

The Anderson Intelligencer.

An Independent Family Journal--Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, &c.

BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1865.

VOLUME 1.--NUMBER 7.

The Intelligencer
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT FIFTY CTS. FOR THREE MONTHS
IN SPECIE OR PROVISIONS.

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Proprietors.

ADDRESS OF LIEUT. JAS. A. HOYT,
DELIVERED AT A BARBECUE GIVEN TO
THE PALMETTO RIFLEMEN, ON SAT-
URDAY THE 29TH OF JULY, 1865.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

We meet to-day under circumstances of peculiar interest. After a protracted and desperate struggle—perhaps the greatest of modern times—the remnant of our Company is met to revive old associations and perpetuate friendly intercourse. And it is no feigned modesty which bids me say that I feel incompetent to the task imposed upon my humble ability. The theme is inspiring enough to engage the most eloquent and gifted, and I would that another had been chosen to render justice to fallen comrades and to the living paid appropriate honors. But the duty is assigned me by that generous friend who has called us together, and I cannot but bear to commemorate the deeds and valor of a company whose reputation was ever dear and precious to me. In doing so, I shall seek to trace its history from its inception to the close of the war.

In the month of August, 1860, near five years ago, a meeting of the young men of Anderson was held to organize a volunteer company. The name selected was that which it has been your pride to render illustrious—the "Palmetto Riflemen." Few then thought it would resort to the "reputed field and brave the dangers of battle." The political sky was overcast with dark and portentous clouds, yet it was generally believed that there would be no resort to arms. The election of a sectional President was deemed a sufficient cause by the Southern States to take their destiny in their own hands, and in February, 1861, the disaffected States of the Union formed a new compact. Still war was not considered imminent by many, and it was not until the 12th day of April, when the Confederate allies made the attack upon Fort Sumter, that this delusion passed away. This was the signal for preparation in earnest. Troops were called to arms, and among those ordered to take the field in this State, was the Fourth Regiment S. C. Vols., to which the Palmetto Riflemen had become attached. The bloodless victory of Sumter afforded no occasion to employ the large number of troops en route for the scene of action, and our Regiment was halted at Columbia. It is unnecessary to particularize our barracks-life in that city, though the officers were not idle in preparing by drill and discipline the material which was to prove upon bloody fields its courage and devotion. On the 15th of June, after being transferred to Confederate service, the Regiment left for Virginia, which was destined to become the theatre of those grand conflicts which have made the world look on with profound wonder. On the 21st of July the first engagement of any magnitude was fought upon the Plains of Manassas, and this Company shared the danger and suffered its quota in the cause of Southern independence. In addition to the wounded, we had to lament the loss of the chivalrous, high-toned Earle and the gallant, fearless Brown. Here began the severance of those ties we had learned to cherish fondly, and which alas! were broken, one by one, until one-half our original number were beneath the sod.

Following this battle, there is a sad experience which can never be erased from memory. The ordinary camp diseases had seized hold of many, and during the months of July and August, several gallant spirits passed from time to eternity. The Company was reduced to a mere fraction—nine-tenths of its members were languishing on beds of sickness, and only a few remained to anticipate their return. During the fall and winter, however, the ranks were recruited, and ere spring had gently dawned upon the strife in which we were then engaged, a full complement of men appeared to answer to their names. Upon the expiration of twelve months service, the company was again organized under its former Captain and attached to the Palmetto Sharpshooters, commanded by the lamented Jenkins. The famous retreat from Centerville was partly consummated while we were attached to the Fourth Regiment, but the re-organization had taken place before the command embarked for the Peninsula, there to participate in the memorable retirement from Yorktown. For weeks had we lain in the trenches which stretched across the narrow Peninsula, and it was

not unwelcome news when the order for the retreat was given. It was at this point in our experience as soldiers that we began to realize the magnitude of the war and the consequent necessity for each man to prepare for additional trials, sufferings and dangers. The hastily-planned but decisive Battle of Williamsburg, also taught the troops a lesson of importance, and although our participation was more passive than active, yet we learned that courage and constancy was not exclusively ours, and if we would win the contest, we must be faithful, devoted and brave.

The army under Gen. Johnston had scarcely become settled in the lines selected for the defence of Richmond, when the battle of Seven Pines occurred. Upon the first day the Palmetto Sharpshooters participated, and won imperishable renown—and you must pardon me, my friends, for dwelling at length upon the events of that afternoon. Col. Jenkins commanded the Brigade, and the brave and fearless Anderson led the Regiment. This Company moved into action with 56 men, rank and file, and at roll-call that night, one-half the number were either killed or wounded. Among the mortally wounded was a man beloved by every member of the Company for his noble and generous character, and in whose bravery and devotion there was unlimited confidence. Lieut. Felton possessed the entire admiration of all who knew him. In military respects he was a most remarkable man—noble-hearted, generous to a fault, and of the purest and highest integrity. May the dews of Heaven descend lightly upon his honored grave.

The Regiment was most conspicuous in its conduct at Seven Pines, and received the warmest praise from general officers for its gallant bearing. The fighting was sharp and desperate, and when night fell upon the scene, there was no cause for congratulation, although the victory was ours. More than two score from our ranks lay in the stillness of death, while two hundred more had been pierced with balls and shrapnel, and disabled. But there was a prowess displayed in which every man felt a pride. Individual gallantry was the subject of common remark, and one incident after another was related as we bivouacked that night. I cannot refrain from giving one, in this connection, which is worthy, not less for its intrinsic merit than for the associations which it will revive among you. "When the day's long fight was over," the Regiment was halted at the edge of a narrow strip of woods, facing toward an old field. An occasional ball was flying in that direction, and the danger was not yet over. The ranks had been divided at the colors, and each wing rested respectively on the right and left of the Williamsburg Road. The color-bearer was standing in the centre of the road, with his colors planted on the ground, and his arms encircling their folds. He was the only one left of the twelve who entered the engagement as the custodians of that flag, and now, as the dusky shadows of night appeared, there he stood in sublime attitude, fondly cherishing his precious charge. I have often heard the noble and heroic Gen. Jenkins remark that this simple act of the gallant Poe was the sublimest instance of devotion he had ever witnessed. But I must hasten on, lest I weary you with the recital of scenes with which most of you are familiar.

The Battles before Richmond succeeded in less than a month, and it was our fortune to be engaged two out of the seven days marked by such a fearful sacrifice of life and blood. Gaines' Mill was an evidence of the courage of the men and the skill of their accomplished leader. In single combat, the Sharpshooters met the 16th Michigan Regiment and completely vanquished it, killing, wounding and capturing three-fourths of the entire Regiment. Frazier's Farm was, perhaps, the severest ordeal of fire through which we ever passed. With artillery and musketry belching forth missiles of death from our front and on each flank, the intrepid Maj. Anderson led the Regiment boldly on. And when that gallant officer was disabled by wounds, alas! to die, the command of our shattered ranks devolved upon Capt. Kilpatrick—another noble spirit, who afterwards forfeited life in the cause. He pushed onward, and with the remnant of the Regiment accomplished the object of that desperate charge, which called forth such warm praise from the leader of our foe. The Company here suffered severely in the loss of men—four-fifths of those entering the fight having been killed or wounded.

The campaign which resulted in the Second Battle of Manassas began soon thereafter, and to our lot fell a full share of its hardships and perils. With only a small proportion of the wounded in pre-

vious engagements added to the handful of men who had escaped, the command was nevertheless an efficient one. It was not until the last day which signaled victory for the second time upon those blood-stained Plains, that our command participated. Being upon the extreme right of the extended line of battle, it was our privilege to witness the marshalling of hosts on either side in this, perhaps, the grandest battle of the war. Those of you who were present cannot forget that, as we entered the field and beheld the already contending battalions, it was thrilling to note the ardor and animation of the troops then engaged. It was a moment to exult the courage of the weakest, and though some of our number moved swiftly to the gates of Death, no eye quailed nor cheek blanched, for the opposing army was receding before the fury and vigor of attack. In the flush of such a moment, we commenced to act our part of the great drama. And within three hundred yards of the self-same spot where the Company received its first fire from musketry in the previous battle on that ground, lay our dead and wounded of this fight. And here was the second oblation for our country's altar upon ground made historic already, and the Company again contributed its richest blood to the sacrifice.

Our foe defeated and completely routed, the master spirit of the war, that veteran chief and noble leader, Gen. Lee, faced his army towards Maryland and the campaign which closed at Sharpsburg was inaugurated. The Division with which we marched passed directly on to Hagerstown and from thence back to South Mountain or Boonesboro, where it assisted in holding the narrow mountain gorge until the thunders of Jackson's artillery announced the capture and possession of Harper's Ferry. Then it was that our distinguished General concentrated upon the banks of the romantic Antietam, in front of the obscure village of Sharpsburg, and fought with his depleted ranks the entire army of McClellan, holding the enemy in check until in his own good time he retired to the South bank of the Potomac. In all this campaign the Sharpshooters were assigned an honorable position and lost none of the laurels previously won. The march of Winchester, thence to Culpeper and afterwards to Fredericksburg, are not entirely devoid of interest. Although constantly in position and ready to discharge any duty which might be required, our command did not participate in the Battle of Fredericksburg, beyond skirmishing. After this victory was gained, the troops went into winter quarters almost upon the very ground which had been witness of the battle. In February, 1863, our Corps marched to Suffolk and bore its name conspicuously in the trials of that siege. The following summer Jenkins' Brigade was detached from the main army and assigned to the local defence of Richmond. It was well, after the arduous campaigns through which it had passed, that this brief respite was afforded, for when, in the September following, the order came to rejoin the old corps on its way to the West, there was a vivacity of spirits and a rejoicing scarcely understood save by the initiated. The army under Gen. Bragg had met with reverse after reverse, and seemed likely to be overwhelmed. The timely arrival of Longstreet's corps on the fields of Chancellorsville materially assisted if not rendered certain the splendid victory gained over the Federal General. Arriving too late to engage in this battle, it was yet our privilege to press with the victorious army to the very walls of Chattanooga. A month later an expedition was planned into the valley beyond Lookout Mountain and Jenkins' Brigade formed the vanguard. Marching after nightfall, it was past midnight when the enemy's camp appeared to us. The Brigade formed immediately in front, while the Sharpshooters were posted on the left flank. The Regiment formed partly in old field and the rest in the woods. Our company divided between the two, with its centre at the point of the woods. When the firing to the right became steady and furious, the enemy's artillery opened with vigor. This was a moment of fearful suspense. So cautiously had the movement been made, that the presence of our Regiment was unknown, and though within two hundred yards of the battery, the faint glimmering of moonlight failed to discover us to the opposing troops. The command to fire was given, and with a most perfect volley, the death-dealing missiles sought their aim. Of course, a response was soon awakened, and for more than an hour the sound of musketry reverberated up and down that quiet valley. The Brigade was then withdrawn. For us it had been a costly ex-

pedition. Three of the Company were left dead on the field, and four others were mortally wounded. With all the wounded it was possible to convey by litters, the command sought the camp on the east side of the mountain. We had marched fourteen miles and fought more than two hours between twilight and dawn! It was here that Lieut. Poe, who had so signally distinguished himself on previous occasions, received his death-wound. Among the noblest and most courageous, he challenged the admiration and respect of comrades, and in his death was truly lamented.

During the week following this unfortunate engagement, Longstreet's Corps was ordered to East Tennessee. Meeting the enemy at the Tennessee River, we were constantly on the front and daily engaged in skirmishing. The siege of Knoxville succeeded, and then came the retreat towards Virginia. Throughout the winter there were minor engagements not destitute of interest. But in the spring, when the order came to rejoin the Army of Virginia, there was universal satisfaction manifested. Two grand armies of the belligerents were concentrating in Northern Virginia, and in the first week of May, 1864, began that campaign which terminated in less than twelve months in the downfall of Richmond, and the subsequent failure of the Confederacy. With the glories of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania this Company was intimately connected, and, as had ever been the case, contributed a due proportion to the long list of departed heroes. It was at this period that my participation in your dangers and privations ceased, and of necessity I cannot particularize in regard to events transpiring thereafter. Suffice it on the present occasion—for this narrative has already increased beyond my original intention—that throughout the summer, fall and winter the same stern experience of soldiers ensued and additional sacrifices were required from our ranks. Yet amid all the disheartening influences of the war, there was that identical adherence to duty and prompt obedience to rightful authority which marked the Company from the outset and gave it a name which will be remembered while there is one left to tell the story of our repeated trials and numerous perils. The fall of Richmond was succeeded by the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, and thus was concluded our existence as an organized command. It is useless to dwell upon that solemn and impressive scene. Four years had you toiled and marched, fought and endured; yet, at one revolution in the wheel of destiny, your fondest hopes were dissipated, and the proud remnant stood captives of those who had been so often baffled by your courage and constancy.

I have endeavored, my friends, to present a narrative and succinct account of your history as an organization. If I have failed in the effort, you must excuse the imperfection. Among the dead I have named those who, from their rank, occupied prominent positions or by the force of circumstances merited particular mention. It is with no purpose to perpetuate their names beyond others who were equally brave, consistent and conscientious. The list of honored dead contains the names of the truest and purest from our ranks. Their virtues will not soon pass into oblivion, nor will our hearts cease to reverberate their memories. Let us humbly trust, that when the Supreme Orderly above has called us hence, we may be reunited as a band of faithful brethren where the clashing of arms and the fearful notes of war can never have an entrance.

In conclusion, comrades, let me invoke you, as you were constant and true in the cause for which you suffered and endured a soldier's life, to discharge with equal exactness the duties imposed upon you as citizens. For us all there is some noble work to perform, and it behooves each man to possess himself with patience, fortitude and courage. Let it be said of you that though worthy as a soldier, you are entitled to far more honor as an exemplary citizen and deserve the strongest gratitude from your fellow-countrymen.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.—The old show-man takes a trip to this city, immediately, to use his own language, "arter it cattorpillertulated." And from there gives a very humorous description of the sights and sayings which attracted his attention. Stopping at the Spotswood house, and registering, he says "a celled person was told to show the gentleman to the cowyard and give him cart number 1. I was showed to the cowyard and laid down, under a one-horse mule cart. The hotel was awful crowded; tho' I should have slept comfortable enough if the bed clothes hadn't bin pulled off me during the night, by a scoundrel who come and hitched a mule to the cart and drav-

ped off. I thus lost my coverin' and my throat felt a little husky in the mornin'." He regards Robert Lee as a noble fellow. He was opposed to the war at first, and draw'd his sword very reluctantly. In fact, he wouldn't have draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he did not want to waste. He sez the culled man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath school for negro minstrels." The old man improves with his years, and we regret not being able to show him up further.

The Released Rebels in New York.

A squad of ragged fellows may be seen on every square. They are sunburnt and scraggy of beard. They wear their dry, straight hair very long, and sport a suspicious-looking blanket over their shoulders. Their clothes are of a dirty gray or a dirtier butternut, and they are very independent in the matter of shoes, some wearing a boot and a slipper, others boots of a new patent, which slope away from the heel, as if, by some transformation, the entire foot had settled into the toes. But with all this destitution and uncleanness, it is the strange, sad, woe, lost look upon their faces which makes these folks noteworthy. They are political exiles—a class of men of which we have read, but whom we never expected to see among us, speaking our tongue, and but late our kinsmen and companions.

They are here by thousands, broken, hopeless, and penniless, waiting to go to their ruined homes, but so fearful of meeting the changed spectacle that they daily and furtively, and look up to the high marble edifices and the lace curtains in our beautiful homes as if they were quite hungry and a stray, and spoke another language than ours.

Yesterday we stopped at a hat store, and one of these battered fellows was sitting at the counter. There was an anxious diplomacy in his face; he wanted to engineer a dollar from us.

"That hat just fits you, sir?" he said, as an introductory remark.

"Yes!"

"I wonder if I shall ever wear a good hat again?"

He took his old soft hat, tarnished and faded, from his large, shapely head, and the hair fell into his fine, tremulous eyes.

"I'm a Johnny," he said, with a laugh; "there's some difference between a Johnny and a gentleman."

This was said with a sort of quiver and evidence, that was very dramatic because it was very true.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I feel pretty bad in New York. It isn't what it used to be, or I am not; something is different. I remember the time when I lost five thousand dollars at faro just across the street, and went to bed afterward without any regret. I couldn't afford a glass of beer now. At the hotel just above here I stopped every summer and kept a side-board always open in my private parlor. Then I rode in cabs, and was hunkey boy. Could you give me a dollar, sir?"

This man, and three thousand such, have been waiting on Hart's island for the thunder of confederate cannon to announce their deliverance. They were to pass from New York victals, and at home receive the meed of valor in woman's endearments and the cheer of welcoming villages. Father recede the sound of guns. They saw each morning their new ensign reel and stagger. They heard at last the shock of their cause overthrow, and their prison gates opened to restore them, not to affluence and gratulation, but to hunger and nakedness.

Might it not be well to make these miserable beings the apostles of good faith to the wasted South, of which they represent every section? Does it concern Mr. Stanton to think that these three thousand men well-clothed and well-fed, and transported in good condition to their homes, would be quite as effective arguments against insurrection as the heads of certain of their statesmen which he is anxious to transmit.

some individual acts of kindness in this city. Some days ago a well known merchant here encountered upon Broadway a grunt and grims figure, in whom he recognized one of his ancient customers.

"B—," he said, "you owed me three thousand dollars at the breaking out of the war. You are an honorable man, and I shall be paid."

The other laughed bitterly. "I haven't enough in the world to get my boots blackened, if I had the boots."

The citizen took the dirty man's arm in his and took him home to dinner. He gave him an order on a clothier, and had him decently shaved. The man departed with gentlemanly habits, money in his purse and a heart full of gratitude and revived hopes.

A lady, at the breaking out of the war, was compelled to break a marriage engagement with a gentleman from Charleston. During the war she has been married in this city. A day or two ago, upon Broadway, she encountered in a weary gaited, perspiring, and slipshod rebel lieutenant, the man to whom she was first betrothed. At the time, she was leaning upon her husband's arm. He was familiar with the story of her first attachment.

"Heavens!" said the lady, scarcely audible, "that is T—"

The husband left her side immediately and hailed the hungry-eyed man. The three went home together, and the late rebel may be seen every afternoon, at present, dressed like the master of a plantation, sitting at the door of one of the best hotels.

There are hidden in these gnarled beards and tangled eyebrows many handsome countenances. A change of raiment does much to help one's character. Some of these rebel soldiers are dressed from top to toe in federal blue, and they make very dashing fellows, so much like our own that anybody might mistake them for Meade's or Sherman's heroes.

"They live in a world of contrasts, and what they see makes them wild to think of what they were, and how they are scattered and crushed."

In four years they built a revolution which made the globe crackle; their flag was on the seas; their diplomats were received by princes; these same scared, surly boys who walk our streets, opened their breasts to the shock of armies, and wherever their camp-fires blazed, next night a graveyard stretched under the horizon. The penalty of that revolution was all they did not anticipate. And this it is—a weary walking in the opulent city of their enemy, a begging of a morsel of meat or a fragment of tobacco, a prying into bar-room windows with lip afire, and a pair of old boots down at the heel, and pointing obliquely nowhere.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—The reporter of the New York Tribune relates the following amusing incident as having occurred in that city on the celebration of the 4th:

Only one fight occurred. It happened in this wise: As the procession was being dismissed on the eastern side of the square, a pretty, but tearful lady from the Emerald Isle, was wandering distractedly among the members of the Irish Brigade, to find some one who could give her information of the last moments of her husband, of whose death she had been recently apprised. Suddenly a brawny, handsome fellow, approached her with open arms, when she turned as white as her pinafore, and waved him back, as though he was a ghost.

"Don't you know me, my ownneen? Don't you know your own Terrence?" asked the poor fellow, looking considerably nonplussed.

"Goo awa' wid yo! You're dead! You know you are!" she exclaimed with quivering lips.

"Divil a bit of it, my ownneen!" he responded, giving ample proof of the soundness of his assertion by folding her in his arms in a way that made every one's eyes water, and kissing her in a way that made every one's lips water as well.

It was indeed her long absent Terrence, whom she had prematurely numbered with the dead.

"It was that villian Mike Flaherty told me you was dead," sobbed the now joyous wife.

"Where is Mike?" asked her husband. The unfortunate Mike happened to be in sight, and, dropping his musket and "peeling" on the spot, the abused husband drubbed him thoroughly, amid the cheers of his comrades.

The New York Post coolly admits that, now that the negro has been made a freedman, the probability is that he will undergo the fate of the red man. It needs no ghost of Hamlet to confirm this anticipation.