened and in they walked. Well, maybe not them, but, people portraying them walked in. Then, little nine-year-old Bedford walked in. As the narrator told the historical story a number of famous and not-so-famous historical figures walked in wearing period costumes. This came to conclusion with Forrest himself riding in accompanied by four Confederate cavalrymen. Okay, it might not have been Forrest himself. But, it was a darn good likeness and the effect on the assembled crowd was the same. The ballroom erupted into spontaneous cheers, Rebel Yells, and applause.

However, that was not the biggest thrill I had at the convention. This thrill was even greater than my trips to the battlefields at Shiloh and Fort Pillow. I stood at the front of the room during the S. C. V. Awards Luncheon and received a plaque from S. C. B. Commander-In-Chief Edwin L. Deason for the S. A. Cunningham Award. This is the national award for the best camp newsletter for camps with over 50 members. Standing there shaking hands with Commander-In-Chief Deason and receiving this prestigious award from him was a thrill and an honor.

Racing back to my room after the luncheon I grabbed my cell phone and called our newsletter editor, Steve Wolfe. I told Steve that I had good news and bad news. He asked for the good news first. I told him we had won the S. A. Cunningham Award. He asked for clarification that it was the first place award. I told him it was. He asked for the bad news. I read him the plaque with the last line reading "Wayne D. Roberts, Commander." There was no mention of our editor's name. Steve was a little disappointed in the lack of recognition, but thrilled with the award. I want everyone to know that Steve, not me, is responsible for this award. I cannot even take credit for appointing Steve to the job. But, I did have the good sense to reappoint him as editor. Let us all be proud of Steve, our newsletter, and all of you compatriots who have

contributed material to make the newsletter great.

We won the newsletter award at the state convention in April. We also won a recruiting award at the state convention. With the state awards and now the S. A. Cunningham award, we seem to be moving on the right track. We continue to make progress on our historical projects, the Fort Cemetery and the Lake Murray Monument. Let us not sit back and congratulate each other. Instead, let us see what we can do in the rest of 2002 and next year in 2003. Together, we can work towards fulfilling the charge of Lt. General Stephen D. Lee. I look forward to seeing you all at the Camp picnic on August 29.

Yours in the Cause

Wayne D. Roberts

Commander- Camp 51

How the voting faired at National Convention

Dennis Todd
Judge Advocate

ANV - first vote for ANV Commander: Randy Burbage 205 votes, Charles Hawks 208 votes and Kirk Lyons 245 votes. On the second vote for ANV Commander: Charles Hawks 325 votes and Lyons 308 votes. On the ANV Committeeman Henry Kidd won over Russell Darden.

Commander-in-Chief first vote: Ron Wilson 630 votes, Troy Massey 591 votes, Frank Powell 279 votes and Patrick Hardy 133 votes. On the second vote for CIC: Ron Wilson 843 votes and Massey 796 votes.

Lt. CiC is Denne A. Sweeney the only one that ran.

Editor's Comments

At the 2000 State Convention I thought that it would be great if our camp won best in state. With the assistance on many Camp members who supported this effort with their input and submissions, we were the best in the state. Wayne then pushed for an entry into national competition for the S. A. Cunningham award for best in nation. We sat our eyes on being the best and we are for 2001.

The accolades need not go out to the newsletter editor, but to the entire camp. This is the Camp's newsletter and can only be as good as the Camp members want it to be. We as an organization do many good things for our society which go un-noticed. This publication is one way to get our message out.

There are new projects coming up and Wayne needs the support of the Camp to carry them out. Staying home is not the way to accomplish our goals. We each must make an effort to attend the monthly meetings and take an active part in the Camp's projects.

Camp 51 won three awards this year. In 2002 we must do better. This means more involvement by our membership.

A BATTLE PRAYER

GOD OF BATTLES, BE WITH US NOW
 GUARD OUR SONS FROM THE LEAD OF SHAME,
 WATCH OUR SONS WHEN THE CANNONS FLAME.

LET THEN NOT TO A TYRANT BOW.
 GOD OF BATTLES, TO THE WE PRAY:
 BE WITH EACH SON WHO FIGHTS
 IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

GRANT HIM STRENGTH AND LEAD THE WAY.
 GOD OF BATTLES, ARE YOUTH WE GIVE
 TO THE BATTLE LINE ON FOREIGN SOIL,
 TO CONQUER HATRED AND LUST AND SPOIL;
 GRANT THAT THEY AND THEIR CAUSE SHALL LIVE.

POEM BY EAGAR A. GUEST
 SUMITED BY:
 BILL HARRELL- CHAPLIN CAMP 51- SCV

Letter from General Wheeler in Columbia

*HQ 2nd Mil Dis of the West
 Columbia S.C. 12th Feby
 18 1/2 OC P.M.*

Genl

General Hardee asks for Cavalry to guard his Right flank, particularly as much as extends from Sandy Run to (blank space) and Genl Beauregard directs that you move as soon as practicable that the wishes of LtGenl Hardee may be carried out.

*Respectfully
 Your obt servant*

*Maj Genl Joseph Wheeler
 Commanding Cav Corps*

The above letter comes from the Annie Wheeler scrapbooks, Birmingham Public Library Department of Archives and Manuscripts. This letter can be found on Reel 1 of Series 1. The collection starts around the Mexican War days and continues through his involvement in the Spanish-American War. There is another letter as I recall, placing Gen. Wheeler in front of The Old Red Store in Sandy Run. He states that he is surrounded by Yankees and is writing Beauregard for assistance. As an Archival Assistant, I worked on this collection.

Steve

Camp Announcements

September 16th 6:30 pm

Meeting of the Maxcy Gregg Chapter MOS&B. We will once again meet at the Chestnut Hill Plantation Clubhouse for dinner and hear a presentation from SC State Underwater Archeologist Chris Amer. Chris will be delivering a newly updated presentation on the efforts to recover the H. L. Hunley submarine.



Price of the dinner will be \$6. You are encouraged to invite the ladies to our bi-monthly meetings. Bring a friend and let's see the membership grow. As always this event is open to the ladies.

Christmas Gala **December 14th, 7 PM**

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

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

Ancestor Articles are needed for Camp Project

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

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

Dedication of Pocotaligo Historical Marker

Word has come that the staff of the State Archives has approved the MOS&B's historical highway marker for the Battle of Pocotaligo. The current plans are to have the dedication on the weekend of October 19th. This just may turn out to be one of the finest marker dedications in recent years as this is also the weekend of the Battle of Honey Hill.

With re-enactors present and a large crowd of guests in the area, we should have a fine turnout for this event. When the plan is finalized we will be once again make an announcement so that you can make your plans to be there.

For now, please make a strong effort to be in the Beaufort area on the weekend of October 19th for the dedication of the Pocotaligo Historical Marker.

Ancestor Highlight

The Ancestors of Compatriot E. M. Clark

Ancestor stories take many forms. Some are simple, a story that tells the basics about the ancestor. Some are longer and tells about the ancestor and the battles in which he fought. There are those with photographs and many more without. There are stories written by the ancestor, by a daughter, son, or other family member.

Then there is the story like this month's which was submitted by compatriot E. M. Clark. This story is about his family. It says a lot without telling a full story about any one ancestor. Take a close look at the family members who fought in the same unit, those who did not return. Look at the battles in which they fought and how they perished.

This entry is rich with information. Read it carefully and then find the books which tell of the battles in which they fought and where they were. Find the first hand accounts of the battles and see what they saw.

Last Name	First Name	Middle Name	Relationship	Rank	Company	Unit	Miscellaneous
Clark	Flournoy		G3Granduncle	1st Sgt	Tillman's	11th Ga Cav State Guards	Buried: Moultrie City Cemetery, Moultrie, Ga
Johnson	Archibald		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. F	11th Ga. Infantry (Appling Rangers)	Died 1863
Johnson	Obadiah		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. B	12th Ga Styles Battery	
Clamp	James	Belton	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	13th S.C. Infantry	Died of wounds, 2nd Manassas. Probally buried at Warrenton, VA
Craps	Harrison	Franklin	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	13th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Craps family cemetery, Ray Price Rd, Lexington Co, SC
Craps	Patrick	Eldridge	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	13th S.C. Infantry	Died Wynder Hospital, Richmond, VA, buried: Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.
Clamp	Henry		G3Grandfather	Pvt	Co. E	14th S.C. Infantry	Died POW New Bern, NC Buried at Cedar Grove Cemetery, New Bern, NC

Craps	Edwin	Boyd	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Oakgrove Cemetery, Richmond, VA Grave 4 Row 39
Craps	Henry	Hampton	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Captured Jun 05, 1864 - Piedmont, Va
Hite	D.	Walter	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Cedar Grove Lutheran Church, Lexington Co. SC
Hite	Noah	W.	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Died in hospital at Summerville, SC
Oxner	Nathaniel		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried in Oxner family cemetery, Nathaniel Oxner Rd, Lexington Co. SC
Oxner	William	Bennett	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried in St Marks Lutheran Church Cemetery, Prosperity SC
Risinger	David		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	DOD (Typhoid Fever), Buried Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, VA
Risinger	Noah		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Killed at Battle of Wilderness, Va
Risinger	Wesley		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried Risinger Family Cemetery, Leesville, SC
Taylor	Lodwick		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. C	15th S.C. Infantry	Buried Leaphart/Taylor Cenetry, Gilbert, SC
Clark	Matthew		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. A,B	19th Battalion (10th) Ga Cavalry	Buried City Cemetery, Eastman, Dodge County, Ga
Hite	Joseph		G2Grandfather	Pvt	Co. K	20th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Cedar Grove Lutheran Church, Lexington Co. SC
Senn	Samuel		G3Grandfather	Pvt	Co. K	20th S.C. Infantry	
Spires	Andrew		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	20th S.C. Infantry	
Spires	Dererick		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	20th S.C. Infantry	Killed at Battle of Cedar Creek, VA

Spires	Jasper		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	20th S.C. Infantry	
Taylor	Elbert	Jefferson	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	20th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Cedar Grove Lutheran Church, Lexington Co. SC
Taylor	Jasper		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	20th S.C. Infantry	Buried: Hite/Taylor Cemetery Two Notch Road, Lexington Co. SC
Oxner	Alfred	Jackson	G3Granduncle	Cpl	Co. C	23rd Regiment SC State Troops	Buried in family cemetery, Hwy 55, 12 miles NE of Newberry, SC
Johnson	Levi		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. I	27th Ga Infantry (Appling Grays)	KIA Sharpesburg, MD, September 17th, 1862
Johnson	Samuel	M.	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. I	27th Ga Infantry (Appling Grays)	Buried: Telfair County, Ga
Spires	Michael		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	29th S.C. Infantry	
Clark	Hamilton		G2Granduncle	Sgt	Co. H	47th Ga Infantry	Buried City Cemetery, Chauncey, Dodge County, Ga
Cook	Jehu		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. F	47th Ga Infantry	Buried: Zoar Cemetery, Appling County Ga
Cook	John		G2Grandfather	Pvt	Co. F	47th Ga Infantry	
Johnson	Mathew		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. F	47th Ga Infantry	
Clark	Benjamin	Newton	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. G	49th Ga Infantry	DOD (Small Pox), Point Lookout, MD (Mass Grave)

Clark	Harlow		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	4th (Clinch's) Ga Cavalry	Buried City Cemetery, Eastman, Dodge County, Ga
Clark	John	Jackson	G2Grandfather	Pvt	Co. A,K	4th (Clinch's) Ga Cavalry	Buried City Cemetery, Eastman, Dodge County, Ga
Clark	Francis	Marion	G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. H	63rd Ga Infantry	KIA Battle of Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Ga, Buried: Oakland Cemetery, sec D, Row 1, space 18
Hallman	Levi		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. K	9th S.C. Infantry	Died in hospital near Germantown, Va
Johnson	Arther		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Mayer's	Appling Cavalry	
Johnson	David		G2Grandfather	Pvt	Mayer's	Appling Cavalry	
Johnson	Ebenezer		G2Granduncle	Pvt	Mayer's	Appling Cavalry	
Johnson	John	R	G2Granduncle	Pvt	Mayer's	Appling Cavalry	Buried: Corinth Cemetery, Appling County, Ga
Johnson	Reubin		G3Granduncle	Pvt	Mayer's	Appling Cavalry	
Hallman	Daniel	J.	G3Granduncle	Pvt	Co. F	Palmetto Sharpshooters	
Rikard	Henry	Samuel	G2Grandfather	Pvt	Co. F	Palmetto Sharpshooters	Buried in St James Lutheran Church Cemetery, Summit, Lexington, Co, SC

Two Jasper County battles helped prolong Confederacy

Union expeditions failed to break a vital rail line in 1862.

By Rob Dewig / Carolina Morning News

Union Col. Tighman H. Good watched impatiently as troops from his 47th Pennsylvania Regiment noisily splashed ashore on Mackay's Point early on the morning of Oct. 22, 1862.

Although he had landed 480 of his men and another 400 from the 55th Pennsylvania, he hadn't yet seen his remaining two companies or their transport.

He needed those men if he was to be successful in establishing a foothold across the first of several causeways he had to cross in order to destroy an important Charleston and Savannah Railroad bridge.

And besides, the longer it took to land his men, the more likely he was to be seen by prowling Confederate patrols. Running headlong into a pitched battle wasn't exactly what he had in mind. He wanted to burn and destroy the railroad and get out of the Lowcountry.

His fears of discovery and subsequent destruction, as it turned out, were well-founded.

Rebel pickets reached Col. W.S. Walker, the officer assigned to protect the railroad linking the vital ports of Savannah and Charleston, with word of the Yankee invasion within a couple hours. He immediately ordered his entire command under arms and marched to meet the Federals.

Within a day, his badly outnumbered army had sent 4,500 Yankees fleeing after two separate battles to the safety of the gunboats and away from the railroad, keeping the coast safely in Rebel hands for another two years.

By October 1862, the Union army had fortified and established a base on Hilton Head Island and in Beaufort. The camps were intended as coaling depots for the ever-growing blockade of the Rebel coastline and as a jumping-off point for incursions into the Lowcountry. By slicing the C&S railroad, Savannah and Charleston would be isolated from each other, and much more likely to fall.

Enter Federal Maj. Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchel.

'Move upon the enemy'

"The capture of Port Royal (Sound, in November 1861) was intended to be but the beginning of operations that should end in the capture of Charleston and Savannah, (and) now we should prepare ourselves to move upon the enemy's works," Mitchel told his troops.

Embarked on a variety of transport ships, Mitchel's army landed on Mackay's Point early Oct. 22. They had to march about eight or nine miles to the tiny village of Pocotaligo, where they intended to burn the railroad bridge and destroy as much track as possible. A second, smaller group was sent after the nearby Coosawhatchie railroad bridge.

Colonel Good, in the lead with his finally-united Pennsylvanians, met the first Rebel resistance near aban-

doned Caston's Plantation. Two howitzers from the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, supported by cavalry and infantry, opened on the Unionists, but retreated quickly after Union artillery opened in return. The now-slowed Union advance plowed on, pushing the Rebels from Caston's and later Frampton's plantations. The delay allowed Walker to throw together a force of about 405 men, who took position behind a small earthwork near the Frampton Plantation house.

Still the Yankees came on, their superior numbers and cannon pushing the Rebels before them. "Our men fought splendidly," wrote a correspondent with the New York Herald. "Most of the fighting was through swamps and in cotton fields. Several times they got into mud so deep they had to help one another out."

Yankees kept coming

Still the Northerners plodded on, through swamps and marshes, pursuing the outnumbered Rebels to the Pocotaligo Bridge, the object of the main expedition.

Capt. Stephen Elliott Jr. of the Beaufort Artillery, commander of the Confederate rear guard, had to juggle command of two full batteries on narrow Lowcountry roads with an earnest desire to be anywhere but where he was.

"I will confess that it is no joke to use two batteries in a narrow road while pulling back in retreat during some confusion, but I am glad they felt the force of it. Some halves of heads and legs bear faithful testimony to the accuracy of our fire (but) I don't like fighting one bit," he wrote. "I always am scared before getting into one and am always willing to stop when in one."

He couldn't stop, however. At least not yet. Despite fearful casualties, the Yankees kept coming. The Rebels retreated to the bridge, which Walker ordered destroyed. Scarcely had the work of ripping the planks begun when the lead Federal units appeared. Bravely, Elliott and his artillery responded until, with only three of the original eight cannon left firing, he was finally able to force the Yankee cannon to retreat. Now the infantry entered the fray. With artillery remnants from both sides keeping up a furious, desperate fire, Union and Confederate infantry stood on opposite sides of a muddy marsh and blazed away at each other.

"The dead and wounded fell all around me," wrote one soldier in the 7th Connecticut Infantry, "and I expected to get hit every minute, but I felt as if I would 10 times rather be shot than shirk my duty. I was never so cool in my life. I loaded and fired my gun as if I were firing at a mark."

A number of Confederate cavalry crossed the Pocotaligo and its marshes as the battle raged, threatening to hit the entire Union line from the rear. The 76th Pennsylvania turned its line, fired on the horsemen, and cheered as they fell back.

Eventually, firing died down, to be replaced by the sound of a steam engine whistling as it pulled into Pocotaligo depot laden with reinforcing Rebels.

The recently arrived 7th South Carolina Infantry Battalion rushed to the front, opened on the invaders, and battled them for two hours. With night falling as quickly as his men, the Union commander had finally had enough.

By 6 p.m., the Union army was in full retreat, the 47th Pennsylvania forming the rearguard as the beaten U. S. Army retreated back to Mackay's Point.

The Coosawhatchie expedition

The same morning the main force set out, 400 men raided the Coosawhatchie Bridge. Quickly marching to Coosawhatchie, the Yankees were fortunate enough to reach the railroad as a train loaded with troops from the 11th South Carolina regiment chugged into the station.

Hiding out of sight, the Yankees waited until the train passed within 10 yards of their position. "It was a terrible and unexpected volley we fired into them," wrote a member of the 300-man 48th New York. Many of the Confederates were riding in open platform cars. The volley, combined with that of a "little howitzer," was devastating, Union soldiers reported. Men died and were wounded, some fell off the train cars, and the color bearer of the Whippy Swamp Guards lost his balance and his flag as it fell from his hands.

The train passed on and unloaded its shaken troops at Coosawhatchie. With six cannons and the large, if disordered, 11th South Carolina as reinforcements, the Confederates gathered before the bridge were too much for the Unionists, who retreated to their transports after a few shots.

Human toll heavy

Casualties from the two battles were numerous. The Union army reported 340 men unable to respond for duty the next day, including 45 dead or mortally wounded. That number rose as days passed by. The 47th Pennsylvania alone lost 112 men, including 18 killed. The 76th Pennsylvania lost 79 men.

The outnumbered Rebels fared better, with only 163 casualties reported. The 11th South Carolina lost 21, including several lost on the ambushed train. The 7th South Carolina Battalion lost 25 at Pocotaligo Bridge. The Nelson Virginia Artillery and the Beaufort Artillery were virtually wiped out, losing a combined 32 men.

As a result of the campaign, the C&S was not attacked in force until 1864, when an even-larger Union army made a march on Honey Hill, near Grahamville, where they were met and slaughtered by another tiny Rebel army.

The railroad finally fell as William T. Sherman, fresh from his conquest of Savannah, marched north into South Carolina, destroying the rails as he marched.

(Information for this story came from the U.S. government's "Official Records of the Civil War"; Lewis Schmidt's "The Battle of Pocotaligo South Carolina October 22, 1862"; and "The Pocotaligo Expedition," published by the Western Carolina Historical Research Association.)

<http://www.savannahnow.com/stories/012798/CMNbattles.html>

The Mint Julep

The Mint Julep, a distinctive Southern drink, popular in the ante bellum South right up through modern times, is a mixture of water, sugar, mint leaves and, above all, bourbon whiskey. While it can be purchased today in modern drinking establishments in the South, those served there bear little resemblance to those served in the home. The serving of this elixir to family and guests on a hot summer afternoon was, and is, accomplished with the greatest fanfare and flourish to show respect for those receiving it. It is as much of a ceremony as it is a drink.

The following is a copy of a letter from Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., USA [(VMI-1906, West Point-1908) killed on Okinawa June 18, 1945] to Major General William D. Connor, [Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point] dated March 30, 1937. Buckner Jr. was the grandson of General Simon Bolivar Buckner of the Confederate army who surrendered Fort Donelson to General Grant, thus giving Grant his nickname of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. This letter clearly demonstrates the esteem in which a "Mint Julep" is held.

My Dear General Connor:

Your letter requesting my formula for mixing mint juleps leaves me in the same position in which Captain Barber found himself when asked how he was able to carve the image of an elephant from a block of wood. He said that it was a simple process consisting merely of whittling off the part that didn't look like an elephant.

The preparation of the quintessence of gentlemanly beverages can be described only in like terms. A mint julep is not a product of a formula. It is a ceremony and must be performed by a gentleman possessing a true sense of the artistic, a deep reverence for the ingredients and a proper appreciation of the occasion. It is a rite that must not be entrusted to a novice, a statistician nor a Yankee. It is a heritage of the Old South, and emblem of hospitality, and a vehicle in which noble minds can travel together upon the flower-strewn paths of a happy and congenial thought. So far as the mere mechanics of the operation are concerned, the procedure, stripped of its ceremonial embellishments, can be described as follows:

Go to a spring where cool, crystal-clear water bubbles from under a bank of dew-washed ferns. In a consecrated vessel, dip up a little water at the source. Follow the stream thru its banks of green moss and wild flowers until it broadens and trickles thru beds of mint growing in aromatic profusion and waving softly in the summer breeze. Gather the sweetest and tenderest shoots and gently carry them home. Go to the sideboard and select a decanter of Kentucky Bourbon distilled by a master hand, mellowed with age, yet still vigorous and inspiring. An ancestral sugar bowl, a row of silver goblets, some spoons and some ice and you are ready to start.

Into a canvas bag pound twice as much ice as you think you will need. Make it fine as snow, keep it dry and do not allow it to degenerate into slush. Into each goblet, put a slightly heaping teaspoonful of granulated sugar, barely cover this with spring water and slightly bruise one mint leaf into this, leaving the spoon in the goblet. Then pour elixir from the decanter until the goblets are about one-fourth full. Fill the goblets with snowy ice, sprinkling in a small amount of sugar as you fill. Wipe the outside of the goblets dry, and embellish copiously with mint. Then comes the delicate and important operation of frosting. By proper manipulation of the spoon, the ingredients are circulated and blended until nature, wishing to take a further hand and add another of its beautiful phenomena, encrusts the whole in a glistening coat of white frost.

Thus harmoniously blended by the deft touches of a skilled hand, you have a beverage eminently appropriate for honorable men and beautiful women.

When all is ready, assemble your guests on the porch or in the garden where the aroma of the juleps will rise heavenward and make the birds sing. Propose a worthy toast, raise the goblets to your lips, bury your nose in the mint, inhale a deep breath of its fragrance and sip the nectar of the gods.

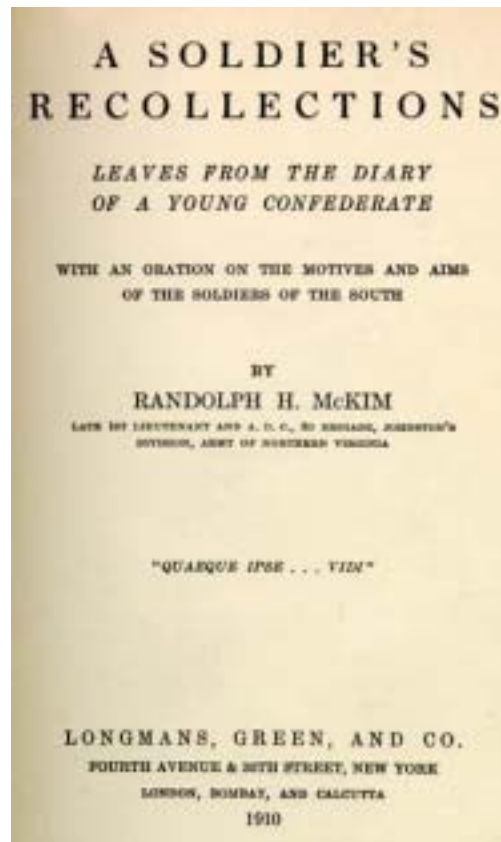
Being overcome with thirst, I can write no further.

Sincerely,
Lt. Gen. S.B. Buckner, Jr.
VMI Class of 1906

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

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

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CHAPTER VIII

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862

EARLY in March the war entered upon a new phase. General McClellan had withdrawn from Johnston's front at Manassas, and transported his army by water to Fortress Monroe, and was now advancing on Richmond by way of the peninsula, making the York River and the James his bases. Undoubtedly this was good strategy on his part, for it enabled him to advance under protection of the Federal gunboats nearly as far as Williamsburg. In fact, McClellan established his lines on the Chickahominy, within a day's march of Richmond, with very small loss, fighting only one battle, the unimportant battle of Williamsburg, in securing a position so near the capital of the Confederacy. It cost General Grant, two years later, a long and hard-fought campaign, with many bloody battles, involving the loss of nearly one hundred thousand men, to get as close to Richmond as his predecessor had done with only trifling loss. So far, surely, the strategic honors were with McClellan, and had he been given in 1862 the supreme authority which Grant wielded in 1864, enabling him to summon to his aid, as he earnestly wished to do, General McDowell with his forty thousand men from Fredericksburg, it is doubtful whether the army of Lee could have achieved the victory it did in those seven days battles before Richmond.

Before my return to camp, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had transferred the bulk of his army to the penin-

sula to contest the advance of McClellan; Gen. T. J. Jackson had been sent to the valley, and the division of General Ewell was left on the old line. Our regiment was attached to his command. Manassas had been evacuated. Our log huts at Fairfax Station had been left, and all our little accumulations of comfort lost. Our tents had been burned at Manassas, for what reason I do not know, and I found the regiment bivouacking under their blankets stretched over poles on a little rocky hill back of the Rappahannock. My precious store of books had of course been left behind and lost. We now had two months of marching and countermarching, without any object that we could divine, under conditions of more acute discomfort than we had ever known before, enlivened by an occasional skirmish or artillery duel. The following sketch, under date of March 28th, may serve as a sample:

"On the banks of the Rappahannock. The bridge is on fire at both ends the flames of a house on the opposite side of the river darting fiercely up to the sky. Our regiment in line of battle. A shell has just passed hissing over our heads. The bridge blows up as I write with a double explosion. The Yankees are shelling the woods as they advance. Our artillery on our left has just opened. I suppose we intend protecting General Stuart's retreat. It is not desired to fight unless the Federals press us hard. Another shell. Another An officer rides up and asks for five rounds of cartridges from each man of our regiment. He has but fifteen rounds to a man. We have forty. The Baltimore Light Artillery fires its first shell. This is their maiden engagement. The Federal infantry advances toward the river; they are saluted by the Baltimore Light Artillery from an eminence on our right. The enemy's artillery changes position. As yet they have not found our range. The bridge falls in with a rattle like the discharge of musketry, or the rattling of wagons. The Baltimore Light Artillery are firing round shot, and not shell, as I supposed. Infantry firing in rapid succession. One of our companies (Goldsborough's) is engaged, deployed as skirmishers. Now they are moving double quick (still as skirmishers) by the left flank. The Artillery at the other side has slackened its fire. Chesney (Elsey's adjutant-general) dashes past at full speed between us and our skirmishers. Musketry again from skirmishers. Another rattling crash, from the bridge, I suppose. The Federals discover the Baltimore Light Artillery and begin to open on them. They reply, and it seems probable we shall have a brisk artillery duel. They seem to have gotten the range of our battery octagons are seen on the other side of the river. It may be an armed reconnaissance in force after forage. The battery on our right has limbered up, and is moving off. A shell bursts between [Here we were called to attention and moved off a mile or so from the river. It was nearly dusk. The enemy shelled us as we retreated up the railroad, but without doing us any damage. General Elzey and Captain Brockenbrough had a very narrow escape: a shell burst just between them, throwing light on their faces. The Baltimore Light Artillery did good practice, driving the enemy's artillery twice from their position. Our cavalry next day crossed the river and found two (artillery) horses dead, and that several cannon balls had passed through the house behind which the enemy took refuge.]"

On Good Friday, April 18th, we had another artillery duel.

The weather was very severe through March and far into April"much rain and sometimes sleet or snow. As late as April 10th the ground is covered with snow frozen and the air is very keen. The mountains look beautiful in their white garments." Marching and bivouacking without tents (which were not supplied us again till April 6th), we had many rough experiences, often drenched to the skin, and as the wood was wet and soggy, sometimes it was next to impossible to light a fire. A favorite device was to get three fence rails and rest them at one end on the ground, placing the other end on the third rail of the fence, the middle rail depressed below those on either side. This made a bed which kept us out of the mud, while we covered with our blankets and made out to be fairly comfortable only the knots or other protuberances of the rails made themselves objectionable. In one of those "driving slets"

"John Post and I constructed a bunk together with blankets stretched over and straw to lie on. We were obliged to retreat into it about one o'clock. We talked as long as we could about old times and Monument street girls. He read me an extract from a letter from R. N., and showed me the daguerreotype of a mutual friend. Then we went to sleep and would not have waked up till morning but for the cold and rain on our feet and the water which gradually crept under us. We went off about eleven o'clock from a camp where the mud was ankle deep to a warm country house (Mr. Wise's) just above Brandy Station, where we stayed till next day."

Another entry, March 30th, is as follows:

"We awoke to the most disagreeable consciousness that the rain of the day preceding was unabated,

that our feet wet and cold, that the straw on which we were lying was almost saturated, and our bodies of course chilled with the wet and cold."

The Mr. Wise mentioned above, who treated us so hospitably (refusing compensation), used to keep the Warm Springs, Va., and knew my father and grandfather. It was Sunday, and Post and I sang hymns together. Then we read the New Testament and wrote letters to our people in Baltimore.

During the weeks of March when we had no tents and when the weather was so inclement and our exposure so unusually severe, we would slip off to some private house whenever opportunity offered and leave could be obtained, and sometimes without leave. Only in this way, I think, could we have endured the ordeal. Often our only meal in camp was a piece of hardtack and a piece of bacon toasted on a forked stick. And when at length the tents were furnished, orders were issued that they should be pitched every night and struck every morning early evidently to prevent the enemy discovering our whereabouts.

I give here part of a letter written to my mother on my twentieth birthday:

TUESDAY, April 15, 1862.

.....

After dinner. The regiment has gone out to drill, but I am excused as cook. I have not told you of the receipt of three letters from you all a few days ago. One dated February 28th, from you (in which I am glad to find you so cheerful, my precious mother); a second containing one from Telly (Feb. 28), one from Sister Mary (Nov. 8th!!!), and a third from Marge written on the 4th and 5th. How exultantly I seated myself on my bunk and, strewing my letters around, devoured them one by one, over and over again. I gave George Williamson your message, for which he thanks you warmly; he sends kindest regards to you all. So does Jim Howard. Telly's letter amused and entertained me greatly: he has "broken out" in so many new places, I shall not know him when I see him. Tell him, however, to stay where he is. He is so full of Shakespeare and the classics that he will despise such a rough soldier as his brother has gotten to be. But the funniest metamorphosis in the boy is his conversion to the creed of Byron and Cupid. He need not flatter himself that he can cut me out in Annapolis. When I come home "from the wars," I will throw him in the shade completely by my "honorable wounds," "deeds of valor," etc.! I can't thank you enough for your frequent letters; every one attests the spirit of a love which I have not deserved and can never repay. There was one for Duncan from sister Mary too, enclosed in mine. He is, you know, on General Trimble's staff, his aide-de-camp. You never saw such a change in a man in your life. When he returned from Richmond with his sunburnt hair cut off, his beard shaven, except mustache, and imperial "staff" boots replacing his old "regulations," and his dirty uniform exchanged for a nice new suit, it was hard to recognize him. You may imagine how he was changed by camp life, when I tell you that Mr. Hollingsworth was introduced to him as Captain Jones, talked with him some time, and finally left him to go in search of *his friend Duncan McKim*, who *he learned* was in the hotel. How fortunate he is to be with Carvel, Jim L., Wm. C (Carvel's brother-in-law), and on General Trimble's staff. We were so amused at an incident over there some time since before Jim and Duncan had their appointments. Geo. W. Duncan, and one other of our mess took dinner at the General's. A Colonel Kirkland from Mississippi (or N. C.) came in; after our boys left he remarked to Carvel: "Those men are very well educated and have remarkably good manners for *privates*." I have been enjoying myself lately in visiting about in the neighborhood (generally in quest of meals). One day I got lost in an immense forest twelve miles long; it was a sleety, misty day, and the water was an inch deep all the way. I walked from eleven to three before I came to a house; then I went in to dry myself, and was invited out to dinner; returning I slept at another house where were two very pretty ladylike girls; we talked together some time, then I sang "Maryland" to a new audience, and took my departure, though the

old white-haired father asked me to stay all night. I have been there once since, and borrowed a volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems. There is a beautiful stanza at the commencement of the "Forest Sanctuary," which I will transcribe:

"The voices of my home! I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight!
I hear them still, unchanged: though some from earth
Are now departed, and the tones of mirth
Wild, silvery tones that sang through days more bright,
Have died in others, yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back the voices of my home."

The poetry was certainly not of a very high order of merit, but the sentiment waked a warm response in the heart of the exile soldier boy.

On the evening of April 18th, Good Friday, orders were received to leave our camp on the Rappahannock and take up the line of march for Culpeper.

This is my entry on that occasion:

"We started at dusk after standing drawn up in line of battle for an hour and a half in a furious storm of rain. We could only turn our backs upon it and take it. At last, thoroughly drenched, we set out (along the railroad track), and what with the darkness and the mud and the culverts and cow-catchers we had a most miserable march. We would move three or four steps and halt, then three or four more and halt again this, from dusk till two o'clock in the night when we reached Culpeper, six miles in seven hours! Then laid us down in the rain and slept till morning. No rations served out! Charlie Grogan and I were most hospitably entertained by a Mrs. Patterson near Culpeper. She gave us also ground coffee and green coffee, and offered us sugar and salt." "Marched four miles on the road to Madison Court House. Halted a couple of hours. Then marched back in a drenching rain over muddy roads at almost a double quick. Still no rations. Men almost broken down with the weather and with fasting. Halted a mile above Culpeper for the night; still raining hard. Ground wet, wood soggy, air cold, men starved. In the morning [it was Easter Sunday] set out again up the railroad in a cold, driving rain. Redmond and I walked a mile ahead and got a plain breakfast and tried to dry ourselves. Rejoined the regiment and marched twelve miles to Rapidan. Still no rations furnished. Stopped at Colonel Talisferro's to see Miss Molly. Had an elegant dinner enjoyed 'civilization.' " "Rode up from Rapidan to Orange on the cars five miles; got in ahead of the regiment; stayed at a private house on the outskirts of the village, at Mrs. Bull's. She and her pretty daughters pleased me much. She invited me to stay all night, which I did. After I got into bed, the door opened and two gentlemen came in with a candle. I started up and asked if I had made a mistake. They said 'No,' and soon General Trimble and I recognized each other." "Monday, April 21st, 1862. Rained pitilessly all day. The regiment rode up to Gordonsville ten or twelve miles on open cars. This is one of the severest experiences we have ever had. Friday evening, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday exposed constantly to cold, drenching rain, with no shelter, and during two whole days without anything to eat. Our blankets and clothing were soaked with water: we marched wet, slept wet, and got up in the morning wet. On the evening of Monday we got tents . . . orders to march in the morning with two days cooked provisions."

These quotations (rather tedious, I fear, to the reader) show several things very clearly. First, the

wretchedness of our commissariats; second, the hardships of the Confederate infantrymen; and third, the never-failing hospitality of the people of the country, rich and poor alike.

What a debt of gratitude we poor weary, starved men owed them, and especially the women, for their goodness. They heartened us for our severe work, and inspired us with fresh resolve to defend the country from the invaders. How one would like to express to them now (to such as may be still living) our heartfelt thanks for what they did for us eight and forty years ago!

In the light of a narrative like this, the fortitude and steadfast devotion of the Confederate soldier stands out in strong light. How patiently he trudged along those muddy roads, carrying musket and knapsack, cold and wet and hungry day after day without murmuring, without ever a thought of giving the thing up, without regretting his act in leaving home and exiling himself for the Confederate cause, though his State had not seceded. I do not remember that any of our men deserted then, or at any time during the war. Not many of that regiment were as I was; for Virginia was a second home to me, and everywhere I went I found my mother's kin. This made it more natural and easier for me to stand up to the work and stick to the Cause.

The frequent absences from the regiment, even over night, which I have mentioned, seem to show a lack of the strict discipline of which I have spoken on a previous page as the characteristic of Colonel Steuart. But I think that about this time he was promoted to be brigadier-general, and given another command; and besides two things are to be considered: first, that under such circumstances, discipline was necessarily and wisely relaxed, and, second, that our commanding officer knew he could trust us to report for duty in any emergency that might arise. Yet failure to perform camp duty, or absence from roll-call would bring its punishment. Several times I mention having been put under arrest for the latter omission, and once that I was made sergeant of the guard for the night because of my absence at Orange Court House.

The inclement weather of that unfriendly spring continued nearly to the end of April. As late as the 25th we had snow, and about the same time my record is, "In camp we have no shelter and it is almost impossible to cook. This morning it is again raining hard." And again, "Poor Giraud Wright sat up all night in the rain over the fire, and is now sleeping with his head resting on a chair."

Notwithstanding the cold, whenever the sun *did* come out, Redmond and I would plunge into the chill

Calendar of Upcoming Events

August	29th	Cookout
September	12th	Corley Park Meeting
September	16th	MOS&B meeting
September	26th	Camp meeting
September	TBA	Cemetery work day
September	TBA	Fort Cemetery Dedication



waters of the swift Rapidan and have a swim. Bathing was a rare privilege, and so much valued that it was my habit during the winter at one of our camps to break the ice and take a plunge in a pool of water by the side of the railroad. Under the genial sun we would soon forget our miseries and enjoy the beautiful scenery sometimes spread out before us in our marches. Here is a note of April 25th:

"This is a beautiful country, and highly cultivated. Tobacco is successfully grown. Farms are large. Dwellings, all the way from Culpeper to Gordonsville and from Gordonsville to this point on the Rapidan, are large and handsome. . . . The spring has arrived very suddenly. Vegetation has sprung as it were from death to vigorous life without the usual intermediate stages. Fruit trees are all in bloom except the later varieties. Even pear trees are beginning to blossom. The wheat is luxuriant and wears a constant and fresh verdure. The banks of the river just above our camp are enchanting. The river flows narrow, but deep, and very rapid. The banks, from which the water has receded, are covered with the wildest and rankest growth of weeds and flowers, the usual denizens of marshy ground. Running along parallel to the right bank is a rocky cliff, about forty or fifty feet high. It is covered with trees, some of them growing out of the clefts in the rocks, and many of them (wild cherry, dogwood, etc.) covered with bloom. Ferns hang gracefully over the rocks, while the level at the foot is completely carpeted with moss; from wild flowers of every variety and hue spring up."

About this time Giraud Wright was made second lieutenant in Doctor Thom's company. He was the eighth member of our mess (No. 5) who had received a commission.

I have alluded to the fact that some of our companies were enlisted for only twelve months. Well, on April 29th, an order came from General Elzey to these companies to elect their officers in accordance with the terms of the Conscript Act. Col. Bradley Johnson harangued the men and tried to induce them to conform to the order, but they refused to elect any officers' holding that the Conscript Act did not apply to Marylanders. The number of the men who had reënlisted in February and taken the furlough was not large. This was not because their interest in the cause, or their loyalty, had cooled, but because almost every man wanted to enter some other branch of the service, the cavalry, for instance, or the artillery. Col. Bradley Johnson was much chagrined by the action of the men just mentioned, and when, on May 17th, Company "C" was mustered out of the service before the rest of the regiment, and marched off to the rear, he called out dramatically, as he pointed in the opposite direction, "Men of the First Maryland Regiment, *there* is the way to the enemy."

In a letter written about this time, I said, "It seems probable we will miss all the great struggles likely to occur before this month is out." How little we knew what was before us!

The first week of May I believe it was May 2d we left Standardsville and marched across the mountain, fifteen miles, and camped in "Swift Run Gap," which we reached about nine P.M. Here we came in touch with Stonewall Jackson's division. That astute and able commander, in order to deceive the enemy's scouts, gave orders that Ewell's division should occupy the camp of his division, which marched out in the dark, leaving its camp-fires burning, so that it should appear that Jackson was still there. Then making a forced night march, he was many miles away before the morning light, marching to attack Milroy, west of Staunton, and leaving Ewell to await his return.

Now began that campaign of Jackson in the valley which has been so famous ever since and which established his reputation forever as a great soldier and a brilliant strategist. But of this more later on.

While Stonewall was marching to West Virginia, beating Milroy, and marching back again which occupied about three weeks we remained in camp at Swift Run Gap perhaps two weeks, where the monotony was varied for some of us by visits to the refined and hospitable home of Doctor Jennings, whose charming

daughters greatly attracted us. There we had music and song and bright and merry converse, which speedily banished the memory of the hardships of the past two months. There came to our camp here three Frenchmen whose errand and whose identity much mystified us. One of them, de Beaumont, claimed to be an officer in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. They were suspected of being spies, but we had no proof.

May 16th we marched seventeen miles (in the rain, of course) over a bad road and camped near Columbia Bridge. May 17th marched to the top of the mountain as if Gordonsville were our objective, "beautiful scenery, delightful atmosphere, and water bursting, sparkling and cold, from the rocks." Under this inspiration and without any emergency that I can recall, we made the three and one-half miles in forty-five minutes, though the mountain road was steep. We were in the habit of making seven miles in two hours, but that day we beat our record.

After spending Sunday the 18th on top of the mountain in sight of Culpeper and Luray, we marched next day down the mountain and back to Columbia Bridge, a distance of thirteen miles. The weather was very warm. As soon as we had stacked arms there was a break for the Shenandoah, where hundreds of men were soon to be seen all along the banks standing on the water's edge or in the water, washing themselves or their clothes. The river was in flood, and no one dared to attempt to swim across, till Redmond the athlete of our mess, a well-developed, well-seasoned man of about thirty years of age, plunged in and watched with breathless interest length he accomplished the feat, shout went up from hundreds of by Redmond, I also made the successfully, losing less distance triumph, receiving, as he had unfortunately I was seized with a to swim back, my strength left me mercy of the current. I made up my prayers accordingly, but, the was carried by the current near to ceeded in making a landing.



struck out for the opposite shore. He was by almost the entire regiment and when at and stood safe on the other bank, a great throats. Not willing to be outdone, even plunge and tempted the flood. I crossed than he, and stepped out on the shore in ceived, the acclaim of the crowd. But unchill the moment after, and when I tried after a few strokes, and I was at the my mind that my end had come and said river making a sharp curve just there, I shore, and by a desperate effort suc-

Two other misfortunes awaited me before that day was done. I found myself afflicted as the Egyptians were on a famous occasion (see Exodus viii. 16). The plague which baffled the magicians, and of which they confessed to Pharaoh, "This is the finger of God," had long since visited the Confederate camps, but till that unlucky day I had been exempt. But now my turn had come.

The same evening I yielded to temptation and "supped at the hospitable board of Mr. Long, where we had music and conversation." The result is thus tersely stated in my diary: "Put under arrest in consequence."

The first of these occurrences marks an experience which was the very acme of our trials borne for the cause. No hardship, or enforced self-denial of food, or rest, or comfort, was as hard to bear. It brought a sense of humiliation that is difficult to describe, although it was just the inevitable consequence of the conditions under which we lived. I set down the unpleasant fact because my object in these pages is to give a true picture of the life we led as private soldiers.

**Haven't made a reservation?
Come on out anyway, we will make some extra
just in case.**

Camp Night Out

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

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



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

Feel free to come early if you would like to take advantage of the swimming pool. We will have to share it with the other residents, but it is free to use. The pool will be available to you from 5 p.m. until 6 p.m. Call Steve before hand please so that he can let the pool attendants know that you are coming.

This is a cost event for the food. Adults \$10.00, Children 6-12 \$5.00, under 6 are free.

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



Downtown
Columbia

Map to Chestnut Hill Plantation Clubhouse

Map not to scale

I-20

I-26

Columbiana Mall

Piney Woods Road

Harbison Blvd

Lake Murray Blvd

Broad River Road

Harbison State Forest

3.0 Miles

Lost Creek Drive

Lost Creek Patio Homes

To Spartanburg

Pond

Pond

Club House

Pond

BROAD RIVER

Directions:

Take I-26 to the Harbison Blvd exit.
 Turn Left onto Harbison.
 Turn Right onto Broad River Road
 At 1st traffic light, turn Left onto Lost Creek Drive.
 Drive for about 3.0 miles and you will enter Chestnut Hill Plantation. The Club House will be immediately on your right behind a large fishing pond and beside the neighborhood swimming pool.

Got lost on the way? Call 530-0747 for more directions.



**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
August 29th 6:30PM
Chestnut Hill Plantation Clubhouse
(see map inside)

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

Stephen D. Lee

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

Re-enactors 2002 Event Schedule

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

(BAE) *Battalion Affiliated Event*

(O) *Other*

(I) *Information Only*

