

WAR STORIES.

Camp Life and Picket Duty About Culpeper and Fredericksburg, Va., in 1863.

Our troopers of Virginia had many advantages over those of other States. We were nearer our homes during the campaigns of the army of Northern Virginia. I had gone home to exchange horses, for I always kept two good ones on hand, and when one became disabled or broken down I would get permission from my captain, and in 24 or 48 hours I would have made the exchange and was back to my command. My first mount was a fine sorrel mare, well bred and well suited for the cavalry service, except at times, when she became unmanageable, taking these periodical spells and persisting in going just in the opposite direction from which I wanted to go, and you can well understand that that was not a pleasant experience with a cavalryman, especially when in close proximity to the enemy. I was having some trouble with her on one occasion when under fire. General Munford passed me in a gallop, and, checking up his horse, said: "Be quiet with her, corporal; treat her kindly, and she will go." I soon traded her off. I had purchased her of Mr. James B. Newman, of Barboursville, Orange County, Va. He was a wealthy planter and raised a great many fine blooded horses, and, I think, furnished to General "Jeb" Stuart that beautiful stallion, "Skylark," that was lost on the Chambersburg raid. His negro man got drunk, laid down and went to sleep, when some one rode the horse. I spent the night at Mr. Newman's with his son, Barbour, on the night of the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, Culpeper County, Va., and witnessed from the top of the veranda of house the pyrotechnic display of bursting shells from Stonewall Jackson's cannon, as Pope was rapidly driven back from his onward march to Richmond. It was in the spring of 1863 that Fitz Lee's brigade was camped on the Wallack place near Culpeper Court House, Virginia. Our camp was in a beautiful piece of woods with clear streams on either side. When I left camp for home I found that the horse I intended to ride back was not in a condition to be ridden, and hence my father suggested that I take one of the farm horses. I selected one I thought would suit me best. The next morning I started back for camp, when on arriving in the neighborhood of Madison Court House, and while riding quietly along the road a wild turkey jumped from the fence down into the main road and stepped. I was in about 50 yards of him. I quickly reined in my horse, pulled my carbine from the boot on the saddle, pushed in a cartridge, raised it to my shoulder and fired. Had it been an eruption of Mt. Pelee this horse could not have been more frightened. He wheeled with me and tried to run, but I soon checked him up and rode back to where the turkey was lying in the road with a bullet hole through his head. In attempting to dismount from my horse my foot caught under the leather covering of the big cavalry stirrup. At that instant the turkey flopped his wings in its dying throes, frightening my horse and causing him to wheel suddenly with me. In the next instant he would have dragged me to death, but, fortunately, I kept my hold on the reins and my hand in his mane, and with a mighty effort sprang into the saddle again, saving myself from a horrible death. Was that not a "close call?"

My relation, Dr. Alfred Talianferro, lived about a mile distant from our camp near Culpeper Court House. I took my turkey to Mrs. Talianferro, who had it sweetly cooked and daintily served, and with omelette bread she sent to camp on the next day, that being Thanksgiving Day. You can imagine how we enjoyed it, with that keen appetite that belongs to a soldier. In my company were two Mexican war veterans, Captain W. Morgan Strother and George L. Rivercomb, the latter enlisting in 1861, and was in a short time honorably discharged on account of wounds received in battle and afterwards enlisted under the banner of Colonel John S. Mosby, and was made corporal of company E, in that famous battalion. The Carpenter family was very numerous in Madison County, and we had at one time as members of the company as many as ten or twelve. They made good soldiers, the majority of them being killed or wounded during the war. That reminds me that one of the most daring of the boys preferred to join Mosby and his dashing rangers. His name was T. A. Carpenter, of company E. In a fight on November, 1864, near Wood, Va., between Mosby's command and the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, he was captured and on his way back to camp with his captors they met the adjutant of the First West Virginia Cavalry (Federal), who

said: "Is that one of Mosby's men?" The Pennsylvania replied that it was. "You must not take any of them prisoners of war," said the adjutant and drawing his revolver shot the prisoner dead. A cold blooded murder! A tale was told some time ago by Judge Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, in which he stated that in 1864 Sheridan, under orders, burned every barn from the valley above Staunton, Va., to a certain point below Winchester, a band of angry rebels followed this raid watching for a chance to pick up any stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman who quietly turned to his captors and inquired: "Vat you fellows going to do mit me?" The reply came short and sharp: "Hang you." "Veel," he said meekly, "Vatever is de rule." His good natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter and saved his life. I witnessed, as I have already stated in a previous letter to the Journal, the execution of several Federals for barn burning in the valley during the fall of 1864. Our young people must not be taught to disregard facts concerning the civil war as they are brought out by her own people. I do not wish to bring before the public the harrowing scenes of the war for the purpose of stirring up strife or hard feelings between the two sections. All we desire is justice and fair play. These are historical facts and unless our people are taught these truths it is natural to suppose that they can not know what a sacrifice was made by the great mass of Southern people during the gigantic struggle of the sixties. A great many leaders on the Confederate side were Christian gentlemen, intelligent and steadfast in their faith; this country has not produced greater men. They were not traitors as has been declared of President Davis by the head of the great government; why Roosevelt should stoop so low as to defame the character of such a pure man, I can not understand. We take the following from the last month's number of the Confederate Veteran. A Miss Sue Allen, a school teacher of Louisville, Ky., tried to make a little Miss Laura Galt sing, "Marching Through Georgia," but the little girl, true to her Southern teachings and instincts not only refused to sing, but put her fingers into her ears and would not listen to the song. She states that her teacher refused to listen to the essays in which she gave the Confederates credit for bravery on land and sea. No country can engage in war without having outrages perpetrated upon non-combatants, for the worst element of the human race often drifts into the armies of all nations, but when the government itself or those in authority sanction such outrages as were committed against our people in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, in Georgia and elsewhere, we should pause and consider whether it was a civilized country in which we then lived—a God-fearing country. Orders of Butler in New Orleans, Milroy, Pope, Hunter, Sheridan and Sherman, and the unheard of pillage outrages and numberless insults that were heaped upon old people and children by those men was really an illustration indicating the savagery of war; producing the sternest retaliation. During the war at least sixty towns and villages were probably destroyed by fire in our southland by Federal soldiers, besides hundreds of private houses. Sherman, in his official report, when referring to his "marching through Georgia," said: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000, at least \$20,000,000 of which have inured to our advantage and the remainder is simply waste and destruction." The Carolinas suffered equally as much; the amount of damage done to the Southern States can never be estimated. Though he denied it, the evidence against Sherman for burning Columbia, S. C., is conclusive. The desolation and destruction among our people in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was from a direct order of General Grant to General Sheridan. Many letters written from home to Confederate soldiers were filled with accounts of outrages, arson, rapine and murder. The Virginia Military Institute was burned by Hunter. It is true that Chambersburg was burned the next year (one instance), but this was done without the knowledge or consent of General Lee or President Davis. These things may not be palatable to the taste of many of our Northern friends, but are facts that we cannot ignore in making history. When we first went into Maryland a Northern man wrote of our

army in one of their papers as follows: "They were a set of ragged gentlemen. They did not do me half as much damage as the Union troops did when they were camped on me, and if it were not for the name of the thing I would say I very greatly prefer to have the rebels rather than our Union troops quartered on my premises." One great drawback in the efficiency of the Confederate cavalry was the difficulty we found in obtaining horse shoes, some times our horses would cast a shoe, go lame and subject us to the mortification of falling in with those who formed company "Q." Every old cavalryman knows what is meant by Company Q. Those, for instance, for any good reason (and oft-times for no good reason at all), could not keep up with the company, fell back to the rear, banded themselves together and called the disorganized band the above name. But the most serious disadvantage which we encountered with the Yankees, more especially during the latter part of the war, when they were paying enormous sums of money for foreigners who could not speak a word of English. We fought them generally when they had three to one; and oft-times with a larger percentage in their favor. This was not only the case with our branch of the service, the infantry and artillery suffered in like manner, no doubt. While a part of my company was doing picket duty, I think it was in the summer of 1863, at the United States ford above Fredericksburg, Va., on the Rappahannock river, I had rather an unusual experience with a non-commissioned officer in the Union army. The river there is about 150 yards wide, and it was understood by mutual agreement that no firing would be allowed by either side while on picket. One day I strolled along up the river some hundred yards from the post, and soon noticed that I was followed on the opposite side of the river by this officer. We finally sat down on the river bank and was soon in a conversation together. I found him to be a clever fellow. He talked about his home folks and the circumstances which brought him into the army and so on, but would say but little about the war. This happened on several occasions, that we would leave our posts and take this walk together. The last time we were together just before leaving the ford, he insisted that I should come across, bring him a plug of tobacco and that he would give me in exchange a pound of nice coffee. A large rock in the middle of the stream answered as a resting place for me, and I soon swam to it, and from there to him, where I remained a short while talking to him. He finally told me that some of his men might come upon us and get us into trouble, so giving me the coffee, we shook hands and parted. Just as I was leaving him he said: "Remember, Corporal, if I meet you in battle I will not shoot you." I made him the same promise and we parted. I do not know to what regiment he belonged, but he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence. That reminds me of a peach orchard near "Travelers' Rest," below Fredericksburg, just across the river to which the boys would swim, but the river down that low was too wide for me to venture across. The canal between Fredericksburg and Marye's hill was a favorite place for us to swim our horses and enjoy a bath on a hot summer afternoon. In one of my letters to the Journal I spoke of Stuart's cavalry parade near Culpeper Court House, on June 8, 1863. An inquiry from one of my friends a few days thereafter, the question was asked if there were not two cavalry parades. Since writing the article I have read "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClelland, in which he states that on May 22, 1863, General Stuart reviewed the three brigades of Hampton and the two Lees on the field between Brandy station and Culpeper Court House, about 4,000 men were present. Shortly after Jones' brigade arrived from the valley and Robertson's brigade from North Carolina; and he appointed another review on the 5th of June, at which time General Robert E. Lee was expected but did not come, and General Stuart was disappointed that he was not present; eight thousand cavalry passed under the eye of their commander on that occasion. It was then made known that General Lee would review the cavalry on the 8th of June and on the same field. It was accordingly done when Stuart's whole corps passed in review before the great leader of the army of Northern Virginia.—Dr. Wm. B. Conway, Corporal Co. C, Fourth Va. Cavalry Regiment, Athens, Ga., in Atlanta Journal.

The March to the Sea. Now that Grant and Sherman are dead, after having lived on terms of the closest affection for many years, it seems a pity that once more the effort should be made to exhibit an enmity between the two which never existed. The discovery of an old letter by Sherman in a second-hand book store has caused the trouble. From this letter one might infer that Sherman for the first time claimed the inception of the march to the sea as his own. It is well known that soon after the war there was some acrimonious discussion in this matter, but the truth seems to have been about as follows: When Gen. Grant was put in entire command of the Federal armies he resolved to have them set as a unit. When Atlanta fell the march to the sea was decided on, though it had often before been suggested. As to which general actually first thought of the campaign there is no doubt whatever. In his memoirs Grant says there never was any controversy between him and Sherman on that point. Grant, as commanding officer, ordered the move, but he has given all the credit for the inception and execution of it to Sherman, where it properly belongs. In fact, from a military point of view, it was not a difficult task at all. Sherman lived well off the country, and the opposition he met was so slight as to be of no importance. When Savannah fell the fate of the Confederacy was decided beyond any peradventure. Sherman always said that Grant was a greater general than he in the very largest use of the term, and Grant is believed to have thought Sherman a greater general than either. Grant's position as a soldier and statesman is growing constantly, and it cannot be affected by raking up old letters. Grant and Sherman were both such determined men that neither would have pretended to an affection which did not exist.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Four of a Kind. A man from "Down East" sojourned for a few days at a reasonably cheap boarding house in the city. He became tired of the monotony of the table fare and complained to a newly made acquaintance. His friend told him of another boarding house which he thought would just suit, and stated that they served four kinds of meat daily, and every day. The down-easter made the change, and after a few days' trial of the new place changed again. The friend who had recommended the house inquired in astonishment why he had left it. "Didn't like the fare," was the answer. "Didn't they give you four kinds of meat a day, as I told you they would?" "Yes." "Well, then, what was the matter? Wasn't that meat enough?" "Enough, I guess; but I didn't like the kinds." "What were they?" "Ram, lamb, sheep meat and mutton."—New York Times. Cancer Cured by Blood Balm. ADI SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES CURED.—Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, Ala., took Botanic Blood Balm which effectually cured an eating cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, etc., have been cured by Blood Balm. Among others Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw as beef, with offensive discharge from the eating sore. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures, eczema, itching humors, scabs and scales, bond pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poisons, carbuncles, scrofula, risings and bumps on the skin and all blood troubles. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Botanic Blood Balm free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special medical advice sent in sealed letter. It is certainly worth while investigating such a remarkable remedy, as Blood Balm cures the most awful, worst and most deep-seated blood diseases. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite and Evans Pharmacy. —Some folks who don't believe in faith cures have unlimited faith in their physicians. LAND FOR SALE. 515 ACRES of good Farm Land. Three Tracts. In House Path Township. For information and terms apply to JOEL M. HARPER, R. F. D. Route No. 8, Anderson, S. C., or J. C. HARRIS, Box 821, Anderson, S. C. August 26, 1902. Land Near the City for Sale. I will sell at Anderson Court House on Saturday in October next two Tracts of the B. A. Bolt Land, lying four miles West of the City of Anderson. One tract containing 125 acres, and the other 391 acres, adjoining each other, on a section of General's Creek, adjoining land of Mrs. Amanda J. Allen and others, being part of the Provost Lands purchased of E. P. Simon and J. E. Vanduser. Terms—One-third cash, balance twelve months, with interest from day of sale, secured by mortgage. OLIVER BOLT, Sept 5, 1902. MILBURN WAGONS. I have just received a Car Load of the Celebrated, High Grade MILBURN WAGONS. If you need a Wagon call and see them. They are built right, and will please you. J. S. FOWLER. LAND FOR SALE. ONE Tract, whereon B. C. Crawford now lives, 204 acres, two miles East of Clemson College, and adjoining lands of same. Good dwelling, barn, etc. One mile S. W. of Anderson. For price call and see or address J. J. SUTTON, Agent, Pendleton, S. C. Aug 27, 1902. FOR SALE. 117 acre Farm in Brushy Creek Township, 3 miles from Piedmont, including 5 acres creek bottom, good dwelling, two tenant houses, good water, public road to Greenville running through place, a pasture and good timber. Apply to W. SMITH, Westminister, S. C., Box 245. August 20, 1902. NOTICE. THE annual meeting of Stockholders of the Anderson Cotton Mill will be held in the Court House in Anderson, S. C., on TUESDAY, 16th SEPTEMBER, 1902, at noon, for the election of Officers and Directors for the ensuing year, and other business which may be brought before the meeting. An entirely new set of By-Laws will be submitted for adoption in lieu of those now in use by the Company. J. F. W. BROOK, President, August 14, 1902. FURMAN UNIVERSITY, GREENVILLE, S. C. Will begin the next session on Wednesday, September 17th, 1902. Location convenient and healthful. Courses of study elective or leading to B. A. and M. A. degrees. Full corps of instructors and ample mess accommodations for cheapening board. For details apply to the President, A. P. MONTAGUE, LL.D. FOR SALE. A GOOD FARM, containing ninety-six and one-half acres, twenty of which is good bottom land on Commerce Creek. Two houses and barn, and all necessary outbuildings. Four miles from Wallburg, one mile to church and school. Address—J. F. W. STELLING, Commerce, Cocon County, S. C. July 25, 1902.

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