Reminiscences & Sketches
OF
Confederate Times

By One Who Lived Through Them

EDITED BY
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Cheraw, S. C.

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The R. L. Bryan Company
Columbia, S. C.
1909
PREFACE.

In the first years of a joyous manhood my Father answered to the South's call to arms.

For the sake of his dear Southland, he put behind him a life of ease, fraught with promise of future usefulness, dignified and enlarged by wealth and enriched by ties of affection, and unhesitatingly accepted the dangers and privations of a soldier's life.

Those were the days when a Southerner loved his soil as he loved the home and family which it nourished—and would do battle for it with a fierce paternal instinct. This characteristic was peculiarly strong in my Father, so that even in his later life any long absence from his native town filled him with a homesick longing.

A few words will suffice to give the story of his life, for, excepting the four years of war, it was void of the great events, which go to make up a thrilling story.

Like that of others of his countrymen, it was garlanded with fair flowers of promise in his youth, and crowned in early middle-age with the laurel and cypress wreath of noble endurance, sustained under trials sordid and embittering.

James Harrington Powe was born in Cheraw, S. C., April 11, 1835. His Mother was Charlotte Harrington, granddaughter of Gen. Henry William Harrington, of Revolutionary fame; his Father was Dr. Thomas E. Powe, a descendant of one of the first settlers of his native town and a planter of wealth and position.

On his Father's side he came of a family of physicians, and as the oldest living son he was destined to carry forward the family tradition. It was not the profession of his choice, for his heart, tender as a woman's, bled at the sight of the suffering that he was called upon to relieve. When later events
altered the course of his life, he gave up active practice, though ever holding himself ready at the call of any poor soul who might need his aid. However, his education was to this end, except for a two-years’ trial of West Point, the severe climate of which sent him back home injured in health. Returning to South Carolina, he graduated later, at the South Carolina University and the Charleston Medical School, and was settling down to a practice which his very large and influential family connections made lucrative, when the War Between the States changed the whole tenor of his life.

At the first news of secession, he raised and drilled a company, uniforming it at his own expense. His previous training at West Point and his position as Colonel on Governor Alston’s Staff served to give him experience and interest in military affairs. Immediately after his company was sent out to join the volunteer troops, he received a commission from Governor Pickens as Second Lieutenant of Infantry. Of his life in camp and his later promotion as Captain of Company D, First Regular Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, one can read in his account of the Battle of Battery Wagner.

From his Reminiscences one can also picture life in camp during the early days of the war—when brave young hearts beat high with hope and joy, before despair and poverty had killed all gladness and transformed hope into silent resignation. Then there was music and song and romance.

There is nothing like war and the hot breath of the cannon to flower a budding romance. And many a young maiden gave herself and the inspiration of her love to her ardent martial wooer, even while the shot and shell were singing his requiem amidst the reverberations of the wedding bells.

It was during this time of stirring conflict and vivid emotions that my Father won the “maid with the raven locks,” to whom he refers in his papers. Though he could
not know it then, this was the conquest which was to turn, for him, defeat into victory.

When he returned from the battlefield permanently injured in health and with spirit crushed by the ruin of all his hopes, her tactful sympathy and unfaltering courage, her wise management and serene faith won him back to hope and life and endeavor.

For thirty-five years they fought the battle of life together. Then, on August 1, 1898, the old soldier, whose bravery on the battlefield was but a forecast of the supreme bravery of a spirit which could emerge from the silent and dark places of life with unfailing Courage and exultant Faith, answered to his last roll-call.

Nearly thirty years after the War Between the States, Camps of Confederate Veterans were formed all over the South. Their object was two-fold: first, to unite the veterans in a closer bond of fellowship; second, to collect original Confederate records for future historical use.

Under the stimulus of this second idea, my Father wrote the Reminiscences chronicled here—partly at the request of the Kershaw Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Cheraw, and partly for the benefit of his children.

As the headings of the context will show, he never designed them for the eyes of the public.

I offer no apology that their style is not polished, nor their structure artistic. They were written as occasion demanded, or as some incident recalled them to memory. The stories that he told of the amusements, dangers, and privations of those stirring times were, many of them, familiar to his children, who oftentimes had heard them rehearsed by him and his friends, in the social winter evenings by the blazing oak-wood fires.
There are men today who are trying to analyze with unprejudiced minds the soul of the times which these papers cover. Any details which reflect them, though apparently trivial and unimportant, are of value in interpreting them. For this reason I am giving to the public these labors of my Father's leisure hours, which he intended only for the eyes of his descendants.

HARRIET POWE LYNCH.

Cheraw, S. C., October, 1909.
The Battle of Fort Sumter as I Saw It.


Brother Veterans.

Many of us thought, at one time, that the North would not fight us. We now thought differently, for Major Anderson, whose command had occupied Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, observant of passing events in South Carolina, removed at night to Fort Sumter; thereby showing that he would give battle if it were necessary.

Another occurrence, also, convinced us that if Fort Sumter was gained it had to be done by fighting; for on the 9th of January, 1861, the "Star of the West," an unarmed man-of-war, essayed to run past our batteries for the purpose of reinforcing or provisioning Sumter.

We met this aggressive act by throwing a shell in front of her bow, which convinced her that it was perilous to proceed, so she turned back and steamed off to her comrades stationed four miles away off Charleston Bar. Having joined them, they all sailed away for a time.

We now thought that the battle of Fort Sumter would be the only battle, though why we thought so I cannot conceive. However, with this in my mind I immediately applied to Governor Pickens for a position in the Standing Army, and considered myself fortunate in getting one, as many of my comrades were eager for the fray.

In January, 1861, I was ordered to my regiment, which was stationed on Sullivan's Island.

Well do I recall the day that I left my dear home. My old Father accompanied me a portion of the way, and seemed deeply affected, for the impression in those times was that he who went to war went to certain death.
My regiment was the First Regiment, South Carolina Infantry, whose Colonel was Richard Anderson; Lieutenant-Colonel, Barnard E. Bee, and Major, John Dunovant.

Charleston Harbor was a network of forts and batteries, constructed or being constructed. Below Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island were rafts of timber so arranged as to entangle the enemy's vessels, and torpedoes were placed in great numbers. My regiment, though infantry, always acted as heavy artillery and manned the cannon at the forts, but was stationed at the famous Moultrie Hotel.

The daily scene that presented itself to my eyes, and in which I was a participant, was indeed war-inspiring. We drilled our companies and vied with each other for the best drilled company in either artillery or infantry. The companies were composed of picked men, and presented a handsome appearance, and their subsequent heroism showed the excellent material of which they were composed. Nor were our officers idle, for forts and batteries arose as if by magic on every prominent point on the islands in the approach to Charleston, but within the harbor, also. Steamers were kept busy day and night placing suitable armaments and ammunition at these points. Everything now indicated battle. Our rulers were in active correspondence, our Commissioners, who had been sent to Washington to arrive, if possible, at a peaceful solution of our difficulties, failed—and in April, 1861, some half-dozen or more U. S. men-of-war made their appearance in Charleston Harbor. This last event served to kindle anew a war-like flame, and the fortifications everywhere were made ready for battle.

A few days prior to April 12th, Major N. S. Evans, chief of General Dunovant's staff, sent for me and said, "Lieutenant, we will soon have a battle, it may be the only one, would you like a place in the picture; would you accept the position of Assistant Quartermaster General of South Caro-
lina, with the rank of Major, on General Dunovant's staff?" The reply was that the offer was gladly accepted.

The night of the 11th, after an arduous day's work, I received instructions from General Dunovant, commanding Sullivan's Island, to proceed to Battery Beauregard and inform its commander that at 4 o'clock the next morning a shell would be fired from Fort Moultrie at Fort Sumter; this would be the signal to open fire on that fort.

The next morning, the deep boom of a mortar broke the quiet of approaching day, and its screaming shell, making a detour of the channel, burst with loud report over Sumter's battlements. Fort Moultrie then opened, followed by Forts Wagner and Cumming's Point, on the opposite side of the harbor. Then Beauregard, East End Battery, Fort Johnson, Castle Pinckney, Mt. Pleasant, Fort Ripley, and, last, but not least, Steaven's Iron Clad Battery, all followed in quick succession. But not a sign was visible, in the grim, dark fort, until sunrise. The United States flag was then run up in haughty defiance; and from casemate to barbette, Sumter's guns sent shot and shell with deadly intent. Moultrie, Wagner, and all the others hurled their missles, also, with incessant and ever-increasing din and strength.

The squadron, sent to succor Sumter, remained most quiet, attempting nothing.

All day and night the battle's roar went on—at times most deafening. On the morning of the 13th, when Sumter's flag was still seen flying in bold defiance, our batteries threw their missiles of death with redoubled energy. Moultrie now began to hurl red-hot shot at Sumter; before long, it was plainly to be seen that an impression had been made, for smoke began to ascend above the battlements of the beleaguered fort. As the smoke arose, in ever increasing volume, it was plainly seen that Major Anderson was giving signals of distress to the ships sent to his aid. Some commo-
tion was visible among them, but no help came. When Major Anderson saw that he could hope for no aid, the white flag was run up. Our batteries ceased firing; for Sumter had fallen!

Forthwith, a fire brigade was sent to Sumter, and the fire extinguished.

Arrangements were made by the commanding General with Major Anderson as to the surrender and evacuation of Sumter; and magnanimous were the terms! He and his command were allowed to take their private effects, to march out with side-arms, and to salute their flag. At his request, a steamer was furnished him to take himself and his troops to the fleet.

During the battle, the flag-staff of Fort Sumter was shot away, but the flag was soon run up again; portions of this staff were made into canes and other mementoes of the battle.

There were instances of great bravery among our men during the contest. Each man fought as if the result depended on him alone. Major Anderson was a brave man. He well knew that he could not hold out, unaided by the fleet; but before the battle, when asked to surrender by the proper authorities, he declined, knowing that starvation would be the lot of his command if no succor was given him. I never thought that Major Anderson's heart was in this battle; he did all that he could, however, against fearful odds.

The Confederates found, within Sumter's enclosure, an immense Dahlgren gun, that was placed at such an angle as to throw shell into Charleston, but when it was fired by Major Anderson's command, it burst at the first fire.

Fort Sumter was occupied by the First Regiment of Regular South Carolina Artillery. It was never taken. In fact, Charleston, which was called "The Cradle of Rebellion," was never taken; though every effort was made to capture her. The most powerful naval armament known to civilized warfare was employed against her, but all proved unavailing.
During the two days' battle, no person was either killed or wounded. This was remarkable, for there were a great many people on the island, who exposed themselves unnecessarily. It was a resort for Charlestonians, many of whom owned summer residences there. These, with others, would expose themselves to Sumter's fire; but the cannon-balls were nearly spent when they reached the beach, and were chased by the small boys, as they rolled along its firm surface.

There was blood drawn, however, though not from a human being. The handsome bay horse used by me, in my duties as Quartermaster, was stable some distance in the rear of Fort Moultrie, and fell shot through from side to side. The cannon-ball embedded itself in the sand bank, in the rear of the stable; and was kept by me as a momento of the battle.

This battle, as well as subsequent ones, demonstrated the efficiency of sand batteries. Forts constructed of other materials melted, as it were, before the enemy's guns, but sand batteries, never. They could, also, be easily and quickly repaired.

Fort Sumter was a very formidable brick fort. It had three tiers of cannon. Those on top, or on the "Barbette," could be turned and trained on any object at any angle; below, there were two tiers of casemate guns. The monitors and ironclads battered this beautiful and strong fort to a mere mass of débris, but it was strengthened internally with bales of cotton and sandbags, and was made as strong as ever, though, of course, possessing fewer guns. It was never taken. Charleston Harbor was never entered by the enemy, though every effort was made to conquer the city.

A peculiar craft took part in this battle. It is worthy some mention, as from it has been modeled such craft as have struck terror to the hearts of commanders of wooden vessels. I refer to the iron clads.
This particular craft was built like a huge square flat. It had one side inclined and extending up about ten feet; through this side, near the floor, port holes were cut for the guns. The roof was covered with thick beams, over which bars of railroad iron were made secure. This covering was oiled. The balls from Fort Sumter struck it and bounced off as if they were rubber, inflicting no damage.

Two ironclads were afterwards built in Charleston Harbor. These resembled large terrapin, and, having powerful rams in front, were the terror of all wooden men-of-war.
An Account of the Battle of Battery Wagner, Which Took Place in Charleston Harbor, July 18th, 1863.


Ladies and Gentlemen; Brother Veterans.

I was informed that at your last gathering you appointed me to write an account of the Battle of Battery Wagner. As there were a succession of battles between the Confederate and Union armies at that point, I take it that you had especial reference to the battle of the 18th of July, in which I participated and which was regarded as the fiercest and greatest of them all.

If I mistake not, it was fifty-eight days after this same battle before Wagner was evacuated,—occasioning thereby the giving up of Battery Gregg on Cumming’s Point, a very formidable fort on Morris Island, opposite to and thirteen or fourteen hundred yards from, Fort Sumter.

It is needless at this time to tell of the capture of the southern end of Morris Island, which took place on July 10th, and which meant to us a loss of men besides that of ten or twelve guns and several mortars. Suffice it to say, that the Union army was victorious under General Gilmore, and gained thereby three-fourths of Morris Island.

Battery Wagner was situated on the northeast side of Morris Island, facing and intended to command, the main ship channel entrance to Charleston Harbor, as well as to defend the roadway between Sumter and Moultrie. Fort Wagner was opposite Battery Beauregard, on Sullivan’s Island, which battery was several hundred yards above Fort Moultrie. I therefore consider Wagner about seven or eight miles from the city.
Wagner was the fort from which on January 9, 1861, "The Star of the West" was fired on, in its attempt to succor Major Anderson while in command of Fort Sumter. The armament of Wagner on its sea face consisted of two ten-inch Columbiads, and on its land face of some twelve cannon and two eight-inch mortars. These cannon were 42 Navy's, 32 and 24 pounders. Confronting these landward were Gilmore's Batteries. These consisted of forty-seven heavy and rifled cannon, with a battery of mortars—all of the most approved and best make that could be procured from any source. Seaward, Wagner had to contend with the blockading fleet, composed of exceeding heavy ordnance; while the New Ironsides, an armored vessel of large proportions, had ten-inch rifled cannon, and the monitors had their eleven and fifteen-inch Columbiads. This has been regarded as the most formidable and powerful array of cannon known in previous history. So you may observe that the contrast as to calibre, or size of guns, was very great between the contending parties.

I belonged to the First Regiment of S. C. Infantry, but never acted as infantry except for a few weeks, but rather as heavy artillery—our regiment manning all the forts and batteries on Sullivan's Island. My special command was two heavy ten-inch Columbiads at Battery Bee. This battery was, after Fort Moultrie, the most powerful on Sullivan's Island, and consisted of six very heavy guns.

On the 15th of July, 1863, orders came from the commanding General, that a detachment of two companies from the First Regiment of Infantry should, under its Lieutenant-Colonel, Simkins, move over to Wagner early on the 16th, as reinforcements and to relieve the artillerists who had been there for some days. According to orders, we were transported by steamer early next morning across the channel. As
soon as possible after arrival, we were marched to Wagner and straightway relieved those at the cannon.

The strength of Wagner as to soldiers was about 1,500, 200 being artillerists.

The infantry were minutely instructed as to their duties in case of an assault, and then stationed in the boom-proof so as to be in readiness when needed, as well as to be out of harm's way, for the enemy were by no means niggardly with their favors—there being three or four hundred shot and shell thrown in and at Wagner on both the 16th and 17th instants.

On the morning of the 18th, it was quite apparent that a different order of affairs was about to be inaugurated. The completed batteries of Gilmore evinced a desire for a warmer greeting than hitherto, and not by single cannon alone but by batteries. At a somewhat later period, say at 8:15 a.m., the apparently small monitors, with their huge consort, the New Ironsides, steamed up nearer, the monitors coming within three hundred yards of Battery Wagner. As soon as in position, though not anchored, they began to belch forth what they thought would be desolation and destruction to our fortifications; but as well as I can recall they only dismounted one ten-inch Columbiad, the other replying with deliberation and effect. Nor were Sumter or Moultrie or Bee or Beauregard or Gregg idle in throwing their iron hail, but fired in their turn, not only by single guns but by batteries.

The monitors were, however, not so roughly handled as they had been on the 7th of April previous, when the monitors and the Ironsides essayed to pass our batteries on the way to Charleston. On that occasion our batteries disabled two monitors so as to unfit them for immediate use, and sank the double-turreted monitor, Keokuk, whose guns were afterwards taken from the wreck at heavy expense and hardship,—our men working night and day within range of the enemy's shot.
The recovered guns were eleven-inch Columbiads, and were placed in our batteries and turned against the foe.

Allow me at this point to digress from my original theme to say a few words about these monitors, as I fancy few have ever seen one or know what it looks like. Imagine, then, a board ten feet long sharpened to a point at each end, with a huge cheese box placed in the center and a battle-flag at one end. This cheese box, or turret, was revolved by machinery and contained the cannon, which were fired through port holes cut in its surface—everything else about it was below the water line.

The smallness of this target, which seemed to the Confederates, at a distance of one-third to one-half a mile, not more than eight or ten feet through, and the constant motion of the vessels back and forth, made it very difficult to get its range. But the commanders of these formidable craft marveled exceedingly at the great accuracy of the Confederate cannoneers.

Rear Admiral DuPont, commanding the fleet, reported to the United States Secretary of the Navy, after the battle of April 7th, that one monitor was hit ninety-six times and another ninety-two times.

But I will now return to my original theme.

The monitors, with their guns of eleven and fifteen-inch calibre, kept up their firing incessantly and with accuracy, but in this instance, though our fort of sand was placed on a sand foundation it did not fall but continued to defy them. The land batteries raked us with their withering fire continuously, and there seemed but few seconds that shell were not bursting in our fort or just above our heads. In fact, at times the smoke from these bursting demons was so dense that in exploding they looked like balls of fire at night. It was truly appalling.
My gun was very near the flagstaff and therefore came in for a considerable amount of attention. Shell repeatedly fell in front and in rear of the gun, keeping us covered with sand. The flag was repeatedly shot down, but no sooner done than some brave man or men would rush to replace it.

About 1 p. m. Sergeant Williams of my command, reported, "Lieutenant, we are out of cartridges." I said, "Which of you will volunteer to go with me to the magazine?" Williams responded immediately. We had to pass a point where a continuous stream of shot and shell was pouring, but we accomplished our object and returned to our gun unhurt. I noticed on my return that, for the time being, there was no firing from the enemy's land guns. This seemed explained when one of my command said, "While you were gone to the magazine I ran down the fort to see how things stood with us, and, sir, every gun is either deserted or dismantled. Lieutenant, let us leave this place; we will certainly be killed." I replied, "When I leave this gun I will be either ordered or carried away."

It was terrible beyond description. My command of six guns was reduced to three, and I had been acting as cannoneer as well as commander. Not only this, but we had been under the enemy's fire for two and a half days with but little to eat, and exposed to the drenching rains of the previous night, and one-half of my men had been killed. Could you then be surprised if somewhat of demoralization took place in the few men that were left to battle with an enemy of more than eight thousand in front, not to speak of those seaward? However, with our united strength we loaded the gun and ran her in battery. I mounted the gun and aimed it, as was my wont, jumped off and gave the command, "Fire." No sooner had our shell burst in their midst than it seemed as if a hornet's nest had emptied itself, and a terrific cannonade was concentrated on this one gun. Then there was a pause, the
enemy thinking they had silenced us, ceased firing; when again our 42-pounder defied them, showing them that we were still in the land of the living and had no thought of giving up. Then in answer came another terrific fusilade of iron hail and bursting shell. During this time some of our cannon which had been injured were put in order but not manned, or at least I could hear no report from the guns.

Such a tempest, such a terrible cannonade could not continue much longer without further injury to ourselves, so, as I was aiming my gun (3:30 p. m.) there came a shell which gave me my quietus and I was thrown some way in the rear of my gun. I was taken into the boom-proof and received what treatment could be given me. But, with only a few minutes' exception, I was unconscious till next morning, when I found myself on a stretcher in Charleston, being conveyed to the hospital.

Now, my friends, having been shot down in the middle of the afternoon I can relate nothing more from observation, but, to the best of my ability, I have brought you through a part of the battle regarded as one of the fiercest bombardments of the war. For it is thought that more than nine thousand shot and shell were thrown into or at Wagner on that occasion.

If you are not tired, I will ask you to let me read to you the report of General Taliaferro, who was in command, which will bring you to the close and give you the result of the engagement which took place on that memorable 18th of July, 1863.

(This report in brief, stated that the Confederate Army of 1,500 had contended with a fore of more than 8,000; with the result, on the Confederate side, of 28 killed and 170 wounded, and on the Union side, of more than 2,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners.)
There is one short episode of this period I would relate, and then I am done. This has reference to the devotion and kindly feeling existing between master and servant during those troublous times.

On the 10th of July previous to the battle which I have been describing, a battle was fought between the two forces, in which the Union troops were victorious and gained a strong foothold on Morris Island. Feeling sure that this was the beginning of the long-expected conflict in Charleston Harbor, the officers of my regiment who had their families with them decided to send them off to safer quarters.

I had with me a very faithful and efficient servant in whose charge I placed my wife and child, sending them to Mt. Pleasant across the bridge, thence to Charleston by steamer, and so home by rail.

On the morning of the 16th when my command was en route to Morris Island I saw my servant on the steamboat. He had been quite sick. I told him not to accompany me, but to return to his quarters and take care of himself. He left me, as I thought, but had really hidden himself. The first person that I saw on reaching Morris Island was this same man. Of course he could not be sent back. He served me in every way that he could during the 16th and 17th.

Very early on the 18th, the officers, seeing how affairs were tending as to the enemy, called their servants and sent them off by steamer to Charleston. I told mine to go also. He positively refused to leave me. He took up a position in the boom-proof, where he could see me, and there remained.

When I was shot and thrown off into the parade, he saw me fall and urged one of my own soldiers to go for me. This soldier lost his life in the attempt; another succeeded, and with the aid of my servant, carried me into the dead room. He then searched around until he found one of the busy surgeons, who after examining me closely, pronounced me
dead and left me, to attend to the many wounded. My man begged him for some stimulant with which to work over me. He gave him a bottle of spirits and a paper of cayenne pepper. I had on only one sleeve of my coat, and my trousers, the rest of my clothing having been torn off me by a shell. He rid me of this clothing, wetting me with the spirits and sprinkling the pepper. After rubbing me seven and a half hours I began to show signs of life. At dawn the next morning he and a soldier had me on a stretcher, conveying me to the steamboat landing. When half-way down, the soldier refused to go any farther, for it was dangerous in the extreme, so this faithful man carried me alone on his shoulders.

Several days after, when on my way home, I asked him why he would not go with the other servants on the 18th. He said, "Marse, when I carried Miss Josie (my wife) over to Charleston on the 10th, she told me not to leave you and if you were killed to bring your body to her; that was the reason I would not leave you."

This man was well known to you all; his name was Madison Levy.

This is for the Eyes of My Children and Kinfolks.

At 10:30 p. m., when lying in the boom-proof on the floor, I came to consciousness for a short time. As I opened my eyes I saw standing near me in a half-circle, Colonel Simkins, Captain Tatom, Lieutenant Wardlaw, and Lieutenant Youngblood, of my regiment. Colonel Simkins said to me, "Powe, how are you, my dear fellow?" I replied, "Colonel, I think that I am dying; but tell my wife I died trying to do my duty." He got on his knees and putting his arm around me, said, "Powe, you are the hero of Battery Wagner."

I remembered nothing more until some time after, when again returning to my senses I saw two forms lying beside
me. I asked Madison who they were. He replied that the one lying nearest me was Colonel Simkins, and the other was Captain Tatom; both were killed. When I came to consciousness again I was in Charleston.

If you will read the account of the battle by General Taliaferro, you will observe that he speaks most kindly of me. I was promoted but was never able to join my command. In January of 1864, I was ordered to Columbia to undergo an examination by five surgeons of the Confederate Army. Their report was as follows: "We find Captain James H. Powe, of the First Regular Regiment, S. C. Infantry, suffering from paralysis of the right side, caused by a fracture of skull on left side of head just back of ear, the wound being caused by the fragment of a bursting shell at the Battle of Battery Wagner, on 18th of July, 1863. We recommend his retirement from the Confederate Army."
Reminiscences of War Times.


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; BROTHER VETERANS,

We have spoken of wars and rumors of war, but these uncanny subjects did not always occupy the attention of the soldier boys in gray. Happily the events around them often served to divert the mind, and most welcome they were, too, for wars and rumors of war perpetual, like work, makes Jack a dull boy. So I will try to give you something removed, in part, from tales of bayonet-thrust and sword-slicing, and from the mal-odor of rifle and cannon powder.

During the latter part of 1860 South Carolina was a seething caldron; every one, without exception, being on the qui vive for the unexpected. People, in dark woods or at night around each corner passed, were in momentary expectation of meeting John Brown, his lieutenants, or his ghost. Some most ludicrous events took place, but were far from being laughable to the actors at the time.

Each night when the train came in the whole town, so to speak, would be at the depot, and should the engine's whistle be of long duration it was considered portentous of some unusual occurrence.

On the night previous to the one in question, information had reached us that John Brown, of Kansas notoriety, had captured Harper's Ferry and was in possession of it. Every one, therefore, was most anxious for 9 p. m. to come, and with it the train. Misconnection, however, delayed it, so we returned to our homes under a high pressure of excitement and uncertainty.

I was a young physician at the time, and resided at the hotel. About 11 p. m., when nearly every one had retired
to rest, the shrill cry of a female in great fright broke the stillness of the night. The cry came from what is known as the family house of the hotel. In an incredibly short time hurried footsteps of men could be heard in every portion of the house. On one of the stairways, three young men armed cap-a-pie came hurriedly down. There were young negro waiters at the hotel; one of them becoming alarmed at the commotion went quickly into the hotel, seeking to gain his master's room, for refuge. The three young men meeting the negro, each party being under great excitement, turned and followed him in hot pursuit. He ran, and they ran; at last he was caught, after both parties were well-nigh spent; but when caught nobody knew why he should be captured. So, more dead than alive from fright, he was brought back to the hotel, where quite a crowd had assembled.

The cause of the disturbance was then ascertained. A drunken man in attempting to get into the hotel went by mistake to the family house and, finding the door locked, attempted to break it down, thus frightening the ladies and children.

This shows you the excited condition of the people. Every one was vigilant. It was dangerous for a tramp or one of uncertain appearance to show himself at this time. There is hardly any doubt but that some who were innocent were either hung or severely dealt with. The impression was that there were emissaries of John Brown in our midst, and when any one was caught concerning whom this impression was strong, summary justice was meted out to him.

The young people of this period were patriotic to a marked degree. In order to save money for uniforms and other necessities of war, the young ladies discarded silks and satins for calicoes and homespun, while the men donned jeans. In these costumes, with their hair dressed with open cotton bolls and grasses, the fair daughters of Carolina looked very bewitching to their gallant beaux in their dress-suits of jeans.
All the young men wore cockades. These were made from the palmetto leaf and woven into beautiful designs. But they were not the only wearers; their sweethearts wore them too. And to see them one would think that all the State was full of sweethearts.

I was ordered to my regiment in January of 1861, and had to pass through Charleston to reach Sullivan's Island. It seemed to me as if the people of the entire State were there, and each one, old and young, ladies and men, wore the handsome cockades. In truth the palmetto cockade was there the insignia of a South Carolinian.

I joined my command on the Island, and there, too, excitement and bustle reigned supreme, for Major Anderson, very much to the surprise of the Charlestonians, had left Fort Moultrie and secretly at night had removed his command to Fort Sumter. So this island, as well as James and Morris Islands, swarmed with Charleston soldiery who were busily engaged in building batteries and placing in position cannon and mortars. Soon other States seceded and additional cannon were brought from them.

Crowds of ladies came over from the city in every steamer, for this point seemed a magnet of great power. Everybody was rich, so parties, big dinners, and suppers were of daily occurrence.

Our two regular regiments, First of Artillery and Infantry, and the city soldiery had dress parade every afternoon at sundown. Hundreds of ladies and old men attended them, and after the parade the pleasure of promenading with the lovely young dames of Charleston on the wide, firm beach still lingers in the memory of the veterans, though a score and a half of years have intervened since.

Thousands of negroes were detailed from the plantations, and sand batteries, bristling with guns, reached from the west end at the wharf to the eastern end of the island.
After the capture of Fort Sumter the two regiments occupying the two forts and the batteries on the island would have interchange of entertainments.

On one occasion the officers of my regiment were invited to Fort Sumter. So at 9 p. m. we went over in small row-boats, with numbers of ladies. We met others there, and after having danced to the "wee sma' hours" of the morning we repaired to the banquet hall, where choice viands in profusion were enjoyed. Champagne and other fine wines flowed like water and, sorry I am to say, by some were used like water. I suppose that I returned that night, for certain I am that Moultrie's reveillé gun awoke me next morning, though I did not attend the roll-call. As I was about to drop off to sleep again, my servant came in and said, "An officer from Fort Sumter desires to see you, sir." I said, "Show him in." Whereupon a Captain, in full uniform, walked in and took a seat on my bed. After talking a while, he said, "Lieutenant, I wish to see you on particular business." He waited until I was dressed, and then, with serious visage, presented me with a letter. Having read it, I laughingly said, "Why, Captain, what is the meaning of this?" Still, with very serious countenance, he responded, "Captain Mitchel, of Fort Sumter, claims that you insulted him." He then explained that on the previous evening Captain Mitchel was escorting a young lady down to the boat and that I took her away from him. I was utterly unconscious of having done this, and rudeness is by no means one of my characteristics; but here was a challenge in the most approved language of the code duello. Begging the Captain to be seated, I took pen and paper and wrote thus:

"Dear Mitchel,

"Don't blame me, old fellow, blame your own hospitality and good cheer."
This letter being delivered, I heard nothing more of the affair. Meeting Captain Mitchel two weeks later, he came up and shook me warmly by the hand. Thus the incident closed.

The officers of my regiment, wishing to bring it up to twelve hundred, often selected me as a desirable recruiting officer. Having been several times on this errand with success, I one day thought to myself why not try recruiting one of the gentler sex. The idea was very pleasing to me, so I began to lay my plans to lure one of those brave patriotic maidens, of whom I have been speaking, whose raven locks shone in such vivid contrast to the white locks of the open cotton bolls. Kind Fortune came to my aid, and I became the proud possessor of one of these brave recruits. My friends, I have been a Captain, have even been promised the title of Colonel, but there is now a Captain of the Home Guard, and my shoulder straps have been removed.

Although the tocsin of war had been sounded in very deed; although the First Battle of Manassas had been fought; although the deep boom of the cannon had sounded South and Southwest, still at this time old Charleston was as placid and serene as a summer day. For a while no demonstrations from the blockading fleet were made; it seemed content, after Sumter's fall, to act as sentinel to prevent ingress to and egress from the city. But in this mission it fell far short of its aim.

Sometimes, the hoarse roar of mighty cannon, followed by the report of bursting shell, would be heard at or near dawn of day far out at sea. We knew what this betokened, and would spring to our guns. Soon could be seen in the distance a small object, which would soon loom up into shape—and following in hot pursuit those immense men-of-war. I
often likened the scene to the flight of a tiny rabbit from a pack of great hounds.
The little blockade runner would seem almost to leap out of the water in her effort to escape from her infuriated pursuers, while overhead shells were continually bursting as if to tear her in pieces. But the brave little boat would come splitting the briny deep, throwing high in front the salty spray. Behind her would come the men-of-war eager in the hope of catching or crippling her, but as they would come in range of our guns a dozen or so would send shot skipping along the wave tops after them. At this they would slacken speed and turn round, for being wooden ships our guns could tear them to bits. At times, however, they would sight the little greyhound far out at sea, and she would be pretty apt to be caught; but when she did succeed in outdistancing her pursuers, as she would run between our forts dipping most joyously the Confederate flag, the shouts and halloos from a thousand throats would make the welkin ring.

The wooden ships at the beginning of the war were soon replaced by ironclads and monitors. Knowing that the monitors would soon attack us, and that it would be difficult to strike those small turrets, we gave much attention to target practise.

We would construct a platform of boards and secure upon it a hogshead or large box; this would be carried out between the forts and put adrift in the channel; as the tide floated it this way and that we would shoot at it. In time we became so expert that one would be knocked in pieces every time we practised, though it would not appear, from our distance, larger than a two-bushel basket.

Before the continuous day and night cannonading, which reduced old Fort Sumter to a mass of débris, we had pleasant
times in camp. Our drillings and target practise did not consume all our time, so games, quartettes, choruses, and readings helped pass away the hours. And while things were quiet, hundreds remained in their summer homes on the island.

But in '63 the time was approaching when the enemy, becoming enraged at our victorious resistance, inaugurated a different state of affairs. Gilmore's "Swamp Angel," as it was called, began to throw rifted shell into the city at a distance of seven miles, while the attention that our fortifications received made it necessary to denude the island of all the pretty houses that went to form the little city of Moultrieville. This had to be done on account of the danger of fire to our ammunition and provisions.

It was sad now to visit the city. The lower part was deserted, and as one walked along through the vacant streets the echo of his footsteps could be heard dismally resounding; while ever and anon the loud report of a bursting shell would be the death knell of some handsome home.

Some sad affairs took place at this time, one of which I can never forget. One of our young soldiers, Thompson by name, and as brave as any we had, took it into his head to desert. After a long time he was caught and brought back. He was placed in the guard house and kept under guard until a court-martial might be convened.

Orders were read out one evening at dress parade that a court-martial would convene the next week. It was with extreme regret that I heard my name read as one to compose the court, for I knew that Thompson's was a serious case. At the end of the trial the Colonel and president of the court said, "Gentlemen, it is very hard to condemn a young man to death, but we have no other recourse, for here are the Army Regulations by which our actions are governed, and they say that is the course to pursue." It was with great reluctance that I handed in my vote, and so it was with others.
Very soon thereafter the Union army began to make inroads down the coast, near Port Royal. Seven of our companies were detached and sent to Edisto. We, of course, had to take Thompson along with us. After being there several weeks, the Colonel sent word by his orderly to me, as officer of the day, to have Thompson sent under guard to the dress parade at 6 o'clock. After parade, Thompson returned to the guard tent under escort. As he came near, with a countenance of deep despair, he said, "Lieutenant, I am condemned to death; can't you help me?" I was overcome by my feelings, but, taking his hand, I said, "Thompson, do not despair; while there is life there is hope; so keep in heart."

I am glad to tell you that some subsequent testimony, and kind words from officers caused the commanding General to change his sentence to hard labor for a time; and he was finally restored to his company.
A True Story of the Experiences of a Confederate Officer.

Written by Mrs. W. A. B., of Cheraw, and Read by James H. Powe Before Camp Kershaw, U. C. V., November 12th, 1894.

A few years ago, a newspaper notice attracted the attention of the writer. The paragraph read as follows: "An old stone house about five miles from Manassas Junction, Va., was torn down for the purpose of erecting a larger dwelling on its site. In digging the cellar deeper, three skeletons of men were found buried about two feet under the brick floor. When, how, or by whom these men were consigned to so mysterious a place baffles conjecture."

Perhaps the following facts may throw some light on the seeming mystery. The gentleman who gave the facts shall be called Colonel Allen.

While awaiting orders for the cavalry to be called into service, Colonel Allen went to Virginia, in July, 1861, intending to be on hand at the Battle of Bull Run; but after staying with the infantry at Fairfax Court House for ten days, he was recalled to South Carolina, and left Fairfax a few days before the battle, which occurred on the 18th.

He engaged a seat in a kind of drag car, owned by a rough-looking specimen of the Pennsylvania Dutch. This man made frequent journeys between Fairfax and Manassas Junction, and indeed in any direction where the remuneration was an inducement. On this occasion the price demanded was great for the distance to be traveled; but as he promised to make the journey (a distance of twenty miles) in a half-day, leaving at noon and reaching the Junction in time to catch the 6 o'clock south-bound train, Colonel Allen did not demur at the price demanded. Although the horse did not carry
much flesh, still he seemed a strong animal and a good traveler.

A few miles from camp they met several gentlemen, and the Colonel recognized them as newcomers from South Carolina. After conversing together for a few minutes, one of the party remarked, "By the way, Colonel, I almost forgot that I am the bearer of a package for you." Thereupon the gentleman took from an inner pocket a thick package, which Colonel Allen opened as he resumed his journey. He found it not only to contain several letters, but a number of banknotes, amounting in all to several hundred dollars. "Fudge!" he exclaimed aloud, "why did —— bring this to me here?" As he said this he glanced at his companion, and found him actually devouring the money with his eyes, which he instantly dropped upon his reins at being noticed.

When Colonel Allen finished reading his letters he observed that the man was driving very slowly. He said, "Friend, if you do not hurry up you will not fill your contract to get me to the Junction by 6 o'clock; besides, you had better do your best traveling now, for there is a storm in the air." Even while he spoke a few drops of rain began to fall.

"We will be there in plenty of time," the driver replied, but only made a feint of hurrying up the horse.

For an hour or more the thunder muttered afar off, and the rain only fell at intervals, but about the middle of the afternoon the heavens seemed fairly to open and the rain poured in one continuous sheet. Colonel Allen, having waterproof and umbrella, succeeded in keeping quite dry, but the driver was soon drenched to the skin.

"Suppose we stop this side of the Junction, and go on early in the morning," said he.

"Is there any house where we can stop?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, not as I know of, but we can be on the lookout for one."
After a silence of half an hour or more, the man remarked, "I see a house off the road a bit, and I'll have to stop over, as I'm wet to the skin." Colonel Allen looked in the direction indicated, but could see no house. "How far to the Junction do you think it is?" he asked.

"Nigh about ten miles or so; but here's the road to the house, and I'm going to drive up and stop over."

"Do you know who lives there?" asked the Colonel; "for perhaps they will not take us in."

"No, I don't know who lives here, but I allow they'll take us in."

With that he turned the horse's head up the narrow, unused road leading up to the house, which soon came into view through the trees and thick shrubbery. The horse trotted up as if he knew the place, and appreciated the prospect of food and shelter. Colonel Allen remarked, "Your horse seems to know the place, at any rate."

"He has never been here before, any way," the man said.

As they approached nearer the Colonel observed the absence of windows in the lower story, and remarked, "That place looks more like a barn than a dwelling house."

"Yes," said the driver; "but you are looking at the cellar of the house, the living rooms are above."

"Well," the Colonel laughingly responded, "it looks either made to keep robbers out or prisoners in, for there would be no getting out through the windows."

They had now reached the house, and the horse needed no bidding to halt. The Colonel jumped out, and ran up the flight of steps, the only visible entrance. The door was barred, but in response to his knock a large woman of masculine features opened it and willingly bid him enter. As he went in, he noticed a rough-looking man come from around the house and accost the driver familiarly as though meeting an old acquaintance; though this did not strike him
OF CONFEDERATE TIMES.

until subsequent events recalled it. The woman ushered him into a room where a fire smouldered on the hearth, on either side of which were cooking utensils. Here she bade him sit down and dry himself. The room was not inviting in appearance, but the fire, when stirred into a blaze, was comfortable.

After a while the driver entered through a back door, without even the ceremony of knocking. The woman spoke familiarly to him, and ended by saying, "You'll find your clothes hanging in the other room." He went into what appeared an inner chamber, and soon reappeared in a dry suit of clothes.

Finally Colonel Allen was invited to sit down to supper, but it was not tempting. His coffee had such a peculiar flavor that he pushed his cup aside without drinking it. He was struck with the woman's solicitude in urging him to drink it. She insisted that he ought to have a hot drink to keep the cold out, even if he did not like it.

After the meal was over the Colonel proposed to the driver to take a walk, which he seemed reluctant to do.

When away from the house, the Colonel confronted him and demanded from him the reason why he had told him that he did not know the people, whom he evidently knew very well. "I don't know them well; I never have been here but once before, and then I left a suit a clothes to dry," he responded sullenly.

As they walked on, they approached a clump of trees on the outskirts of the wheat field which surrounded the house. The Colonel, being in advance, was the first to become aware of voices sounding from the thicket: one, a woman's voice, as if in entreaty, said, "I told you before that I would never help you two again, and I will not." A man's voice began a reply, but before the oath with which he prefaced his remark was fairly out of his mouth, Colonel Allen's companion called, in a loud voice, "Come, sir, let's get back to the house." Silence
then fell and, after listening for a few minutes, Colonel Allen turned and retraced his steps, feeling sure that the man at his side had purposely given warning of his presence. All this time Colonel Allen had seen no other man but his driver, except for that fleeting glimpse on his arrival.

When he entered the house, the woman pointed to a bottle with a short piece of candle stuck in it, and said, "There's your light, and you'll find your bed in the next room."

He took the candle, and by its feeble light examined the chamber indicated. In it was a bed, a table, with a tin basin and bucket of water on it, and one chair. In the far corner was a door, which yielded to his touch, and when opened he saw steps descending, not into the yard as he hoped, but into the cellar. There was no lock either to this door or to the other through which he had entered.

Against the cellar door he moved the table; the other door he could see from the bed.

When he had proceeded so far the driver came in, looked about, and seeing the table against the cellar door, proceeded to move it to one side; but Colonel Allen's peremptory command to leave it alone, stopped him.

When ready for bed, the Colonel told the man to get on the inside, at which he demurred, saying, that he would be the first one to stir in the morning, so he wished to be where he could get out readily. Again Colonel Allen's positive manner silenced him, and he did as he was ordered, only removing his coat and boots before lying down. The Colonel also lay down, first, however, seeing well to his pistols. One he put under his pillow and kept his hand on, the other he laid by his side.

His companion seemed to go to sleep at once, to judge by his heavy breathing and restless tossing. In one of his sudden turns he threw his arms almost around the Colonel, who at once pushed him away. Colonel Allen then feigning sleep,
the man began tossing and again threw his arms around the Colonel's body; with some difficulty he freed himself and, sitting up in bed, he shook the seeming sleeper repeatedly before he could awaken him. When he finally succeeded, the Colonel said, "Now, listen, for the second time tonight you have put your arms around me, the next time you do it I will put a ball through your head; I mean just what I say." The man muttered that he was always restless in his sleep, but after this he kept to his own side of the bed.

About an hour passed, and Colonel Allen was getting painfully sleepy, when he was suddenly aroused to full consciousness by hearing a stealthy step approaching from the room beyond. The man by his side showed signs of being on the alert also, but before he could move Colonel Allen put his pistol against his temple and whispered, "Move one inch and you are a dead man." The click of the pistol was too significant of truth, and the man's form settled into the rigidity of death.

The step, in the meantime, came to the door, stopped as if some one was listening, probably for some preconcerted signal, advanced one step farther, and again stopped; then the door was opened, and in the dim light coming in from one small window, the outlines of a man's figure was just discernable in the doorway. With the pistol in his left hand still pressed against the man's temple, the Colonel cocked the other in his right and called out, "What do you want? Do not come a step nearer, for if you do I will shoot you." The figure neither retreated nor advanced, but stood motionless in the doorway. "What do you want?" again demanded Colonel Allen. "Some water for the child," came in reply, in the same voice that had begun the reply to the girl in the thicket. "Well," said the Colonel, "take it and go, and don't come in here again tonight, for if you do there will be two corpses in this house before morning."
The intruder said he "didn't mean no harm," and making a pretence of getting the water, he went out and shut the door behind him.

Then Colonel Allen said to the man at his side, "Turn your back to me, and if you stir unnecessarily again I'll put a bullet through you." Muttering that he could not help what he did in his sleep, the man meekly did as he was ordered.

This adventure drove all sleep from the Colonel's eyes, so when the dawn began to light the close-smelling room he got up, resumed his coat and boots and went out into the room through which he had entered. Its only occupant was a girl of perhaps eighteen, kneading biscuits by the table. She looked up furtively as he came in, but her expression betrayed that he was not the one whom she had expected. She seemed at once less constrained, and looked again, after averting her eyes for a moment. Colonel Allen approached her, and said, "I am much obliged to you for refusing your assistance last night; perhaps if you had given it I might not be here to thank you." The girl turned white, then a crimson flood overspread her fine complexion. She was so confused that her shapely hands trembled as they turned in and out the lump of dough.

Before he had time for more conversation, the woman who was visible the night before entered. She eyed them both suspiciously, but as Colonel Allen only seemed on his way out, she was reassured and began assisting with the morning meal.

On his return, a half-hour later, the girl was not present—he and his driver and the woman making their breakfast together. After breakfast the journey was resumed and Manassas Junction soon reached, as it only proved to be five miles distant.
He went on to South Carolina, but through his influence a party of Confederate soldiers later visited the old stone house; only to find it closed and deserted.

Doubtless brave soldiers were trapped in this den and murdered in cold blood; and when reported missing at roll-call, were lamented as either captured, or shot as scouts by the enemy.

In the hurry and confusion of those troublous times investigations were not easy; and, any way:

"'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then

Will not count in the news of the battle.

Not an officer lost—only one of the men

Moaning out all alone his death rattle."
Sketch of a Political Meeting During Carpet-Bagger Rule in South Carolina.

Captain Powe had on his estate a pleasant pine grove, which was in great demand as a rallying place for campaign gatherings. He was often an interested listener at these meetings, and has left this graphic description of one.

Prof. Theodore St. Clair Cobblestone, from Massachusetts, was a candidate for the State Senate, and Mr. "Cristofer" Hodges was "er tryin' ter git ter de Legislatur;" so both candidates wished to procure the good-will of the leading men and women of "de Publikin" party of this section.

Sitting on the platform were the chairman, Cuffe Prince, the candidates, and Rev. Abram Sparks. The place was filled to its utmost capacity, the majority of the audience being women, who were by far the most rabid politicians.

The chairman, having called the meeting to order, said, "Brudder Sparks 'll now open dis meetin' wid praar; de reberun brudder 'll mak hit short, is we got er heap er bisnis ter ten ter."

The reverend brother then made a long prayer, saying, among other things, "dat he hoped Brudder Willyams, who he seed was prisint, wud try ter 'ave heself, an' not be de cashun ob anudder row like unter de one he rased las' Sat'da at Oak Grobe meetin' hus." Finally the prayer was finished.

But no sooner had the audience regained their sitting posture than Mr. Williams rose indignantly, and said, "Mr. Churman, I rise fur de purpus ob askin' yer sar, ter gib me de privilige ob requestin' ob de Reberun Sparks wy he see fit ter take dat kinder style 'bout me. He had no rite ter call my name an' hole me up ter de brudders an' sisters een dat way. Mr. Churman, I doan lik my name ter be—"

"Siddown, siddown, yer ole fool," came from every portion of the enclosure.
But Mr. Williams was not so easily disposed of. "Mr. Churman, I call Brudder Pope ter order; he hab no rite whatsomever ter order me ter siddown. Sar, dis am a free country an’ I belongs ter de gret Publikin party, an’ I want no deflections cas’ on—"

"Brudder Willyams mus tek he seat an’ shet he mouf," said the chairman, "fur dis ocashun is de wun when de big guns ob de party is ter talk, an’ yer brudder ter lisen ter yo good." Mr. Williams then reluctantly sat down.

The chairman then said, "Ladies an’ Brudder Publikins, I now rise ter interjuce Perfesur Cubblestun ter ye notis, an’ I trus yer ’ll gib ’im er respekful heerin’." The professor now arose amid the plaudits of five hundred "cullud pussons," and in his most graceful manner came forward and made his bow.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is the greatest pleasure of me life to be present on this auspicious occasion, and meet my respected fellow-citizens face to face, and to acquaint them of me undying love for and admiration of them.

"How often, me friends, in years anterior to the rebellion have I thought of you with tears in me eyes and longed to be of assistance to you. I have prayed for you, and many a speech have I made in that great Commonwealth of Massachusetts, me native State, urging me fellow-citizens to take up arms and aid you in putting down this awful rebellion, and more than happy am I, dear friends, this day to look upon you as a free and independent people. I today—"

"Mr. Churman—"

"Brudder Jones ’ll tek he seat. Dis no way ter do when a gemmen hab de flo’." "Mr. Churman, I hear de perfesur say dat hemekspeeches an’ tell de people at de Norf ter go in de army an’ put down de Rebelyun. I wish ter ax ’im ef he was een de war. He
ain't de fus one dat is cum down heer an' tole us dis kinder talk, an' I fur one doan tink he dun nuttin' dat way."

Hon. Cuffe Prince rapped until he broke his mallet, and cries came from all sides, "Ter pull Mr. Jones out er de meetin'." Mr. Jones showed fight, and was beginning his harangue afresh when Charly Snipe knocked him down. The whole audience rose to their feet, and a rousing fight ensued. Peace having been eventually restored, the professor was again called for, but was nowhere to be seen. He was finally discovered under the platform, whither he had betaken himself at the beginning of the row. Being assured that it was perfectly safe, he was eventually persuaded to come out again.

Then, smilingly coming toward the front, he resumed his interrupted speech. "Me friends, I am here today to offer you me services and to request your suffrages at the approaching election. I am a candidate for State Senator. I promise to do everything in me power for your advantage—losing sight of self-aggrandisement to act only for you. I will—"

"Mr. Churman, I trus' de Brudder Profesur 'll 'low me to ax one question. 'Ill he hep us to de forty akers an' de mule? Ef he say he gwine ter git us de forty akers an' de mule, we'll sen him ter Kerlumby."

"Me friends, it would afford me unqualified pleasure to procure these articles for you if it were in me power; but, as one who loves you, I would advise you to give up all thought of these things and to go to work as honest laboring people. I would—"

But his voice could not be heard. "You ole Yankee, yer cum heer an' tell us ter wurk! We is ladies; an' ef we wan wurk dese rebs 'ill gib us as much as we wan—you git outen heer; we hab no mo' use fer yer."

This broke up the meeting, but before the audience separated they appointed the following Saturday for another
meeting; as Mr. Cristofer Hodges had been unable that night to tell the party what he was to do for them.

At the next meeting, the chairman, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Sparks were those who occupied the platform. Prayer having been said, Mr. Hodges arose. He was a great dude, his long kinky hair, being parted in the middle, fell over each ear, giving him the appearance of an umbrella. He was attired in a swallow-tail, black trousers, and white vest. The front benches were occupied by the young ladies and their mothers, all of whom admired Mr. Hodges immensely.

Mr. Hodges thus began, “Mr. Churman, Ladies an’ Gem-

men: I peers befo yer dis ebenin’ fer de fus time, I come fer ter ax yer ter gib me yo votes, so I kin go ter Kerlumby ter riprisint yer een dat State Hus, dey call de Legislatur. I’ll wurk fer de eberlastin’ good ob all uns, an’ I’ll do my lebel bes’ ter git dat forty akers an’ de mule. I wud ax dese party misses ter do all dey kin fer me, an’ mek der faders vote fer me, an’ I—”

“Mr. Churman—”

“Kaint yer be quiet, Mr. Snipes. Mr. Hogis has de tenshun ob de people now.”

But Mr. Snipes, who was also a dude, and very jealous of Mr. Hodges, would talk on. He said he “fer one has no fait een Mr. Hogis—jes look at he necktie, hit light nuff fer twenty men—an’ he haint—”

Mr. Hodges then broke in, “Mr. Churman, I ax yer ter git Mr. Snipes outen dis meetin’; he jes cum fer ter rase a fus, an’ I nose hit.”

“You is er lie an’ I kin whoop dat cote offen yer back, yer black scoundle.”

By this time there was a stampede, all the sisters and many of the brothers running out, thinking that there would be a repetition of the last meeting; but quiet was at last restored.

The chairman then arose. “My brudders ob de party, I
rise ter 'nonce myself is yo candidate fer de State Senate. De Perfesur Cobblestun dun gone back ter Masserchutiss an' now I hope yer'll vote fer me; an' I wud say dat I tinks yer all too hard 'pun de rebs, dey was rite good an' let we uns rase hoag, cow an' chickens, sides watermilyun patch. I offen seed yer young raskils een my patch, an' I eben seed Brudder Cristofer tote out watermilyuns frun de patch."

Mr. Hodges indignantly protested. "Dat is a lie, ladies, I neber did do such a ting."

Mr. Prince retorted, "I kin pruve it, Brudder Cristofer, but doan git scar'd; I aint gwine ter bring yer fo de cote."

So Mr. Hodges was quieted.

After much more wrangling, Chairman Prince and Mr. Hodges were nominated "ter go ter de State Hus at Ker- lumby."

Men like these were accordingly sent to Columbia to repre- sent the State of South Carolina.

The following episode, taken from life, will serve to show the negro dialect and his economic condition; both of which are changing constantly for the better.

Old Man Austin and Old Man Sam were inseparable friends, who shared alike each others joys and sorrows.

Though Austin was short and stout, and Sam long and raw-boned, still Sam was satisfied to always remain in the rear, from which humble position he was proud to applaud the eloquence (which was frequently punctuated by the expletive "even-poshun") or commiserate the trials of his boon companion. While accepting without affectation this tribute to his superiority, Austin’s sympathy and aid were always extended to Sam as a friend and equal.

One year they came to me in great distress.

"De craps has bin mighty short, Marse Jim, de freshit cum’d an’ tuk ebbry ting I has planted pun de low grun. An’,"
even-poshun, dat old sow me an' Nan had bin er watchin', ter keep dem blasted ole wile cat frun de pigs—even-poshun, de freshit now dun tek de sow an' nine head er pigs—mighty fine dey was, too, even-poshun.

"An' Mr. Samsun say, now I got to pay dat keen he gin me pun de crap an' de sow. How can I do hit is troublin' me—fer de hoags is gone, de cow is gone, de corn is gone, an' de cotton doan wuff pickin' out."

I said, "Old man, Mr. Sampson is a kind man, so go and tell him your condition. Take Sam along with you; he is a good talker when he wants to be, and may help you out."

Sam, who from behind Austin, had been listening with interest and enjoyment to our conversation, now stepped forward.

"Marse Jim, I tell yer how hit is, I wud hep my ole fren outen dis ting but fer one resin. De same sto'keeper is got er keen on me, too, an' dat cow he took de morgige pun, hit aint in de copen, fer I sole her ter Mass Bill Jones ter git some munny ter buy Sary dem dress she warin' eben now. She complain how she wurk all de time an' git nuffin' fer hit. 'An' so, Marse Jim, I fared ter go ter de sto'—case I know well nuff I'se gwine ter be axed 'bout hit."

Austin then said, "Sam, yer gist cum long wid me, yer know I can't tork an' yer kin."

But this time Sam's fear was stronger than his friendship.

"No, Brudder Austin, I haint er gwine; Mr. Samsun 'll sen fer me time nuff, den I'll be bleeed to go."

They went of together, Sam, however, persisting in his refusal.

Late in the afternoon Austin appeared alone, looking sad and downcast. "Marse Jim, even-poshun, dey is got ole Sam. Dat raskil, Sip, he cum frun de plantation de udder road an' when he see Old Man Sam, even-poshun, he tole Mr. Samsun, an' now Sam behin de iron bars. Me an' Nan cuder heped Sam ef dat raskil haddenter made sich a fuss 'bout nuttin'. I'se gwine home now an' see Nan, mebby she kin
hep some, an' is we all like Sam I gwine try de naburs an' see ef I kin rase dat $4.80 dat cow was sole fer.”

The money was raised, and Old Man Sam liberated, though court costs as well as the cow money had to be paid. Old Austin later had his lien extended for another year.