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Vol. I.

No. 1.

Army Letters

... OF ...

1861

Issued



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Monthly.



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"PERSONNE."



F. G. de FONTAINE,

War Correspondent, &c.

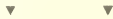
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War Record Publishing Company,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

1896.

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ARMY LETTERS

OF

“Personne.”

VOL. I.

COLUMBIA, S. C., 1896.

NO. 1

INTRODUCTORY.

The republication of the War Letters of “Personne” is begun in response to requests from many persons who recall the interest aroused by them during our struggle.

It is true that between 1861-1865 the conditions were different from those which exist now. Then, the fighting men of the Confederacy were away from home; boys scarcely crossed the threshold separating youth from maturity, when they too eagerly joined their fathers and brothers in the field; every thought of woman followed her loved ones there, while the aged head of every household impatiently awaited the mails that brought home “News from the Front.”

Although thirty-five years have elapsed since those exciting days, their memories still live in a thousand camps of Confederate Veterans and are not likely to be forgotten by their Sons and Daughters. To this large class, these letters will appeal with renewed interest.

There is another reason why they should be reproduced. So far as is known, only two copies of them are in existence and by the present generation they never have been read.

Written amid exciting and rapidly recurring events, from fields of action in South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee and Pennsylvania, they are imbued with the warlike atmosphere that pervaded the South during its great contention, and by reason of their fulness of detail they reflect all the charm of contemporary interest. Enjoying the freedom of headquarters, the friendship of generals in command and a wide acquaintance with the officers and men, the author was thus afforded special facilities for witnessing the drama in all its varying phases, and in familiar language he told the story of camp and field, of the wayside and the hospital, long before it was written with the cold normality of the professional historian.

To the Veterans and Matrons of the Confederacy, these letters will therefore recall many stirring scenes. To their Sons and Daughters, as well as to the general reader, they will open new chapters in the history of the strife, illustrative of man's heroism, woman's devotion, and the humour, poetry and pathos of the time.

Particularly to the young people of the rising generation—those who are yet attending school and college—this historical record will impart much information that is not to be found in the books. Above all, it will make them proud of the fathers and mothers who, in the hours of their country's travail, learned "how to suffer and grow strong."

F. G. DE FONTAINE.



THE GENESIS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Montgomery, Ala., February 28, 1861.

TO WITNESS and record the birth of a government, to watch the swift stream of events hurrying on and moulding without fierce revolution, a new Confederacy of States, is an experience—a sentence written in the story of a man's life, never to be forgotten.

During the last thirty days momentous things have been done that will take their place in history. On the 4th inst. the delegates from South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana, met in Congress and organized a Provisional Government. On the 8th a Provisional Constitution was adopted. On the 9th, Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens were elected President and Vice President of the Confederation, and on the 18th, they respectively took the oath of office and were inaugurated.

The first Cabinet appointment was that of Hon. C. G. Memminger, of Charleston, as Secretary of the Treasury. He was also the first official called upon to provide "the sinews of war," which he bravely did, out of his own pocket. Following this appointment were those of Leroy Pope Walker, Secretary of War; Robert Toombs, Secretary of State; Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Reagan, Postmaster General, and Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney General. Some of these gentlemen as yet, have no business in hand, and Mr. Toombs humorously complains that so far, he has "carried his office around in his hat."

That the government literally started from the bare ground, may be inferred from the first official line sent to the printers, announcing that the doors were open and "we are ready for business." The notice is as follows:

"Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 20th, 1861.

"The office of the Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States, can be found in the Commercial Building, corner of Commerce and Market Streets, Montgomery, where he or the undersigned can be found between the hours of nine A. M. and three P. M.

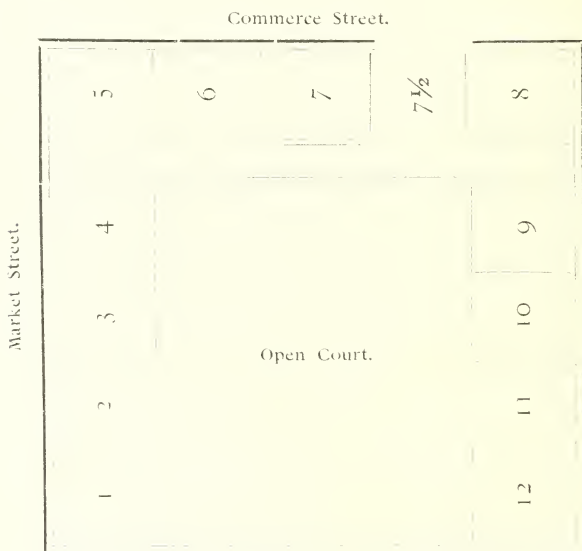
"H. D. Capers, Clerk."

Mr. Capers, who is the Private Secretary of Mr. Memminger, relates that on repairing to the office designated in this notice, he found a room without furniture of any kind—only bare walls and a dusty floor. Capturing a little negro on the street, he installed him at once as an office boy, proceeded to "clean up," and in the course of the day secured on his own

credit, a desk, table, chairs and other appliances for the conduct of business.

He now had an opportunity of looking around the executive headquarters, of which he was thus far the sole occupant, and says that if the architect had anticipated the organization of a government on short notice and had been required to provide for its accommodation, he could not have planned so small a building and arranged its rooms more conveniently for the several heads of departments. On the lower floor with entrances from two streets, was formerly a banking office with a large vault attached and rooms in the rear. On the floor above, the arrangement of the cabinet offices is best illustrated by the following diagram:

FIRST CONFEDERATE EXECUTIVE OFFICES.



1. Chief Clerk State Department.
2. Secretary of State.
3. President's office.
4. Private Secretary of President.
5. Secretary of Treasury.
6. Assistant Secretary of Treasury.
7. Chief Clerk Treasury.
- 7 1-2. Entrance.
8. Register of Treasury.

9. Secretary of War.
10. Adjutant General and Chief Clerk.
11. Attorney General.
12. Secretary Navy.

Dr. Capers, who by the way, is the son of Bishop W. T. Capers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and enjoys the distinction of being the first departmental employe of the new government, relates an incident that shows how small were the beginnings of the Confederacy and how meagre were its resources in the face of a great emergency.

"I had just entered on the routine duties of the morning," he says, "when a brisk step in the hall and a sharp rap at the door, indicated the presence of some one on an earnest mission. To the provincial reply "come in," there entered a tall, soldierly looking person with the air of one accustomed to command. He at once inquired for the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. Being informed that he was then in the place, he threw a half sceptical glance around the room and stated that he desired to see the Secretary at once and on very important business. I answered that Mr. Memminger being engaged at the Capitol would not be at the office during the morning, but that I might possibly be of service as his representative. Thereupon, he announced his name and handing me a note, at once unfolded his mission.

"I am Captain Deas sir, late of the United States army and have been instructed by the President whose letter of introduction to the Secretary I have handed to you, to provide blankets and rations for one hundred men who have reported to him for duty in the army. I want the money sir, to carry out the order of the President."

"Here was a dilemma. I assured the Captain that nothing would give me more pleasure than to comply with his wishes, but, drawing a lean purse from my pocket I added: 'Owing to the circumstances of the past two weeks, I regret to say sir, that my finances are quite low and this five dollars which you see, is all the money I will vouch for as being in the Treasury department of the Confederate States at this moment.'"

"At first, the dignified officer seemed to resent my facetious sally, but when informed that I was scarcely three days old in a department service that began its career with my presence, his brow relaxed and he enjoyed the joke. Something had to be done however, to meet this first requisition and enable the gallant Captain to execute his first order. We proceeded at once to interview Mr. Memminger.

"Congress was in secret session, but being permitted to communicate with my chief, he promptly sent me with a note

of introduction to Mr. Knox, the President of the Central Bank of Alabama and then and there based upon the personal obligation of the Secretary of the Treasury, was opened the first credit for the Confederacy.

"Captain Deas and myself parted at the bank with the understanding that he would make the purchase and send the bills to me for payment. That evening I visited the troops in whose behalf this exercise of executive authority had been initiated and found them to be a company of one hundred men from Georgia under the command of an officer who bore the historic name of George Washington Lee."

In making mention of this Georgia company it must not be forgotten that the four companies which constituted the military escort of the President on the occasion of his inauguration, likewise tendered their services when required by the government.

These are the Columbus Guards, Lieut. Ellis, commanding; Independent Rifles, Capt. Farris; Eufala Rifles, Capt. A. Baker, and German Fusileers, Capt. Scheussler.

While the first expenses of the Confederacy were thus paid with the private funds of a single individual, the tender from many other sources is without stint. The generosity of both persons and corporations in this respect and the desire to aid the cause even in the humblest manner, appear to be unbounded. Transportation companies are offering the use of their lines free of cost; presidents of railroads have announced their intention to reduce the rates for mail service and for the conveyance of troops if such shall be necessary, and patriotism in its most unselfish aspect is everywhere manifested by people of high and low degree.

Many strange faces are on the streets of Montgomery that might be suspiciously regarded because they have been so often seen on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington; but they represent a very considerable number of gentlemen whose social and political sympathies have prompted them to resign prominent positions in the United States treasury and other departments and to their individual services is due the fact that within a week from the date of his appointment, Mr. Memminger was able to perfect the details for the establishment of a credit for the Confederacy. One of these officials, Mr. Charles T. Jones of the Register's Bureau, in addition to accurate knowledge and long experience has brought with him copies of the forms in use in all of the several bureaus at Washington.

Conspicuous among the strong faced men who have been drawn hither and one of the first to report to the President for duty, is Capt. Raphael Semmes, lately an officer of the United States Navy. In view of the fact that we have no Navy Depart-

ment, it is evident that his activity has a distinct purpose in some direction not yet revealed. Recently, he returned from New Orleans, where he learned that a vessel belonging to the New Orleans and Havana tradè could be purchased, and with the approval of the Executive, he has arranged for her transfer to the Confederate service. Eventually, she may be transformed into a privateer, plans for the purpose being already in hand.

The story is told in the Treasury Department that there being no seal to affix to the ship's register and no artist to make one, the old sailor himself took the matter in hand, procured a large wooden type from the Montgomery Advertiser office and with the assistance of Dr. de Leon of the army and the private secretary of Mr. Memminger, improvised a seal with pocket knives. They have spent many patient hours in "scooping out" a satisfactory design, but it is now complete and although crude, very fairly represents a palmetto tree, (a compliment to South Carolina,) surrounded with six stars, beneath which are cut the words "Treasury Department" and above which are the words "Confederate States of America." As a further compliment it is said that the newly purchased vessel will be named "Sumter." There are already intimations in the air, of letters of marque, bold privateersmen and gallant exploits on the ocean and this device may yet be heard from. The recent proclamation of the President inviting applications for commissions to roam the seas has already had a stirring effect.

It is apparent even now, that there is a dearth of suitable engravers for the preparation of the bonds, certificates and Treasury notes that have been authorised by the Congress, but strenuous efforts are being made to procure them in other cities; meanwhile government supplies of paper and other articles are still ordered from the North. We can't be altogether independent in a moment.

PERSONNE.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Montgomery March 5.

THREE days ago, the seven delegates from Texas affixed their names to the Provisional Constitution, thus formally adding another star to the constellation of the Confederacy. Yesterday, just one month since the organization of the government, they witnessed the first raising of its flag.

Since the meeting of Congress, designs for a Confederate flag have arrived in numbers sufficient to fill a big packing box. They have come from far and near and are of all shapes, sizes and colors. Of the letters received with them, some are addressed to the President, others to Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs and many to William Porcher Miles, Chairman of the Committee on Flags, but all breathe a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty to the new government.

Under date of February 10, a South Carolina lady writes that she has "given three dear boys to the country" and hopes "the young republic will honor the memory of Washington by dating its organization from the twenty-second of February and calling it the Washington Republic." She closes by saying that the Southern Confederacy has the sympathy of every Southern woman—wife, mother and maid—and that she glories in being a woman of the South. Another letter proposes that the new government shall be called Alleghania. A desire to retain as much as possible of the old flag is manifested in many of the letters. One writer says, "We have fought well under our glorious banner; can we fight as well under another? Never! Alter, improve it as you will, but for Heaven's sake, keep the Stars and Stripes." It is a notable fact that the Southern Cross is introduced in a large number of the designs and ranks with the palmetto tree and "lone star" as a distinctive figure.

Yesterday, the committee having the matter in charge, through its chairman, William Porcher Miles, presented its report, and inasmuch as it may not be immediately published in full and is of general interest, I send you a summary. It states that "the immense number of models submitted may be divided into two great classes, first, those which copy and preserve the principal features of the United States flag with slight and unimportant modifications, and second, those which are very elaborate, complicated and fantastical. The objection to the first class is that none of them could, at any considerable distance, be readily distinguished from the one which they imitated. And it is superfluous to dwell upon the practical difficulties that would flow from the fact of two distinct and probably hostile govern-

ments both employing the same or similar flags. It would be a political and military solecism.

"As to the glories of the old flag, we must bear in mind that the battles of the revolution about which our proudest memories cluster, were not fought beneath its folds; and although in the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico, the South won her share of glory, the impartial page of history will commemorate the fact more imperishably than in a piece of striped bunting. When the colonies achieved their independence of the Mother country, they did not desire to retain the British flag or anything similar to it. Yet under that flag they had been planted, nurtured and fostered; they had repelled and driven back the savage and carried it into the wilderness as the standard of religion and civilization. Under it the youthful Washington won his spurs in the memorable expedition of Braddock and Americans helped to plant it on the Heights of Abraham, where fell the immortal Wolfe.

"But our forefathers when they separated themselves from Great Britain—a separation not on account of their hatred to the English Constitution or of English institutions, but in consequence of the tyranny and unconstitutional rule of Lord North's administration and because their destiny beckoned them to independent expansion, cast no lingering regrets behind them. They were proud of their race and lineage, proud of their heritage in the glorious genius and language of old England, but they determined to build up a new power among the nations of the world. They did not therefore "keep the old flag." We think it good to imitate them in this comparatively little matter as well as to emulate them in the more important ones.

"It must be admitted however, that something was conceded by the Committee to what seems so strong a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the "Stars and Stripes." A flag should be simple, easily made and capable of being made up in bunting. It should be readily distinguished at a distance, the colors, well contrasted and durable, effective and handsome. That which the Committee submit combines these requisites. It is entirely different from any national flag. The three colors of which it is composed, red white and blue, are true republican colors. In heraldry, they are emblematic of the three great virtues of Valor, Purity and Truth. Naval men assure us that it can be recognized and distinguished at a great distance."

"Your Committee therefore recommend that the flag of the Confederate States of America, shall consist of a red field with white spaces extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag. The red spaces above and below are to be of the same width as the white, the

union blue extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space; in the center of the union, a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States in the Confederacy."

It may prove an interesting historical incident that this first flag was raised by Judge Alexander B. Clitherall of Montgomery. By reason of his connection with the Provisional Congress, he was enabled to obtain in advance of its publicity, a description of the design agreed upon and with the aid of a number of ladies, he promptly fashioned a flag for use. Then, repairing to the roof of the Capitol, he awaited halliard in hand the signal from the legislative hall below that should announce the vote of approval. But an instant elapsed after it was known, when the graceful folds of the standard were waving in the breeze. The Congress was at once informed; the news spread through the city, a throng assembled in front of the capitol and as the call of the sturdy Alabamian still standing at his post, a picture of patriotic animation, rang out clear and distinct as a trumpet, they responded with a mighty shout in "Three cheers for the Confederate flag."

PERSONNE.

IMPORTANT EVENTS REVIEWED.

Cumming's Point, Charleston Harbor, March 5.

STANDING today by the Iron Battery on Morris Island looking across the water at grim and silent Sumter, then glancing around to various points where the Palmetto flag marks the presence of earthwork or of camp, and then up yonder, nearly four miles away, to the ancient city so rich in memorials that long antedate the birth of the United States, a train of thought moved backward to the peaceful summer of 1860—six short months ago—and dwelt upon the strange things that have since produced these anxious days of 1861.

Fort Sumter was then unfinished and unarmed, although under an appropriation made by Congress in June, 1859, a force of laborers in charge of an engineer officer was engaged in completing its interior.

Castle Pinckney, a round brick fort, grass-grown and decayed, standing on a spit of land at the mouth of Cooper River, was of little more use than to afford shelter to an ordnance sergeant, his family and the twenty-two guns that fringed its para-

pet for which he cared and that made the harbor scene picturesque.

Fort Moultrie, occupying the site of the old palmetto fort that repulsed the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker on the 28th of June, 1776, was not only dear in name and association to every South Carolinian, but had long been an attractive spot to the people of Charleston. The garrison consisted of two companies of the First United States Artillery under the command of Lieut. Colonel John L. Gardiner, and the music of the regimental band enlivened many a social gathering in which the officers and their families fraternized with their friends from the city, with never a thought of war. The fort was armed with fifty-five guns, but like Castle Pinckney it had fallen into a condition of disuse and was practically abandoned to the spirit of hospitality.

These three forts and an arsenal in Charleston containing 22,000 stand of small arms besides heavy ordnance, munitions and supplies, protected by a military storekeeper and fourteen enlisted men, comprised the sole property of the United States in or around Charleston harbor.

With the election of Abraham Lincoln all this was changed and the deliberate purpose of the State began to take shape. When the result was announced Gov. Gist promptly called a special session of the Legislature to meet on the 5th of November. Then came the first public surprise. Two days afterwards, on the 7th of November, the Grand Jury of the United States District Court, through their foreman, Hon. Robert M. Gourdin, formally refused to further perform the duties of their office, declaring that "the verdict of the Northern section of the Confederacy, solemnly announced through the ballot box on yesterday, has swept away the last hope for the permanence and stability of the Federal government." The resignations of Judge A. G. Magrath, of Major D. H. Hamilton, the U. S. Marshal of the District and of other officials, including that of Mr. W. F. Colcock, Collector of the Port, immediately followed.

On the 15th of November, Col. Gardiner was superseded in command by Major Anderson, and the Federal authorities further aggravated the red hot feeling by pressing to completion the defences of the several forts. The simple incident of transferring forty muskets from the Arsenal to Castle Pinckney and Fort Sumter created an intense excitement that was only allayed by their immediate return.

On the 6th of December, the election of delegates to the Convention took place; on the 17th the Convention assembled in Columbia and every Charlestonian recalls the scene on the 20th when it was announced that the Ordinance of Secession

had been signed and South Carolina had become a free and independent State.

Military organizations prepared for action. As early as October 20th, Capt. Charles H. Simonton of the Washington Light Infantry, having suggested that they should be ready to take the field, one of his officers promptly submitted a resolution that the services of the organization should be offered to the State as an independent battalion of light troops of not less than 200 men. The services were accepted and about the middle of November, they began duty as a guard at the Arsenal.

Gov. Pickens was inaugurated on the 16th of December. On the following day, he despatched Major D. H. Hamilton of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers to demand of the President of the United States in Washington, the possession of Fort Sumter. Mr. Buchanan asked for time and for diplomatic reasons, the letter was withdrawn on the 20th. As if things were moving too slowly, the Governor then came in person to Charleston and established a police of the harbor under Captain Simonton, who with a portion of his command was ordered to cruise daily and nightly between the forts and prevent, by force if necessary, the removal of the Federal troops. Subsequently, he was relieved from this duty by the Charleston Rifles commanded by Capt. J. Johnson, Jr.

And now occurred one of the most sensational of the many events that have long kept the pulse beating with feverish heat—the abandonment of Fort Moultrie and the occupation of Fort Sumter. It has transpired that the plan of Major Anderson was to accomplish this movement on December 25, when public attention was likely to be diverted by the festivities of Christmas, but rain fell and the design was interrupted. Its eventual success has until now been a source of chagrin.

The preparations were made in secret and known only to the principal officers. The first step was to remove the large number of women and children of the garrison with the necessary supplies. For this purpose, two lighters were provided and by noon their passengers and cargo were embarked. Under orders they were to proceed in the direction of Fort Johnson, then an old barrack on the western shore; not to land, but to await the firing of two signal guns from Fort Moultrie that would announce the arrival of the command at Fort Sumter.

The movement of troops began shortly after dusk. The sea was still and the moon shining brightly. The principal means of transportation were the boats in use by the engineer department and of these, three six-oared barges and two four-oared boats were in readiness at the beach below the fort. The troops entered quietly and so disposed of themselves as to attract the

least attention, Major Anderson going in the first boat and carrying the garrison flag. A small steamer passed by, but she was engaged in towing a vessel towards the bar, and failed to notice the important movement that was taking place. Three trips were made, and as the last boat deposited her load, the two signal guns indicated to the officer in charge of the women and children on the lighters that the evacuation was complete and he must steer for Fort Sumter. It was now eight o'clock in the evening. Sentinels were stationed at the gates and on the ramparts; all noise was forbidden and when the State guardboat resumed her usual patrol shortly afterwards, it was without a suspicion that Major Anderson and his troops had transferred their sleeping apartments and their dreams to new quarters.

The details of the work however, were not yet completed. Several officers and men having been left in Fort Moultrie for the purpose, they proceeded on the following day (27th) to destroy its armament. The guns were spiked, the gun carriages set on fire and the flag staff cut down. Major Anderson had fully achieved his purpose.

To the workmen of Fort Sumter, this incoming of the garrison was a surprise. Many of them sympathised with our cause. They wore our palmetto cockades and other State emblems, and, unwilling to be drawn into a conflict with our people, returned to Charleston. In the city, when the news became known, the wildest excitement prevailed. The smoke of the burning gun carriages being visible, the rumor spread that Fort Moultrie was in flames and every boat carried a great throng of people who lingered around the abandoned work all day. Gov. Pickens at once despatched Col. J. J. Pettigrew and Major Ellison Capers of the First S. C. Rifles to Major Anderson to make official inquiry concerning his action and to peremptorily demand his return to Fort Moultrie. The interview was formal and the language curt. "Make my compliments to the Governor," said Major Anderson, "and say to him that I decline to accede to his request; I cannot and will not go back." "Then sir," replied Col. Pettigrew with a cold bow, "my business is done." And that settled it. But for how long? It is what these impatient men around me are anxious to find out.

The Governor lost no time. By his order, Col. Pettigrew with the Washington Light Infantry, Carolina Light Infantry and the Meagher Guards proceeded to take possession of Castle Pinckney. The gate being closed and barred, a party of soldiers scaled the walls, mounting ladders they had brought for the purpose. As Col. Pettigrew who led the ascent, stepped upon the parapet, he was met by Lieut. R. K. Meade of the garrison, to whom he stated that he had been commanded to take

charge of the work in the name of the State. Lieut. Meade replied that he did not acknowledge the authority of the government to take possession of the work. He likewise declined to accept the receipts for the property that were tendered and refused to give his parole, as he did not consider himself a prisoner of war. Thereupon, he left Castle Pinckney for Fort Sumter.

Lieut. Col. Wilmot G. DeSaussure now assembled 200 men of the First Artillery, S. C. M., went to Sullivan's Island and took possession of Fort Moultrie with its armament of 56 temporarily disabled pieces of ordnance and a large supply of ammunition. The final seizure of United States property occurred on the 30th, when the custodian of the Arsenal surrendered to Col. John Cunningham of the Seventeenth S. C. M. and a detachment of his command. The State thus acquired military stores valued at \$400,000. On the same day, Fort Johnson was occupied by State troops under command of Capt. J. Johnson, Jr., and thus a large supply of fuel was secured.

A crisis seemed to be so rapidly approaching that Major Anderson at this juncture, sent Lieut. Snyder from the Fort to make formal inquiry whether notice would be given of any contemplated attack in time to remove the women, children and other non-combatants to a place of safety; also whether the personal effects of the officers, yet remaining at Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie would be returned. One can imagine the expression of the high bred, hospitable Pickens as he assured his visitor with courtly politeness that "women and children were always protected in South Carolina;" that the kindest regard would be paid to the ladies of the officers' families, and that the private property of the officers might, if so desired, be removed to the city where it would be duly cared for and respected. He added however, that for the present, no other communication would be allowed between Fort Sumter and the city except to receive and carry the mails, his object being to prevent possible collision and perhaps bloodshed.

Governor Pickens now acted with great energy. Col. Walter Gwynn, his chief engineer, and Col. Gabriel Manigault were ordered to choose a suitable location on Morris Island and erect a battery to bear upon the main channel. Major P. F. Stevens commanding the Citadel Academy with a detachment of forty cadets and two twenty-four pounders, subsequently occupied it and since firing on the "Star of the West," it has borne that name. Another battery was erected on Sullivan's Island to guard the harbor and prevent reinforcements, and Col. R. S. Ripley formerly of the old army was appointed to the command of Fort Moultrie, Col. DeSaussure being relieved in order that he might attend to his civil duties in the Legislature.

Events are now crystallising rapidly. Men and material are moved hither and thither without any attempt at concealment. Troops are organising throughout the State in preparation for emergencies that may arise, and officers trained in the art of war at West Point and elsewhere, are giving to the State their best services. While I write, according to the report of Hon. D. F. Jamison, Secretary of War for South Carolina, 1394 men, infantry, artillery and a detachment of dragoons under the command of Brig. Gen. Dunnivant are encamped on Sullivan's Island; here, on Morris Island are 1356 men of all arms under the command of Col. Maxcy Gregg; at Fort Johnson there are 100 enlisted men under Captain George S. James, and 31 soldiers are at Castle Pinckney under command of Lieut. Blanding, making a sum total of 3027 troops in fighting trim subject to the order of Gen. Beauregard.

The harbor approaches bristle with guns. Sounds of drum and bugle echo from camp and battery throughout the day and strains of martial music from the bands mingle in the stillness of the night with the southing of the waves as they break upon the beach.

And so ends a panoramic view of the leading incidents that have made the past six months memorable. How will they end? These earnest men of South Carolina are not here for amusement. They and the people behind them stand waiting "with vizor down and lance in rest." answer to the question—Shall there be peace or war?

PERSONNE.

AN OFFICIAL VISIT.

Charleston, April 1, 1861.

MEMBERS of the State Convention yesterday made a tour among the camps and batteries on Morris and Sullivan's Islands and witnessed some of the handiwork that has followed the signing of the Ordinance of Secession.

They were the special guests of Gen. Beauregard, but there were also present many of the distinguished men of the city and State, while numerous ladies made the occasion doubly interesting. The party was sufficiently large to require the use of two steamboats, the Carolina and Gen. Clinch and when embarked, it was easy to observe that the assemblage was of an unusually representative character.

It is a common saying that every one in South Carolina

knows every one in the state who is worth knowing, but to the majority of those present, the host of the day, Beauregard, was a stranger. Not so, very long however. Attired in the simple undress uniform of his office, the graceful courtesy of the creole gentleman and soldier was not slow in breaking through the crust of whatever reserve might have existed and the excursion sped on its way merrily to the inspiring music of the Palmetto Brass band.

Ex-Gov. Gist, Surgeon General R. W. Gibbes. Gen. Schnierle and staff of the State militia, Gen. William E. Martin, Colonels Lucas, Chisholm and Carroll of Gov. Pickens' staff and scores of other gentlemen well known to our people also aided in lending the charm of true sociability to the occasion; and, as it began auspiciously, so throughout, it was most heartily enjoyed.

Owing to an adverse current no attempt was made to land at Fort Johnson, and the visitors contented themselves with looking at a respectful distance upon the big ten-inch mortars planted in the batteries there. Crossing to the opposite side of the harbor, the party landed on Sullivan's Island and were received by Col. Pettigrew and staff and an escort of officers from the Rifle Regiment. The various batteries were inspected, the working of the heavy guns shown and the efficiency of the men demonstrated.

The arrival at Fort Moultrie was announced by a salute of thirteen guns. Then, Col. Ripley and his officers conducted the visitors over the work. It was remarked by those who are familiar with the place that since its abandonment by Major Anderson, the fort has undergone many important changes and apparently has been brought to a state of military perfection that now only awaits the final test. Praise for this result is due to Major Walter Gwynn, the chief engineer of Governor Pickens' staff, and to his assistant engineers, Captain James F. Hart, George W. Earle and John Mitchell, Jr.

The party now proceeded to Morris Island where they were met by Lieut. Gov. Harlee, Col. Maxcy Gregg with his staff, of the First Regiment of Volunteers, Major P. F. Stevens of the Citadel, Col. W. D. DeSaussure, Capt. W. A. Warley, and by Capt. Cuthbert and Lieut. G. Lamb Buist of the Palmetto Guards, which company by the way, has been assigned to the duties of the Iron Battery and to two heavy batteries immediately in the rear. The Washington Artillery, Capt. Walter; the Marion Artillery, Capt. J. C. King; German Artillery, Capt. Nohrden; Columbia Artillery, Capt. A. J. Green, and the command of Capt. Warley are in charge of the other batteries ranged along the island and bearing on the channel. I mention these

names and others because they are likely to have a place in the picture when the curtain is unrolled.

For the entertainment of the visitors, Gen. Beauregard ordered artillery practice by the several batteries, the target being a buoy in the ship channel about 1600 yards distant. After the firing, the General, President Jamison of the Convention and the delegates and guests proceeded to the beach where Col. Gregg's regiment was drawn up in line and all present had an opportunity of seeing as fine a looking body of men representing the flower of the State as ever shouldered arms. Gen. Jamison availed himself of the occasion to address the officers who were assembled for the purpose in front of the regiment and to thank them and the men for their prompt response to the call of duty and for the important services they have already rendered.

On leaving Morris Island for the city, the boats steamed within a hundred yards of Fort Sumter. White flags were waved from the decks, the band played "Dixie" and the officers and men of the garrison appeared on the ramparts; but whatever they felt, they certainly made no visible sign of any hospitality that might have been latent behind the walls of the grim old pile.

Aside from drill and other duties, the boys encamped on the islands enjoy themselves as much as if they were on a pic nic. Many of the tents are supplied with every obtainable luxury that can tempt the palate. Plantations yield daily stores of provisions, time honored cellars contribute the choicest liquors, and mothers, wives and sweethearts send loads of home-made delicacies to tickle the soldier-palate. Enough slippers and smoking caps are lying around to furnish all the dominies in South Carolina. Evidently, these sandhills are esteemed dry places that require frequent irrigation and the consequence is that from reveille until "taps," the boys run a gamut of juleps and punches to the full limit of capacity.

If you want to cross a line where a jolly sentinel stands on guard, you must always have a fluid countersign. "Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend with a bottle." is the usual response. "Advance bottle and uncork!" Then follows a symphony of gurgles and you are permitted to cross the Rubicon. Every tent is an "open house" to the inmates of every other and the spirit of conviviality stands at 100 in the social thermometer. On the mess table, you will find never failing bottled hospitality; under it, is a demijohn of old rye or cognac; within arm's length may be a mess chest full of mollifying stores of English cheese, crackers, pates de fois gras, potted meats and other things good to the taste, and I have seen many a miniature vault below the floor of a tent, which, when tapped disclosed a mine of madeira, sherry

and champagne. The hardship is insignificant, the discipline not severe and the fraternization between the officers and men makes their camp life one long holiday.

PERSONNE.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

Charleston, April 8, 1861.

A STRANGER visiting South Carolina at this time would be impressed by the unanimity of purpose and the patriotic disinterestedness of both individuals and institutions. Immediately after the act of Secession, the Legislature provided for the exigencies of the State by authorizing a loan of \$400,000 bearing an interest of 6 per cent. The banks promptly took up this loan at par and thus afforded an immediate supply of ready funds. At that time, South Carolina stood alone; yet proposals for a six per cent loan by the government of the United States, were met by offers ranging from ten to thirty-five per cent discount and the urgent demands of their Treasury could only be supplied by Treasury notes at 12 per cent interest. The contrast is significant.

On the 28th February, the Provisional Congress authorized a loan of \$15,000,000 for the support of the government and to provide for the public defence. On the 17th of the last month Mr. Memminger, the Secretary of the Treasury, offered five millions of this loan to the public for investment. The security is a duty of one-eighth of a cent per pound or about 62 cents a bale on all cotton exported and the eagerness of the people to secure a bite of this cherry, has been such that more than eight millions of dollars are already subscribed and not a bid under par. Several gentlemen offered, provided fifty others would join them, to take the entire issue.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Provisional Government has assumed all expenses for the defence of Confederate territory and will take from the State all the ordnance, arms and munitions of war which it may see fit to transfer, the Bank of the State has given assurance that it will, by advances prevent any and all temporary embarrassment of the State treasury. Thus, money goes hand in hand with patriotic duty.

Many donations have been made to the State treasury; the donors in several instances refusing to reveal their names. The first and most notable of these gifts was the donation of ten thousand dollars in gold by Mr. Benjamin Mordecai, of this city.

Hundreds of planters have contributed the labors of their slaves and personally superintended them in the erection of fortifications; a number have given valuable slaves to companies organized for service "in order that the boys might have somebody to wait on them." Mr. Charles K. Prioleau recently presented to Charleston a rifled Blakely gun as "a gift from a Carolinian now resident in Liverpool." Another consignment just arrived in New Orleans from Mr. James Smith of Glasgow, Scotland, consists of a six-pounder gun, twenty-five Quitman rifles with sword bayonets, and a large amount of round shot and cannister and, not to do the thing by halves, the patriotic Scotchman has paid the freight across the ocean. These are but a few of the public and private examples expressive of the feeling of the people.

The first Treasury notes authorized by the Confederate Government have just made their appearance and under the circumstances are both creditable and promising. The amount issued is only \$1,000,000, but as they bear interest at a fraction of three and five-eighths per cent or one cent a day on every hundred dollars and are receivable in payment of all dues to the government, the supply is not likely to equal the demand. The face of the notes bears the following inscription:

A.	\$500.
Twelve months after date	
THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA	
Will pay the bearer	
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS	
With interest at five cents per day.	
Montgomery, April 4, 1861.	\$500.
Alex. B. Clitherall,	E. C. Elmore,
Register.	Treasurer.
Receivable in payment of all dues except export duties.	

Volunteering is everywhere active. More men are anxious to take the field than are actually needed. The very boys are said to hunger for soldier clothes. In several districts, military organisations are so large that the officers have had to draft men to stay at home. In one company are sixty stalwart riflemen any of whom can hit a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards. Nearly one-half are married men; not more than ten or a dozen have any interest in negro property and the three lieutenants and the orderly sergeant are all grandfathers. The Evening News of this city, edited by Col. John Cuninghame, has been forced into temporary suspension. The editor announces that the largest number of his compositors are now on duty at the front; the clerks and pressmen have been summoned to join their res-

pective commands on the islands, and it is impossible to issue a daily paper.

Companies, battalions and regiments are arriving by every train, all fiery with the war fever. In response to the call for more men, they seem to have left their homes hurriedly—some of them without due preparation—just as the Lexington farmer we read about in the Revolution, left his plow standing in the field; but the light in their brave eyes is not to be misunderstood. They are here for business. Not much discipline is in evidence; the organization is imperfect and the boys march as independently as if they were driving cows, but they are sturdy and purposeful and in a month from now will be soldiers, perhaps veterans of a battle.

A regiment that went by this morning, will bear description, for in respect to dress, human eyes probably never rested on a more unique or motley throng. It was a tangled compound of frock coats, working clothes and Sunday suits, with a liberal sprinkling of shirt sleeves. There were trousers of every hue and shape from gay cassimere to the patched emblems of better days, the nether extremities lost in the tops of boots or snugly gathered within the stockings. The head-gear consisted of slouched hats, caps, stovepipes and last year's old straw hats that on parade presented an outline indescribably ragged. A blanket or patched bedquilt, a home-made knapsack and a canvas bag in which the rations were carried, completed the outfit. It looked comfortable, but it was certainly extemporised and a trifle irregular. A belt held the inevitable revolver, and a rifle, musket or double barrelled shot gun was carried carelessly over the shoulder. A few of the men with esthetic tastes added a violin or accord'ion to their armory and some were practical enough to bring their private cooking utensils which dangled behind in picturesque fashion as they marched. One sweet-toothed volunteer had a jug of molasses with him, but the writer does not vouch for the statement that another started from home with a cow which he proposed to milk for the benefit of the r-e-e-gement.

These incidents however, are not to be laughed at. They illustrate the quality of the fighting stock on which we may depend. They show that the people have seized the reins and are in terrible earnest.

PERSONNE.

EVENTS CRYSTALIZING.

Charleston, April 10, 1861.

A CRISIS is so rapidly approaching that it is not amiss to recite some of the incidents that may prudently now be made public and will probably throw fresh light upon the present condition of affairs.

Our first commissioners sent to Washinton to confer with the Federal authorities in reference to the evacuation of the forts and other matters growing out of the act of Secession, were R. W. Barnwell, James Adams and James L. Orr, but while they were in communication with the President, Anderson made his sudden and unexpected move from Fort Moultrie. This news at once changed the relations of the parties and the character of the question that then bid fair to approach a definite solution. Notwithstanding the fact that the removal took place without the orders and contrary to the expressed policy of Mr. Buchanan, he resisted all importunities to restore the status and the Commissioners could do nothing but turn their backs on Washington and a hopeless task.

On the following day, Dec. 30, Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, resigned from Mr. Buchanan's cabinet because as he wrote, "I can no longer hold the office under my convictions of patriotism, nor with honor, subjected as I am to a violation of solemn pledges and a plighted faith."

Senator Louis T. Wigfall of Texas at once telegraphed to Hon. M. L. Bonham, "Holt succeeds Floyd; it means war! Cut off supplies from Anderson and take Sumter as soon as possible." The next morning, still another startling message was received here: "Sink vessels in the channels of your harbor!"

The resignation of Hon. Jacob Thomson, Secretary of the Interior, followed on the 8th of January. Even then, orders for reinforcement had been issued, for that very night, January 9, the *Star of the West* arrived off Charleston bar with 250 troops on board and at dawn, attempted to steam up to Fort Sumter. Our little two gun battery manned by Citadel Cadets, first, sent a warning shot across her bows without effect, then opened fire in earnest, one shot striking near the rudder and another about two feet above the water line. When within range of a mile and a half, Fort Moultrie also opened fire, whereupon the steamer went about and headed for the North.

Major Anderson sent word that he would consider this an act of war unless disavowed and would not permit any vessel to pass within range of his guns. Gov. Pickens retorted that the President well understood that the sending of any reinforcements would be regarded as an act of hostility; that the occu-

pancy of Fort Sumter was in itself an act of positive hostility and under the circumstances, the act of that morning was perfectly justified by him. Anderson replied that he would refer the whole matter to Washington.

In view of the seriousness of the situation, the Governor now called together his board of ordnance and engineers, to report a plan for operating against Fort Sumter, for defending the harbor and preventing reinforcements. They did so and the construction of batteries was promptly begun.

On the 1st of February, the women and children of the fort, 42 in number, were, by consent of the authorities, embarked on a lighter, transferred to one of the New York steamers and sailed for that city. The fort fired a good-by gun and the men lined the parapet and cheered the wives and little ones as they passed. That a kind feeling towards Major Anderson and his officers personally, existed at this time, is illustrated by the offer of Gen. Jamison as Secretary of War, to furnish the garrison with a daily supply of fresh meats and vegetables. To this generous tender however, Anderson replied that if he were allowed to procure his supplies by contract as he had previously done, he would be glad to do so, but if it was only a matter of civility, he must decline.

Early in March, the Confederate government assumed general control, and acts were passed to provide for the public defence in every portion of the seceded States. Pursuant to its orders Beauregard arrived and on the 6th took command of all the troops, regulars, volunteers and militia, at once inaugurating movements and changes that infused fresh life into every department.

Three Commissioners representing the Confederacy, Messrs. Martin J. Crawford, A. B. Roman and John Forsyth, have been in Washington since the middle of February with a view to the recognition of the independence of the seceded Southern States and to conclude treaties of amity and good will between "the two nations," but so far with no result. Only those in authority know what has really been done, yet that serious if not definite information has been received, is apparent. We, who daily witness the movement of great guns, the arrival of troops and other significant military preparations more than surmise that they mean War.

We do know that of late, the faces of the officials, both civic and military, wear a look of anxiety. There are strange hurrys to and fro between headquarters and the telegraph office and mysterious messengers from Washington have brought important tidings. News that was wont to become public property in a few hours is now withheld or entirely suppressed; the Exec-

utive council is in frequent session and men who hold confidential positions are grave as if with the knowledge that something is about to happen.

Beauregard, usually affable, has become reserved and thoughtful. To the physiognomist, there is much in the alert look, firm lip and massive chin of the creole General that tells of hidden power; much in the full brow and shapely head that indicates resources not yet called upon; but now, even a stolid exterior does not conceal the fire of some mighty purpose that flashes from his eyes.

A few days ago a telegram was received from Hon. A. G. Magrath to the following effect: "Positively determined not to withdraw Anderson. Supplies go immediately, supported by a naval force under Stringham, if their landing be resisted." The movements of ships and troops are daily published by the Northern newspapers, and we know already that the Powhatan, Pawnee, Minnesota and other vessels have been put in commission or are about to sail with reinforcements. How well our government at Montgomery is kept informed of the events occurring in Washington and New York is described by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer in a letter before me, only two days old. He says: "The Montgomery government keep a corps of active, industrious, lynx-eyed agents in this city to telegraph every movement of the Federal government with reference to the movements of troops and war vessels. A dispatch of one thousand words containing the substance of all the evening papers published yesterday was forwarded to Montgomery and the receipt thereof acknowledged before six P. M."

A letter received from Montgomery states that a similar condition of anxious unrest prevails there. The Cabinet are in daily session sometimes until after midnight. "All the military forces of the Confederacy have been called upon to be ready for any emergency and requisitions have been made on several of the States for 3000 additional twelve months volunteers. No train arrives without bringing several hundred soldiers who are immediately transported to Pensacola. Night after night the volunteers are drilled in the monotonous routine of tactics, but no murmur escapes them except a longing for a fight. Most of the companies have been fully equipped at their own expense and are prepared to bear the burden of their subsistence from their private incomes. They are generally composed of young men of large means who are sacrificing every interest of a personal character for the privilege of serving their country. One company is now in the suburbs of the city, having arrived without orders and they have settled themselves in camp and declare they will not return to their homes until the war department

gives them a chance at the enemy." The letter concludes: "Amid all this excitement, it is a cheerful commentary on the times that the Montgomery Blues, a corps identified with the Florida and Mexican wars, are announced to contend in a rifle match for a silver goblet from the hands of Maggie Mitchell, the 'Pet of the Petticoats.'"

That the situation will be unmasked within twenty-four hours is no longer problematical. It is even now an open secret that on the 8th inst. the official mail of Major Anderson was seized by order of the Governor, in which were letters of the highest importance in reference to the proposed scheme for supplying and reinforcing Fort Sumter.

On the same date, Lieut. Talbot arrived from Washington in company with Mr. R. W. Chew of the State Department bearing a written message from the President of the United States to Gov. Pickens that "an attempt would be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only, and that if such attempt be not resisted, no effort to throw in men, arms or ammunition will be made without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort."

In reply to the message, both gentlemen were invited to return at once to Washington and the excitement and disapprobation of the people at the hotel and elsewhere, among whom the object of the mission had been bruited, made their immediate departure desirable. They were accordingly escorted by an aide of the Governor and one of Gen. Beauregard, to the station near midnight. For obvious reasons they met with detentions along the route and so far as we know, they have not reached Washington yet.

There is abundant reason now for activity of the liveliest kind, and it is everywhere manifested.

PERSONNE.

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE.

Charleston, April 11, 1861.

TODAY is one that will not soon pass from the memory of the inhabitants of Charleston. Something in the very air told them of strange impending events. Often as public feeling has been aroused, never has the tide risen so high. Business is practically suspended and men are congregated in the newspaper offices or around the bulletin boards eager for every item of news permitted to find its way over the wires, or to

escape from the now closely guarded lips of the civil and military officials.

Since early dawn, the vessels in port have been hastily getting out of the harbor and putting to sea. Our little fleet of dispatch and guard boats are busily plying between the harbor and the bar, looking for signs of the naval squadron that is without doubt on its way here, and are frequently signalling to appointed stations. Officers are hastening hither and thither in small boats, carrying their final instructions to the different batteries and commands on the islands, and steamers are conveying men and material to their respective destinations.

The Floating Battery has been towed to a point on the end of Sullivan's Island nearest the city and firmly anchored behind the stone breakwater; a position in which its guns will cover the whole of the left flank of Fort Sumter and command the anchorage for boats if any should attempt to communicate with the work in that way.

A formal demand has been made for the surrender and evacuation of Fort Sumter. Those who were present shortly after the hour of noon today, saw a boat push off with a white flag flying. In the stern sat three gentlemen; two, Col. James Chesnut, recently the United States Senator from this state and Capt. Stephen D. Lee, aides of Gen. Beauregard, officially representing the Confederate Government, and the third, Col. A. R. Chisholm, an aide of Gov. Pickens, officially representing the State.

The boat arrived at Fort Sumter about half past three; the officers were received by Lieut. Jeff C. Davis who conducted them to Major Anderson and the object of the visit was declared. They bore a letter from Beauregard demanding the evacuation of the work and stating the terms on which it might take place. These were, in general, a tender of facilities for the removal of the command, together with all company property and private property; the flag to be saluted by Anderson on taking it down.

The officers of the garrison were summoned, the matter submitted to them and after a conference lasting an hour or more, the demand was refused. Re-entering their boat, our officers returned to the city. The result was reported at once to the Confederate authorities in Montgomery, and late this evening, acting under their instructions, Col. Chesnut and Capt. Lee went again to the fort (this time accompanied by Roger A. Pryor of Va.) with a second message. The answer has yet to be received.

Meanwhile, the news of these events spread rapidly through the city and crowds flocked to White Point Garden, believing that the bombardment was about to begin. All arms bearing men

belonging to the different military organisations, who are on leave of absence have been ordered to report to their respective rendezvous and even the firemen are under orders to assemble for immediate duty. Volunteers, singly and in squads, continue to arrive and citizens of Georgia, North Carolina, and other Southern States, have hastened hither to be present at the expected battle.

Among the companies from the country which reached Charleston this afternoon were the "Minute Men of Abbeville," under the command of Capt. James Perrin. Such was the haste of preparation to leave home, that their uniforms of red shirts and black trousers, were made by the ladies in a single day and that day, Sunday.

The students of the South Carolina College, keyed up to fighting humour, arrived in a body with one of their classmates, John H. Gary of Edgefield acting as Captain. The young fellows had asked permission to join the forces in Charleston and when it was refused on the ground that their services were not then needed, they openly rebelled and left Columbia in spite of the President and Faculty. Good boys!

As evening approached, the restlessness of the community became almost painful. A call has been made for volunteers to perform patrol duty during the night, for no one knows what trouble the negro element may occasion, and the young men being in camp, the fathers and the grandfathers responded and with their private arms, a thousand strong, are assembled at the rendezvous on Citadel Green. It seems, in fact, as if every one has sought his place in the picture. The rank and file are represented by all pursuits and professions. From the pulpit, court and schoolroom; from library and workshop; from the country farm and teeming town, thousands are here, waiting to defend, if necessary, the honor of their Mother—the State. Without uniformity of dress, wearing no insignia save the emblematic palmetto tree, crescent or cockade; marching with irregular step that would cause a smile but for the solemn purpose written in the eye—graybeards and youth, grandsires and children—such are the people who are about to take part in or witness the mortal combat of the morrow.

Charleston is slumbering lightly. There is no noise, no confusion, no commotion. The machinery of battle has all been prearranged and, save the slow footsteps of the mounted guard, or the tread of wakeful pedestrians, silence reigns undisturbed. The gas-jets are burning low in a thousand chambers and many a pillow is wet with the tears of gentlewomen praying in the still watches of the night for the safety of the loved ones sleeping at the guns.

PERSONNE.

FIRST GUNS.

Charleston, April 12, 1861.

THE BATTLE is on! The object of the second and last visit to Major Anderson, by Col. Chesnut and Capt. Lee, was again to press upon him the fact that the Confederate authorities did not needlessly desire to bombard Fort Sumter, and that if it were true that he would, as he had declared on the former visit, "be starved out any way in a few days," he might indicate the time at which he would evacuate the work, provided he would agree not to use his guns against us unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumter.

To this proposition, after a discussion with his officers, lasting nearly three hours, Anderson replied that he would evacuate the fort on the 15th inst. and would not in the meantime open his fire, unless some hostile act against the fort or the flag of his government compelled him to do so, and should he not receive prior to that time, controlling instructions from his government, or additional supplies. Both the Confederate authorities and Anderson himself, knew perfectly well that at that moment the Federal fleet was approaching the bar and would probably endeavor to establish communication with the fort before the time signified.

Without further parley, and acting under the instructions of their chief, the Confederate messengers now handed to Major Anderson, the following note:

"Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861.

3:30 A. M.

"Sir: By authority of Brig. Gen. Beauregard, commanding the provisional forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.

"We have the honor, &c.,

"Chesnut.

"Lee."

These officers at once repaired to Fort Johnson and in accordance with previous instructions, orders were given to fire the signal gun at the hour specified. Daylight had not yet come, but every officer and private in the entire circle of batteries was at his post. The bells of the distant city, strike one-two-three-four and a group of serious faced men gather around the guns that are to sound the tocsin of civil war. Watch in hand, they await the approach of the half hour, and as the last second of the last minute is marked on the dial-plate, Capt. George S. James, the commander of Fort Johnson, pulls a lanyard; there is a flash of light and a ten inch shell traces its pathway towards Fort

Sumter with a long thin line of fire. Rising high in air and curving in its course, it burst almost directly over the work. A second shell was quickly fired by Lieut. Wade Hampton Gibbes.

But a brief silence intervened, when a gun opened from the Iron-clad Battery on Cumming's Point, and to Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, a venerable man who had been elected an honorary member of the Palmetto Guards, was accorded the distinction of firing its first shot. Hardly had the echoes passed away, when all the mortars in the neighborhood opened and in a few minutes Fort Sumter was the center of a circle of fire.

The position of the several fortifications may now be briefly described. At Cumming's Point between 1,200 and 1,300 yards from the fort are three distinct batteries; one known as the "Trapier" battery, consisting of three ten inch mortars, manned by the Marion Artillery under the command of Capt. J. Gadsden King; another which may be designated as the "Point" battery, consisting of three ten inch mortars, two 42 pound guns, and one 12-pound rifled Blakely mortars presented to Charleston by Mr. C. K. Prioleau of Liverpool. In the center is the Iron clad or Stevens' Battery, mounting three eight inch Columbiads. It is so named, because it has been constructed under the direct supervision of Clement H. Stevens Esq., one of our Charleston bank officials, but it might with equal propriety have been called the William Gilmore Simms Battery, since the peculiar device was suggested by the distinguished author, in a series of letters; first, to Hon. W. Porcher Miles, when a member of the Convention, and subsequently to the Confederate Congress. These letters being referred to Gen. Jamison, as Secretary of War, that gentleman instructed Gen. Trapier to undertake the work and it was continued as above mentioned, by Mr. Stevens.

The effectiveness of the Iron Battery consists in a roof of railroad iron—the rails being alternately inverted—rising from the sand at an angle of about forty three degrees, supported by heavy wooden beams and flanked by layers of sandbags. The muzzles of its heavy guns protrude through iron skylights or shutters that are caused to rise automatically before and after each discharge. The mortars in the Point and Iron batteries are under the general supervision of Major P. F. Stevens of the Citadel and manned by the Palmetto Guard under Capt. G. B. Cuthbert.

Opposite and north of Fort Sumter on Sullivan's Island and 1,800 yards distant, is Fort Moultrie with an armament of thirty guns, but of these only nine bear directly upon Fort Sumter. They are specifically designated as the "Sumter battery" and are commanded by Lieutenants Alfred Rhett and John Mitchell Jr. They are among the guns spiked by Major Anderson when he

abandoned the fort and are the heaviest of its ordnance. Four hundred yards nearer the city is a Dahlgren battery with one 9 inch gun, a battery of two 10 inch mortars and an enfilade battery of two 24 and two 32 pound guns, the latter under the command of Lieut. Jacob Valentine one of the veterans of the Mexican war. Both are under the general direction of Capt. J. H. Hallonquist. Anchored at the end of Sullivan's Island and still nearer the city, is the Floating Battery, a mere mud-flat fortified with a front wall of palmetto logs faced with iron. Its two 32 and two 42 pound guns are under the command of Capt. John Randolph Hamilton, an ex-officer of the United States Navy.

The scenes of this April morning in the city of Charleston, will never be accurately portrayed. Nor tongue, nor pen, nor canvas can tell the story. Let the reader imagine a population startled from its slumbers by the boom of an angry gun. In an instant, lights have flashed from every house, and in the twinkling of an eye as it were, an agitated throng are rushing towards the water front of the city to catch their first view of battle.

Grave citizens whose dignity under ordinary circumstances is unimpeachable, are at the top of their speed, dressing as they run and throwing out explosive "hoorays" as if they must have a safety valve for their enthusiasm or be suffocated. There are men *sans* coat and vest, women *sans* crinoline and children in their night gowns. The "Battery" or fashionable promenade, is a mixture of *deshabille* without regard to looks and the mysteries of the feminine toilette are revealed with a recklessness that ignores all the formula of feminine attire. And so, with faces pale, hair unkempt and eyes sharpened by the strange fascination of the scene, the multitude stand peering through the breaking dawn and reading the progress of the fight by the flashing of the guns.

All our batteries had opened, or to use the quaint remark of Col. Ripley as he fired his first shot, "rung their breakfast bell for Major Anderson" and for nearly two hours they pounded at the walls of Fort Sumter without eliciting a response. Scarcely, however, had objects on the low coast become well defined amid the shadows of the morning, when, as if wrathful from enforced delay, from parapet and casemate, suddenly burst a storm of iron hail. The cry rang through the crowd and was caught up and carried into the city, "Fort Sumter has opened fire!"

The battle now raged with fury and the fiery messengers followed each other with spiteful haste. Short, sharp spurts of flame told of bursting shells in and around the beleaguered fortress, while splashes of spray or clouds of crumbled brick

marked the ugly force of round shot on its face. To the idle spectator no display of pyrotechnic skill could have been more picturesque.

At dawn, a shower of rain dispersed much of the throng assembled, but at sunrise, thousands again congregated who, with fever undiminished watched the progress of the fight. The elegant mansions in the neighborhood commanding a view of the water front, were also filled with observers while in the roadway of the broad plaza were hundreds of carriages and the horse-men who had hurried to the scene from towns and villages miles away.

A single incident will suffice to illustrate the sentiment that pervaded the entire community.

Among the spectators was an old gentleman nearly seventy years of age. Long before daylight, he had made his way to one of the wharves and secured a point of observation. I found him still there in the afternoon on my return from Morris Island and in response to his question told him that "so far no one there was hurt." "Thank God for that," he said, and then added, "Sir, I have five sons on Morris Island and they are all that attach me to this life, but I would not utter a murmur while standing over their graves if they died fighting for old South Carolina today."

Despatches were brought by small boats in rapid succession and Gen. Beauregard considerably caused his own special bulletins to be posted for the benefit of the public. The following will give an idea of the character of the news thus received:

"Sullivan's Island, 9 A. M. The Floating Battery has been struck eleven times, but the balls failed to penetrate, Major Anderson is concentrating his fire on the Floating Battery and the Dahlgren Battery of Capt. J. R. Hamilton. No houses on fire. One of the barbette guns in Fort Sumter has been dismantled. A steamer supposed to be the Nashville hove in sight, but upon hearing the firing, put back to sea."

Camp Bomar, 11 A. M. No fleet in sight yet. Buildings and parapet at Fort Sumter badly damaged. Fort Moultrie and the Floating Battery receiving Anderson's special attention.

Morris Island, 11 A. M. The Iron battery more than fulfills Moultrie and the Floating and Enfilade batteries directed their expectations. Shot glance from it like marbles thrown on the back of a turtle. One gun disabled by injury to a trap door, but we repaired damages and resumed firing.

Cumming's Point, 2 P. M. Several steam vessels are off the bar; one of them supposed to be the Harriet Lane. The Iron battery has made considerable progress in breaching the South and Southwest walls of Fort Sumter. No one hurt.

Floating Battery, 3:30 P. M. Have been struck many times

but balls have not started a bolt. Several narrow escapes, but all well.

Fort Moultrie, 1 P. M. Damages so far trifling. Men in high spirits; obey orders like veterans. Lieut. Hallonquist's Mortar battery and the Enfilading battery doing splendid service," etc.

Major Anderson began to use his barbette guns about half-past six o'clock, but the rain of missiles from every side quickly drove the men to the casemates where they remained. To prevent any further attempt to fire from the parapet, both Fort aim chiefly to the guns there located. The result was that long before dark, nearly every gun was disabled, the carriages shattered and the parapet rendered practically defenceless.

About seven o'clock in the evening, the brisk firing of the day was succeeded by a comparative calm and in obedience to orders from headquarters, shells were thrown from the various fortifications during the remainder of the night only at intervals of twenty minutes. Major Anderson made no response and his men exhausted by their work in the smoky atmosphere of the casemates, evidently sought rest in sleep.

Among our fortifications, enthusiasm might have been witnessed in its most fiery do-or-die stage. The lust of battle glowed in the face and sparkled in the eyes. Many of the men never before had heard a shotted gun, yet with a mixture of chivalry and rashness that was in itself inspiring, they would spring to the crest of an earthwork after each fire to watch the effect of their aim and cheer for Major Anderson as the responsive missiles came shrieking back.

It was a curious blending of humanity that one saw, but you could not fail to be impressed by the fact that as a whole, it represented the people of South Carolina. In their shirt sleeves, with heads bare and faces smoke-begrimed, working the heavy guns, were gentlemen you met only a few days before in their business or social haunts—many of them elegant in manner and types of wealth and leisure. Here was a clergyman or his deacons; there, a bank president or wholesale merchant; yonder a group of sturdy mechanics fresh from the workbench, while a little further on, protected by a friendly traverse, you might have stumbled against a cluster of rich old planters who, with their negroes helped to build these very fortifications, gathered around a lunch-basket in the discussion of cold chicken and punctuating their comments in draughts of time honored old Madeira from silver goblets. The best in their cellars was not too good to grace such a momentous occasion. And so, scattered through the several commands, were representatives of all callings—judges, journalists, legislators, lawyers, public officials, citizens

of town and country and every one proud to serve as a soldier in the ranks.

The aggregate wealth of several of the companies may be estimated in millions, while Washington, Rutledge, Laurens, Lowndes, Rhett, Calhoun, Ravenel, Pickens, Pinckney, Hamilton, Preston, Butler, Middleton, Manigault, Mazyck, Miles, Porcher, Horry, Huger, Gaillard, Gadsden, Gourdin, Barnwell, Greene, Elliott, Izard, Moore, Grimke, Whaley, Yates, Snowden, Heyward, Drayton, Earle, McPherson and other names illustrious in the history of the State were heard answering to the roll-call—"Here!"

Thomas Sumter, the grandson of the "Game Cock of the Revolution," after whom the fort was named in 1833, was a private in the Palmetto Guards. Ex-Gov. John L. Manning, grandson of Gen. Laurence Manning, one of the heroes of Eutaw, was also a private in the ranks. The venerable Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, likewise claimed a place in the picture, and because he he had travelled from Virginia for the purpose, was permitted as before said, to fire the first shot against Fort Sumter from the Iron Battery.

Out of the many, here is one of the personal incidents that occurred during the day. It illustrates the patriotic pride and good humour that everywhere prevailed. During the heaviest of the firing from Fort Sumter, Col. Lamar, who was making a tour of the batteries on Morris Island, found one of the men needlessly exposed, but stolidly maintaining his position at a gun which being pointed seaward was of no manner of present use. Knowing the man (who was from Edgefield District), he called out: "Hello there, Lloyd, what in thunder are you doing by that gun in the midst of this fire? Jump into your rat-hole, man, quick!" But Lloyd remained immovable and looking askance at the excavation thus humanely recommended to his attention, he slowly replied: "Not now, Colonel, the durned thing might cave in you know, and then, some day after the battle may be they'd dig me out and be sure to say: 'Well, if here ain't Lloyd Mitchell, who run away from Major Anderson and stuck himself in a rat-hole! Sarved him right!' No sir-ree, Colonel, they put me by this gun and I'll stand by it or bust! Durn yer rat-holes when thar's plenty of daylight."

During the night, fires were kept brightly blazing in the harbor for the purpose of detecting the launches of the distant fleet should they attempt to relieve the garrison. The yellow glare of the lightwood flames illuminated the darkness for miles around; the rain fell in torrents and the wind howled wierd-like and drearily among the sand hills of the Islands. So ended the first day.

PERSONNE.

April 13th, 1861.

WITH the drawing aside of the curtains of the night, day-break came, clear, balmy and refreshing, the storm clouds had disappeared, the earth was cool and moist and the air laden with the perfume of April rain and blossoms. The flags of each of the combatants were still flying with stately defiance and the first sunbeams were heralded by the thundering tones of heavy artillery again engaged in strife.

The effect of yesterday's bombardment on Fort Sumter could now be plainly seen. The south and east facades to which the fire from Cumming's Point had been directed and the northern facade which had been the mark of Fort Moultrie, the Floating Battery and neighboring works, were thickly pitted. The edge of the parapet was cut away, several of the guns were dismounted or knocked from their position and many of the embrasures were so battered that the regularity of their outline could scarcely be distinguished.

Firing was renewed at an early hour, but in anticipation of a possible movement of the fleet, that from Sullivan's Island was for the moment confined to the mortars and enfilading battery and to a few guns from Fort Moultrie. Fire from Cumming's Point was maintained at regular intervals and the work of the heavy columbiads in the Iron battery was concentrated in an endeavor to effect a breach in the walls as well as to destroy the granite defences of the main gate. On the other hand, Fort Sumter opened early and spitefully, with special attention to Fort Moultrie, almost every shot grazing the crest of the parapet and crushing through the quarters. The guns bearing upon Cumming's Point were not served for some time, the chief compliments being paid by Major Anderson to Ripley on Sullivan's Island and shot answered shot angrily.

The air was filled with the surly whirl of missiles. From exploding shells burst miniature clouds white as cotton bolls and in the perspective scarcely larger, that unfolding, took fanciful shapes and drifted upwards to join their fleecy companions in the sky. Again, the wharves, housetops and steeples of the city were thronged with eager-eyed spectators, their attention divided between the active combatants and the distant offing where, it had become known, a fleet of vessels and more than a thousand men, sent to the rescue of Anderson, lay idly on the waters and made no sign of help.

About eight o'clock, Col. Ripley began to throw hot shot from Fort Moultrie, and shortly afterwards, on the southern portion of Sumter, was seen a tall, steadily ascending column of

smoke. At first, it was thin and pale, but every moment it grew darker and darker until, shooting out from the base of the black pillar, great yellow tongues of flame lapped the tops of the barracks and officer's quarters. In the city, the spectators at first thought that Major Anderson was signalling the fleet; but the impression was quickly succeeded by the startling shout—"FORT SUMTER IS ON FIRE!"

The suspense was now painful. The cannonade from the fort, before fierce and rapid, became slow and irregular, like the dying gasps of a stricken warrior. The great assemblage contemplated the strange spectacle with a feeling of awe and in bated breath and solemn silence, testified its sympathy for the gallant soldiers now contending with an element more implacable than man.

At nine o'clock, the flames appeared to be abating, but at ten, another column of white smoke suddenly arose high above the battlements followed by an explosion. It was evident that the fire had reached a magazine. Then, from the island, we could see the quarters falling in; the blackened chimneys toppling above the walls and gradually the flames sinking behind the parapet. We knew, however, that Anderson and his men were still alive, at least some of them, for during all this trying period, there came at intervals a shot to one battery or another, as if to say, "You have killed me, but I'm dying game!"

Such was the impression made by this display of dogged courage under circumstances so desperate, that at every flash from the muzzles of his guns, our soldiers would leap to the crests of the earthworks and send up cheer after cheer for the gallant defender of Fort Sumter. A signal of distress was made to the fleet in the offing, but there being no response from that quarter, it was left to Beauregard to tender the merciful assistance for which the call had been made. Captain Stephen D. Lee and Colonels William Porcher Miles and Roger A. Pryor were accordingly dispatched on this errand.

Between one and two o'clock, a shot from Sullivan's Island severed the flag staff and brought down the stars and stripes. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed before the flag reappeared and doubt arose whether Major Anderson intended to raise the flag at all. During this interval, ex-Senator Wigfall of Texas, a volunteer aide of Beauregard, with that peculiar independence which has marked his entire career, accompanied by Private Gourdin Young of the Palmetto Guard, pushed off from Morris Island in a rowboat and showing a handkerchief on the point of his sword, went to Fort Sumter. Before he reached his destination, however, the flag was again flying. Some of our batteries,

therefore, still continued their fire, those in command not being aware of the unofficial and unauthorized mission in progress.

Arriving at the ledge of rocks around the base of the fort, Col. Wigfall was met by Lieut. Snyder and conducted to Major Anderson. A parley ensued. The former announced that he was an aide to Gen. Beauregard, and, observing the condition of affairs—the flag down and the garrison in a great strait—he had come to receive a surrender and offer such assistance as might be required. He likewise remarked to Major Anderson that he had nobly done his duty in conducting the defence and to prolong the contest would be to unnecessarily risk the lives of his command without commensurate results. Major Anderson replied that his flag had been hoisted again, but that the Confederate batteries did not seem to respect the truce.

Col. Wigfall stated that the batteries on Cumming's Point had ceased firing and those on Sullivan's Island would follow the example as soon as they were apprised of the truce; but, he added, "they will continue to fire as long as the United States flag is flying." Major Anderson then desiring to know what terms he came to offer, Col. Wigfall replied, "the terms that have already been offered you by Gen. Beauregard, who is a gentleman and a soldier and knows how to treat a brave enemy. The precise nature of these, Gen. Beauregard will arrange with you." "Then," replied Major Anderson, "I have no other resource; we are all in flames and my men will shortly suffocate."

Col. Wigfall now left the fort, when the flag was taken down, a white flag raised and the firing entirely ceased. On his return to Cumming's Point, the impulsive Texan who had thus assumed such a vast responsibility, was received with great enthusiasm, but his unauthorized act led to annoying complications.

The boat containing Captain Lee and Colonels Pryor and Miles who had started to offer assistance, turned back to the city on the reappearance of the flag, believing that Major Anderson intended still to press the fight, but now, seeing the white flag raised, they again pushed on to the fort. Announcing that they had come directly from Gen. Beauregard, they were informed of the visit of Col. Wigfall, "as an aide to and by authority of Gen. Beauregard." Major Anderson was promptly told that Col. Wigfall being absent from headquarters had not seen Beauregard for two days. Naturally vexed at the awkward position in which he had been placed, Major Anderson expressed much regret at his action, and proposed to resume the fight, but he finally consented to reduce to writing the terms proposed by Col. Wigfall and those upon which he would evacuate the fort. This note was brought to Gen. Beauregard by

Capt. S. D. Lee, and thereupon, Major D. R. Jones, Assistant Adjutant General, and Col. Charles Allston Jr. were forthwith despatched to more formally arrange the terms of capitulation. These are identically the same as those offered on the 11th of April, namely:

First, That all proper facilities shall be offered for removing Major Anderson and all his command, together with company arms and property and all private property.

Second. That the Federal flag, so long and bravely defended shall be saluted by the vanquished on taking it down.

Third. That Major Anderson shall be allowed to fix the time of surrender, to take place, however, sometime tomorrow (Sunday.)

It ought to be added that the steamer which carried to Fort Sumter the above named officers, also conveyed Chief M. H. Nathan of the Charleston Fire Department and the Palmetto Fire Engine company for whom there is probably a great deal of work yet in store, as the conflagration is still slumbering in the fort and the magazines are in danger.

And so, has happily ended the most eventful day in the history of South Carolina. No one has been hurt; no tears save those of rejoicing need be shed and our people are sleeping to-night free from the weight of anxiety that for weeks has oppressed them like a nightmare.

PERSONNE.

THE FALLEN FORT.

Charleston, April 14, 1861.

THE FORMAL capitulation and evacuation of Fort Sumter took place today, and your correspondent has had an opportunity to observe the effect of the bombardment, listen to the experience of some of the officers and men and witness the ceremonies of departure.

Preparations began at an early hour. At five o'clock Capt. Hartstene accompanied by several members of Beauregard's staff, and by Lieut. Snyder of Major Anderson's command, proceeded in the steamer Clinch to the fleet off the bar where it was arranged that the garrison should take its departure in the Steamship Isabel at noon.

Permission to salute his flag having been accorded to him, Anderson made arrangements to fire one hundred guns. The firing was in progress and the flag still flying from the rampart, when by the premature discharge of a gun, the arm of one of the

gunners was blown off. The ignited fragment of a cartridge bag fell upon a pile of cartridges awaiting use, when they too exploded with fatal results, one man being killed, another mortally wounded, and three others seriously injured. The occurrence of these accidents not only delayed the departure of the command, but induced Major Anderson to be satisfied with a salute of fifty guns instead of one hundred. Amid the echoes of the last discharge, the Stars and Stripes slowly descended, and amid the cheers of crowds on the shores, steamers and other craft assembled, the Battle-Drama closed.

Meanwhile, Rev. Wm. B. Yates, the Sailor's Chaplain, was sent for to perform the burial rites for the stranger soldier who had passed unscathed through the battle only to be stricken down while hopefully awaiting a happy reunion with wife and children. The mangled remains were laid in a hastily prepared grave in the middle of the parade ground, the earth was heaped up, a volley fired, the drums beat a muffled roll and the garrison sadly turned away forever from their dead comrade.

During these proceedings, which occurred between 12 and 1 o'clock, Gov. Pickens, with his aides, and Messrs Jamison, Harlee and Magrath of his executive Council, Gen. Beauregard and aides, Chancellor Carroll, Judges Wardlaw and Glover, and a number of invited guests were on their way to Fort Sumter, but as it became evident that the evacuation was not complete, Beauregard, with a delicacy of feeling that is both honorable and characteristic, ordered the boat to Sullivan's Island, where the party remained until the ceremonies in Fort Sumter were finished.

At 4 o'clock the garrison, dressed in full uniform and carrying their arms, marched out to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Major Anderson unshipped the upper part of the flagstaff and carried it with him as a memento of the fierce bombardment.

Mrs. H. B. Bonnetheau of this city and a sister of Lieut. Jefferson C. Davis enjoy the distinction of being the first civilians to enter the fort today. Miss Davis having been at school here, it was deemed advisable that she should return to the North with her brother, and accordingly, under the escort of Col. A. R. Chisholm of Beauregard's staff, the ladies went to Sumter in order that she might embark with him on the Isabel. Mrs. Bonnetheau was permitted to witness the ceremony of saluting the flag, and consequently saw the accidents that followed and the burial of the dead soldier. As a souvenir of the occasion, she received a fragment of the riddled flag which the brave commander refused to lower until stern necessity was upon him.

It is a noteworthy fact that when the Isabel steamed away, the soldiers at the batteries on Cumming's Point lined the

beach, silent and with heads uncovered, while Anderson and his command passed before them. It was not in their hearts to utter one exultant sound over the defeat of brave men.

The work was now temporarily garrisoned by Company B of the Regular Artillery, commanded by Capt. Hallonquist and Lieutenants Alfred Rhett, Mitchell and Blake and by the Palmetto Guard under Capt. Cuthbert, all being under the command of Col. Ripley. The Confederate flag was raised upon the rampart by Capt. Samuel Ferguson, the aide of Gen. Beauregard, the flag of the State being raised at the same time by Col. J. L. Dearing of Gov. Pickens' staff. The latter flag was presented to the State authorities by several ladies with the injunction: "This flag shall only be unfurled on the walls of Fort Sumter."

Major Anderson looked deeply despondent. He is a man in the prime of life, and apparently not more than fifty-six years old, yet these recent events seem to have added ten more to the score. Born in Kentucky, a graduate of West Point of the class of 1825, promoted for gallantry in the war against the Seminoles, an instructor of artillery in the Military Academy in 1835, 1836 and 1837, an aide de camp to Gen. Scott in 1838, distinguished in the Mexican War and severely wounded in the assault on Molino del Rey, he is a fine specimen of the American officer and gentleman; and no one more keenly than Gen. Beauregard, his associate in other fields of action, sympathises with the old soldier in the bitter mortification of the hour.

The personal appearance of Major Anderson, his officers and men, attested the terrible character of the ordeal through which they had passed. Deprived of sleep for many hours, fatigued by their labor at the guns and prostrated by their struggle with an element which raged beyond control, they looked worn, haggard and exhausted. The Federal commander stated that the preservation of life during the battle was owing chiefly to the smallness of the garrison. Had there been two hundred more men, not less than one-half must have been killed. He also observed that the provisions on hand would have lasted but two days more, when an unconditional surrender must have taken place or many lives have been sacrificed in an attempt to provision and reinforce the fort; and that in view of all the circumstances, notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of the battle, he "felt proud in the consciousness that while performing his duty to the utmost, he had not taken the life of a human being." The officers of the distant fleet had made arrangements for supplying the fort on the night of the 12th, but owing to the storm and other unforeseen causes, the plans had miscarried.

The appearance of Fort Sumter baffles description. Externally every facade upon which our batteries played is thickly pitted by the spattering balls. The effect of the direct shot was an indentation of the walls, and the marks may be counted by hundreds. Lieut. Foster counted 600. The edges of the parapet are loosened and ragged, and great masses of brick and stone work that have been torn away mingle with the fragments of shot and shell at the rocky base. Within, the blackened walls of the quarters and barracks are yet smoking. The parade ground is strewn with fragments of bursted iron and smouldering cinders. At every turn, the eye rests upon ruin. The flagstaff, marked in a number of places by the passing shot, is partly hidden by the debris, and busy hands have already begun to secure its splinters as relics. Imbedded in the wall of the magazine is a round shot; within the magazine itself, is another, which passed completely through the wall and fell among the grains of powder spilled upon the floor by the men; while the massive iron door was struck by the fragment of a shell with such force as to bend and make it useless.

On the parapet, every step is impeded by shattered gun carriages, crumbling masses of brick work and dismantled and broken guns that look as if they had been tossed about by angry Titans. The crashing of shot, the bursting of shells, the roaring of the flames and the falling of the walls made a pandemonium amid which must have revelled the demon of destruction.

From one of the officers it is learned that during the fire every man labored zealously to check its progress. Orders were given to remove the powder from the magazine, but so rapid was the spread of the flames that only fifty barrels could be taken out and distributed in the casemates. By twelve o'clock all the wood work of the officers' quarters and the barracks on the south and west face were in process of destruction. The smoke rose in an immense volume and the garrison was at last forced to take refuge in the casemates. Even here, they were followed by blazing cinders which set on fire boxes, beds and other articles that had been secured. It finally became dangerous to retain the powder taken from the magazines; accordingly, all but five barrels were thrown from the embrasures into the water. The air was like the blast of a seething furnace, the smoke stifling, and officers and men in common lay panting on the heated floor with wet handkerchiefs upon their faces to save the remnant of well nigh exhausted lives.

The injuries to the Confederate batteries are comparatively unimportant. The nondescript iron or Stevens' Battery was struck many times, but the balls glanced off and went shrieking

over the sandhills. The Floating Battery with its iron front also faithfully withstood the battle-storm. It received 163 shots and fired 490. Fort Moultrie, on the other hand, bears evidence of the careful attention paid to it by Anderson's artillery in return for some forty rounds of hot shot and sundry other iron compliments which the occasion called forth. Lieut. John Mitchell Jr., a son of the Irish patriot, was one of the officers here until his transfer to Fort Sumter today.

The barracks are almost entirely destroyed and beds and bedding in many instances are torn to shreds. The Confederate flag received three and the Palmetto flag four wounds that some day may make them memorable. Is it a coincidence that the number of the seceded States is seven? One shell entered the quarters of Col. Ripley and burst on the bureau, spoiling every architectural feature and demolishing every article of use in the apartment. Those who are familiar with Col. Ripley's superb command of pyrotechnic phrases in various languages may imagine with what force his verbal explosion followed the other.

The outside walls of Fort Moultrie have been struck by more than 100 balls, while the battered roofs, ragged apertures large enough to admit a horse, the wreck of furniture and the mixture of splinters, rafters and pulverised ceilings represent everything terrible in gunpowder—except death.

The troops, firemen and others whose duties are there will remain in Fort Sumter until further orders. The last steamer brought back to the city all the visitors who have lingered among the stirring scenes of an eventful Sunday. In starting on our return, we saw on the rocky ledge at the base of the fort, an old man. With canteen and blanket strapped around his shoulders, leaning thoughtfully upon his rifle, his fine figure crowned by long silver hair that told of seventy-four years of active life, the aged patriot stood there in the twilight, a faithful personification of the spirit of the Southern Volunteer. It was the venerable Edmund Ruffin of Virginia—he who had journeyed hither from the Mother of States to fire the first gun for South Carolina.



OUR CAMP=STOOL.

THE PHRASE, "Campstool," is, we hope sufficiently expressive to indicate that this portion of our serial is designed to be a gathering place for reminiscence. It will be a kind of postscript to "Army Letters," and all who possess anecdotes of the war worthy of preservation, are invited to make it interesting. Many an old scrap-book will prove a mine of information.

WE CANNOT pay more direct compliment to the citizens of Columbia, among whom we have renewed home ties and established the present publication, than by reproducing, from old war memoranda, the roster of the Governor's Guards, who, with the Columbia Greys, Captain Wallace, afterward Colonel of Kershaw's Regiment, now the efficient Postmaster of Columbia, started for Charleston on the afternoon of April 11th, 1861, in obedience to orders by telegraph to join their regiment—the Second, commanded by Col. J. B. Kershaw. Those who survive, will remember that they were escorted to the depot on that occasion by the honorary members of the Richland Rifle company, Captain Radcliffe; the Emmett Guards, Lieutenant Brennan; the College Cadets, Capt. John H. Gary, and the Independent Fire company, Captain Mackey.

The roll of the members of the Greys is not at hand, but the officers and members of the Guards who responded to the call of duty are as follows:

W. H. Casson, Captain.
M. A. Shelton, First Lieutenant.

P. Brown, Second Lieutenant.
F. Gaillard, Third Lieutenant.
J. S. Leaphart, First Sergeant.
P. H. B. Shuler, Second Sergeant.
S. L. Leaphart, Third Sergeant.
J. C. Reid, Fourth Sergeant.
John A. Elkins, Fifth Sergeant.
R. Brown, First Corporal.
William Barton, Second Corporal.
J. T. Wells, Third Corporal.
J. A. Ruff, Fourth Corporal.
E. C. Plumer, Fifth Corporal.
J. McIntosh, Sixth Corporal.

PRIVATES.

M. J. Anderson.	Charles Hamburg.
W. E. Asbury.	S. L. Hall.
A. P. Abbott.	John Haunwell.
A. G. Anderson.	M. Johnston.
Thomas Altee.	L. W. Jennings.
W. C. Brown.	G. C. Jones.
C. C. Banks.	J. D. Kinman.
J. P. Erazill.	J. J. Keller.
J. H. Bartlett.	B. H. Knight.
G. T. Cooper.	J. C. Kenneth.
J. W. Cavis.	George Lever.
J. W. Cooper	N. S. Long.
J. Clark.	H. H. Loomis.
J. H. Casson.	T. P. McCarier.
Julius Driesen.	J. P. Matthews.
William Douglas.	A. McKeehee.
J. T. Durin.	B. W. Means.
J. H. Davis.	George Meetze.
John Davis.	G. B. W. Montgomery.
J. B. DuBose.	W. M. Myers.
A. E. Edwards.	W. McCasson.
G. R. Field.	D. J. McDonald.
N. H. Fleming.	R. C. Myers.
J. W. Gaither.	F. W. McMaster.
James Green.	H. Noll.
M. B. Green.	Joseph Newman.
Charles Goodwin.	J. L. Nott.
C. F. Hoefler.	W. Parker.
William Hennies.	J. M. Plumer.
J. W. Hall.	

W. J. Randolph.
J. F. Roberts.
J. D. Roberts.
J. Raleigh.
E. J. Richbourg.
James Sims.
S. E. Senn.
W. C. Shultze.
W. D. Starling.
S. Strickland.
E. R. Stokes.

J. D. Stubbs.
W. G. Stubbs.
H. A. Strickland.
A. L. Solomons.
J. H. Shivernell.
J. Thurston.
J. F. Farrar.
N. L. Turner.
W. H. West.
S. L. Williams
W. T. Walter.

OLD MEMORIES will also be revived by the announcement that "the main body of the Sixth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Col. James H. Rion, composed of some of the flower of the population of Chester and Fairfield Districts reached Columbia today (April 11, 1861), in time to take a train for Charleston.

"The following companies comprise the Regiment:

"Buckhead Guards (Fairfield), Capt. E. J. Means; Calhoun Guards (Chester), Capt. J. F. Walker; Catawba Guards (Chester), Capt. G. L. Strait; Chester Guards (Chester), Capt. O. Hardin; Boyce Guards (Fairfield), Capt. J. N. Shedd; Pickens Guards (Chester), Capt. J. M. Moore; Little River Guards (Fairfield), Capt. J. M. Brice; Chester Blues (Chester), Capt. E. C. McClure; Cedar Creek Rifles (Fairfield), Capt. J. R. Harrison; Fairfield Fencibles (Fairfield), Capt. John Bratton.

"These companies average about ninety good and true men.

"Capt. Alexander R. Taylor's crack company of Mounted Riflemen will leave for Charleston on Friday."

ROSTERS of Confederate soldiers are Rolls of Honor. Monuments in a hundred Southern cities pay tribute to the memory of the men who "went down to their graves in bloody shrouds," but no tablet of bronze or marble can be more expressive in its silent story than the plain, unvarnished records of the killed and wounded. No voice can be more tenderly eloquent than that of some scarred and wrinkled veteran, who, rising tremulously in his seat when the roll is called, can only answer for his

missing comrade, "Dead on the field of battle."

What a suggestive list is the following! Four years of bloody history pass in grim review. The Richland Rifles, Company C., volunteered "for three years or the war," joined the First Regiment, S. C. V., Col. Maxcy Gregg, and from Manassas to Appomattox its killed and wounded fell on every field. Out of 106 members who left Columbia in 1861, 17 were killed, 44 wounded and 34 died. Several are still "missing," and those that remain may be counted on one's hands with the thumbs turned down.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. John Cordero, dead.
Lieut. James McMahon, promoted.
Lieut. Henry C. Heise, wounded three times: became acting captain and surrendered company at Appomattox.
Lieut. Ralph E. B. Hewetson, made quartermaster, with rank of captain; dead.
Lieut. J. T. Proctor, lost leg at Fredericksburg

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

First Sergt. Lawrence A. Smith, killed at Second Manassas.
First Sergt. Theodore Smith, killed.
First Sergt. James R. Hamilton, wounded twice: promoted from ranks.
Second Sergt. Francis M. Baughman, promoted to third lieutenant; living.
Third Sergt. John L. Root, wounded; living.
Fourth Sergt. James H. Taylor, made regimental color bearer; killed.
Fifth Sergt. Rufus N. Richbourg, wounded twice: promoted to lieutenant.
Corporal John W. Cordero, wounded at Fredericksburg; died in hospital.
Corporal Lewis J. Levy, promoted.
Corporal John L. Shotwell, dead.
Corporal Osgood A. Mood, dead.
Musician Samuel Steed, dead.
Musician William Rose, living.

PRIVATEs.

Abbott, Ancrum P., killed.
Abbott, John, wounded.
Baughman, Charles W., wounded; died in prison.
Baughman, Henry L., wounded, Gettysburg.
Barefield, Archibald, dead.
Ballew, James S., wounded; died in hospital.
Beard, William A., wounded; dead.
Bennet, Charles E., killed Frazer's Farm.
Byers, Samuel R., unknown.
Bunch, Samuel F., dead.
Berry, Edward, dead.

Barker, Alfred L., wounded at Petersburg.

Bourke, John A., wounded at Fredericksburg.

Brewer, Daniel, wounded; dead.

Browning, Wash, unknown.

Busby, Jake, discharged, disability.

Carter, J. B., wounded; dead.

Corley, Simpson, discharged; disability.

Clancey, Arthur R., acting color bearer when wounded.

Dallas, Judson C., wounded.

Doherty, Charles, unknown.

Dent, John T., discharged; disability.

Dunnavant, Thomas J., dead.

Edwards, Adam E., wounded.

Fanning, John, dead.

Fraser, James, lost arm.

Friday, James C., unknown.

Garwood, Robert B., unknown.

Glaze, David, dead.

Glover, John R., dead.

Gurley, Franklin H., dead.

Graham, Charles, wounded, Gaines' Mill.

Hurt, —, wounded, Wilderness.

Healey, John B., unknown.

Howell, Charles B., unknown.

Hornsby, William D., wounded, Chancellorsville.

Hook, Samuel C., wounded, Gaines' Mill.

Hornsby, James H., wounded.

Hubbs, F. J., killed, Second Manassas.

Hussey, George P., discharged, inability.

Hendrix, Daniel J., unknown.

Johnston, Thomas C., dead.

Jackson, —, dead.

Keckley, George M., promoted; dead.

Key, John, wounded; dead.

Kelley, Thomas, dead.

La Borde, Oscar A., promoted lieutenant Regular Army C. S. A.

Lee, Jesse, wounded, Sharpsburg; dead.

Lucas, William H., wounded, Gaines' Mill.

Mathias, John T., wounded, Petersburg, dead.

Monteith, Nathaniel H., dead.

Monteith, Ainsley H., appointed quartermaster; wounded, Chancellorsville.

Monteith, Walter S., transferred cavalry.

Mott, John, unknown.

McCaw, James, wounded.

Mayrant, R. P., Sr., dead.

Nipper, —, unknown.

O'Donnell, Charles, killed, Fredericksburg.

Odom, Alfred, killed, Chancellorsville.

Petsch, James B., unknown.

Poat, Charles, killed, Second Manassas.

Pellock, Clarence J., killed, Spottsylvania.

Powell, Edgar A., dead.

Rawlings, Charles A., wounded; died in hospital.

Renno, John A., detailed Army P. O.

Riggs, Benjamin S., wounded, Fredericksburg.

Ruff, Paul M., wounded, Ox Hill.

Ruff, Walter G., killed, Five Forks.

Snellgrove, Joshua A., killed.

Sanders, George W., transferred Maryland line.

Stratton, Samuel E., detailed C. S. Treasury.

Saunders, August S., dead.

Stiles, William, dead.

Smith, Thomas, dead.

Smith, Joseph F., dead.

Smith, Theodore L., promoted; killed.

Scott, E. W., transferred Maryland line.

Swygert, Robert H., wounded.

Shepherd, John H. H., killed, Wilderness.

Smith, J. E., unknown.

Squier, John C., wounded and dead.

Tallant, Patrick A., killed, Second Manassas.

Tolleson, William, unknown.

Vogel, William H., wounded, Wilderness.

Wilson, Benjamin, dead.

Wilson, William, unknown.

Walsh, Thomas, unknown.

Wiggins, Eugene, dead.

THE peculiar position of Maj. Anderson in Fort Sumter is described in a letter from him to a lady correspondent who had written to him on the 5th of April, 1861, expressing her sympathy with his position and deploring the fact that the Government had not tendered him voluntary aid. He says: "Justice compels me to take upon myself the blame of the Government's not having sent to my rescue. Had I demanded reinforcements while Mr. Holt was in the War Department, I know that he would have dispatched them at all hazards. I did not ask them because I knew that the moment it should be known here that additional troops were coming, they would assault me and thus inaugurate civil war.

"My policy, feeling—thanks be to God—secure for the present in my stronghold, was to keep still, to preserve peace, to give time for the quieting of the excitement which was at one time very high throughout this region, in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. There is now a prospect that that hope will be realised; that

the separation which has been inevitable for months will be consummated without the shedding of one drop of blood. The ladies, then, must not blame the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, nor the present one, for not having sent me reinforcements. I demanded them under Mr. Floyd. The time when they might have been sent has passed weeks ago; and I must ask you in praising me not to do injustice to my brother officers, a vast majority of whom would, placed in the same circumstances, have acted at least as well as I have done."

IT WILL be a gratifying announcement to lovers of choice literature that the poems of Henry Timrod, "the poet laureate of the South," as he was aptly designated by Lord Tennyson, bid fair to be reproduced in a manner worthy of the great genius of the author. An edition published years ago has long since been exhausted, and it is safe to say that wherever a copy of the book exists, it is regarded as a library gem. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes and all that coterie of brilliant writers who have added fresh lustre to American letters, quickly recognised the writings of Henry Timrod as the work of a mas'ter hand, and had he lived among them, his grave would not now be marked by so humble a monument that it is almost obscured by the shadows of its neighbors.

The new edition will be published for those only who subscribe five dollars, payable on delivery; but it will still be a rare work, since the edition will be limited and the name of every subscriber will be printed in each volume. Naturally, in view of the price, it will appear in the highest style of the publisher's art and as regards paper and binding, be intrinsically worth the sum paid. In another twenty years, following the example of other choice books, it may be worth ten times the amount.

The promoters of this enterprise embrace a number of influential citizens of Charleston, among whom are J. C. Hemphill, editor of the News and Courier, and ex-Mayor W. Ashmead Courtenay, and their sole object is to provide means for the erection of a handsome

monument that in some suitable public place shall endure as a permanent tribute to the memory of a man who has written the grandest lyrics and sung the sweetest songs of the South.

IT IS long since the incident occurred, and the actors in it have crossed the Great Divide, but it will bear repeating. Col. Louis T. Wigfall of Texas, who immediately prior to the war was a United States Senator, had the reputation of being a bold, impetuous man who never minced his words in speaking and whose veneration for officials, no matter what may have been their station, generally stood at the zero point in his social thermometer. During the progress of the struggle, it was at one time feared that for certain personal reasons, Mr. Davis might remove Gen. Beauregard from command. Meeting the former on one occasion, Wigfall said to him: "I hear, Mr. President, that you talk about sending Beauregard to the rear. Don't you do it! Let him alone! When a man gets to be so popular that the men of the country name their steamboats and the women keep him in the family by naming their babies after him, don't touch him—keep your hands off!"

Wigfall was also ready witted. While en route across the country to his home in Texas, he fell in with a party of Union soldiers. Without his uniform he would pass anywhere for a well-to-do planter, and, not being suspected on this occasion, he entered freely into conversation with them. Nonchalantly he asked what they would do with old Wigfall if they should catch him. "We'd hang him, sure," was the reply. "Serve the rascal right!" instantly responded Wigfall, "and if I were with you, I—I rather think I might be pulling at one end of the rope myself."

THE STORY of the war will never be fully told until we get the details from the lips and pens of the private soldiers. Volume after volume written by the general officers on both sides have made us fairly familiar with the strategy and tactics of the struggle; with the movements

of divisions, the gallantry of brigades and the brave dash of regiments and battalions; but of the individual heroism of the men in the ranks, the adventures of the scout, the encounters on the skirmish line, the life on picket and the thousand and one incidents that the boys liked to talk about around the campfire, the simple narratives are too few.

Among the veterans who met in the recent reunion at Richmond was one—only an humble sergeant, mark you, who fought almost breast to breast with the enemy in the "Battle of the Crater" at Petersburg. But from that time until the present he has made that one battle a study, and the result is a map (now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond) on which is indicated every gallery, traverse, bomb-proof, mine and countermine and the positions of batteries and troops.

When he went over the field with several of his comrades, even the owner of the farm on which the heat of battle was the hottest was unable to point out more than the salient features of the locality, all others having been obliterated by the changes of thirty years. With the aid of the map in question, however, the old became once more new, memories were revived, errors corrected and the actors in the fight were enabled to relocate themselves in their former places. In recalling this circumstance, the veteran sergeant related numerous incidents connected with the battle that came under his own immediate observation and have never appeared in print.

"Why don't you put this story on paper for the benefit of history and the pleasure of your children?" inquired the writer. "Oh, I'm going to do so one of these days," was the reply. "I've got it all in my head, and when I have time I mean to write it out."

That's what's the matter, old soldiers: you have had these grand reminiscences in your heads for thirty years, and with careless indifference to the future that is almost criminal, you are permitting them to remain there untouched and unrecorded. You are getting old, tremulous and forgetful. "One of these days" may not come to you until, with failing voice and shaking limbs, you will realise it has come too late—that the silver cord is

already loosened and the golden bowl is broken.

HAS IT occurred to the instructors of the youth of the South that they may be largely instrumental in preserving much of the valuable personal history connected with our late struggle for independence? In a country where so many thousands of households furnish themes for "compositions" in the stories of privation or adventure that are told around the domestic fireside by the grandfathers and grandmothers who still survive, what more interesting narratives can be written by the young people than theirs? And with a useful object in view, how eagerly will the pupils devote themselves to the task of preserving the records that no one else has written. Home stories with hearts in them are a thousand times more eloquent and potent than cold essays, and the boy or girl who can tell them in a simple and unconstrained manner will soon learn the use of correct speech in all the affairs of life.

FEW serial publications are more welcome in Southern households than the Confederate Veteran, printed in Nashville, Tenn. Every month for three years it has kept the present in close touch with the past. Every month we may read some familiar and long unmentioned name: every month, perhaps, look upon the photograph of some long unseen face. It is a faithful record likewise of the living and the dead, who in their day and generation were among the heroes and heroines of the war. The choice of such a work as the organ of nearly a thousand Camps of Confederate Veterans and of the Sons and Daughters of Veterans, is in itself a distinguishing mark of merit. May its flag remain long unfurled.

DURING the construction of the Iron Battery on Cumming's Point, Gen. Jamison, accompanied by ex-Gov. Allston and William Gilmore Simms, its designer, visited the spot, when Gov. A. remarked that he would not care to trust himself

behind such a curious defence—that it could not possibly be safe. The distinguished author quickly demonstrated the difference between the wooden walls of a frigate or the upright stone walls of a fort and the iron-plated incline of a wall at an angle of forty-five degrees and more than twelve inches thick. It is of course now known that this nondescript fortification became the model of the defences on the Merrimac and other Confederate ironclads, and has since led to a revolution in naval architecture, but few persons are aware that its inventor was the distinguished Southern novelist.

* * *

IT IS due to the memory of Maj. Anderson to publish a portion of the letter which he wrote on the 29th of December, 1860, to his most intimate friend in Charleston, Hon. Robert N. Gourdin. It is dated from Fort Sumter. After relating the circumstances of the removal of the garrison from Fort Moultrie, he says:

"I regret that the Governor has deemed it proper to treat us as enemies by cutting off our communication with the city and permitting me only to send for the mails. Now this is annoying and I regret it. I can do without going to the city, as I have supplies of all kinds to last my command five months, but it would add to our comfort to be enabled to make purchases of fresh meats and so on, and to shop in the city.

"The Governor does not know how entirely the commerce and intercourse of Charleston by sea are in my power. I could, if so disposed, annoy and embarrass the Charlestonians much more than they can me. With my guns I can close the harbor completely to the access of all large vessels and I might even cut off the lights so as to seal the approach entirely by night. I do hope that nothing will occur to add to the excitement and bad feeling that exists in the city. No one has a right to be angry with me for my action. No one could tell what he would have done unless in the same tight place. I know that if my action was properly explained to the people of Charleston, they would not feel any excitement against me or my command."

THE Muse of History will not be cheated of her prerogatives. In order to learn definitely who was the actual author of the Ordinance of Secession of South Carolina, and thus settle a mooted point among the Daughters of the Confederacy, among whom she is a distinguished member, Mrs. W. C. McGowan of Abbeville, S. C., recently wrote a letter of inquiry on the subject to Chief Justice McIver of this State, who was one of the Committee of Five appointed to draft that famous instrument. His reply states: "There is no doubt that Chancellor Francis H. Wardlaw prepared the draft of the Ordinance of Secession, which is a model of simplicity, brevity and clearness. The fact is known to me personally and has been mentioned to me more than once by Chancellor John A. Inglis, who is supposed by some to have been the author of that Ordinance." Chancellor Inglis was the Chairman of the Committee to which were submitted the various drafts by members of the Convention, but the one prepared by Chancellor Wardlaw was selected as the best, and, being reported to the Convention, was adopted without change."

* * *

READERS of the present number of "Army Letters" will be attracted by the unique and artistic design on the cover. It will probably acquire additional interest from the fact that it was prepared by a Confederate veteran, Major Alex. Y. Lee, now one of the leading architects and consulting engineers of Pittsburg, Pa., and engaged in the construction of the National University at Girard, Pa. A graduate of the Citadel Academy of Charleston, he was for a long time Adjutant of the Palmetto Battalion of Light Artillery and finally transferred to the engineer corps. His old comrades will doubtless be glad to learn that his lines have fallen in pleasant places.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING incident may be aptly termed "The Tale of a Towel," that useful article, in the absence of any other, being employed as the flag of truce under which negotiations were begun that resulted in the cessation of fir-

ing and the final surrender at Appomattox. The bearer of the flag was Major Robert M. Sims of Longstreet's staff, subsequently the Secretary of State of South Carolina and now the representative of this publication.

The circumstances related by him are as follows: Gen. Lee's army arrived at or near Appomattox C. H. on the evening of April 8, 1865. Gary's Cavalry Brigade and some other mounted troops already had been in sharp encounter with the Federal cavalry at the railroad depot, but without definite result. Our forces were so disposed that night and very early the next morning as to throw Gordon's corps in front with a view to an attack at daylight and the opening of the way for the further advance and progress of the main army under Gen. Longstreet, which had been placed in line across the road upon which it had marched and upon which Gen. Grant was rapidly approaching.

As had been agreed upon, Gen. Gordon attacked the enemy soon after sunrise, but was quickly overwhelmed by infantry and cavalry in front and on his flanks. Several applications were made to Longstreet for reinforcements which the latter could not give. Thereupon, Longstreet sent Major Sims to say to Gordon that if he thought proper under the circumstances, he could send a flag of truce to Gen. Sheridan, then in his front, and ask for a suspension of hostilities until Gen. Lee could be heard from, the latter having gone down the road to meet Gen. Grant.

Gen. Gordon having no staff immediately available, Major Sims at his request rode over to the enemy's lines; but he bore as queer a flag of truce as ever conveyed a message across a field of battle. It was an ordinary crash towel that he happened to have in his haversack and for which he had paid forty dollars in Richmond, only a few weeks before. Gen. Custer, who received the message, was anything but gracious and curtly told Major Sims that he would listen to nothing but an unconditional surrender. The Major thereupon returned accompanied by a Federal staff officer and made his report. The incidents that followed are matters of history.

That towel, however, has become a relic. After serving various purposes other than those for which it was originally intended, it passed into the hands of an officer of Custer's staff by whom it was presented to Mrs. Custer, who, it is said, cut it in two pieces and still retains one half; a memento of one of the proudest days in her husband's life, and equally the saddest day in the history of every "ragged reb" who fought with Lee. The remaining half is supposed to be in the possession of Lieut. Col. Whittaker, at that time an officer on Custer's staff.

IN THESE days of memorials, monumental buildings and the unveiling of statues that celebrate our near-by heroes, is it not worth while to consider the part performed by the women patriots of the Southern Confederacy and bestow also upon them some recognition of the magnificent services they rendered in the hour of our travail?

Did woman ever undergo hardship with more un murmuring fortitude than the delicately reared mothers, wives and daughters of the South at that time?

Was the Spartan matron of old more heroic than she who in those later days of heroism, buckled on the equipments of husband, son and father, and with prayerful faith sent her loved ones forth to battle for their country and their homes?

Is there not something sublime in the sacrifices made by Southern women who, while suffering at home, encouraged their kindred in the field, and when that field ran wet with the blood of the men of the South, went themselves to the front in order that their gentle hands might assuage the pain of wounds, or sympathise in the agony of dissolution?

The story of these women, never yet has been written—probably never will be in all its depth and breadth. But why should not a granite shaft, a memorial home or hospital somewhere perpetuate their memory? Why should not the veterans and sons and daughters of veterans signalise by some monumental tribute the heroic record of these matrons of the South and the love they bore their land?

Let us get together and raise the fund

necessary. Make it a ten cent subscription, so that it will be within the power of every one to contribute. Let even the children work by organising five cent clubs and turning over their income to the local committee that may be appointed for the purpose, and so honor the memory of their mothers and grandmothers who gave to the cause as much of heroism and sacrifice, as much of patriotic devotion, as the soldiers who faced the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's point.

HENRY WATTERSON, now the brilliant editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, was in war times equally brilliant as the editor of one of the liveliest sheets printed in the Confederacy. Known as the "Chattanooga Rebel," it was always welcomed alike in the camp and the sanetum. Nearly every issue contained an item worth repeating. Here is a sample:

"Pat dreamed that the spirit of Stonewall Jackson knocked at the gates of Paradise.

"Who comes there?" inquired the good St. Peter.

"'Jackson!' was the reply.

"'What Jackson?'

"'Stonewall!'

"'Come right in, sir, ye needn't stop for purgatory; take a front seat; I know yer.'"

WHILE Watterson was in Atlanta, the Federals shelled the town severely and people got out of range as fast as their legs could carry them. Watterson was among the number. One of his Kentucky friends observing that he was making a bee line for the quarters of John S. Thrasher, the associated press agent of the Confederacy, who was then living on the outer edge of the town, called out to him, "Why Harry, whar you goin' in sech a hurry? I thought you was a aide de camp."

"Sc I was," shouted back the witty editor quick as a flash, "but right now, I'm aide-decamper."

The truth is, he was carrying an order to a distant detachment from Gen. Hood,

on whose staff he was temporarily serving. There was no cooler man in the army when facing danger, than this self same Henry Watterson, though he was "only a newspaper man."

FEW PERSONS of the present generation can realise how thoroughly the spirit of '76, permeated the South in 1861-65. From our "Army Note-Book," published at the time, we copy the following incidents by way of illustration:

"Mr. James Argo, of Pulaski County, Georgia, has fourteen sons and sons-in-law in the ranks of the Pulaski Volunteers. The old gentleman himself was a soldier in the war of 1812, and stationed at Norfolk, Va.

Gen. Joseph Graham of Lincoln County, North Carolina, has left a name renowned in history as a revolutionary hero. His mantle has fallen on his descendants. His youngest son, ex-Governor William A. Graham, has five sons in the army. His sister, the youngest daughter of Gen. Graham, and the wife of Rev. Robert H. Morrison, has two sons and four sons-in-law in the service.

The Shuler family, originally from Orangeburg District, South Carolina, exhibit a representation of fifty-one names in the Confederate service. The Easterling family have in the Confederate service sixty-three representatives, all hailing from South Carolina.

In Cleveland County, North Carolina, Mrs. Hamrick, a widow, has but seven children, all sons. At the first call of her State, the noble mother contributed six to the field, and she would devote the seventh but that he is too small to shoulder a gun."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A soldier who had the good luck to obtain a leave of absence to visit North Carolina, telegraphed Gen. Bragg, then commanding the Army of Tennessee, that he had been married a week and desired an extension of his furlough. In the course of the day, the lover was delighted with the following response:

"Your leave is extended for thirty days.

I refer you to Deuteronomy, 20th chapter, 7th verse, and 24th chapter, 5th verse.'

"The Bible was called into requisition, and upon reference the following quotations were developed.

"'And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man take her.' Deut. 20, 7v.

The second reference disclosed:

"'When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken.' Deut. 24: 5v."

* * *

THE Chattanooga Rebel always had a fund of camp stories. Here is one of them:

"At the battle of Murfreesboro, the Yankees captured a young rebel who wore a gunny-bag with a hole in it for a shirt. 'Couldn't your government afford to give you a shirt?' said his captor? 'Shirt, the d—l,' indignantly replied he of the gunny-bag, 'do you expect a man to have a thousand shirts?'"

* * *

WHEN ONE remembers how much the fathers and mothers of the Confederacy were called on to endure in the four years of war—trials that could not be described in a thousand volumes, it is not a wonder that the Sons and Daughters revere their memories and are proud of their birthright. Rev. Peyton Harrison was a patriotic minister of Cumberland County, Virginia. At Manassas, one of his boys, the flower of the flock, fell at the head of his company. The old man bowed his head to the stroke and said, "God's will be done!" At Fort Donelson, another son, Rev. and Capt. Dabney Carr Harrison, a joint heir with his brother Peyton, to their father's love, fell while gallantly leading his men in defence of that position. Closely following this bereavement, the father received news that his daughter had succumbed to grief at the loss of her brothers and breathed her last at Brandon, on James River. But the old man still evinced the

undying spirit of the true patriot. When sympathised with, he exclaimed: "I have two more sons left to devote to our cause; if, in the providence of the Almighty, they too are taken, I will shoulder a musket myself."

* * *

WHILE Capt. Stephen D. Lee, Roger A. Pryor and W. Porcher Miles, aides of Gen. Beauregard, were in Fort Sumter arranging the terms of its capitulation, an incident occurred which is thus recorded by the surgeon of the garrison, afterward Gen. S. W. Crawford:

"The aides of the Confederate General had been introduced into the only casemate that was habitable and which was occupied as quarters by Capt. Foster and the surgeon of the fort. Col. Roger A. Pryor, one of the aides, had taken his seat near a table at the head of the camp bed occupied by the surgeon. The latter had been seriously ill and was under the course of a strong medicine that stood in a large bottle upon the table. Without reflection, Col. Pryor poured out a large portion of the medicine and drank it. Discovering his mistake, he appealed at once to Maj. Anderson, who, in an angle of the casemate, was writing down the terms upon which he would agree to evacuate the work. The surgeon was at once sent for, when Col. Pryor rapidly recounted the circumstances. The surgeon said to him: "If you have taken the amount of that solution you think you have, you have likely poisoned yourself.' 'Do something for me, doctor, right off,' he said, 'for I would not have anything happen to me in this fort for any consideration.' The surgeon took him to his improvised dispensary down the line of casemates, where he was shortly after relieved and returned to the city."

* * *

IN THE YEAR 1834, M. Michael Chevalier, the distinguished political economist of France, was sent to the United States by M. Theirs, then Minister of the Interior, specially commissioned to inspect the public works of the country. Extending his sojourn and enlarging the scope of his observations, he spent two

years in visiting all parts of the Union and studying the characteristics of its social organizations and the working of its political machinery. His observations and impressions were published in a series of letters which were deemed of sufficient value to justify their transfer to a book. As the book is not now of easy access, we make from one of his letters, written from Charleston, May 23, 1834, the following extract, showing the manner in which he viewed the people of the South at that time.

"The Southerner of pure race is frank, hearty, open, cordial in his manners, noble in his sentiments, elevated in his notions. He is a worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded from infancy by his slaves to relieve him from all personal exertion, he is rather indisposed to activity and is even indolent. He is generous and profuse. The practice of hospitality is to him at once a duty, a pleasure and a happiness. Like the Eastern patriarchs, or Homer's heroes, he spits an ox to regale the guest whom Providence sends him and an old friend recommends to his attention; and to moisten this repast, he offers Madeira—of which he is as proud as of his horses—that has been twice to the East Indies and has been ripening full twenty years.

He loves the institutions of his country, yet he shows with pride his family plate, the arms on which, half effaced by time, attest his descent from the first colonists and prove that his ancestors were of a good family in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and a tour in Europe has polished his manners and refined his imagination, there is no place in the world in which he would not appear to advantage, no destiny too high for him to reach. He is one of those whom a man is glad to have as a companion and desires as a friend.

Ardent and warm-hearted, he is of the block from which great orators are made. He is better able to command men than to conquer nature and subdue the soil. When he has a certain degree of the spirit of method, and I will not say will—for he has enough of that—but of that active perseverance so common at the North, he has all the qualities needful to form a great statesman."

WHEN the stoppage of the mails for Fort Sumter was determined upon and Anderson was so informed, Judge Magrath was sent to Postmaster Huger to notify him of the fact, and a staff officer was sent on the 9th of April to demand their delivery to him in the name of the Governor. The bag containing Maj. Anderson's mail was handed to him and taken to headquarters. It was there thrown upon the table around which sat the Governor's advisers, including the Governor himself and Gen. Beauregard.

It was opened and passed over to Judge Magrath to examine. This he declined, saying: "No, I have too recently been a United States Judge and have been in the habit of sentencing people to the penitentiary for this sort of thing. So, Governor, let Gen. Beauregard open them." Gen. Beauregard replied: "Certainly not; Governor, you are the proper person to open these letters." Governor Pickens then took up one of the letters in an official envelope and turned it over nervously, saying: "Well, if you are all so fastidious about it, give them to me."

He held the letter some time, when Judge Magrath said: "Go ahead, Governor, open it." The Governor then tore open the letter so nervously as almost to destroy it. Nothing but the official mail was opened. Private letters were not disturbed, but sent to their destination.

It was this mail that revealed the purpose of the visit of Capt. Fox to Maj. Anderson. He had gone there under a pledge of honor, but had actually reported a plan for the reinforcement of the garrison by force, against which Maj. Anderson had protested.

* * *

THERE is one class of readers whose eyes will rest upon these notes to whom we desire to make a special bow—the Advertisers. They have only to look over the fair pages of our Magazine to be impressed by the fact that from the very nature of its contents, it is likely to find an abiding place on the library table of every Southern home. It is not less probable that thousands of Northern people, curious to learn what transpired behind the wall that separated the two sections of the country, will equally welcome its monthly appearance. Hence, what is

written herein will naturally have a wide and permanent circulation. Let all advertisers, therefore, remember these simple maxims:

A good advertisement always brings in more than it takes out.

An advertisement doesn't knock off work when the store is closed.

Persistent advertising is the cornerstone of success.

No advertisements are bad, but some advertisements are better than others.

When a wise woman has money to spend she consults the advertising columns of the newspapers and afterward consults her husband.

Advertising is a plaster which merchants put on the world to draw business out of it.

Advertisements are like birds—it isn't always those that have the finest feathers that are the best singers.

An advertisement is the only perpetual motion yet discovered.

A lazy business man need never expect to get any rest by advertising for it.

Advertising is the best fertiliser for the soil of business.

REFERENCE has been made in the preceding pages to Commander, afterwards Admiral Raphael Semmes. On receiving his commission in the Confederate Navy in February, 1861, he was ordered to the North to procure war material and vessels suitable for cruisers. Even at that early day, it was he who impressed upon Mr. Davis the importance of an active fleet of vessels capable of preying on the immense commerce of the enemy.

Unable to find a desirable ship in the mercantile marine of the North, Semmes proceeded to New Orleans. There he found the steamer *Habana*, a packet engaged in the Havana and New Orleans

trade, purchased and fitted her out as a man of war, carving with his own hands, in the manner described, the seal attached to her commission, and under the name of the Confederate States steamer *Sumter*, began the warfare on the sea that subsequently made his name famous. After running the blockade at New Orleans, and a chase by the U. S. Steamer *Brooklyn*, for forty miles off the coast, the *Sumter's* cruise lasted from June 30, 1861, to January 18, 1862, in which brief time, she made eighteen captures and fully demonstrated the wisdom of the move.

The *Sumter* being condemned as unseaworthy by a board of survey at Gibraltar, most of her officers were ordered to report for duty on the "290," or as she was afterwards known, the *Alabama*.

THE ALABAMA'S actual destructiveness to the commerce of the enemy, is graphically described in a work written by Lieut. Arthur Sinclair, one of her officers, entitled, "Two Years on the *Alabama*," the second edition of which has appeared during the present year. He says that "fifty-seven vessels of all sorts were burned, the value as estimated by the Geneva award, being \$6,750,000, but that this is out of all proportion to the actual number of her captures or their money value. A large number were released on ransom-bond, having neutral cargo and hundreds of neutrals were brought to and examined."

In the two years of her cruise, the *Alabama* sailed seventy-five thousand miles, or thrice the distance around the globe, everywhere setting her pursuers at defiance and accomplishing to the letter the mission upon which she was sent. Further reference will be made to her wonderful history hereafter.



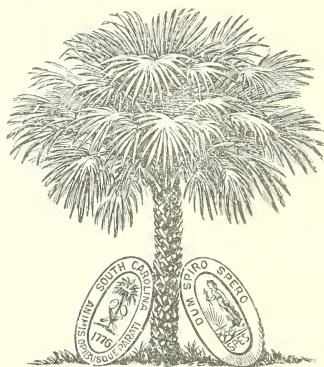
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Vol. I.

No. 2.

Army Letters

.... OF

1861

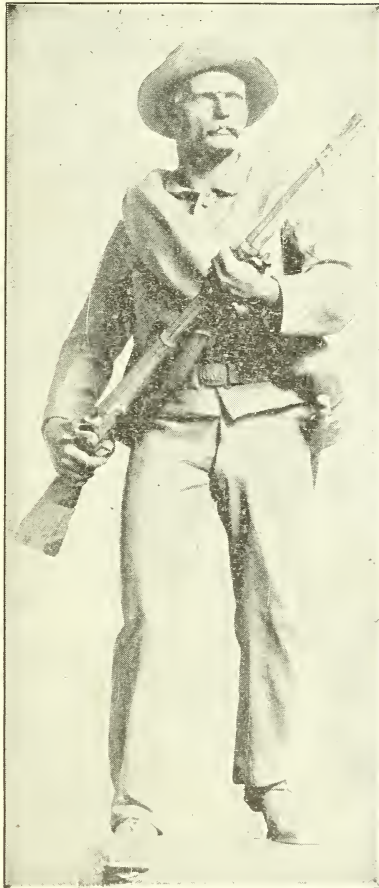
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“PERSONNE.”

(F. G. de FONTAINE,
War Correspondent, &c.)

P 21740

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COLUMBIA, S. C.
1897.

COLUMBIA, S. C.,
THE STATE CO. PRINTERS.
1897.

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ARMY LETTERS

OF

“Personne.”

VOL. I.

COLUMBIA, S. C., 1897.

No. 2

INTRODUCTION.

Washington, D. C., November 10, '96.

My Dear Sir:

I observe that you are about to undertake the republication of the War Letters of “Personne.” and congratulate you on that determination.

It is true that between 1861-1865 the conditions were different from those which exist now. The fighting men of the Confederacy were then away from home. Boys scarcely crossed the threshold separating youth from maturity when they too eagerly joined their fathers and brothers in the field. The thought of every woman followed them there, while the aged head of every household, himself unable to bear arms, impatiently awaited the mails that brought news from the front. It was natural, under the circumstances, that your letters should be among the welcome arrivals in our Southern homes.

Although thirty-five years have elapsed since those exciting days, much of the fraternity of feeling then existing still remains—perpetuated in the camps of Veterans and in the Associations of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. To this large class those letters will appeal.

There is another reason why, in my judgment, they should be reproduced. I am informed that there are only

two copies in existence, the original files of the newspapers in which they appeared having been destroyed; hence, they never have been read by the present generation, and will revive many interesting incidents in connection with our struggle that do not appear in current histories.

Written amid the exciting and rapidly occurring events on fields of action in South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi and other States, I can readily imagine them to be imbued with the warlike atmosphere that pervaded the South during its great contention, and that by reason of their freshness of detail they will reflect all the charms of contemporaneous interest.

Enjoying the freedom of headquarters, the confidence of generals in command and a wide acquaintance with the officers and men, you were in position to witness the drama in many of its most thrilling phases, and in familiar language you told the story of camp and field, of the wayside and the hospital, long before it was written with the cold formality of the professional historian.

To Veterans and Matrons of the Confederacy, therefore, your letters will recall many stirring scenes, beginning with the birth of the government. To their sons and daughters, as well as to the general reader, they will open new chapters in the history of the strife, describe its battles and brave men's heroism and preserve the pathos, poetry and humor of the time. To the young people of the rising generation—those who are attending school and college, they will be specially instructive, and above all should make them proud of the fathers and mothers who, in those hours of travail, learned how "to suffer and grow strong."

I am very truly yours,

WADE HAMPTON.

F. G. de Fontaine, Esq.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND PRESIDENT DAVIS
CALL FOR TROOPS.

THROUGHOUT the South the news of the fall of Fort Sumter was everywhere received with joyful demonstrations. Seven States were now out of the Union. In the Border States the tardy movements of the people were accelerated into prompt action. Texas had already entered the ring, as one of her orators in Congress said, "Like a knight in armor with visor down, and lance in rest;" and on the 17th of April proud old Virginia added her star and motto—"Sic Semper Tyrannis"—to the Confederate escutcheon. The City of Memphis, unwilling to await the action of Tennessee, legislated herself out of the Union, and appropriated fifty thousand dollars for her defence.

The attack on Sumter commenced on the 12th. The fort was surrendered on the 13th and evacuated on the 14th. That night President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops "to suppress said unlawful combinations, and redress wrongs already long endured." The manner in which it was received by the several States indicates the controlling sentiments of the hour. The Governor of Rhode Island replied by tendering the services of a thousand infantry and a battalion of artillery. Massachusetts in two days gathered, equipped and sent to Washington three regiments. The New York Legislature appropriated three millions of dollars. Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio and Indiana likewise responded immediately.

On the other hand, Virginia replied by passing her Ordinance of Secession. Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln: "I regard a levy of troops for subjugating the South as in violation of the constitution, and a usurpation of power. You can, therefore, have no troops from North Carolina." Governor Clairborne Jackson, of Missouri, answered: "Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, and in its objects inhuman and diabolical." Governor Isham B. Harris, of Tennessee, replied: "This State will not furnish a single man to the Federal Government, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defence of her Southern brethren." The Governor of Kentucky telegraphed on the same day: "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister South-

ern States," while Governor Rector, of Arkansas, is reported to have telegraphed, with more force than suavity: "Yours received calling for a regiment of volunteers. Nary one; see you d——d first."

The consequence of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation in the South was a contribution of strength to its cause. It added to the Confederacy, Tennessee on the 6th of May, Arkansas on the 18th of May, and North Carolina on the 20th of May. Missouri came in on the 28th of October and Kentucky on the 20th of November.

On the 15th of April—one day after the requisition by President Lincoln—President Davis issued a proclamation calling for thirty-two thousand volunteers, and on the 17th of the same month he issued another authorizing letters of marque and reprisal. The blockade of Southern ports was declared on the 20th, and the mails to the South were stopped on the 21st. (It may be added, parenthetically, that the Northern States have nine thousand three hundred and thirty-four miles of coast and the Southern States twenty-three thousand eight hundred and three miles of coast. In the latter there are sixty harbors more than in the North).

The two sections now stood face to face in hostile array. In five days after the call of President Davis, twenty-one organized and equipped companies responded from Alabama alone. Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana likewise reported large bodies of soldiers prepared for service. In South Carolina thousands were already in the field. The former pursuits of the people were abandoned. Students hastened home from colleges and schools to arm, and men of all professions and trades shouldered their fire-locks and took their places in the ranks. Fathers stood "shoulder to shoulder" with their sons; mothers would not restrain the enthusiasm of their boys; sisters buckled on the armor of their brothers and bid them God-speed in tears and yet in faith. Whole families joined the army. From that of Judge Lumpkin, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, went four sons, two sons-in-law, two grandsons and six nephews. Hundreds imitated the example, and if today the records could be reached, they would show how many and many a sire and matron are treading down the slope of life alone, only awaiting to rejoin the spirits of those whose young lives were quenched on the battle-fields of the South.

The scenes which transpired on the organization and departure of the volunteers for the different fields of action were in their character almost melo-dramatic.

When the troops from Montgomery, Ala., were about leaving the city, a lady passing along one of the principal thoroughfares was met by a soldier, who, doubtless, feeling that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," politely raised his hat and said: "Farewell, my good lady, I am going off to fight for you." Her instant rejoinder was: "And I intend to remain here to *pray* for you." The remark was heard by a group of gentlemen standing near, and as she passed on every head was uncovered in deference to the noble woman who had so fervently pledged herself to invoke the benediction of Heaven.

In Asheville, N. C., Mr. R. H. Hughes, a veteran of seventy years of age, volunteered. "You are too old," was the reply which greeted his application. "I may be too old to do much service," was the noble response, "but I can, at least, stop a bullet from hitting some younger man."

One father, as he parted with his son, was heard to say: "John, good-by: an honorable discharge or die"—a laconicism worthy of a Spartan. Another, at a public meeting in Alabama, said: "One of my two boys is now in the ranks. When he falls I will send the other; and when he dies by disease or the sword, I will myself supply his place, and leave it in my will that in case of my death, my wife and daughters shall furnish a substitute till the end of the war"

Even clergymen left their peaceful calling for the sterner duties of the camp and bivouac, and boys from ten to fourteen years of age formed into companies and drilled in anticipation of the hour when their services would be required. In Petersburg, Va., three hundred free negroes offered to fight under white officers or dig fortifications, while not less enthusiastic slaves in every State clamored with their masters for permission to follow them to the field. It was not until after the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln that any of this faithful class deserted the allegiance to which they had been attached.

Men of wealth contributed largely of their means. Benjamin Mordecai, a citizen of Charleston, presented to South Carolina ten thousand dollars in gold. Gen. W. G. Harding, of Tennessee, said to Governor Harris: "Sir, whatever I

have and possess, including my own person, I now tender to you." Mr. John Overton, also of Tennessee, then worth upwards of five millions of dollars, wrote to the same Governor: "Check on me to the extent of my estate to uphold the honor of Tennessee." James C. Bruce, Esq., of Halifax County, Va., one of the wealthiest citizens of that Commonwealth, offered to place at her disposal his "entire pecuniary means, and, if necessary, to melt his silver plate to lay upon the altar of his country." Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, expended immense sums in importing arms and equipments from England. Hon. Plowden C. J. Weston, an Englishman by birth, and for many years a princely rice planter on the Waccamaw, in South Carolina, equipped several companies with arms, horses and clothing, and then entered the ranks as a private. These are but a few of the hundreds of instances of this character which might be related.

Proposals for a loan of five millions of dollars, authorized by the Provisional Congress, were answered within a few days by a subscription for eight millions at par. Even the slaves invested their savings in these bonds. Every facility was thus afforded to the government by the citizens of the Confederacy for successfully carrying forward the gigantic undertaking in which it was engaged.

Neither the North nor the South, however, yet comprehended the full magnitude of the crisis. Preparations were, therefore, inadequate to the achievement of great results. Although the citizens of the Confederacy were in a mood to bear any amount of taxation, it was deemed unnecessary to incur a great debt. President Davis took counsel of military men as to the number of troops likely to be required in the emergency, and when General Henningsen, an old Hungarian officer, of Nicaraguan fame, estimated that a standing army of one hundred thousand men would be necessary to maintain the attitude of the South, the idea was ridiculed. Prudent statesmen urged the government to purchase all the cotton on hand, when it could be had for seven or eight cents per pound, and so make it a power, but months passed before this great element of strength was even partially employed, and by that time the price was doubled. Government was likewise unsuccessfully pressed to purchase ships abroad and supply its wants before the establishment of a blockade, and individual enterprise was left to take the initiative in this respect and as-

sume the risks. Our sins at this time were sins of omission. The facts mentioned show a lack of foresight that might have been incident to any administration surrounded by the same novel circumstances. Energetic in some features, in others events have proved it to be tardy, cautious and inert.

In the North, the newspapers of the day recorded a corresponding degree of war enthusiasm. From pulpit and hustings, counting room and factory, the one cry was "Union." The important fact appeared to be suddenly appreciated that the South was the great tributary of Northern wealth, and the secession movement, if successful, would forever dam its current. Hence those gigantic preparations which were to make the war "short, bloody and decisive:" and, in the language of Mr. Seward, "to whip the South into submission in ninety days." The *furor* found vent in a curiously patriotic eruption of flags. Dangling from the button holes of men, interwoven with the head-dresses of women, floating from public and private masts, waving from windows, and wrapping even the sacred desk—the "stars and stripes" became at once a badge of loyalty and a shield of protection. Every man whose sympathies were doubted, and every newspaper which had espoused the cause of the South, was forced by angry mobs to show colors or accept a fearful alternative.

By the 17th of April several bodies of troops were in readiness to march to Washington. The city of New York never witnessed more exciting scenes than attended the departure of the Seventh, Seventy-first, Twelfth and other "crack corps" belonging to the local militia. "Every window, doorway, balcony and housetop along Broadway was alive with human beings. The piers, landings and heights of Brooklyn, Hoboken and Jersey City were crowded, and thousands of boats saluted the steamers which conveyed the troops. Flags dipped, cannon roared, bells rang, steam whistles saluted, and a million of people sent up cheers of parting."

On the following Sunday many of the congregations mingled patriotism and piety in their form of worship. It is recorded that at the Broadway Tabernacle the pastor preached a sermon on "God's time of threshing," and the choir sang the Marsellaise. Dr. Bethune selected as his text: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." In Dr. Bellows' church the choir sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and the congregation vigorously applauded. Dr. T. D. Wells (old

school Presbyterian) preached from the words: "He that hath no sword let him buy one." Dr. Osgood's sermon was on the theme: "Lift up a standard to the people."

Nor was money from private and public sources wanting. Substantial aid was given to the Federal Government by quickly absorbing its loans. The New York Chamber of Commerce donated twenty-one thousand dollars for the equipment of troops. For a similar purpose the New York bar raised twenty-five thousand dollars on the spot, and the city corporation voted one million of dollars for the defence of the government. The example was followed in all of the Southern States and cities.

Several events also occurred in quick succession well calculated still more to aggravate the popular mind.

RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

The secessionists of Baltimore had resolved that no Northern troops should cross their soil for the purpose of invading Virginia. Accordingly, on the 19th of April, when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment arrived in the city *en route* to Washington, they were met at the depot by a large and excited concourse, and the track was barricaded with anchors, logs and iron bars. Thus obstructed, the Northerners determined to brave the gathering storm and make the passage to the opposite depot on foot. The column was formed and the advance commenced, when a mass of men bearing a Confederate flag swept down upon the troops, forcing them back in confusion. Finally, however, with the aid of the police, order was partially restored, and with the mayor at its head, the regiment again moved forward. Yells, groans, hisses and angry exclamations, accompanied by a shower of stones, now filled the air. The soldiers struggled with the tumult, which every moment increased in violence, but without avail, and on reaching the corner of Gay street, presented arms and fired. The scene that followed beggars all description. People ran in every direction in search of weapons. The gun stores were emptied of their contents. Individuals dashed impetuously into the ranks, wrested the muskets from the soldiers and felled them to the ground. Officers and men were knocked down with fists, canes and stones, while those who had knives or revolvers used them freely, inflicting desperate wounds. For a few mo-

ments the fight raged terrifically, but at last the Federals broke into a run. The pursuit by the infuriated mob continued until they arrived at the Washington depot. Once or twice the soldiers halted and delivered a scattering volley, but the balls went far above the heads of the crowd into the second and third stories of the neighboring buildings. At last, taking refuge in the cars, the Northerners were comparatively safe, but the demonstrations of the mob were still fearful. Men inebriated with rage, their clothing torn, hair dishevelled and eyes glaring with hungry passions, pressed up to the windows of the cars, and reaching in, brandished knives or discharged revolvers. The cry arose, "tear up the track—tear up the track," and thousands rushed beyond the depot to consummate the purpose. Fortunately for the Federals, it was easier to obstruct than to destroy, and the police who, under Marshal Kane, acted bravely throughout the affair, removed the obstacles from the rails as fast as they were laid on. The train then moved slowly out of the depot. As it did so the troops fired a volley into the crowd, wounding several and killing an estimable merchant of Baltimore who was standing at a distance. The total number of casualties on both sides was between forty and fifty, of whom seven or eight were shot dead.

It may be remarked as a singular coincidence that the first blood shed in the old Revolution was at Lexington, Mass., on the 19th of April, 1775, and the first blood of the recent Revolution was shed in the City of Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, just eighty-six years afterwards.

Thus terminated one of the most singular collisions which marked the early history of the war. It was no partial upheaval of the masses, but one which merged all class distinctions, and put to silence all party differences. The mob embraced the best citizens of Baltimore as well as the worst, and for several days afterwards volunteers from the country, on horseback and afoot, continued to arrive in the city for the purpose of taking part in the further organized resistance which was contemplated. All the bridges on the railroad to the Susquehanna were now destroyed by the Marylanders, and from twenty to thirty thousand Northern troops detained at Havre de Grace by the interruption of this line of travel.

In the evening after the fight a great mass meeting was held in one of the public squares and addressed by several

speakers, who openly proclaimed the doctrine of secession, and urged the people to "awake from the lethargy of shackled repose."

The Governor of the State, Thomas H. Hicks, was also present, and to conciliate the public sentiment condemned the coercive policy of the administration, closing his speech with the remark: "I will suffer my right arm to be torn from my body before I raise it to strike a sister Southern State."

In less than one month from that time Governor Hicks affiliated with the Federal authorities, and Maryland became powerless as an ally of the South. Before the conclusion of the war the right arm of Governor Hicks was "torn from his body" by an accident.

Affecting to yield to the display of public feeling, President Lincoln gave assurances to the Marylanders that no more troops would pass through Baltimore, and for a considerable time thereafter they were transmitted to the capital by the way of Annapolis; but as soon as General Scott could perfect his arrangements the city was invested and occupied by an army of thirty thousand men. The administration now called upon the State to supply its quota of troops to the army, and the Governor issued his proclamation accordingly. The brave people submitted. They were hemmed in but not conquered, and thousands of young men voluntarily expatriated themselves that they might fight under the banner of the Confederacy for a cause which it was not their privilege to defend on their own soil.

Another important event which occurred at this time was the evacuation and burning of the navy yard at Norfolk, Va. Information had reached Washington that Southern troops were hastening towards Norfolk, and, in compliance with the orders thereupon issued, Commodore McCauley, on the 20th of April, applied the torch and commenced the work of destruction. The Federal men-of-war, then in the harbor, were the line-of-battle ship "Pennsylvania," the steam frigate "Merrimac," the frigates "United States," "Raritan," "Columbia," "Delaware," the sloop "Germantown," and the brig "Dolphin." Of these the "United States" and the "Merrimac" alone were saved, the latter being partially burned, and rebuilt in the shape and with the name of the famous iron ram "Virginia." The "Pawnee" and "Cumberland" were in active service, and consequently made their escape. The granite dry-

dock, built at immense expense, and the finest in the world, was doomed, but not destroyed. Forty barrels of gunpowder were introduced into its chambers, a train laid and a slow match applied, but a Portsmouth lad, who saw the act, seized a favorable opportunity, and in turning over a plank on which the powder was in part laid, thus "broke the connection" and foiled the design.

From subsequent revelations it appeared that one of the officers of the navy yard, while *en route* to Norfolk, overheard a conversation on the cars, in which it was stated that the place was to be attacked that night. The preparations were therefore hurried. The guns, of which there were a great number, were inefficiently spiked, and the torch applied so hastily that in some instances it did not ignite. The barracks were fired before the appointed time, and, adding to the confusion, was the presence outside of the gates of a throng of armed men, who were momentarily expected to make a demonstration. The Federals were also, doubtless, hurried in their work by the idea that large reinforcements to the Virginia camp were arriving every hour—an idea which was stimulated by the prodigious clatter of an empty railroad train, which was run forwards and backwards with frequent shrieks from its steam whistle, as a *ruse de guerre*.

The navy yard was ignited at 12 o'clock at night. The flames at first burned low, and made little headway; but as morning progressed, they had caught one object and another in their fiery embrace, until at four o'clock the entire horizon was tremulous with the flickering lights and shadows that played upon the sombre background of the night. From two large ship-houses and from the masts and spars and hulls of stately vessels, the flames were leaping in sheets and jets, in eddying currents, until they seemed to touch the very clouds, while above all, high in air, hung a lurid canopy of smoke flecked with a myriad of fiery stars.

The next morning the Virginians took possession of the place. By this capture the South obtained public property to the value of fifteen millions of dollars, including fifteen hundred heavy guns of various calibre, improved machinery for their manufacture, ammunition and other warlike *material* of which the country was greatly in need. The command of the station was now assigned to Commodore F. Forrest, of the old

navy, who had promptly tendered his services to Virginia on her secession.

The same scene was repeated in a modified form at the Harper's Ferry Armory, in Virginia, where the Lieutenant in command, learning that a body of State troops were advancing, set fire to the works and escaped. The flames being quickly extinguished by the townspeople, here also the Confederate Government came in possession of a large amount of the most valuable tools and machinery for the manufacture of small arms.

Up to this time Fortress Monroe, although the strongest work in the United States, could have been taken with comparative ease, and there were bold men in Richmond, Va., who offered to lead an expedition for the purpose; but from causes which it may not be proper to explain at the present moment, these proffers were declined by the State authorities, and the golden opportunity passed. On the very day of the evacuation above described, the Federal Government had thrown into the fortress a reinforcement sufficient to hold it against any odds that we could then oppose.

It was now apparent that Virginia was to be the "dark and bloody ground" of the struggle, and at the North it was feared that Washington would be captured at once unless quickly garrisoned.

Thither, therefore, troops from that section were massed in large numbers. Still all was confusion at the capital. Public buildings were turned into barracks or fortified. The president was protected by a guard. Men were regarded with suspicion, and oaths of allegiance to the Federal Government exacted from the highest to the lowest in authority. The Virginians were already gathering within cannon shot, and but for the defensive policy adopted by the South, Washington might have been possessed at an early day.

Montgomery, Ala., was at this time the temporary capital of the Confederacy, and a writer of the day gives us a picture of the president and cabinet:

"The official departments," he says, "are embraced in a single brick building. Here are grouped the president's office, the Treasury, War, Navy and State Departments, and the office of the attorney-general. The secretaries generally devote themselves to business from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. The files and records, of course,

amount to but little as yet. Hon. Robert Toombs said a few days since he did not want a clerk, as he 'carried the State Department in his hat.'

"The Treasury Department has been very successful in its operations. The bids for the loan are at and over par. The labors of organizing a new system are obviously great, and to these Mr. Memminger devotes himself with unremitting industry.

"He has put the salaries of clerks of the very highest ability at twelve hundred dollars a year, and that, too, in one of the most expensive places in the South. For services in your banks and mercantile houses men would be paid two thousand dollars or two thousand five hundred dollars per annum.

"In the War Department, under Gen. Pope Walker, the government has the services of Colonel Cooper, the late able and experienced Adjutant-General of the United States Army. The auditor of the army accounts is Col. W. H. S. Taylor, one of the most experienced of the Treasury experts at Washington.

"One of the best men in the cabinet is the Postmaster-General, Judge Reagan, of Texas. He is a good lawyer and parliamentarian, a man of unwearied labor and perseverance, conscientious and imbued with the exact notions of governmental expenditure. For his assistants he has chosen two valuable clerks, lately in the government service at Washington, Messrs. St. George Offutt and Clements.

"The president seems to be fully up to his position. He evidently is oppressed with the strongest personal sense of his great responsibility. He works nearly the whole day. Constant vigilance and thought upon public affairs, the work of defending the South from invasion, of putting the new Confederacy upon a firm and lofty position among the powers of the world, all combine to make him thoughtful and grave. He wisely leaves details to his assistants, while he occupies himself with the more important questions of state and the defence of the country.

"Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the presidential mansion. A small garden and an open gate brings you to the door, where, without hardly the formality of a card, a negro servant conducts you to the presence of the president or his lady. No guard of bayonets, no soldier stands sentinel over

the waking or sleeping hours of Jefferson Davis. He walks or rides about the city quietly, with every proper mark of respect from the community, but without annoyance from impertinent intrusion, or the remotest apprehension of personal violence. Leaving out of view his routine of official duty, his daily life is not different from the routine of that of any gentleman in this city. The government thus approaches the old republican fashions of our ancestors."

PERSONNE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

AT THE period of which we write—May, 1861—two distinct military organizations were being created in the South—the regular and the volunteer or provisional army. The former belonged to the general government. The latter was the offspring of the people. One was intended to be permanent, the other was temporary, its existence depending on the duration of the war. The regular army, however, was more or less, so to speak, merged in the provisional organization. Its officers were transferred to the volunteers and advanced to high grades. The men were not unlike those of every regular service in civilized nations, and restrained by the same rigid discipline.

In the present chapter, therefore, we shall dwell chiefly upon the characteristics of the Southern volunteer.

It has already been shown with what a spontaneity of sentiment men of all classes and conditions responded to the call "to arms." In the North, the first outpouring was enthusiastic but effervescent. In the South, it was the result of a principle, deep-seated and hereditary—not born of the hour, but the growth of years. Unselfishly and without ambition, men surrendered luxurious homes and entered the ranks as private soldiers, to labor, and toil, and march, and fight; and endure hunger, thirst and fatigue with no other object than to defend the home, and what laconically may be described as "Southern Rights;" to prevent invasion and maintain the constitution of their fathers.

Thousands among them were men of culture; men of gentle birth and training; men of wealth and high social posi-

tions; men who gave tone to the community in which they lived; men who were willing to sacrifice every comfort for conscience sake, and, if necessary, add crimson life to the patriotic offering. Still other thousands were composed of the splendid yeomanry of the country embracing citizens of every nationality. Prominent among these were the Germans, Irish, Scotch and French, and the records of the war will show that, as a mass, they faithfully espoused the cause of the South.

If they were not physically superior, the early associations and habits of Southern men adapted them more quickly than Northern troops to the vicissitudes of the bivouac and battlefield. Familiarity with the use of arms; accustomed to the woods; inured to the fatigues of the hunt; habits of command; recklessness of life; an impetuous nature, quick to conceive and bold to execute; and intense individuality and mercurial temperament—these were some of the characteristics which gave the Southern soldier an early advantage, and won for him even a tribute from his enemy.

The following extract from a letter published in a New York paper at the beginning of the war illustrates what has been said of this noble material. It is dated "Grenada, Miss., May, 1861:

"Take a note of the company just about me. Its captain and first lieutenant are prominent members of the bar, and one of them a late United States consul to Cuba. In it you will find physicians and planters fifty years of age, and boys of sixteen, men of family and wealth.

"The company next west is captained by an acting judge, and members in its ranks are doctors, lawyers, merchants and planters, some near fifty and some worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Step into the neighborhood below me. Do you see that old man there with a head as white as ever men's heads are, and with a countenance that betrays a will no earthly power can bend, yet mild, with a Sharp's rifle in his hand and a blanket on his arm ready to march to the defence of his country? That man is a minister of the Gospel, who for fifty years has bowed at the footstool of sovereign mercy. His three sons, his only son-in-law—an eminent lawyer—and the only grandson old enough, are all mingling in the strife.

"A few days since, as the first lieutenant, orderly sergeant and a few others of the company about me were moving into muster, with colors flying and drum in hand, they passed a

plantation where were two lads plowing in the field. When they saw the Confederate flag waving in the breeze they stopped their horses, and mounting, dashed up the road to join. The old man, who was walking across the field towards the house, hastened back, and the negroes threw up their hats and shouted, 'Hurrah for the stars and bars.' While conversing, a rifle crack was heard at the house. The lieutenant, knowing there was not a white male member of the family who was not present, asked 'who could be shooting over there at the house.' 'Why,' said the owner, 'it's the old woman gettin' ready for war.' And such are the facts all over the South."

Much of the early efficiency of the Confederate army was due to the character of its officers. Those who resigned from the old army—the graduates of West Point—were promoted to high commands, and thus a military system was established which immediately began to show fruits. The raw material was bent into valuable shape, the wayward independence of the men was toned down by constantly enforced obedience, and in a measurable degree subordination was acquired at an early day.

Another class of officers to which the Confederate army was indebted for not a little of its excellence, was composed of the graduates of the South Carolina Military Academy and Virginia Military Institute. Each of these gave to the service many accomplished soldiers, who subsequently won distinction as general officers.

The veterans of the Mexican war, likewise, found and filled worthy places in the army; and representing, as they did, the martial spirit of another struggle, and bringing to the field a valuable store of military experience, quickly secured the confidence of the private soldiers.

A fourth, and by no means inconsiderable class of officers, were members of Congress and of the several Legislatures and public men throughout the South. Ex-governors of States, judges and local officials might be counted by the score.

The uniform prescribed by the Confederate Congress was of grey, but owing to the paucity of material, not more than one in ten of the early regiments were clad according to the regulations. Many companies adopted portions of the Zouave uniform, others appeared in snuff colored attire, while several regiments from Louisiana affected blue. The Wash-

ington Artillery, of New Orleans, a battalion of gentlemen representing the best family stock of that State was, probably, at this time the most substantially, beautifully and regularly uniformed command of its size in the service.

The great body of troops from the interior appeared in the ranks just as they left home, and human eyes never rested on a more motley throng. There was no mark to designate the respective regiments, and only an intimate knowledge of the physiognomical or other personal peculiarities of the troops of the different States enabled one to discover whence they came.

The dress was a tangled compound of frock coats, swallow tails and jackets, with a liberal sprinkling of shirt sleeves; pants of every hue and shape, from the gay cassimere to the patched emblems of better times, whose nether extremities were lost in the tops of boots or gathered within the stockings: while a headgear of slouched hats, caps and stove pipes, presented an outline on parade indescribably ragged. The outfit was completed by a dingy blanket, or in lieu thereof a patched bedquilt, a home-made knapsack and a canvas bag in which to carry rations. A belt around the body held the inevitable revolver and bowie-knife, while thrown carelessly over the shoulder was a rifle, musket or double barrelled shot gun. Not unfrequently added to this miscellaneous inventory was a violin, guitar or accordeon, and some of the old hunters and campaigners of the woods were even practical enough to bring their private cooking utensils, which dangled in picturesque profusion from behind as they marched.

In one instance a sweet-toothed volunteer brought with him a jug of molasses; and it is related of another that he started from home with a cow which he proposed to milk for the regiment.

Until the establishment of the blockade many of the camps were supplied with every luxury that could tempt the palate. Plantations yielded their richest stores of provisions; time-honored wine cellars contributed the choicest liquors, while thoughtful mothers and sisters remembered in liberal offerings of the "good things from home," their kinfolks in the camp. If there are two things in the world for which a genuine Southerner has a weakness, they are innumerable drinks and good cigars. While these lasted they were enjoyed; and from *reville* until the evening "taps," the gamut

of punch and juleps was run incessantly in the hospitable camp of the boys, with a true "da capo" movement. In attempting to evade a sentinel surreptitiously, no man was safe without his fluid countersign.

"Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend, with a bottle," was the response. "Advance bottle and draw stopper;" where-upon the Rubicon was crossed. Every tent was an "open house" to the inmates of every other, and the spirit of "hail-fellow-well-met, take-a-drink," everywhere prevailed. On the mess table was the never failing bottled hospitality in the shape of "plantation bitters" or "Bourbon cocktails;" under the table a demijohn of "old rye" or XX Cognac; within arm's length was the mess chest, rich with mollifying stores of English cheese, lemons, crackers, sardines and condiments; while not unfrequently a miniature vault below the floor of the tent had only to be tapped to disclose a mine of Madeira, sherry and champagne.

Such were the *early* experiences of the soldier. The hardships amounted to comparatively nothing, the discipline was not severe, and the fraternization between the officers and men contributed to make their then life one long holiday. With the closing of the blockade, however, the departure of the troops from the neighborhood of home, and the driving of the tent pins in the soil of Virginia, luxuries took their place among the things to be remembered. The army began to experience something of the vicissitudes of war.

En route to Virginia the various depots were thronged with ladies, who paid homage to the passing soldiers with showers of flowers thrown into the windows of the cars. The old men, young boys and negroes stood in the background decorated with secession rosettes or miniature flags, and shouted lustily for the soldiers and the soldiers shouted in return. Occasionally one of the boys would step out on the platform and commence a speech, or mounting to the top of the car with his fiddle saw out "Dixie;" and it was not unfrequently the case at every principal station, every voice on the train was united with its fellows in rolling out some sonorous Southern song. "Going to war" was then a pastime.

By the middle of May affairs in Virginia had assumed a warlike aspect—the points threatened being Norfolk, Harper's Ferry and Manassas, at all of which our troops were rapidly congregating. Fully fifty thousand men were under arms and

rapidly acquiring discipline. Gen. Braxton Bragg was in command at Pensacola investing Fort Pickens; General Beauregard was still at Charleston, and Gen. Robert E. Lee engaged in organizing the forces in Virginia. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had likewise resigned from the United States army and was prepared to take the field. It is a singular coincidence that Generals Lee and Johnston entered West Point together, graduated in 1829; advanced step by step to high positions in the old service, were wounded in the same battle in Mexico, and together joined the fortunes of their native State and were entrusted with its most responsible offices. Their fathers were also friends and comrades in arms. Judge Johnston having served with Light Horse Harry Lee in the old Revolutionary army.

PEN PICTURE OF GENERAL LEE.

The value of General Lee to the Confederacy was attested by Gen. Winfield Scott when he said: "The flower of the army has departed. I would rather receive the resignation of every general officer than that of Colonel Lee."

The city of Richmond and its environs at this time were like a vast military camp. From nearly every house fluttered the Confederate flag. It bridged the streets, decorated locomotives, waved from the tops of omnibuses and the headgear of dray horses. Soldiers were at every turn. The hotels were thronged with officers. You elbowed the most distinguished men of the South in the crowd, and Vanity Fair itself could not have presented a more variegated array of color and dress. The streets resounded with the roll of drums, and the rumble of army wagons conveying supplies to the camps. The churches were turned into sewing rooms, where hundreds of ladies daily assembled to manufacture garments for the unprovided troops. The busy note of preparation outrivalled even that preceding the attack on Fort Sumter.

A Federal demonstration was expected, but from what quarter no one could anticipate. Alexandria, Fairfax and Manassas were mere outposts. Still, soldiers were congregating from every quarter; Virginia herself was pouring forth her sons in the proportion of six hundred out of every thousand voters, and to organize these was the work of General Lee, then Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the State.

A description of the great soldier as he appeared at that time, and before he became the central figure of the struggle, may not be uninteresting.

"You may see the General," wrote the author of these papers, "almost any day when his duties are finished, in conversation with one or more of the public functionaries who are now making their headquarters at the Spotswood Hotel. Personally, he is in many respects a second General Beauregard, bound in a larger volume. He has a broad, expansive forehead, which loses itself in locks of iron grey hair; a keen, expressive dark eye, that would become a quiet parson or a Quaker in its usual light, but seemingly capable of penetrating a two-inch board when stirred to angry excitement; and a grave, kind face. The nose is of the semi-Roman order, well bridged, broad, and as an organ expressive, while the mouth, though partially hidden by a heavy mustache, indicates decision, generosity and caution. The manners of General Lee are exceedingly affable, and yet restrain anything like an approach to familiarity. Indeed, they combine so nicely the *bonhomme* of the true gentleman with the rigid dignity of the soldier that you can scarcely tell where the one begins and the other ends. He dresses in plain black clothes, wears an old felt hat with the most democratic irregularity, and is the last man in Christendom who would be taken by a stranger as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia."

A remarkable coincidence between the present and the past peculiar to the South was the frequent occurrence of revolutionary names. General Lee, as already mentioned, was the son of Light Horse Harry Lee. His aide, Col. J. A. Washington, was the lineal descendant of the father of his country. The great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson, Major Randolph, commanded a battery, and, subsequently, became the Secretary of War. The grandson of Patrick Henry was a captain, while the descendants of Chief Justice Marshall, Clay, Calhoun, Kershaw, Twiggs and other great men in American history, were more or less prominent in their connection with the Confederate army, navy or civil government.

The Northern army at this time gathering in and around Washington was much superior in *morale* to any of the succeeding organizations. It was composed, in the main, of the thousands of young men who for years had engaged in holiday parading in "crack" companies and regiments, and who,

doubtless, believed that three months of service in the field would terminate the threatened struggle. A considerable proportion, however, consisted of working men and foreigners, while a not a few of the wilder and more irrepressible class found cheerful companionship in such organizations as Billy Wilson's Zouaves. The best and bravest of the Northern commands were composed of Irish and Scotchmen, as for instance, the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Regiments of New York State Militia—at least, they gave Southern troops more trouble in the field. Many of the Federal regiments were completely and even luxuriously equipped, one from Rhode Island under command of the young Governor of the State, now Senator Sprague, being noticeable in this respect. Others, on the contrary, appeared to have been hurried to the front without much preparation. The Twentieth New York Regiment, Colonel Pratt, was a good type of this class. It was stationed at Annapolis Junction, Md., on the line of the Washington and Baltimore Railroad, to prevent the Marylanders from tearing up the rails and converting the road into an *impromptu* bone grinding establishment. The men were chiefly from Orange, Ulster and Westchester Counties, and the uniform was a mixture of gray and blue, with round gray felt hats, on which were ruely inscribed with charcoal, the name and number of the regiment.

The commanding officers of these organizations were, in many instances, selected from the old army, and not a few lawyers, local politicians, and men ambitious of promotion sought and filled the subordinate places. Subsequently, large numbers of these civilians were advanced to high grades. It is a curious circumstance that scores of the prominent public men of the North, who before the war had been profuse in their pledges of fealty to the South, were among the first to take up arms against her. Among these may be mentioned the notorious B. F. Butler, John Cochrane, Thomas Francis Meagher and Dan. Sickles.

It will not be denied that there existed all over the country at this period a vast amount of intolerant zeal—a species of national wildness which found vent on both sides of the Potomac in measures meant to compel every man to "define his position" and stick to it.

The following incident will illustrate the diseased condition of the public mind:

When Gen. Gideon S. Pillow, of Tennessee, was raising a brigade of volunteers for the Confederate army, he sent an invitation to Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, to act as his chaplain. The reverend gentleman replied, in his usually emphatic style: "When I have made up my mind to go to h--ll, I will cut my throat and go direct, and not travel around by way of the Southern Confederacy."

Public interest was now concentrating on Manassas and Harper's Ferry, and troops were being hurried to these points in anticipation of an early advance from Washington.

The first of these localities may be described in a sentence: Mix together a hotel, half a dozen farm houses half a mile apart, some clumps of woods, an abundance of meadow land which spreads away with undulating surface, add a railroad track or two, and in a rainy day mud *ad libitum*, and you have the Manassas Junction as it was seen through Confederate eyes in May, 1861. Temporarily, it was the headquarters of General Cooke, commanding some of the Virginia State troops. Major Boyle, a well known physician from Washington, D. C., was the Provost Marshal, and his lady was sharing with him the privations of life in camp. It is related of her that when the mob assailed her residence for the purpose of making her husband a prisoner, the noble woman sent word that she was "alone in the house, but would fill a coffin with the first man who opened the front door." Thereupon the crowd desisted from further demonstration. Mrs. Boyle, however, revolver in hand, remained on guard all night.

The Powhattan and Black Horse Cavalry, two fine companies, composed of the flower of the neighboring country gentlemen, with their best horses, were bivouacking at Manassas. They afterwards became celebrated for many a daring deed in that section of the State. One of the Alabama regiments which passed through Manassas, *en route* to Harper's Ferry at this time, was composed of eleven hundred and sixty men, whose aggregate wealth was estimated at fifteen millions of dollars. Two hundred servants accompanied the command.

Speaking of the characteristics of the volunteers gathering in Virginia, there should not be left out of the category a company called the Grayson Dare-devils. Every member was six feet or upwards in height, and a superb rifle shot. Originally, the company consisted of one hundred and thirty-five men, but the captain informed them that only one hundred

would be allowed to go to Richmond. To decide which of them should enjoy that privilege they fired at a mark running, and those who struck nearest the centre were allowed to come. As a general thing, nearly all of the Virginians and Georgians were tall, broad-chested, noble looking fellows. In one company of the latter, with which the writer travelled from the South, were upwards of forty-five men six feet in height.

PERSONNE.

DESCRIPTION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

TAKE a map of Virginia and Maryland, place one finger upon the Potomac River and another upon the Shenandoah, trace these streams until they unite, and at the Junction you have Harper's Ferry. Ascend an eminence which rises abruptly near this angle, until it attains a height of say five hundred feet, and you will enjoy the luxury of being astonished at one of the most magnificent pictures in the gallery of American scenery. On every side is spread out the changeless masonry of creation—fields swelling into hills, hills into mountains, and mountains mingling with the Alps and Andes of vapor that hang above their summits. To the left—high over the little town at your feet—is the Potomac, dragging its slow length along at the base of an almost perpendicular cliff, perhaps a thousand feet high. A canal is just visible at its base, looking, in the distance, like a winding ribbon of brown. These are the Maryland Heights, and though it would seem at this distance as if nothing but a bird or an echo could live among the massive ledges, moss-bound clefts and dense forests that throw their shadows down, the Virginians have filled its nooks and crannies with artillery, and its woods with men. It is a wild, weird spot, where one may take pictures of the rough faces of the rocks, as fancy will sometimes paint a scene upon a frosty pane.

On the right the Shenandoah is to be seen making its way from among the hills, until it reaches the point opposite the town where it is folded in the embrace of the more masculine Potomac. The united streams now pass on down a broad aisle between mountains which some mighty convulsion of nature has seemed to separate for the purpose, until the tor-

tuous windings are lost to view among the grand old rocky patriarchs with which the air is piled and terraced.

Turning to the rear, the eye rests upon one of the loveliest landscapes in the country—a scene wrapped, as it were, in a perpetual Sabbath. Far in the distance, rising from the misty perspective of the picture is the Shenandoah. A thousand miniature islands dot its surface, like gems of green in a setting of silver. Its bed is a succession of rocks which lie in almost mathematically arranged strata, and as the stream glides over the brown tips that jet above the surface, it leaves behind a bosom freckled with long trails of foam that glisten in the sunshine. On either side mountains descend to the water's edge. Here and there a road, winding among the hills, is observable; and occasionally there is a clearing with its little cottage, but so far, far away that it resembles a mere patch of white upon a field of green. Nearer to Harper's Ferry is the town of Boliver—now interesting principally because of a picturesque exhibition of tents—the canvas homes of our volunteers.

The railroad by which we arrive at Harper's Ferry from Manchester, skirts, for a considerable distance, the borders of the Shenandoah, and from the time you touch the borders of the town until you reach the depot, you pass continuous rows of government work shops, and the residences of the operatives and citizens. All these are substantial brick edifices. They are located on a narrow strip of level land, about three hundred yards wide, which connects the base of the mountain with the margin of the river. Arriving at the depot, which is the point or promontory of the town, there begins another row of workshops that continue in a similar manner on the Potomac side of the triangle.

The public and many of the private residences are, at present, used as barracks by the soldiers. The headquarters of the commandant of the post, Col. T. J. Jackson ("Stonewall"), are in a mansion on an eminence which commands a view of the surrounding scenery. Several thirty-two pounders, under the command of Captain Fauntleroy, an officer of the old navy, are in position here.

From "Jefferson Rock," a large flat boulder which rests upon the edge of a mountain like a knob on the cover of a tureen, the scene is beautiful beyond description. In the distance are soft landscapes, masterly old earth monarchs, broad

black cliffs with noble rivers running like a necklace at their base, great continents of cloud and shadow, while far below, in almost a perpendicular direction, through a vista of running vines and flowers, upholstered with tangled mosses and hoary rocks, is to be seen the mimic life of the valley, the spider-like threads of the railroad, pigmy cars, puppet lines of soldiers, dwarfed houses and baby gardens—a veritable Lilliput in disguise.

Of the troops here, eleven hundred and sixty are Alabamians, fifteen hundred are Mississippians and five hundred are Kentuckians. The remainder is composed of a sprinkling from every State south of Mason's and Dixon's line. There are also present a goodly number of Baltimore boys, who have straggled hither by twos and threes, some on foot and some in the cars—for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is still open—to take their place in the approaching contest. Many of them represent the oldest families of the State.

The Alabamians are safely ensconced among the mountains on the Maryland side. The regiment embraces some of the wealthiest and most influential citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, merchants, editors, printers and planters, together with a strong infusion of the hardy sinew of the country districts. The Mississippians are of much the same character.

Among the latter is a gentleman who has lost his right arm above the elbow. Although rejected as unfit for service, he determined to follow the troops of his State and to take part with them in every conflict as an independent fighter. He was an officer in the Mexican war, and the aim of his rifle is still unerring. He pays his own expenses and possesses a considerable fortune, all of which he proposes to give to the cause.

The Kentuckians are a class by themselves. They are generally large, well formed, robust fellows, accustomed to the hunt, and expert marksmen. You can always identify them by a certain careless grace and don't-tread-on-my-coat-tail sort of air that is unmistakable. When the Kentuckians first arrived, being without arms, it was proposed to give them muskets, but these were refused. The boys said they "didn't know how to shoot soger tools, and if they couldn't have rifles they'd rather throw rocks." The regiment is probably one of the worst drilled at Harper's Ferry, but the fault is entirely their own. They cannot see the use of discipline; will not be

persuaded to learn, and as for forcing one of them into anything like a soldierly bearing, why you might as well attempt to harness a hurricane.

An officer who visited their encampment remarked to a little group that he regretted so fine a looking body of men were not better drilled. "What's the good o' that?" said one of the boys. "We come yere to wade in anywhar, and when we see a good shot, you may bet your life, stranger, wer'e gwine to shoot." "Look yere," continued the beef-eater, "hyars our drill," and taking out his bowie-knife he fastened it to a tree with the edge of the blade outwards. Then, marching off a distance of sixty or seventy yards, he aimed his old-fashioned rifle and split a bullet on the blade. "You see, stranger, if we ain't much on sogering, we are powerful good at drawing a bead."

It is said, perhaps more humorously than truthfully, that the Kentuckians were requested to leave Maryland Heights, because they were trenching on State sovereignty, but that Colonel Duncan resorted to the novel expedient of *leasing the ground he wished to fight on from the owner!*

The necessity of discipline is not generally recognized by our raw volunteers; but the wisdom of the president in the selection of officers who have received a military education is already manifest. As an instance of the not uncommon veridancy which exists, it is related that as a picket guard were being detailed for duty, one of the men stoutly protested against the arrangement, saying: "Now, what's the use of gwine out thar to keep everybody off. We've all kim down hyar to have a fight with the Yankees, and if yer keep fellers out thar to scare 'um off, how in thunder are we gwine to have a skrimmage? Taint no use, no how."

A visit through the various barracks occupied by the volunteers is well worth the trouble. Wherever they are located, whether in private houses or in the denuded workshops, they have dropped into their places with a ready adaptability to circumstances. Men worth their hundreds of thousands sleep side by side with the poorest comrade, sharing with him the privation of the hour. Gentlemen who never slept off a mattress before, here stretch out upon the hard boards with a knapsack for a pillow and blanket for a quilt. For the first time in their lives, probably, they bring their own water, grind their own coffee, wash their own linen, and perform a thou-

sand functions which at home had been the task of servants.

The guardhouse is the small edifice in which old John Brown—whose soul is supposed to be marching on—made his defence. Its outer walls are thickly scarred with the marks of rifle balls. The loops through which he fired still remain, and no attempt has been made to alter the historic interest of the place, save in the application of a coat of whitewash throughout the interior, for the purpose of effacing the stains of blood which bespattered the walls.

Preparations for the supply of arms and ammunition are actively progressing. Much powder has been brought from Maryland. Recently two Irishmen from the vicinity of Baltimore drove a load across the country in a four-horse team. To conceal it from view the powder was covered with iron ore. Whenever "a strange sail" hove in sight the two Emeralders suddenly showed signs of being on the jolliest kind of "drunk," and so remained until the danger was passed, when they pushed forward with all speed.

Another ruse was successfully practiced by a lady on her way South from Philadelphia. Strapped under her crinoline she brought with her as many revolvers as she could conveniently carry. It was not until she reached Harper's Ferry that she dared to relieve herself of the cumbrous load and pack the articles in her trunk.

Among other ladies who have made themselves conspicuous in the patriotic work of supplying our men with arms is Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, of Frederic, Md. She brought with her to Harper's Ferry five hundred Mississippi rifles, five hundred dollars in cash, three thousand and two hundred cartridges and ten thousand percussion caps. Several swords and flags have "run the blockade" in the same manner.

Among the troops recently arrived is a battery of artillery commanded by Rev. Mr. Pendleton, of Lexington, a graduate of West Point. Cadets from the State Institute are also here drilling the troops, and it is no uncommon spectacle to see these beardless youths instructing aged men in the art of war.

There is reason to believe that it is not the design of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; who is in command, to hold Harper's Ferry. It is only important with reference to present strategic purposes, and a flank movement by the Federals, which will, unquestionably, soon be made, will result in an evacuation.

The following notes, taken at the time, will give the reader an idea of the situation during the early days of the struggle:

Manassas, May 24th.—Virginia is at last invaded. From five to eight thousand Federal troops last night occupied Alexandria. So rapid were their movements that nearly an entire company of our cavalry were captured. One man alone resisted, and he paid the forfeit of his life. A Confederate flag waving from the top of the Marshall House, had long been visible at the presidential mansion in Washington. Lincoln having expressed his indignation thereat, Colonel Ellsworth, of the Zouaves, a young man who attended the president during his tour to Washington, promised to lay the obnoxious bunting at his patron's feet. John W. Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, on the contrary, had declared that while he had strength to defend it, that banner should never be taken down by an enemy's hand. On entering the town Ellsworth, with a squad of his Zouaves, at once made his way into the hotel, ascended to the roof, secured the flag, and wrapping it around his body, started to return. It was not yet morning, and Jackson, who had been aroused from his slumber by the noise, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and, half dressed, emerged from his room. In a moment he stood face to face with Ellsworth and his attendant soldiers. "This is my trophy," said the Federal commander. "And you are mine," instantly replied the brave Jackson, accompanying the words with a discharge of both barrels of his weapon full into the breast of Ellsworth. The next moment Jackson himself received a bullet through the brain and a bayonet thrust through the body, and sank a corpse by the side of his victim.

(Before dismissing this incident it is proper to add that the tidings of the event, when made known, aroused the heartfelt sympathy of the entire Southern people. In every State liberal contributions were subscribed as a tribute to the family of the dead hero, and his memory has been cherished not merely as that of a brave man who died defending his own hearthstone, but a martyr who calmly and without passion laid down his life to maintain a principle which the heart of the nation had enunciated).

Manassas, May 27th.—The troops now here are under the command of Gen. M. L. Bonham, of South Carolina, and

embrace the two South Carolina Regiments, under Colonels Gregg and Kershaw, and several Virginia Regiments. The work of entrenching has already commenced on Bull Run, a narrow stream, fordable only at certain points. The enemy are also entrenching on the various eminences in the suburbs of Alexandria, and their pickets are posted several miles out of town. General McDowell is in command of the Federal forces, and Gen. Ben. F. Butler has been assigned to the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. These two points now promise to be of the greatest military interest, being the main avenues to the interior of the State.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Manassas, June 1.—Two events mark this day. First, a night dash by Lieut. Charles Tompkins, of the regular service, with a body of dragoons, into Fairfax Courthouse—a mad, rash, fruitless sortie upon an outpost, in which the enemy left behind a dozen or more, killed, wounded and prisoners. Our only loss was in the death of Capt. John Q. Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, one of the rising young men of Virginia. Second, our first fight between a land battery and Federal steamers. Four of the latter made a demonstration on Captain Walker's position at Aquia Creek, and after firing five hundred and ninety shots retired. Fortifications are in course of construction along the banks of the Potomac for the purpose of blockading the river.

General Beauregard has arrived, assumed command, and issued a stirring proclamation to the people of Loudon, Fairfax and Prince William Counties, "in the name of the Confederate States, the sacred cause of constitutional liberty and in behalf of civilization and humanity."

Our scouts and guerillas have already commenced work. One of these commands, about forty Virginians from Fauquier County, all admirably equipped and mounted. Being acquainted with every cowpath in the country, scarcely a day passes in which parties of curious and adventurous Federals are not encountered and punished. The motto of the captain is—quaintly enough—"Never allow yourself to be killed. Death is disgrace—to kill an enemy, glory. If a successful stand cannot be made, retreat; but when you retreat, pick off a foe."

REMOVAL OF SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Richmond, June 5.—The seat of government has been moved from Montgomery to this city, and every hour demonstrates the importance of the change. President Davis, for the time being, has taken the place of a general-in-chief. Although a week has not elapsed since his arrival, evidences of his energy are apparent on all sides. He has sent such thrilling words to the South that every train of cars brings to Virginia a regiment of men. He has revised old and made new plans; weakened this position and strengthened that; ordered new reconnoissances; commenced fortifications at points before unthought of; set troops in motion to the remotest limits of the Confederacy; held cabinet consultations, and found time to make speeches to the public and receive the congratulations of enthusiastic thousands. In short, he has inspired confidence in every heart and infused fresh life into every department of the political and military structure. Jefferson Davis is indeed proving himself emphatically "the man for the times"—a clear-headed, hard-working patriot—the incarnation and embodiment of the struggle about to commence.

The city is overflowing with strangers. Hotels and private houses fail to accommodate the multitude, and lucky is that man who can afford to decline the hospitality which puts three in a bed. All is hurry and bustle. The community could scarcely be more lively if it were a confederation of steel springs.

Among the arrivals of the last week are the New Orleans Zouaves, who have been stationed at Pensacola, six hundred and thirty strong; the most picturesque, ugly, indescribable looking set of dare-devils ever seen in this portion of America. The majority of them are Frenchmen, muscular, wiry, active as squirrels, brown as Malays, full of aquafortis, and possessing much of the *clan* of the genuine French "Zou Zou." They are by far the most dangerous looking body of men yet brought into the field. Their uniform is similar to that of their Gallic namesakes, consisting of embroidered blue jackets, red baggy breeches and white gaiters, the whole surmounted by a red fez skull cap, which rests jauntily on the back of their shaven heads, and ends in a blue tassel dangling between the shoulder blades. Their great desire is to meet

th "pet lambs" of Colonel Ellsworth. They will, probably be sent to Yorktown.

Richmond, June 7.—Tidings have been received here of another surprise of our troops. Since the beginning of the struggle the northwestern portion of Virginia has been divided in sentiment and purpose. Settled principally by men from Ohio, Pennsylvania and New England, who, though owning slave property, sympathized with the Union or endeavored to preserve a neutrality, there has sprung up between this class and the genuine Virginians, loyal to their State and birthright, living in that region, a controversy, in which the latter represent a comparatively helpless minority. This political antagonism has been eagerly seized upon by the leaders who, cooperating with the Lincoln government, have contrived to make the northwestern counties a base of operations. Wheeling was occupied as early as the 21st of May, and on the 30th—only one week ago—a force of Confederates were obliged to evacuate Grafton before the advance of three thousand Federals, who thereupon took possession. Our troops were under the command of Colonel Porterfield, who had been instructed to call for volunteers from that section to the number of five thousand. But the northwest was in a state of revolution and they were not to be had. Few among the companies organized for home defence were willing to take up arms in favor of the South. After considerable exertion, however, five hundred infantry and about one hundred and fifty cavalry were assembled, and these constituted the entire army of West Virginia. Here intelligence was brought to him by two young ladies, named Miss Mary McLeod and Miss Abbie Kerr, who, unattended, rode a distance of twenty-five miles for the purpose, that the enemy were about to pursue and attack him again.

For some reason, however, the command did not move at once, and the Federals, three thousand strong, advanced, and from the opposite side of Taggart's Valley River, opened on the Confederate camp early the next day (Monday, June 3d).

The startled troops formed as quickly as possible under the circumstances, and took position by companies on either side of the road. A charge of the Bath Cavalry, under Captain Richards, held the enemy in temporary check, but the resistance was of little avail, and after a running fight from

behind bushes, fences and other covers, in which the locality abounded, Colonel Porterfield retreated to the village of Beverly, thirty-two miles distant. The casualties of the Confederates were seven killed, fifteen or twenty wounded, and a loss of one hundred and fifty rifles. Among the Federals, Colonel Kelley was desperately wounded.

The young ladies above referred to remained in the town, at the house of an acquaintance. Suspecting from the manner of the latter that there was some one concealed on the premises, they made a search and found up stairs the Confederate soldier who had shot Colonel Kelley, hiding from the enemy. His escape was at once decided upon, and after disguising him in some old clothes, they put a bucket of soap suds in his hands and bade the man follow, which he did, until safely beyond the limits of the town.

The gentleman by whom the above narration was made, adds that no one not on the spot can appreciate the terrorism that prevails in Northwest Virginia wherever the Union sentiment is rampant. Men of respectability who have occupied places of trust and honor in the State are being driven from their homes; neighbors are turning against each other, and life is unsafe even within the sanctity of the family circle.

But the spirit of the true Virginian is not dead yet. My informant, before reaching Staunton, passed a barefooted old gentleman nearly seventy years of age, who, accompanied by his family, was driving his cattle, sheep and household effects to a place of safety.

A conversation ensued during which the brave old man made the following remark: "Sir, I am sixty-eight years of age, and I am now conveying my wife and children to the eastern part of the State, where they will be secure from danger. When this is done I shall return, and, if necessary, the last act of my life shall be in behalf of Virginia. My home may be laid in ashes, but God willing, *I shall die defending my fence.*"

PERSONNE.



BATTLE OF BETHEL.

WE RESUME our narrative of the early days of the war, and quote from the diary then prepared. It may be added, parenthetically, that this plan is deemed more acceptable to the reader than any other, because, carrying the mind, as it were, into the living present, the freshness of the event and the associations of the hour are preserved.

Yorktown, Va., June 11, 1861.—The first important engagement of the war took place yesterday at Bethel Church, eleven miles this side of the village of Hampton, on the road leading from Yorktown to the latter place. Hampton and Newport News, both near Fortress Monroe, were occupied by the Federals on the 25th of May. Since that time the latter have made frequent excursions into the interior. About two weeks ago three hundred entered Bethel Church, remained a day or two, and on retiring left the walls of the sacred edifice covered with the most profane and licentious inscriptions. The officer in command of the post, Col. J. Bankhead Magruder, a distinguished officer of the old army, determined to put an end to this system of predatory warfare, and accordingly, on the 7th inst., ordered from Yorktown the First North Carolina Regiment, Col. D. H. Hill, and four pieces of Major Randolph's Howitzer Battalion to take possession of the place. The character of the ground may be briefly described.

A short distance in front of the old church, the only building near, is a branch of the Black River, running at right angles to the road, and encircling our right flank. On our left was an open old field filled with stumps, and beyond a dense wood which covered both banks of the stream. The ground on either side of the latter was in spots miry and almost impassible. Across the branch was an immense field, fringed in the rear with heavy woods, out of which the enemy could deploy and command our position. On the road near these woods, about six hundred yards from the church, was a small dwelling. In anticipation of an attempt to force the bridge an earthwork was thrown up near the road in front of the church, and the guns of the battery so planted as to sweep every avenue of approach. Across the creek, on a slight eminence to the right, another small fortification was erected to protect a single gun.

Skirmishes took place on the 8th and 9th inst. between small bodies of our men under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, Major Lane, Captain McDowell and Lieutenant Roberts, and at three o'clock yesterday morning information was brought of the advance of the army in force. Colonel Magruder arrived at the scene of action and assumed command on Monday. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the Third Virginia Regiment, having joined the North Carolinians with one hundred and eighty men, was now stationed on the hill on the extreme right beyond the creek. A company was also detailed to the same position to protect a howitzer under Captain Brown. Captain Bridges, of Company A, First North Carolina Regiment, was posted in a dense wood on the left of the bridge. Major Montague, with three companies, defended the right, his line beginning at the church. Our total force numbered about twelve hundred. The enemy were under the command of General Pierce, of Massachusetts, and consisted of the First, Second and Third New York Regiments, commanded by Colonels Duryea, Tompkins and Townsend, the Fourth Massachusetts, First Vermont, and Seventh and Ninth New York Volunteer Regiments, numbering altogether about forty-five hundred men.

The columns of the Federals were seen approaching at nine o'clock, and at a quarter after nine Major Randolph opened on them with his artillery. Their ranks broke in confusion, but quickly rallying, a vigorous fire was opened on us from a battery stationed near the small dwelling, to which allusion has been made. The Federals now deployed under cover of the woods, with a view to turn our right flank, but were promptly repelled. Under the cover of the woods another attempt, by a force estimated at fifteen hundred, was made to get in the rear of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart. The latter was accordingly ordered to fall back. Previous to this a priming wire had broke in the howitzer commanded by Captain Brown, which rendered it useless, and the retirement of our forces for a moment abandoned the work to the enemy, who instantly occupied it with their Zouaves. We had not yet lost a man, but it was one of the most critical periods of the action. At this juncture Captain Bridges was ordered to leave his position in the swamp and reoccupy the work at any hazard, which was gallantly done in the face of a galling fire, the Zouaves running as our troops dashed forward at a

double-quick. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, by order of Colonel Magruder, also reoccupied the entrenchments, and a fresh howitzer having been carried over, the fight again raged.

The Federals, finding that they could make no impression on our right, now turned their attention to the left, their object evidently being to get over the creek and carry our entrenchments there by assault. To accomplish this design and deceive our men the enemy had put on our distinctive badge of a white band around the cap, and those in advance repeatedly cried out: "Don't fire, don't fire." They likewise began to cheer as if they had accomplished the purpose of their demonstration. The North Carolinians, however, met them with the steadiness of veterans and picked off officers and men with an almost unerring aim. As if disdainful of the protections of entrenchments, they would stand upon the parapet, and while the bullets were whizzing around them, calmly single out their mark and fire. In the language of the official report, "they were all in high glee and seemed to enjoy it as much as boys do rabbit shooting."

At the head of the assaulting column was Major Winthrop, an aide-de-camp of General Butler, and the fearless manner in which he exposed his life, while cheering on his scattered troops, elicited the admiration of the Confederates. Standing on a stump within fifty yards of our entrenchments, and waving his sword above his head, he gallantly offered himself as a target to our riflemen. "There's your mark, bring him down," said a colonel, and the next moment a rifle ball pierced his heart. With the fall of this officer, the fight—which, at this point, lasted for thirty minutes—ceased, and the discouraged enemy commenced their retreat. The house in front, which had served as a hiding place, was now set on fire by a shell.

The Federals, having thrown out a strong detachment to protect their rear, pursuit could not be immediately commenced: but as soon as the woods were cleared, Captain Douthatt, with one hundred cavalry, followed. The enemy in their haste, strewed the road with haversacks, canteens, knapsacks, overcoats, etc., and even the dead were thrown out of the wagons. The pursuit was only ended by the tearing up of a bridge in their rear, which effectually barred further progress.

During the fight many instances of personal gallantry

occurred. Prominent among these was the case of a young man named Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina, who, with four others, volunteered to advance beyond our lines, and set the sn. all dwelling on fire. Starting on his perilous mission in advance of his comrades, he arrived within thirty yards of the house, when he was shot through the head. This was our only loss in killed during the engagement. Seven were slightly wounded.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was reported to Colonel Magruder by the bearer of a flag of truce as being two hundred and thirty-four. A considerable number of the enemy's dead were buried on the field by our men. The great disparity in the casualties is due to the fact that our troops were comparatively well protected by entrenchments; but they nevertheless labored under the disadvantage of being frequently unable to see the persons of the enemy, who were nearly all the time effectually concealed in the thick growth through which they advanced to the attack. Our men were thus often compelled to receive a fire that could not be effectually returned, a test which, although severe in its application to raw volunteers, was bravely and brilliantly endured.

The object of the enemy in making this demonstration, as appears from the statement of an intelligent deserter, was to capture our small force and march on to Yorktown. In the language of one of the prisoners, they thought they "were able to whip the North Carolinians with corn-stalks," and when they came upon the field the "ki-yi's" of the Zouaves and derisive laughter could be heard running through their lines. The first volley from the North Carolinians, however, dispelled the hallucination. There were individual instances among the Yankees of good fighting and personal bravery.

The death of Major Winthrop, although an enemy, is almost universally regretted, and every honor has been paid to his remains due to a dead hero by a chivalrous antagonist. Information of the event was promptly communicated to General Butler, and when the body was removed, under a flag of truce, to Fortress Monroe, a guard of honor was tendered by Colonel Magruder to accompany the remains to Hampton. The act was not called for by the circumstances, but it illustrated the admiration which a Southern man has for a brave foe.

The scene after the battle, to one unaccustomed to spec-

tacles of this nature, was frightful. In the swamp through which the New York Zouaves advanced to assault our lines, there were bodies dotting the black morass from one end to the other, and the gay uniforms contrasted strangely with the pallid faces of their dead owners. One boyish, delicate looking fellow was lying in the swamp with a bullet hole through his breast. The left hand was pressed on the wound from which his life-blood had poured; the other was convulsively clenched in the weeds that grew around him. Lying on the ground was a Testament, that had fallen from his pocket, dabbled with blood. Inside the cover was the printed inscription: "Presented to the defenders of their country by the New York Bible Society." A United States flag was also stamped on the title page.

The number of Confederates actually engaged was less than five hundred. It was apprehended during the engagement that the enemy would attempt to make a detour around our lines, so as to bring them between two fires. And a portion of our force was therefore detailed to prevent the execution of this design. Had it not been for the lack of men, the Federals would have been promptly pursued, and the victory rendered even more decisive than it was.

It is worthy of record that the Fayetteville Light Infantry, one hundred and fifteen strong, of the First North Carolina Regiment, was organized in 1793, under the administration of General Washington, and has in its ranks several descendants of its revolutionary members. Another company, the Lafayette Light Infantry, one hundred and ten strong, performed its first feat in arms, near Yorktown in the Revolution. Another company from Buncombe County, was led by Captain McDowell, a lineal descendant of one of the heroes of King's Mountain, S. C. Another company from Orange County, was led by Captain Ashe, whose ancestors fought in the battle of Savannah. This Revolutionary stock is freely distributed through the Regiment. It is a significant fact that before going into battle the whole Regiment engaged in prayer.

Richmond, June 14th.—The news of the recent repulse of the Federals at Bethel Church has fallen on the North like a thunderbolt. The first tidings were of victory; and the New York "Herald," in glowing capitals, announced the capture of one thousand rebels, and two batteries respectively mounting

seven and fourteen guns. But since the receipt of the details of the defeat and loss, the press is boiling with unusually delirious rage.

The effect upon the South is encouraging. While the importance of the engagement is greatly magnified, it has lifted a weight from every heart. Heretofore we have experienced little else than a series of surprises. When Anderson walked from Fort Moultrie into Sumter, it was a "surprise." When troops reinforced Fort Pickens, it was a "surprise." When Fortress Monroe was reinforced, it was a "surprise." When Ellsworth and his Zouaves marched into Alexandria, it was a "surprise." The landing at Newport News was a "surprise." The occupation of Grafton was a "surprise." And, lastly, the attack at Phillippa was a "surprise." In the language of the New York "Herald," "the glory of the reduction of Fort Sumter is more than eclipsed by the flight of the rebels from every entrenchment that has been approached by a Federal force." But the victory at Bethel Church has turned the gloomy current into livelier channels, and with an army organization rapidly attaining excellence, there are no longer fears for the result. Thus far, we have witnessed simply the arrangement of the men upon the chess-board. The strategy of the game is yet to commence.

Trophies of the late fight abound in the windows of Richmond, broken muskets, swords, caps, haversacks, knives, forks, daguerreotypes, letters, etc. The most valuable of these is a case of surgical instruments which the proprietor left behind while measuring off the ground on a lively pair of legs. The unusual spectacle attracts crowds of curious spectators.

An incident is current, characteristic of the spirit of the ladies in these troublous times:

Two daughters of the late Judge Clopton, of this State, had a servant hired at Fortress Monroe, and could not obtain possession of her by letter. They accordingly determined to apply in person. Being rowed over to the fortress, they sought admittance. The sentinel refused. They insisted; whereupon they were told they would be fired upon. "Fire, then!" was the bold response, as the ladies entered the fortress. A conversation ensued inside, during which they told the officers they had heard that the Hampton people would not be permitted to throw up entrenchments, but that it should be done if the ladies had to do it, and they would head a com-

pany for the purpose. The officers remarked that if the Misses Clopton were specimens of the rest of their sex, the men of Hampton must be unconquerable.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is at present in the city organizing a legion to operate in the Northwest. Several hundred have already joined his standard, and as he advances into the country thousands more will gather around "the old man eloquent." If there is a true patriot—a genuine lover of his State and country, ready at any personal sacrifice to secure its wellfare, it is this venerable man, who at times—even now—is so feeble that he has to be carried from point to point upon a cot while he rallies the people to the work. Few persons possess more wonderful power over the masses than Henry A. Wise. There is something in the flash of his undimmed eye, the trembling of his long, bony fingers as he raises them in solemn adjuration, and the round, full tones of a voice that never hesitates for a strong word in the right place, which thrills every listener with a strange fervor. This effect was strikingly produced the other evening, while addressing a crowd who had assembled to serenade the president. "The time of deliberation," he said, "has given place to the time of action. You have to meet a foe who have annihilated the old constitutional bond of union, annulled your laws, abolitionized your borders, as the Northwest will show, invaded the sanctity of your homes, and undertaken to teach you the moral duties of men."

"The armies of the enemy are even now hovering around the tomb of Washington, and where is the Virginian heart that does not beat with a quicker pulsation at this last and boldest desecration of his State? You want war—blood—fire to purify you! The Lord of Hosts has demanded that you pass through the baptism, and I call upon you to come up to the altar. Collect yourselves together—elevate yourselves to the high and sacred duty of patriotism. The man who dares to wait until some magic weapon is put in his hand, who will not be content with flint or steel, or even a gun without a lock, is worse than a renegade—he is a coward. Get a spear—a lance—a pruning knife—anything that will cut. Make your blades from old iron, though it be the tires of your cart wheels, and burnish them into the shape of bowie-knives. If possible, secure a double-barrelled gun and a bagful of buck-shot. Take the field with these. If the guns of the enemy

reach further than yours, reduce the distance. Meet them foot to foot, eye to eye, body to body, and when you strike a blow, strike home."

Richmond, June 15.—A copy of the New York "Daily News," of a late date, just at hand, contains the following frank confession of some of the consequences of the war in the metropolis:

"Neither the flaunting of bright banners, the continuous rattle of drums and ear-piercing fifes, nor all the bravery of gay trappings and din of martial instruments, with which the demon is wont to bedazzle the hearts and deepen the reason of his victims, will suffice to conceal from the truth-investigating eye the terrible reality that our wealth and our prosperity are taking quick wings to fly away. The professional man in his office, the merchant in his counting-house, the tradesman at his desk—aye, even the poor working girl in her attic and the day laborer on the street, tell you but one tale of terror. Everything that has appertained to our days of glory is withering, and the hopes of all but those who are apt to profit by the wrong tremble and sicken as they take birth. Could the light of God penetrate to the hearts of His creatures, and make visible the tears and secret repinings, how soon would our people awaken from the frenzy which some evil agency, armed with an hour's control, now exercises over them.

"We will not ask our readers to visit with us the homes of usual poverty and toil, but simply direct their steps even on the balmyest of these spring days along Broadway alone.

"Starting from the Astor House, let your eye range to each side of the street as you pass up towards Union Square, and before you have gone the distance of three blocks, you will have to realize some proofs of what we have above stated.

"In every direction 'this house to let' or 'store for rent,' 'this property for sale,' 'selling off at less than cost,' 'assignee's sale,' etc., stare you in the face, flanked by hosts of less important but similar announcements. Nor are these offers confined to old or inferior buildings, but hang like placards on an effigy over the door posts of some of the newest and most elegant structures on our proudest avenue. From the Astor House to the corner of Fourteenth street you may this morning count one hundred and eighty-nine of these commercial epitaphs, and if you slip quietly into many a handsome estab-

ishment, where plate glass vies with gilding for the adornment of happier days, you may be told in a whisper that business is dead and the place will soon close.

"If one-third of the business sites along the gayest portions of Broadway be already hanging out the signal of distress, what may we expect when the progress of slaughter shall bring increased levies of men and money, and scatter terror and mourning in every household!"

PEN PICTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Richmond, June 17th.—The parlors of the president at the Spotswood Hotel this evening have been the theatre of a pleasant interchange of courtesies between the chief magistrate and the members of the Virginia Convention. The latter assembled at the capitol, and with the venerable Ex-President John Tyler, and Hon. John Janney, the President of the convention at the head of the procession, proceeded, arm in arm, to the hotel. There were present, besides his Excellency Jefferson Davis, Hon. Robert Toombs, Secretary of State, Hon. Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Wm. M. Browne, Assistant Secretary of State.

As the gentlemen respectively advanced they were introduced by Mr. Eubank, the Secretary of the Convention, and in ten minutes the apartments were filled by a hundred or more of the "solid men" of Virginia, each one happy in that happiest of all reflections, that he was "looking his very best."

The president always looked dignified, but never, to my mind, is he so much in his element as when, in the centre of a colloquial assemblage he emits those brilliant scintillations of thought with which his fertile mind is pregnant. This was especially the case tonight. Not only was each gentleman complimented by a kind and different greeting from that received by his neighbor, but after the formalities of the introduction were over, the freedom with which he moved hither and thither, dropping an urbane salutation to one, calling up some reminiscence to another, touching gently on the events of the time to a third, relating a brief anecdote to a fourth, and making himself eminently affable with all, did not fail to stamp on the minds of his visitors the most agreeable im-

pression. Mr. Davis adorns the social circle as well as he has the forum or the field. Combining the freedom of the friend with the caution of the diplomat, yet giving full scope to his fine conversational powers, he draws more out and puts more into his auditors with less attendant restraint than one would believe possible. Magnetized by an irresistible smile, charmed with choice language, and yet involuntarily drawn into the expression of your own sentiment, you soon forget in the ready listener before you that you are talking to the President of the Southern Confederacy. You remember only the man. Such is the chief magistrate in the parlor. What he is in the councils of the nation, as a statesman and soldier, the world already knows.

Personally, he is a man of slight, sinewy figure, rather over the middle height, and of erect, soldier-like bearing. He is about fifty-five years of age. His features are regular and well defined, but the face is thin and marked on cheek and brow with many wrinkles, which are not unfrequently deepened into an expression of intense thought and care. One eye is apparently blind; the other is dark, piercing and intelligent. He was dressed in a plain black suit.

Moving around in the crowd were two microscopic Davises—Maggie and Jeff, Jr.—as handsome a pair of household angels as ever blessed a parent's heart! Maggie is what the ladies would call "a gem." She has large, brown, expressive eyes, long lashes, which, but for a natural vivacity, would give her an almost pensive cast of countenance, round, rosy cheeks, a sweet little nose and mouth, a dimpled chin, a fine growth of black hair, cut short in the neck, and a clear, rosy complexion. Add to these charms a tiny form, pretty enough to belong to a divinity, and you have a pen-and-ink portrait of a diminutive specimen of humanity, who would make a jewel of a picture in any kind of a setting, whether she belonged to a president or a plebeian.

The other Davis—young Jeff—is a chubby, broad-shouldered, big-headed, brown-haired, gray-eyed chap, five years old, fat, fair and fresh as a rosebud. He has, evidently, inherited much of the firmness of his ancestor.

The father seems proud of both these bantlings, and as they edged through the crowd and took a place by his side, though engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen

around him, he still found time to bestow upon them the smiles and caresses of affection.

No ladies were present and no speeches were made, though I learn three or four gentlemen were loaded for the purpose. Politicians now-a-days are like Leyden jars, they only want a proper conductor and opportunity to give out their pent up rhetorical sparks.

The Convention, now assembled here, is one of the most intellectual bodies of men that has met in Virginia for many years. Their only fault is too much talk and too little action. They have reversed the old saying that men were made with two ears, two eyes and one tongue, that we should hear and see more than we should say.

Intelligence has been received of the capture of one of our privateers—the “Savannah,” of Charleston, Captain Baker, and a crew of twenty-five men. The event took place on the 3d instant, about fifty miles off Charleston Harbor. The “Savannah” had already captured two or three ships, and mistaking the United States brig “Perry,” which was disguised as a merchantman, sailed within a short distance before the mistake was discovered. After a chase of six hours the privateer was overhauled, and the officers and men carried to New York in irons. The war press of the North demands that they shall be hung as pirates. The “Savannah” was a schooner-rigged vessel of fifty-four tons burden, and formerly employed as a pilot boat. Her armament consisted of one eighteen-pounder amidships, and she bore one of the first letters of marque issued by our government.

Richmond, June 8.—An engagement took place yesterday at Vienna (a small station on the Loudon and Hampshire Railroad, running from Alexandria to Leesburg), between a detachment of the Alexandria Artillery, two guns, under the command of Capt. Del. Kemper and Lieut. Douglass Stuart, supported by the Darlington Volunteers, of Gregg’s Regiment of South Carolinians, two companies of Virginia Cavalry, under Captains Ball and Terry, and a body of First Ohio Regiment, under the personal command of Brigadier-General Schenck. The latter were approaching Vienna on a train of six cars, the engine in the rear, for the purpose of making some repairs to a bridge, and while slowly turning a curve were opened upon with grape and round shot by our artillery. In a moment the panic was complete. The Federalists tum-

bled in the wildest confusion from the cars and scampered right and left into the woods. A portion of our infantry pursued, but the only captures were the arms, coats, blankets and side weapons, with which the path of retreat was strewn. Six dead bodies were found on and near the cars. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was eighteen. Being far out of range of our small arms, the entire damage was done by the artillery. After destroying the cars the entire command returned to Fairfax Courthouse, five miles distant. It is a singular fact that Sergeant Summers, of the Alexandria Artillery, was the builder of every car in the train, and at his own request he was allowed to demolish them.

The Federals have adopted a system of ballooning, under the superintendence of the aeronaut, Professor Lowe, a telegraph wire connecting the vehicle with the earth.

General Butler has planted on the Rip Raps, near Fortress Monroe, a huge Sawyer gun, with which he is shelling out batteries at Sewell's Point. Its range is about five and a half miles. The "Merrimac" at Norfolk is being converted into a floating battery.

Among the amusing incidents of camp life, one is related of Colonel Magruder, who commands at Yorktown. It appears that he loves an occasional social glass, and as the boys are sometimes rather dry they make remarks about it. Among these was a North Carolina private, who had behaved with great gallantry in the battle of Bethel. One morning he was confounded at a peremptory order to appear before the colonel commanding. He was unable to decide whether he was to be shot or reprimanded, till he reached the colonel's tent, and was sternly addressed thus: "Private Stedman, I understand you have said that old Magruder drinks all the liquor in Yorktown, and won't let you have a drop. You shall say so no longer, sir. Walk in and take a drink—I commend you for your bravery."

Richmond, June 18th.—For several days the city has been in a ferment over the news that our forces have evacuated Harper's Ferry. This point has heretofore been regarded by the public as the Gibraltar of Virginia and the key to the city of Washington and to Maryland. Cognizant of the gradual accumulation there of eight or ten thousand men, the people have patiently waited to see the army commence its expected march into the camps of the enemy, but they have

been disappointed. It is this upsetting of individual strategy, and theories which we Americans are so much inclined to concoct, that has produced the mental effervescence going on in the community.

The change referred to has been in contemplation for a number of weeks, and the result of a carefully studied policy, not of the pressure of a sudden emergency.

Harper's Ferry lies, as it were, in the small end of a cone, the rear of which could with great ease be occupied by the enemy. It was, therefore, from the first known to be untenable as soon as the Federals should commence their demonstration. The approach of General Patterson was looked for *via* the great route from Maryland into the Valley of Virginia through Martinsburg and Winchester on the right. Another column under McClellan was expected by way of Romney on the left. Reaching these several points the Federals would have effectually prevented a junction of our two armies. The plan, however, was foiled and the enemy checkmated at their own game.

The latter column, under command of Col. Lewis Wallace, of Indiana, made its appearance at Romney on Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., not, however, without encountering by the way the resistance of some of the determined citizens. One, a shoemaker, with a spirit resembling that of the martial Jackson, took his gun and boldly shot a Yankee dead in the ranks, but was instantly killed in turn.

A force was at once dispatched to Winchester, by rail, to check any further advance. The sick and heavy baggage followed in the same direction. On the morning of the 14th, just at day dawn, a terrific sound, like the report of a thousand columbiads, awakened the wearied soldiers from their slumbers, and from the point where the Potomac and Shenandoah rush together there arose a huge volume of black smoke, bound with a spiral column of red flame. The stupendous railroad bridge across the Potomac was a charred and scattered ruin. The bridges at Shepherdstown, twelve miles, and at Williamsport, thirty miles above, were destroyed a day or two before. At ten o'clock A. M., of the same day, the eight large buildings in the armory yard were fired, and having been previously filled with combustible matter, were soon consumed. At twelve M., the whole command, accompanied by

the general and staff moved on in the direction of Charlestown.

During the night a courier arrived with news that the enemy had forded the Potomac below Williamsport, and were marching on Martinsburg. Our route was immediately changed at right angles, and the column put in motion for Bunker's Hill, a small village on the Winchester turnpike, twelve miles from Martinsburg, and about the same distance from the former place.

On the morning of the 16th we were formed in line, with baggage wagons in motion, and everything in readiness for prosecuting our journey towards Martinsburg, when a bearer of dispatches galloped up and stated that the enemy were within three miles (Martinsburg was ten miles off), in full march upon us, with fifteen thousand men. Not a moment was lost. The baggage wagons, with all who had broken down during the two previous days, and were unable to do service, were ordered back on the road to Winchester. Cartridges were distributed and a line of battle formed. Our whole effective force consisted of nine thousand men, a small body of cavalry, and a few batteries of flying artillery. The scene was well worth witnessing. Many of the sick refused to leave, and took their places in the ranks. A wild, delirious joy irradiated every face, and a shout rent the air. For more than an hour we waited impatiently the enemy's approach, but no enemy came. At last a second messenger arrived, and stated that the Federal troops had retreated to the Potomac, and would be on the other side before we could overtake them. No further work was left for us in that direction, so with weary limbs and disappointed hopes we resumed the line of march to Winchester, where we halted on the night of the 16th.

On the 19th of June Col. A. P. Hill, of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment (since Lieutenant-General), who was in command of a part of our forces, directed Col. John C. Vaughan, of the Third Tennessee Regiment, with two companies of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, under Captains Crittenden and White, and two companies of the Third Tennessee Regiment, under Captains Lilliers and Mathas, to proceed to New Creek Depot, eighteen miles west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and disperse the force there collected. The Federals, who were posted on the

Maryland side, fled at the first charge, leaving in our hands two loaded pieces of artillery, which they had not time to fire, and a stand of colors. The railroad bridge was then destroyed, and the expedition returned to Romney, having achieved their purpose in thirty-six hours.

The effects of these movements of General Johnston has been to break up the combinations of General Scott. The column under Patterson, which descended the Maryland Valley, on hearing of the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, immediately suspected a demonstration on Alexandria or Washington, and fell back to Hagerstown, Md. The column under Cadwallader, as has been seen, recrossed the Potomac, and the force at Romney retreated precipitately on approach of one of our brigades.

Two or three days after reaching Winchester, Colonel Jackson (commandant of the post at Harper's Ferry, previous to the arrival of General Johnston), with five Virginia Regiments and five hundred cavalry under Colonel Stuart, and Rev. Captain Pendleton's Flying Artillery, was detached to Williamsport to guard that point. The first brigade of troops at Winchester is composed of the Fourth Alabama, the Second and Eleventh Mississippi, and the Second Tennessee, and commanded by Brig.-Gen. Barnard E. Bee, of South Carolina. The second brigade is composed of the Fifth, Seventh and Eighth Georgia, and the First Kentucky Regiment, and is commanded by Colonel Barton, of the Eighth Georgia Regiment. The third brigade is composed of the Second, Tenth and Thirteenth Virginia, and ——— Maryland, and is commanded by Colonel Elzie.

PERSONNE.



Our Camp-Stool.

CHARLES A. DANA, the editor of the New York Sun, who was Assistant Secretary of the War during the administration of President Lincoln, in presenting his views on the subject of desertion from the United States army, says: "Our military system is a sham within a sham, that the rank and file mostly enlist to get food, shelter and clothing till they can find other employment, or to get carried at the public expense to some distant point they wish to reach. Our excessive peace army of 30,000 men is not an army. It is never better than an unassimilated mass, one-third of which is strange to the musket, and nearly the whole of which run away and disappear every four years. As a nucleus for such an army as we put in the field to suppress the rebellion it is a little better than worthless. The men who enlist are mostly refugees from idleness, beggary or criminal justice; the army is their poor-house or hiding place. They enter it to avoid starvation or arrest. The quality of the Confederate soldiers effectually disposes of the plea that it is necessary to keep the regular army as a nucleus.

"On the Union side was the en-

tire rank and file of the old army. Of that force the rebels had only officers. The Confederate rank and file was composed wholly of raw men, and, in the first two years of the war, volunteers. Yet what an infantry they were! Those of us who saw them charge in line of battle never approach a Confederate cemetery without taking off our hats in homage to the devoted braves who ever walked straight into the jaws of death without blanching.

"The explanation of the extraordinary excellence of the rebel infantry is to be found in the fact that it was made up of American citizens. The present army of the United States is not such."

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APROPOS of the foregoing remarks concerning both the Federal and the Confederate soldier by one whose editorial pride it is to be always just, we reproduce the following extract from the historical sketch of the First Regiment of South Carolina Artillery, written by Capt. Charles H. Inglesby, of Charleston. He says: "When the surrender came at Greensboro, N. C., April 27th, 1865, there were only eleven offi-

cers and about one hundred and twenty-five men to be paroled. It had gone into the field two months before with forty-five officers and over one thousand men.

"Sergt. David H. Welch, of Company 'E,' a native of Sumter County, S. C., had been the color bearer throughout the whole march and in both fights." (Averysboro and Bentonville.) "He was as brave and splendid soldier as ever 'wore the gray.' In the charges the regimental battle flag was always to the front and enabled the regiment to preserve its alignment by closing in and dressing on the colors. When the arms were stacked for the last time to be turned over to the Federals, the flag which Sergeant Welch had so nobly borne through storms of shot and shell was taken from its staff and the empty staff was placed upon one of the stacks to be presented to General Sherman. After the officers and men had been paroled and the command disbanded, the officers held a meeting. We had honored the flag. The question arose, what shall we do with it—who shall have it? Some one suggested that no one was so much entitled to it as the heroic, brave man who had borne it. With one voice every officer said: 'Aye!' Sergeant Welch was called for. He had gone. Lieut. William F. Colcock was forthwith mounted on a horse, and directed to take the flag, ride after Sergeant Welch, and in the name of the officers of the First South Carolina Artillery present it to him.

"I well remember Lieutenant Colcock's report upon his return an hour or two later. He had overtaken Sergeant Welch, informed him of this action of the officers and handed him the pledge. The gallant soldier took it into his hands, tenderly kissed it and burst into tears, unbuttoned his coat, and placed the flag

next to his heart. He was unable in his condition to say a word, but his action was more eloquent than would have been any words which he could have spoken."

* * *

THE following incident is also related of Sergeant Welch:

During the terrific bombardment to which Battery Wagner was subjected, a fifteen-inch shell from one of the monitors penetrated the bomb-proof, its fuse still burning. All the men prostrated themselves upon the ground, expecting momentarily to be blown into eternity, except Sergeant Welch, who, coolly walking out of the door, snatched a pot of coffee from the fire where it was in process of boiling, and returning, dashed its contents over the lighted fuse, and thus saved the lives of his comrades.

We read in history of Marshal Murat as the "bravest of the brave," but this daring act performed by a plain Confederate soldier, placed him at once in the front rank of men whose gallantry entitle them to a place on the proudest page of history. It may be mentioned that Welch laughingly apologized to the men for having spoiled their breakfast by throwing away the best part of it—their coffee—though he did not at that instant realize that he had passed into fame as—a Hero.

* * *

THE story of Fort Sumter would not be complete without the narration of an incident or two that may serve the future historian in illustrating the spirit of the people.

While our batteries were yet in process of erection and troops were being massed according to well considered plans of attack, a number of bold young fellows impatient at the delay of the military authorities, organized an expedition which had for its object

the carrying of the Fort by storm. They counted on what they believed to be the weakness of its garrison, the cover of the night and the suddenness of the assault.

Cotton bales were to be piled high up on the deck of an ordinary mud flat, similar to that which formed the sub-structure of the Floating Battery, and this being towed to an accessible side of the Fort, the assailants proposed to make a dash from the artificial height and under cover of a rifle fire cross to the parapet and effect the capture.

The bold feat might have succeeded—probably would have done so, but not without a sacrifice of many lives. Fortunately, the purpose of the expedition became known to the State officers—Beauregard was not then in command—and was promptly frustrated. The leaders of this intended *coup de guerre* are now congratulating themselves that "all's well that ends well."

The spirit of the hour was again illustrated in the action of a ten-year-old lad, who, having made his way to Fort Moultrie, was found among the men at the guns as eagerly engaged as themselves. The officers, of course, quickly put him in a place of safety, but the little fellow was so anxious to be in the thick of the fight that he cried and chafed under the restraint all day. When he reached home that night, he said to his mother: "Mother, whip me if you please, I don't care; I have been in Fort Moultrie, and when I grow to be a man I can tell how I was one of the fighters in the battle that took Fort Sumter."

Still another incident is recalled. A young wife, the bride of but a few hours, was called on to part with her husband, who had been ordered to join his command on one of the islands. With an affectionate embrace she bade

him farewell, closed the hall door and swooned. On being restored to sensibility, she exclaimed: "Oh, how ashamed I am to show my weakness at such an hour! Did he see me faint?" Instances of this description might be multiplied by the score.

A NIGHT IN CHARLESTON.

We find in the Cornhill Magazine the following graphic account of a night in Charleston, at the time when the bombardment was still a novelty to our people:

On the 21st August, at half-past 2 A. M., I was lying on my bed in the Charleston Hotel, unable to sleep from the excessive heat, and listening to the monotonous sound of the cannonade kept up on the enemy's position from the batteries on James' Island. Restless and weary of the night, I had lighted a candle in defiance of the mosquitoes, and sought to pass away the time with a volume of "Les Miserables." It happened to be the one containing the account of the battle of Waterloo, and while deeply interested in the description of the rushing squadrons of cuirassiers, I was startled by a noise that, from connection with my reading, resembled the whirl of a phantom brigade of cavalry, galloping in mid air.

My first feeling was that of utter astonishment; but a crash, succeeded by a deafening explosion in the very street on which my apartment was situated, brought me with a bound into the centre of the room. Looking from the window, I saw fire and smoke issuing from a house in which we stowed the drugs of the Medical Purveyor. A watchman was running frantically down the street, and, when he reached the corner just below me, commenced striking with his staff against the curb—a signal of alarm practiced among the Charleston police. At

first, I thought a meteor had fallen; but another awful rush and whirl right over the hotel, and another explosion beyond, settled any doubts I might have had—the city was being shelled. People are not given to laughing under such circumstances, but I will defy any one who witnessed what I witnessed on leaving my room, not to be given away to mirth in moderation.

The hotel was crowded with spectators, who had been attracted to the city by the sale of some blockade cargoes, and the corridors were filled with the terrified gentlemen, running about in the scantiest costumes and in the wildest alarm. One perspiring individual, of portly dimensions, was trotting to and fro, with one boot on and the other in his hand, and this was nearly all the dress he had to boast of.

In his excitement and terror he had forgotten the number of his room, from which he had hastened at the first alarm, and his distress was ludicrous to behold. Another, in a semi state of nudity, with a portion of his garments on his arm, barked the shins of every one in his way to drag an enormous trunk to the staircase. On reaching the hall I found a motley crowd, some of whom, with the biggest words, were cursing the Federal commanders. Whirr! came another shell over the roof, and down on their faces went every man of them, into tobacco juice and segar ends, and clattering among the spittoons. I need not say that this is a class of men from whom the Confederacy hopes nothing—on the contrary, by their extortion, practiced on suffering people, they have made themselves execrated. If a shell could have fallen in their midst and exterminated the whole race of hucksters, it would have been of great benefit to the South. The population was now aroused, the

streets filled with women and children, making for the upper part of the city, where they could find comparative safety. The volunteer fire brigades brought out their engines, and parties of the citizen reserves were organized rapidly and quietly, to be in readiness to give assistance where required.

The first engine that reached the house struck by the first shell was one belonging to a negro company, and at it they went with a will, subduing the fire in a marvellously short time. At every successive whirr above them the negroes shouted quaint invectives against "cussed bobolitionists," scattering for shelter until the danger was passed. Through the streets I went and down to the battery promenade, meeting on my way sick and bedridden people, carried from their homes on mattresses, and mothers with infants in their arms, running they knew not whither. Reaching the promenade, I cast my eyes toward the Federal position, and presently, beyond James' Island, across the marsh that separates it from Morris Island, came a flash, then a dull report, and after an interval of some seconds a frightful rushing sound above me told the path that the shell had taken. Its flight must have been five miles.

GENERAL HARDEE AND THE ARKANSAS RAW RECRUIT.

An anecdote is told of General Hardee, which shows, in a very amusing light, the kind of material out of which an army of volunteer soldiery is formed. About the beginning of the war, the General was forming the nucleus of an army in Southeast Missouri, and being a great disciplinarian, was very active in teaching his men the rules and duties of a soldier's life. It happened one night that a sentinel

had been placed to guard some stores near the entrance of the General's headquarters. Returning home rather late from a tour of inspection, he passed the sentinel a few paces from his door, and not being honored with the usual salute of "present arms," he halted, and in a kind but commanding tone, said: "Don't you know me?" "No, sir," replied the uncouth Arkansian, "who are you?" "I am General Hardee, sir!" Whereupon the raw recruit advanced a few paces, put out his hand for a shake, and said in a most familiar tone: "My name, General, is Bill Dickerson, and I'm right glad to make your acquaintance!"

FAITHFUL SLAVES.

A private letter from the army said:

Alick is quite well, and begs to be remembered to each and every one at home. During my sojourn in Maryland he was often separated from me for several days, and often had my horse, and could have ridden into the enemy's line without the slightest difficulty, still he was always on hand when wanted, and seems devoted to me. I now consider him thoroughly tried and faithful.

One of the most touching things I have seen since my connection with the army was the devotion of Major White's servant, an old negro he brought from home with him. The Major was shot at a battery which we charged, and from which we were obliged, from want of support, to fall back. The news had not reached the old man, and the next morning he rode down to the lines where we were to bring the Major's breakfast, and when he learned that the Major was dead, he sat down and wept like a child. After recovering himself, he begged to be allowed to go to the enemy's lines and try to recover

his master's body; and when I insisted that he should go to the rear, the old man left very reluctantly, begging me to use every means to recover his master's remains; this, about nightfall, I succeeded in doing, by which he was very much relieved. The next morning he saddled his horse, packed all of his master's baggage upon him, and started off on his homeward journey of nearly a thousand miles.

TWO SMART DOGS.

During General Birney's raid in Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or Rebel.

Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard.

"Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander.

"I don't know," said she, "they are both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch them."

The troops left without ascertaining whether the family, of which the girl was so hopeful a scion, was Rebel or Union.

GENERAL LEE'S BILL OF FARE.

In General Lee's tent meat is eaten but twice a week, the General not allowing it oftener, because he believes indulgence in meat to be criminal in the present straitened condition of the country. His ordinary dinner consists of a head of cabbage boiled in salt water, and a piece of corn bread. In this connection rather a comic story is told. Having invited a number of gentlemen to dine with him, General Lee, in a fit of extravagance, ordered a sumptuous

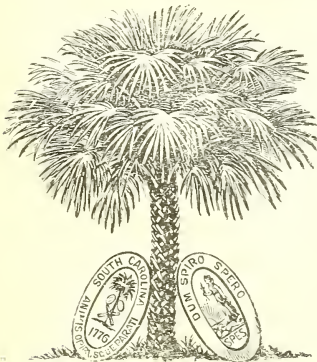
repast of cabbage and middling. The dinner was served, and behold, a great pile of cabbage and a bit of middling about four inches long and two inches across. The guests, with commendable politeness, unanimously declined middling, and it remained in the dish untouched. Next day General Lee, remembering the delicate tidbit which had been so providentially preserved, ordered

his servant to bring "that middling." The man hesitated, scratched his head, and finally owned up: "De fac is, Mass Robert, dat ar middlin' was borrid middlin'; we all didn't hab nary spec; and I done paid it back to de man whar I got it from." General Lee heaved a sigh of deepest disappointment and pitched into his cabbage.

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