



15th Regimental Report

Camp #51 Lexington County, S.C.
Sons of Confederate Veterans



Volume XI, Issue XII

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December 2003

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Christmas in the Confederate White House

By Varina Davis

...Rice, flour, molasses and tiny pieces of meat, most of them sent to the President's wife anonymously to be distributed to the poor, had all be weighed and issued, and the playtime of the family began, but like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans at the Episcopalian home had been promised a Christmas tree and the toys, candy and cakes must be provided, as well as one pretty

prize for the most orderly girl among the orphans. The kind-hearted confectioner was interviewed by our committee of managers, and he promised a certain amount of his simpler kinds of candy, which he sold easily a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, or sugared fruits to hang on the tree, and all the other vestiges of Christmas creations which had lain on his hands for years. The ladies dispersed in anxious squads of toy-hunters, and each one turned over the store of her children's treasures for a contribution to the orphans' tree, my little ones rushed over the great house looking up their treasure eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off, rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children's toys that gather in a nursery closet.



Jefferson Davis' Residence, Richmond, Virginia

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Makeshift Toys for the Orphans

Some small feathered chickens and parrots which nodded their heads in obedience to a weight beneath them were furnished with new tail feathers, lambs minus much of their wool were supplied with a cotton wool substitute, rag dolls

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Camp Christmas Dinner
Saturday
December 13th

Relic Room Tour
5 PM

Dinner at
New Orleans
6:30 PM

Send all camp correspondence to:

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

**Winner of the S. A. Cunningham Newsletter Award,
Camps with over 50 members.
2002 SCV National Convention - Memphis Tennessee
2003 SCV National Convention - Asheville, North Carolina**

**Winner of the Ambrose Gonzales Newsletter Award,
Palmetto Level
First Place 2002 S. C. SCV State Convention - Aiken
Second Place 2003 S. C. SCV State Convention - Mount Pleasant**

2003 Officers

Commander
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Color Sergeant
E. M. Clark, Jr

2004 Officers

Commander
Steve Wolfe

Lt. Commander
Bill Harrell

Adjutant
Allen Frye

Chaplin
Larry Sharpe

Judge Advocate
Dennis Todd

Newsletter Editor/Webmaster
Steve Wolfe

Color Sergeant
David Kruger

Scrapbook
Charlie Hood

Member - at- Large
E. M. Clark, Jr.

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

Born December 6, 1833

I WAS born December 6, 1833, at the home of my grandfather, James McLaurine, in Powhatan County, Virginia. He was a son of Robert McLaurine, an Episcopal minister, who came from Scotland before the Revolution. Great-grandfather McLaurine lived at the glebe and is buried at Peterville Church in Powhatan. After the church was disestablished, the State appropriated the glebe, and Peterville was sold to the Baptists. My grandfather McLaurine lived to be very old. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and I well remember his cough, which it was said he contracted from exposure in the war when he had smallpox. My grandfather Mosby was also a native of Powhatan. He lived at Gibraltar, but moved to Nelson County, where my father, Alfred D. Mosby, was born. When I was a child my father bought a farm near Charlottesville, in Albemarle, on which I was raised. I recollect that one day I went with my father to our peach orchard on a high ridge, and he pointed out Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, on a mountain a few miles away, and told me some of the history of the great man who wrote the Declaration of Independence.



COLONEL MOSBY AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE YEARS
His close cousin says this a perfect likeness of him

At that time there were no public and few private schools in Virginia, but a widow opened a school in Fry's Woods, adjoining my father's farm. My sister Victoria and I went as her pupils. I was seven years old when I learned to read, although I had gone a month or so to a country school in Nelson, near a post office called Murrell's Shop, where I had learned to spell. As I was so young my mother always sent a negro boy with me to the schoolhouse, and he came for me in the evening. But once I begged him to stay all day with me, and I shared my dinner with him. When playtime came, some of the larger boys put him up on a block for sale and he was knocked down to the highest bidder. I thought it was a *bona fide* sale and was greatly distressed at losing such a dutiful playmate. We went home together, but he never spent another day with me at the schoolhouse.

The first drunken man I ever saw was my schoolmaster. He went home at playtime to get his dinner, but took an overdose of whiskey. On the way back he fell on the roadside and went to sleep. The big boys picked him up and carried him into the schoolhouse, and he heard our lessons. The school closed soon after; I don't know why.

It was a common thing in the old days of negro slavery for a Virginia gentleman, who had inherited a fortune, to live in luxury with plenty of the comforts of life and die insolvent; while his overseer retired to live on what he had saved. Mr. Jefferson was one example of this. I often heard that Jefferson had held in his arms Betsy Wheat, a pupil at the school where I learned to read. She was the daughter of the overseer

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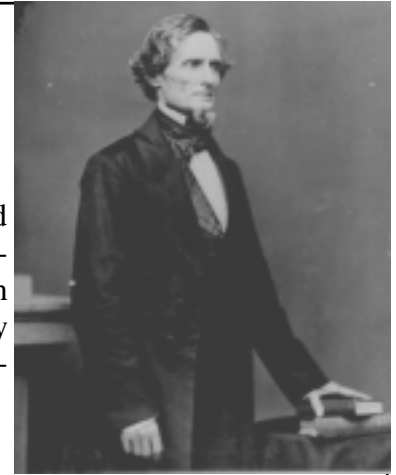
Commander's Comments

Commander's Comments

December 2003

Dear Compatriots:

This is the last time I will write to you as your Commander. I have enjoyed these past two years. I think we have accomplished quite a lot. We have restored and rededicated the Fort cemetery. We are working toward completion of the Corley Street Park cemetery. We are in the midst of our Lake Murray monument project. I can assure you that I will continue working on these projects. I hope you will continue your valiant efforts also.



When I was elected, we were in a bit of disarray. We had an upcoming Christmas banquet and no preparations. We were meeting for the last time in a place that had not been satisfactory. Changes had to be made. We needed to move forward. I think we have. One of the things that I heard most often then, was the need to improve the speakers we were then having. While I can't always guarantee a winner, I believe we have seen a great improvement in that regard. I have agreed to Commander Elect Wolfe's request to continue to serve as the program chairman. If you have suggestions for speakers, let me know. I will try to find a date to schedule them. I will also continue to be very active in the Lake Murray monument project. And I also promise not to fade away and not be seen at future camp meetings.

I would like to extend my sincere thanks to all who have served in elected and appointed positions these past two years. There are too many of you to name individually in this short space. But, we all know who you are, and you have my gratitude. I hope all of you will consider volunteering for positions and committees. The Camp needs your help. Working for our Cause is a very rewarding experience. Every little bit helps. Please volunteer your time and abilities to Commander Wolfe.

One of the duties I have promised to do is to get our Ancestor Book project revived. That means that I will begin pestering those of you who have not provided an ancestor article. These articles do not have to be long and involved. A few short paragraphs about your Confederate ancestor's service can be obtained from his service record. Add to that a few sentences about your family history, the location where they lived, and the burial place of your Confederate ancestor, and the article is complete. I know that many of you have that information. You have told me about your ancestor in casual conversation. For those of you who need more information, we have many compatriots who are adept at genealogical research. We can help you with the research and the editing. Remember, by completing the Ancestor Book we are living up to our Charge. We are perpetuating the good name of the name of the Confederate soldier. These books will be placed in local libraries and schools. Our community will have a new asset and this will enable us to reach and recruit potential members. By selling the books we will help raise needed funds.

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2003 - 2004 SCV Membership Dues

—- FINAL NOTICE —-

It is now time for us to pay our membership dues to the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Regular Membership Dues are \$40 per year
National Life Member's Dues are \$20 per year
National/State Life Member's Dues are \$15 per year
Associate Member Dues are \$15 per year

For those members who wish to become a National Life Member, the cost is \$300. This cost can be paid in three \$100 payments. (Next year this might be increased to \$500.)

For those members who wish to become a State Life Member, the charge for this is \$100.

*Checks should be made payable to: **15TH REGIMENT SC VOLS CAMP 51***

*Dues can be paid either in person at the Camp meetings
or
you can mail them to:*

**15th Regt. SC Vols Camp 51
P.O. Box 84381
Lexington, SC 29073**

Dues are collected between August 1st and January 31st. Dues postmarked after January 31st are delinquent and will be subject to a \$5.00 late fee imposed by National Headquarters.

Camp 51 Christmas Dinner
Saturday December 13th
New Orleans Restaurant

Make plans to join your Camp in it's annual Christmas Dinner and meeting. This year we will start with a special tour of the Confederate Relic Room at the State Museum on Gervis Street. After the tour we will move across the river to the New Orleans Restaurant for our Christmas Gala featuring the Director of the Confederate Relic Room. This is an event for the whole family.

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Thank you again for giving me the opportunity to serve as your Commander. I have done so proudly. Let us continue to move forward into the future while strongly grounded in the past.

Yours in the Cause,

Wayne D. Roberts
Commander

Commander-elect comments

It is a honor to of been elected to succeed **Wayne Roberts** as Commander of Camp 51. During Wayne's time of command, we have seen a steady rise in the membership. This is due to both his leadership skills and the excellent programs that he has compiled over the previous two years. I have asked Wayne to stay on the staff as Programs Chairman. Knowing that I cannot do a better job than Wayne, it only makes sense to ask him to take on this very important role. Wayne will also be heading up the completion of the Lake Murray monument and other special Camp projects.

Bill Harrell has held the position of Chaplin since before I moved back home in 1997. It is past

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time that Bill be asked to serve in another position. I have requested that he serve as Lt. Commander in 2004 and Bill has accepted this role.

To replace Bill as Chaplin, I have turned to one of our newer members, **Larry Sharpe**. Larry and I have been next door neighbors since our neighborhood was built. In addition to being a skilled contractor (Governors Grant and Spring Valley among others), Larry is also a Minister. What better qualifications could you ask for. Look for a regular newsletter article by our new Chaplin starting in January.

Allen Frye has done a superb job as our camp Adjutant. Allen was requested to run for re-election as our camp Adjutant. This position is the most demanding and visible position of any camp. This is also his third year in this position and he deserves our gratitude for the excellent work that he has done.

Dennis Todd has agreed to serve again as our Judge Advocate. Having a member who is very well versed in the law and is also one of this organization's most staunch defenders is a major plus for us.

David Kruger was approached by myself and asked if he would accept the position of Color Sergeant. He will be responsible for the protection of our colors over the next year and he will also see that our colors are present at **all** Camp functions. If something impedes his making it to a Camp function, David will be calling on another Camp member to see that our colors are presented.

Charlie Hood has agreed to remain as our Scrapbook chairman. It is very important that those shutterbugs provide him with copies of the photographs. This year we will see that our scrapbook is entered into both state and national competition.

Steve Wolfe (that's me) will stay on as Newsletter Editor and Webmaster for one more year. I do this out of the personal desire to win a third newsletter award for our camp. Not to say that another compatriot could not do a better job. It is my desire to three-peat at National Convention and to have the newsletter editor's name on the award. Currently national headquarters believes that this is a "leadership" award and that the Commander should receive it. Neither I nor Wayne have agreed with national headquarters on this.

In this upcoming year we need to see that the **Lake Murray Monument** is completed. We have been selling bricks to fund this project that will have national exposure. This may not be enough. To do this, we have approached the Aiken camp and asked for their permission to have our Camp participate in the 2004 Battle of Aiken. This event is normally an exclusive event for the Aiken camp, but at the request of 3rd Brigade Commander Crawford, we have been approved to do this as a fund raiser for the Lake Murray Monument. Three camp members cannot do this alone. We must have the assistance of the membership at large, so make plans to help your camp be a success.

Our meeting location for 2004: Do to the insufficient meeting space of our previous meeting location, we have moved across the street to Gilligan's Steamer & Raw Bar. We will be requesting that members order their dinners before 7 PM and that the meeting be concluded by 9 PM (closing time). I will be working with their management to work out any rough edges so that our meetings can flow smoothly.

Confederate Memorial Day: Our camp has traditionally stood guard at the Confederate Monument at the Lexington County Courthouse on Confederate Memorial Day, May 10th. The last few years have

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and, being the senior of all the other scholars, was the second in command. She exercised as much authority as the schoolmistress.

As I have said, the log schoolhouse was in Fry's Woods, which adjoined my father's farm. To this rude hut I walked daily for three sessions, with my eldest sister - later with two - often through a deep snow, to get the rudiments of an education. I remember that the schoolmistress, a most excellent woman, whipped her son and me for fighting. That was the only blow I ever received during the time I went to school.

A few years ago I visited the spot in company with Bartlett Bolling, who was with me in the war. There was nothing left but a pile of rocks - the remains of the chimney. The associations of the place raised up phantoms of the past. I am the only survivor of the children who went to school there. I went to the spring along the same path where I had often walked when a barefooted schoolboy and got a drink of cool water from a gourd. There I first realized the pathos of the once popular air, "Ben Bolt"; the spring was still there and the running brook, but all of my schoolmates had gone.

The "Peter Parley" were the standard schoolbooks of my day. In my books were two pictures that made a lasting impression on me. One was of Wolfe dying on the field in the arms of a soldier; the other was of Putnam riding down the stone steps with the British close behind him. About that time I borrowed a copy of the "Life of Marion", which was the first book I read, except as a task at school. I remember how I



Re-enactor's Wedding on the front porch of Col. Mosby's home in Powhatan, Virginia

shouted when I read aloud in the nursery of the way the great partisan hid in the swamp and outwitted the British. I did not then expect that the time would ever come when I would have escapes as narrow as that of Putnam and take part in adventures that have been compared with Marion's.

When I was ten years old I began going to school in Charlottesville; sometimes I went on horseback, and sometimes I walked. Two of my teachers, - James White, who taught Latin and Greek, and Aleck Nelson, who taught mathematics - were afterwards professors at Washington and Lee, while General Robert E. Lee was its president. When I was sixteen years old I went as a student to the University of Virginia - some evidence of the progress I had made in getting an education.

In my youth I was very delicate and often heard that I would never live to be a grown man. But the prophets were wrong, for I have outlived nearly all the contemporaries of my youth. I was devoted to

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Varina Davis

were plumped out and recovered with clean cloth, and the young ladies painted their fat faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes.

But the tug of war was how to get something with which to decorate the orphans' tree. Our man servant, Robert Brown, was much interested and offered to make the prize toy. He contemplated a "sure enough house, with four rooms." His part in the domestic service was delegated to another and he gave himself over in silence and solitude to the labors of the architect.

My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which their blazed a roaring fire, which was pronounced marvelously realistic. We all made furniture of twigs and pasteboard, and my mother made pillows, mattresses, sheets and pillow cases for the two little bedrooms.

Christmas Eve a number of young people were invited to come and string apples and popcorn for the trees; a neighbor very deft in domestic arts had tiny candle moulds made and furnished all the candles for the tree. However the puzzle and triumph of all was the construction of a large number of cornucopias. At last someone suggested a conical block of wood, about which the drawing paper could be wound and pasted. In a little book shop a number of small, highly colored pictures cut out and ready to apply were unearthed, and our old confectioner friend, Mr. Piazzi, consented, with a broad smile, to give "all the love verses the young people wanted to roll with the candy."

A Christmas Eve Party

About twenty young men and girls gathered around small tables in one of the drawing rooms of the mansion and the cornucopias were begun. The men wrapped the squares of candy, first reading the "sentiments" printed upon them, such as "Roses are red, violets blue, sugar's sweet and so are you," "If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." The fresh young faces, wreathed in smiles, nodded attention to the reading, while with their small deft hands they gined [?] the cornucopias and pasted on the pictures. Where were the silk tops to come from? Trunks of old things were turned out and snippings of silk and even woolen of bright colors were found to close the tops, and some of the young people twisted sewing silk into cords with which to draw the bags up. The beauty of those home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite "custom-made," but when the "sure enough house" was revealed to our longing gaze the young people clapped their approbation, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of successful artist and bowed his thanks for our approval. Then the coveted eggnog was passed around in tiny glass cups and pronounced good. Crisp home-made ginger snaps and snowy lady cake completed the refreshments of Christmas Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their way as an indulgence took a sip of eggnog out of my cup, and the eldest boy confided to his father: "Now I just know this is Christmas." In most of the houses in Richmond these same scenes were enacted, certainly in every one of the homes of the managers of the Episcopalian Orphanage. A bowl of eggnog was sent to the servants, and a part of everything they coveted of the dainties.

At last quiet settled on the household and the older members of the family began to stuff stockings with molasses candy, red apples, an orange, small whips plaited by the family with high-colored crackers, wor-

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sted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn bottoms and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woolen gloves for each, either cut of cloth and embroidered on the back or knitted by some deft hand out of home-spun wool. For the President there were a pair of chamois-skin riding gauntlets exquisitely embroidered on the back with his monogram in red and white silk, made, as the giver wrote, under the guns of Fortress Monroe late at night for fear of discovery. There was a hemstitched linen handkerchief, with a little sketch in indelible ink in one corner; the children had written him little letters, their grandmother having held their hands, the burthen of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the home, who was greatly loved but whose irritable temper was his prominent failing, there was a pretty cravat, the ends of which were embroidered, as was the fashion of the day. The pattern chosen was simple and on it was pinned a card with the word "amiable" to complete the sentence. One of the [missing] received a present of an illuminated copy of Solomon's proverbs found in the same old store from which the pictures came. He studied it for some time and announced: "I have changed my opinion of Solomon, he utters -- now why should he be so foolish?"

On Christmas morning the children awoke early and came in to see their toys. They were followed by the negro women, who one after another "caught" us by wishing us a merry Christmas before we gave them a right to a gift. Each could say it to them, which every one, small though it might be, and one who had been born and brought up at our plantation was vocal in her admiration of a gay handkerchief. As she left the room she ejaculated: "Lord knows mistress knows our insides; she jest got the very thing I wanted."



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Mrs. Davis's Strange Presents

For me there were six cakes of delicious soap, made from the grease of ham boiled for a family at Farmville, a skein of exquisitely fine gray linen thread spun at home, a pincushion of some plain brown cotton material made by some poor woman and stuffed with wool from her pet sheep, and a little baby hat plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pair who sewed the straw together. They pushed each other silently to speak, and at last mutely offered the hat, and considered the kiss they gave the sleeping little one ample reward for the industry and far above the fruit with which they were laden. Another present was a fine, delicate little baby frock without an inch of lace or embroidery upon it, but the delicate fabric was set with fairy stitches by the dear invalid neighbor who made it, and it was very precious in my eyes. There were also a few of Swinburne's best songs bound in wall-paper and a chamois needlebook left for me by young Mr. P., now succeeded to his title in England. In it was a Brobdingnagian thimble "for my own finger, you know," said the handsome, cheerful young fellow.

After breakfast, at which all the family, great and small, were present, came the walk to St. Paul's Church. We did not use our carriage on Christmas or, if possible to avoid it, on Sunday. The saintly Dr. Minnegerode preached a sermon on Christian love, the introit was sung by a beautiful young society woman and the angels might have joyfully listened. Our chef did wonders with the turkey and roast beef, and drove

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the children quite out of their propriety by a spun sugar hen, life-size, on a nest full of blanc mange eggs. The mince pie and plum pudding made them feel, as one of the gentlemen laughingly remarked, "like their jackets were buttoned," a strong description of repletion which I have never forgotten. They waited with great impatience and evident dyspeptic symptoms for the crowning amusement of the day, "the children's tree." My eldest boy, a chubby little fellow of seven, came to me several times to whisper: "Do you think I ought to give the orphans my I.D. studs?" When told no, he beamed with the delight of an approving conscience. All throughout the afternoon first one little head and then another popped in at the door to ask: "Isn't it 8 o'clock yet?," burning with impatience to see the "children's tree."

David Helped Santa Claus

When at last we reached the basement of St. Paul's Church the tree burst upon their view like the realization of Aladdin's subterranean orchard, and they were awed by its grandeur.

The orphans sat mute with astonishment until the opening hymn and prayer and the last amen had been said, and then they at a signal warily and slowly gathered around the tree to receive from a lovely young girl their allotted present. The different gradations from joy to ecstasy which illuminated their faces was "worth two years of peaceful life" to see. The President became so enthusiastic that he undertook to help in the distribution, but worked such wild confusion giving everything asked for into their outstretched hands, that we called a halt, so he contented himself with unwinding one or two tots from a network of strung popcorn in which they had become entangled and taking off all apples he could when unobserved, and presenting them to the smaller children. When at last the house was given to the "honor girl" she moved her lips without emitting a sound, but held it close to her breast and went off in a corner to look and be glad without witnesses.

"When the lights were fled, the garlands dead, and all but we departed" we also went home to find that Gen. Lee had called in our absence, and many other people. Gen. Lee had left word that he had received a barrel of sweet potatoes for us, which had been sent to him by mistake. He did not discover the mistake until he had taken his share (a dishful) and given the rest to the soldiers! We wished it had been much more for them and him.

Officers in a Starvation Dance

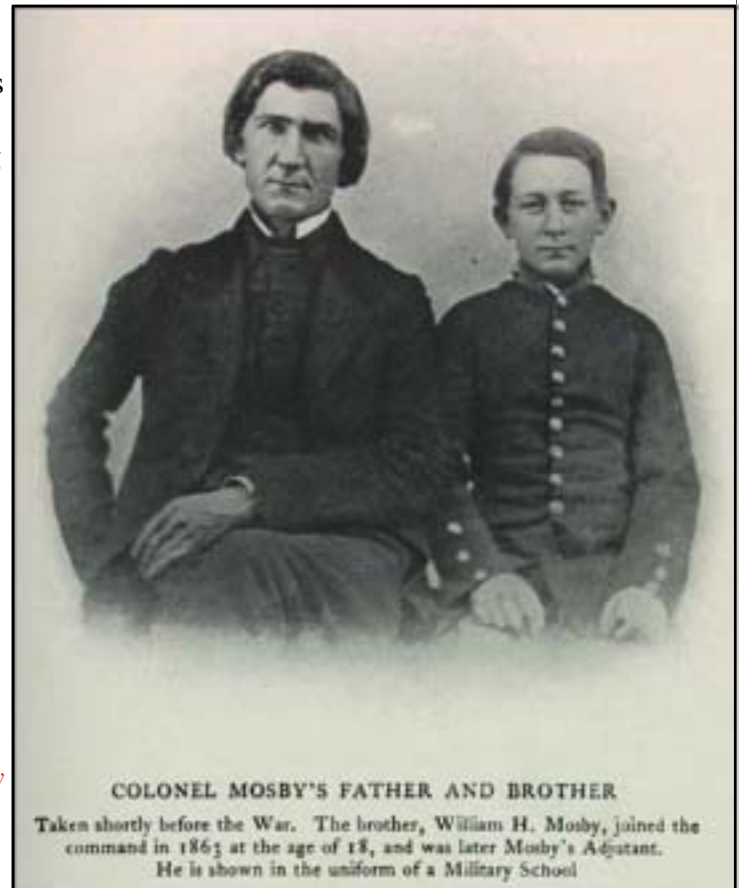
The night closed with a "starvation" party, where there were no refreshments, at a neighboring house. The rooms lighted as well as practicable, some one willing to play dance music on the piano and plenty of young men and girls comprised the entertainment. Sam Weller's soiry [*sic*], consisting of boiled mutton and capers, would have been a royal feast in the Confederacy. The officers, who rode into town with their long cavalry boots pulled well up over their knees, but splashed up their waists, put up their horses and rushed to the places where their dress uniform suits had been left for safekeeping. They very soon emerged, however, in full toggery and entered into the pleasures of their dance with the bright-eyed girls, who many of them were fragile as fairies, but worked like peasants for their home and country. These young people are gray-haired now, but the lessons of self-denial, industry and frugality in which they became past mistresses then, have made of them the most dignified, self-reliant and tender women I have ever known -- all honor to them.

So, in the interchange of the courtesies and charities of life, to which we could not add its comforts and pleasures, passed the last Christmas in the Confederate mansion.

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hunting, and a servant always had coffee ready for me at daylight on a Saturday morning, so that I was out shooting when nearly all were sleeping. My father was a slaveholder, and I still cherish a strong affection for the slaves who nursed me and played with me in my childhood. That was the prevailing sentiment in the South - not one peculiar to myself - but one prevailing in all the South toward an institution ¹ which we now thank Abraham Lincoln for abolishing. I had no taste for athletics and have never seen a ball game. My habits of study were never regular, but I always had a literary taste. While I fairly recited Tacitus and Thucydides as a task, I read with delight Irving's stories of the Moors in Granada.

1. Colonel Mosby never had a word to say favorable to slavery - a fact which may be attributed to the influence of Miss Abby Southwick, afterwards Mrs. Stevenson, of Manchester, Massachusetts, who was employed to teach his sisters. She was a strong and outspoken abolitionist and a friend of Garrison and Wendell Phillips. All the Mosby family were, and remained, devoted to Miss Southwick. She and young Mosby had numerous talks on the subject of slavery and other political topics. At the close of the war she immediately sent money and supplies to the family and told how anxiously she had read the papers, fearing to find the news that he had been killed.



[Colonel Mosby's career at the University of Virginia, where he graduated in Greek and mathematics, was not so serene throughout as that of the ordinary student. One incident made a lasting impression upon his mind and affected his future course. He was convicted of unlawfully shooting a fellow student and was sentenced to a fine and imprisonment in the jail at Charlottesville. It was the case of defending the good name of a young lady and, while the law was doubtless violated, public sentiment was indicated by the legislature's remitting the fine and the governor's granting a pardon.

The Baltimore *Sun* published an account of this incident, by Mr. John S. Patton, who said that Mosby had been fined ten dollars for assaulting the town sergeant. The young Mosby had been known as one not given to lawless hilarity, but as a "fighter." "And the Colonel himself admits," continues Patton, "that he got the worst of these boyish engagements, except once, when the fight was on between him and Charles Price, of Meachem's, - and in that case they were separated before victory could perch. They also go so far as to say that he was a spirited lad, although far from 'talkative' and not far from quiet, introspective moods. . . . His antagonist this time was George Turpin, a student of medicine in the University. . . . Turpin had carved Frank Morrison to his taste with a pocket knife and added to his reputation by nearly killing Fred M. Wills with a rock. . . .

"When Jack Mosby, spare and delicate - Turpin was large and athletic - received the latter's threat that he would eat him 'blood raw' on sight, he proceeded to get ready. The cause of the impending hostilities was an incident at a party at the Spooner residence in Montebello, which Turpin construed as humiliating to

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him, and with the aid of some friends who dearly loved a fisticuff, he reached the conclusion that John Mosby was to blame and that it was his duty to chastise him. Mosby was due at Mathematics lecture room and thither he went and met Professor Courtney and did his problems first of all. That over, he thrust a pepper-box pistol into his jacket and went forth to find his enemy. He had not far to go; for by this time the Turpins were keeping a boarding house in the building then, as now, known as the Cabell House, about the distance of four Baltimore blocks from the University. Thither went the future partisan leader, and, with a friend, was standing on the back porch when Turpin approached. He advanced on Mosby at once - but not far; the latter brought his pepper-box into action with instant effect. Turpin went down with a bullet in his throat, and was taken up as good as dead. . . . The trial is still referred to as the *cause célèbre* in our local court. Four great lawyers were engaged in it: the names of Robertson, Rives, Watson, and Leach adorn the legal annals of Virginia."

The prosecutor in this case was Judge William J. Robertson, of Charlottesville, who made a vigorous arraignment of the young student. On visiting the jail one day after the conviction, much to his surprise Robertson was greeted by Mosby in a friendly manner. This was followed by the loan of a copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries" to the prisoner and a lifelong friendship between the two. Thus it was that young Mosby entered upon the study of law, which he made his profession.

Colonel Mosby wrote on a newspaper clipping giving an account of the shooting incident: "I did not go to Turpin's house, but he came to my boarding house, and he had sent me a message that he was coming there to 'eat me up.' "

Mosby's conviction affected him greatly, and he did not include an account of it in his story because - or at least it would seem probable - he feared that the conclusion would be drawn that he was more like the picture painted by the enemy during the war, instead of the kindly man he really was. However this may be, nothing pleased him more than the honors paid to him by the people of Charlottesville and by the University of Virginia. He spoke of these things as "one of Time's revenges."

In January, 1915, a delegation from Virginia presented Colonel Mosby with a bronze medal and an embossed address which read as follows:
To Colonel John S. Mosby, Warrenton, Virginia.

Your friends and admirers in the University of Virginia welcome this opportunity of expressing for you their affection and esteem and of congratulating you upon the vigor and alertness of body and mind with which you have rounded out your fourscore years.

Your *Alma Mater* has pride in your scholarly application in the days of your prepossessing youth; in your martial genius, manifested in a career singularly original and romantic; in the forceful fluency of your record of the history made by yourself and your comrades in the army of Northern Virginia; and in the dignity, diligence, and sagacity with which you have served your united country at home and abroad.

Endowed with the gift of friendship, which won for you the confidence of both Lee and Grant, you have proven yourself a man of war, a man of letters, and a man of affairs worthy the best traditions of your University and your State, to both of which you have been a loyal son.]

(Continued from page 7)

seen a changing of the guard as some members have grown too old for the heat or have not been able to attend. The concern is that there have not been sufficient numbers of us who have stepped up to fill their places. This is not a chore, but an honor to stand at a place of honor which has the names of our forefathers that died for what they believed in chiseled in stone. Can we not stand for an hour in their honor? When you are asked to sign up, please do so.

2008 State Convention: The 15th Regiment SC Vols Camp 51 is on the agenda to host the 2008 State Convention. This is not a done deal until it is voted on by the members present at the preceding state convention. If something should happen to an earlier scheduled convention site, there is always the possibility that we could be bumped up to an earlier date. We have to start planning now.

Camp Expenses: Not that we do not try our hardest to see that our local dues pay for everything, the fact is that they just do not. The staff is very careful with the membership dues. To do the things which we as the survivors of the Confederacy and bearers of their good names must do, we have to raise money. This year along with the Battle of Aiken, our other major fund raiser will be at the **Gilbert Peach Festival**. We will be there with our tent, flags, recruiting materials and we will have items for sale. Arts and crafts are big sellers at these events and we will have them for sale. We will also have an adequate supply of stone ground grits. If you have ideas that will make this event an outstanding success, please discuss them with either Bill Harrell or myself. Bill will be driving this event for us.

Programs: As discussed at the beginning of this article, Wayne will continue to see that we have outstanding programs. I have asked Wayne to have the first six months speakers established by January 10th and the final six speakers established by June 10th. There are two well respected and noted speakers from outside of South Carolina already confirmed to speak to our group. If you have a favorite speaker that would be of interest to the Camp, I would encourage you to let Wayne be aware of them.

Louisa McCord Chapter Order of Confederate Rose: Gentlemen, these ladies are here to assist Camp 51 in seeing that we are a success. If it was not for their ladies back home, the Confederate Soldier would not of seen the successes that he did. You will hopefully see these ladies at all of our camp meetings and activities throughout the year. Let me encourage you to have your wife, girlfriend, or any lady that you know who is interested in preserving Southern history join this outstanding organization. The ladies do not have to be descendants of the Confederate nation, but interested in saving our history and assisting the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Gentlemen, I would like to see more of our families at our meetings. The Confederacy was made up of families that were close. Please bring your ladies to all of our meetings. We need their support just as our Confederate heroes needed the support of their ladies.

Steve

Ancestor Highlight

M. Abner Mims

Co. I, 2nd SC Cav
Great-Grandfather
of
Herbert Shealy Long

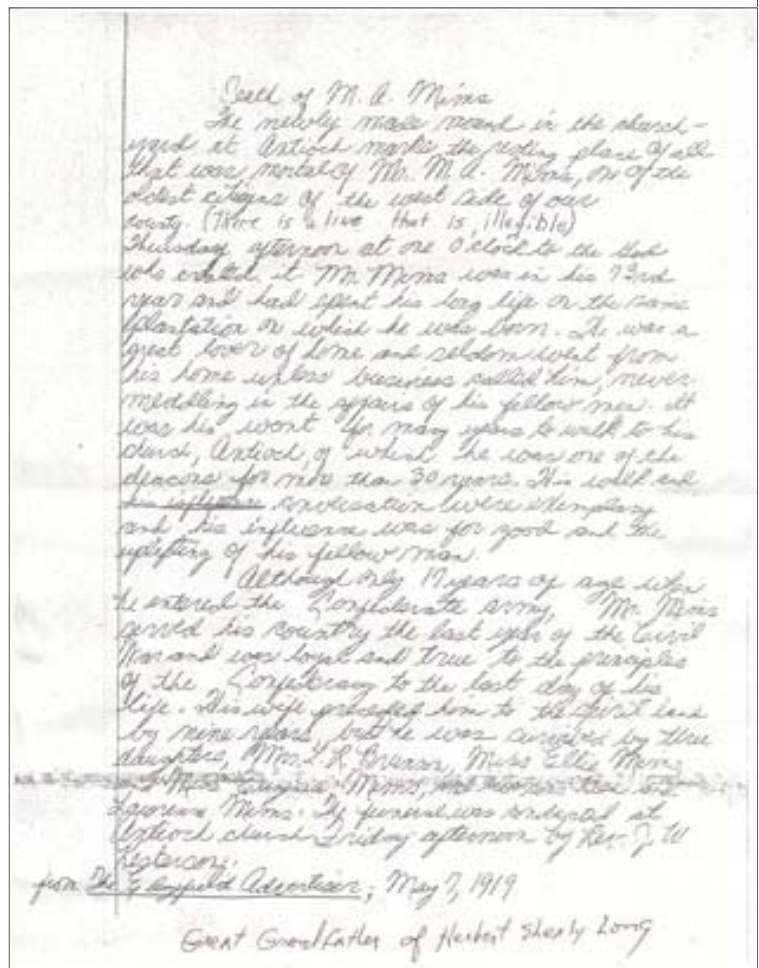
The Edgefield Advertiser
May 7, 1919

Death of M. A. Mims

The newly made mound in the churchyard at Antioch marks the resting place of all that was mortal of Mr. M. A. Mims, one of the oldest citizens of the west side of our county. (there is a line that is illegible)

Thursday afternoon at one o'clock to the God who created it. Mr. Mims was in his 73rd year and had spent his long life on the same plantation on which he was born. He was a great lover of home and seldom went from his home unless business called him, never meddling in the affairs of his fellow men. It was his wont for many years to walk to his church, Antioch, of which he was one of the deacons for more than 30 years. His walk and conversation were exemplary and his influence was for good and the uplifting of his fellow man.

Although only 17 years of age when he entered the Confederate army, Mr. Mims served his country the last year of the Civil War and was loyal and true to the principles of the Confederacy to the last day of his life. His wife preceded him to the spirit land by nine years, but he was survived by three daughters, Mrs. L. R. Brunson, Miss Ellie Mims, and Miss Eugenia Mims, and two sons Ben and Lawrence Mims. The funeral was conducted at Antioch church Friday afternoon by Rev. J. W. Kestersen.



Use this form to Order your Armbands and Handkerchiefs for the funeral of the third and final
 H. L. Hunley crew.
 Seven dollars of each item ordered goes to the H. L. Hunley.
 This is a great remembrance, even if you cannot attend the funeral.

H. L. Hunley
15th Regt SCV Camp 51
2-17-1864 4-17-2004

_____ Armbands (\$10.00 each)

_____ Plain Handkerchiefs
 (\$10.00 each)

_____ Black Bordered Handkerchiefs
 (\$12.00 Each)

Total Enclosed:
 \$ _____

H. L. Hunley
SCV
2-17-1864 4-17-2004

_____ Armbands (\$10.00 each)

_____ Plain Handkerchiefs
 (\$10.00 each)

_____ Black Bordered Handkerchiefs
 (\$12.00 Each)

Total Enclosed:
 \$ _____

In Memory of
H. L. Hunley
2-17-1864 4-17-2004

_____ Armbands (\$10.00 each)

_____ Plain Handkerchiefs
 (\$10.00 each)

_____ Black Bordered Handkerchiefs
 (\$12.00 Each)

Total Enclosed:
 \$ _____

H. L. Hunley
2-17-1864 4-17-2004
Louisa McCord Chapter
OCR

_____ Armbands (\$10.00 each)

_____ Plain Handkerchiefs
 (\$10.00 each)

_____ Black Bordered Handkerchiefs
 (\$12.00 Each)

Total Enclosed:
 \$ _____

Mail to : Roseanne Christie
 3 Warren Ct.
 Sumter, SC 29150



Support the Lake Murray Monument Project by buying a brick for a veteran in your family. These bricks honor veterans from all the wars that America has fought.

Calendar of Upcoming Events

December	13th	Christmas Dinner & Tour Confederate Relic Room Tour New Orleans Restaurant Dinner
January	17th	Lee-Jackson Day Dinner MOSB New Orleans Restaurant Speaker: Author Gordon Rhea
January	29th	Camp Meeting Gilligan's

2004 Monthly Meetings will be held at Gilligan's



Re-enactors 2003 Event Schedule

May 16-18	Battle Of Resaca - Resaca, GA
June 14	Ft. Lamar Living History - James Island, SC
July 4-6	140th Gettysburg - Gettysburg, PA
Sept 5-7	Tunnell Hill - Dalton, GA
Sept 20	Palmetto Battalion Elections - Columbia, SC Sesquicentennial State Park
Sept 26	Skirmish At The Big Tuna
Sept 27	Kaminski House LH - Georgetown, SC
Oct 4-5	Battle Of Perryville - Perryville, KY
Oct 24-26	Brattonsville - Brattonsville, SC
Oct 31 - Nov 2	Battle At Richland Creek - Saluda, SC
Nov 15-16	Secessionville - Charleston, SC



15TH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS

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15th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers
130 Upper Loop Way
Columbia, South Carolina 29212
Email: SC_15th_Regiment@hotmail.com

Next Camp Meeting
Saturday December 13th, 5:00 PM
Confederate Relic Room—State Museum
Dinner 6:30 PM
New Orleans Restaurant—Cayce

“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.