

**A CONFEDERATE CADET.**

**Reminiscences of the War Between the States—A Glimpse of Lee's Army After Gettysburg—Charleston During the Siege—Boy Soldiers in the Field on James Island.**

(Rev. John Kershaw in the Sunday News.)

In the summer of 1863, when I was 16 years old, my father wrote to my mother that I might ride his horse, "Stone," out to him in Virginia. The horse had been shot through the neck during the fight at the stone wall near Fredericksburg, December, 1862, and had been sent home to recruit. He had got entirely well and was as frisky as a colt. Some men of the 7th S. C., cavalry were then at home on a "horse furlough," as it was called, i. e., had obtained leave of absence to go home and procure horses in place of those killed in battle or disabled, and it was arranged that I should go with these friends back to Virginia so soon as they had secured their mounts. "Stone" belonged first to a surgeon in the Federal army by that name, and the manner in which he came into father's possession was this: It was at the first battle of Manassas, when, about three in the afternoon, father's regiment was ordered in. He rode by the side of Company A, on the right of the regiment. This company wore a blue uniform, as also did my father. As yet Confederate grey had not been adopted as the general uniform of the Southern armies. This may have deceived the surgeon, who rode up to father as the regiment was pushing forward, and said in a tone of deep indignation and anger, Colonel, why are you retreating, sir?" to father's intense astonishment.

He replied with great emphasis, "Retreating, sir? I'm not retreating, I'm advancing. Who are you, sir?"

"I am Surgeon Stone, of the Rhode Island regiment. Who are you, sir?"

"I'm Colonel Kershaw, of the 2nd South Carolina. You will please dismount and consider yourself a prisoner."

So Surgeon Stone became a prisoner and his horse, father's property. "Old Stone" was a great favorite with his new owner and with the men of the command. He was well trained, strong and handsome, would have made a crack hurdle racer, and loved a fight. The fine description of the war horse in the Book of Job, 39th chapter, fitted old Stone perfectly: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." In 1864, at Fisher's Hill, in the Valley of Virginia, the noble horse was killed in the thickest of the fray. It was in the afternoon of the day that made Sheridan famous by reason of his ride from Winchester, his rallying of the scattered Union forces, and his conversion of what had been a great victory for the Confederates into a terrible defeat. In the charge ordered by Sherman old Stone was struck, once by a Minie ball and afterwards full in the chest by a grape-shot. He fell upon his knees, giving father time to dismount, and dragging himself painfully along until he reached the shadow of a wide-spreading chestnut, he stretched out his great limbs and died like the hero he was. I am glad to have the opportunity of paying this tribute to an animal that was almost human in his comprehension and brave as a lion.

Rejoicing at the permission given me to visit my father, especially in the manner indicated, I was soon made ready for the expedition and set out one fine summer morning, with one cavalryman as companion and guardian, for the town of Chew, where the other men were ordered to rendezvous. The day after we all marched for Virginia. Among the men I became acquainted with was a fellow named Page, who had exchanged from a regiment doing duty along the South Carolina coast to one in Lee's army. This man bullied me considerably from time to time, but twice I "got even" with him. Once, while bathing in a river that we crossed, he tried to "duck" me. He being clumsy and a poor swimmer, while I was light, active and entirely at home in the water, nearly drowned him by way of retaliation. The next and last time was while we were in camp at Staunton, Va., where he began by throwing chips at me. I retorted in kind. From chips it came to brickbats as large as a man's fist, and I succeeded in belaboring him unmercifully, much to the amusement of the other men who were watching this duello with great interest. Page and I became good friends after that. Finally we reached the army at Culpeper Court House, after three days' agony at Gettysburg. The next day I saw from the piazza of a little inn at Stevensburg a cavalry fight which interested me extremely. Our people were driven back about two miles or more, and until the Union cavalry came in sight of our infantry in line of battle. They then in turn retreated. When I went that afternoon to inquire for my friends with whom I had gone on, and who had been engaged in the fight, I was

much impressed by learning that some had been wounded and some captured. It was the first time I realized what the fortunes of war were. Some of those men never saw home again until the war was over.

While on the piazza at Stevensburg a man rode up whom I recognized as a relative, a famous scout, reported killed a few days before. One of his companions—the only one to escape, so it was alleged—had told father that he had seen my cousin fall and was sure that he was dead. Father had written and mailed a letter of condolence to the young man's mother, giving such details as he could gather from the supposedly sole survivor of this ill-starred scouting party, and we had mourned him as dead. I had not seen him for two years, and therefore it was not surprising that I should have hesitated before speaking to him, especially after all we had heard of his certain death. He was eyeing me quite as closely as I was him, and at last, with growing conviction, I called him by name. He responded by calling mine. I said, "I thought you had been killed."

He explained by saying that his horse had been shot and had fallen on him in the affray. He got on his feet and took refuge in a swamp, but was finally captured. He had the extreme good fortune to be exchanged in a very few days, and was then on his way to join his regiment, having surprised and captured a Union picket and his horse as he came along. I told him of the letter that had been mailed to his mother, and he went with me to father's quarters, where he was received as one risen from the dead. A telegram telling the good news was immediately sent. It reached his mother before the letter. She did not understand the dispatch until the letter arrived. There was great joy in that house when the facts were duly ascertained.

When the time came for me to return home father said, "I intend sending you to the Military Academy next year. You are too young I think to go into the army now. At the Academy you will be drilled and disciplined in the school of the soldier, and should the war continue you will be called upon after a while to serve in the ranks. Promise me that you will not run away and go into the army. If you find yourself at any time so anxious to go that you cannot resist the desire, let me know and I will arrange for you to come to me."

I gave the promise, and that was how I became a "cadet in grey."

**II.**

**Charleston in '63.**

One not himself an eyewitness of events and happenings in and about the famous old City by the Sea from the summer 1863, when the Federal troops got possession of Morris Island, until the close of the struggle, could hardly believe in the truthfulness of the description I am about to give. From Hasell street to "the Battery," as White Point Garden is called, was practically deserted. West of St. Phillip street, from Wentworth street south, a few people lived, but the majority of Charleston's old inhabitants were refugees in the interior of the State, and the most of those who remained lived in the northern and western section of the city, out of the range of Gillmore's shells. Grass and weeds filled all the streets, and to walk along those silent thoroughfares was like traveling a city of the dead. Every few minutes there would be a deep boom, followed by the shriek of the falling shell, a crash as the heavy missile struck house or pavement, and a tremendous detonation as the shell exploded, carrying destruction in its wake. The yards and gardens in the summer of 1864 were full of fruit. figs, grapes and peaches, and the cadets got their full share of these, whoever else went without. There was no one to gansay them—none to molest or make them afraid, if we except Gillmore's messengers, and many was the raid the boys went on during those hours of recreation in which, as on Saturdays and Sundays they were given leave to go beyond "garrison limits." The spires of St. Michael's church and St. Phillip's were the conspicuous objects of Gillmore's attentions, and hence the most dangerous portion of the distance we had to pass over in getting to the fruit was at and near the site of these churches. We would await about the Market until a shell had fallen, and in the five or ten minutes interval before the next we would push rapidly on until the danger point was passed, when we would fall into a more leisurely gait and proceed to plunder. Often at night we would go upon the roof of the Citadel and watch the shelling. We could see the flash of the gun on Morris Island and the burning fuse as the shell mounted up and up towards the zenith, until it would look as though it would never stop. We noticed that just as the shell would begin its downward course the sound of the gun's "boom" would be heard, and then the terrific noise of the descending shell, growing louder and more loud until it struck the earth and buried itself, either to explode with deafening concussion or, as would sometimes occur, fall to explode. Frequent fires resulted from the shelling, and the old volunteer fire department would be called out to extinguish the flames. As soon as these fiery tongues shot into the air, illuminating the sky, the shelling would be redoubled. Fighting fire is in no circumstances a pleasant or easy undertaking, but it was made doubly perilous at such a time as that. Members of the signal corps occupied St. Michael's steeple, as well as the old Bathing House, off the South Battery. From their elevation the whole harbor lay like a panorama before them. The blockading fleet in the offing, the grim and silent walls of Sumter, Morris, Folly and Sullivan's Island, with the white tents of the opposing armies, and, nearer, Castle Pickney and Fort Ripley, with James Island and its numerous batteries to the south, were all visible. Next the sea wall of the Battery was an immense gun carrying a shot weighing seven hundred pounds, the largest missile then in use, I presume. It was much admired and it was thought no vessel of any sort could withstand the impact of such a shot. This gun burst at the first shot, and the concussion damaged the houses near it more than did the great earthquake of August 31, 1886. The reason for this was that there was an air chamber in the breech by the powder. This fact was not known to those loading the gun and the powder was rammed against the breech by them. When it was fired the gun burst.

The monotony of the siege was occasionally relieved by the arrival and departure of the blockade runners. The wary fellows were caught more than once by the vigilant fleet. One was beached on Sullivan's Island nearly in front of Fort Moultrie. The soldiers relieved her of most of her freight during the night. Next morning she was soon battered to pieces by the fire from Morris Island. A quantity of liquor being part of the cargo, the garrisons of the several forts on Sullivan's Island were in a state of helplessness during that night and the day following.

Academic exercises went on uninterruptedly during the earlier months of 1864. One became accustomed to the regular boom of the big guns in the harbor, and it was difficult to realize that we were living in a beleaguered city. But early one morning a rumor gained currency that the battalion was about to be ordered into service. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the cadets, and when it was ascertained to be true that we were really going to James Island to resist the advance of the Federals from the Stono River the military ardor was immense. We embarked in light marching order on a dilapidated transport steamer and were landed on James Island near the noted "Hundred Pines"—a group of tall trees that were a well known landmark for many years, but at this writing not a single one remains. It was springtime and the dewberries were in the greatest abundance. We noted this as we marched along, and mentally decided to feast upon them when we should pitch our camp. By the time we neared Secessionville there was many a footsore cadet, and one man had fainted on the march. We were finally taken to the rear of a large earthenwork not far from the Stono, and there went into camp. We did not then or at any time during our fortnight on the island encounter the enemy, but the sandflies and mosquitoes and fleas! How they waxed fat upon us! The boys bathed and ate the berries besprinkled with sugar, served out as rations, drank daily a vile compound termed "prophylactic," supposed to be a preventive of fever, and did picket duty on outposts where they were not allowed to light a fire, but had to endure the assaults of the untrifled sandfly throughout the long hours of the night. We used to gather armful of broom-grass, roll them into a tight ball, light them and sit in the smoke to escape the plague of flies and mosquitoes. Pipes were plentiful among the cadets, and we were served rations of tobacco. These helped to drive away the pertinacious insects in a measure. The boys would roll themselves head and feet in their blankets to escape them, but the necessity of making an occasional opening to get breath also allowed the little nuisances to effect an entrance and sleep was impossible.

One night we all suffered for water, and parties went in various directions to look for it. Finally the report came that some had been found. We all eagerly repaired to the spot and drank deeply of what tasted sweeter than any nectar, as we esteemed it, but when we were going back to camp next morning we passed the spring at which we had slaked our thirst and a muddier, more repulsive and foul pool of water none of us had ever seen. In front of the works were large but shallow pools of water, in which lived great green frogs, whose hind legs are esteemed such a delicacy by the gourmands. Some of the boys tried a fricassee and pronounced it "better than chicken." This argues a great scarcity of that sort of food among the cadets. Except when a box came from home laden with toothsome delicacies the boys never saw anything in the line of food beyond tough beef, salt fish, sorghum syrup, hominy rice and corn bread. The usual bill of fare was hominy, beef, corn bread and coffee for breakfast; beef and rice for dinner; corn bread, syrup and coffee for supper. Yet we were very happy, had excellent appetites and there were few "hospital rats" in the corps.

As soon as practicable the cadets were relieved from active duty in the field and returned to the Academy. It was difficult to begin again the routine of study after such a frolic as we had had, but such was the discipline that after a few days it all seemed like a dream to us—the tented field, the picket duty, the redoubt at Grimbald's Causeway and the sand-fleas!

Soon after this we were detailed as provost guard in the city, where our duty was to picket the wharves, guard the several commissary depots and patrol the "New Bridge" over the Ashley, which connected the city with St. Andrew's Parish, and that with James Island by means of a bridge over Wappoo Cut. Thus the summer drew on and in July the cadets were furloughed until the autumn, leaving only a guard at the Citadel. Later on, yellow fever having been brought in by a blockade runner from Nassau, and threatening to become epidemic, the remaining cadets were also furloughed and the doors of the institution closed.

(To be continued.)

**The Liquor Issue.**

What is the liquor issue about which we are hearing so much from certain candidates for office in South Carolina this summer? Simply this, and nothing more: Shall the General Assembly spend its time during the next two years wrangling over the question of whether or not the six counties in South Carolina now "wet" shall be compelled against the wishes of the people of those counties to become "dry"?

That is the whole matter in a very few words. The election of a candidate espousing State-wide prohibition would settle nothing. However, it would, of course, be construed by the prohibitionist leaders as indicating the desire of the people of South Carolina that the entire State be made "dry" by act of the Legislature, and they would exhaust every effort to make the members of the General Assembly see the matter in this light.

What would be the result? Most probably, one of the bitterest legislative fights the State has witnessed for years. No very intimate acquaintance with the facts is necessary to make that plain.

It is, understand, less than a year since, on August 17, 1909, to be exact, every "wet" county in South Carolina was given the opportunity to vote liquor out. Six counties elected to continue the county dispensary system.

Candidates espousing State-wide prohibition now urge that these six counties be compelled to discontinue the sale of alcoholic beverages.

The question, understand, is not whether a majority of the people of South Carolina think prohibition a good thing or a bad thing, but whether a majority of the voters of the Palmetto State desire to precipitate a legislative contest which would most probably engender much hard feeling and preclude the possibility of proper attention being given to matters of the very largest importance to the entire State.

Unless T. G. McLeod is the next Governor of South Carolina our people may anticipate a period of such dissensions as has not been known in this State for considerably more than a decade. Can we afford it? Will it be for the good of the Commonwealth? Will it help the cause of temperance?—News and Courier.

**KICKS TO SAVE LIFE OF ANOTHER.**

**Conductor Snatches Man From in Front of Fast Passenger Train.**

North, Aug. 4.—On Monday afternoon when Seaboard train No. 63, which leaves Columbia for Savannah at 5:50 p. m., pulled into Gaston the train entered the side track to await for the Seaboard's limited train, No. 84, going North. A man, who then seemed to be somewhat under the influence of whiskey, stepped upon the track of the main line. Conductor Williams, who was in charge of train No. 63, seeing that the man would be crushed to death by the fast approaching train, made a rush for him and snatched him from the track just in time to save his life.

Had not it been for the brave act of Conductor Williams the unfortunate man would have met his death. Many of the passengers turned and looked away when the conductor made a dash for the man.

Senator Gore has everybody's consent to run for President, though we haven't yet heard from Mr. Bryan. Anyway, no one will object to his running all this year.—Portland Oregonian.

**LEE STATUE TO REMAIN.**

**President Taft Approves Attorney-General Wickersham's Opinion.**

President Taft has approved, without comment, an opinion by Attorney-General Wickersham to the effect that there is no provision of law by which the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, in Confederate uniform, can be removed from Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington.

In addition to deciding the question on a purely legal basis, Mr. Wickersham argues the matter from an ethical point of view, declaring that Lee has come to be regarded as typifying all that was best in the cause to which he gave his services and the most loyal and unassuming acceptance of the complete overthrow of that cause. That the State of Virginia should designate him for a place in Statuary Hall as one illustrious for distinguished military service, the Attorney-General says, is but natural and warranted under the reading of the law.

Mr. Wickersham's opinion was called forth by protest to the President from the Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic. In his opinion, addressed to and approved by the President, the Attorney-General says:

"I have read the resolutions adopted by the Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, at Syracuse on June 23, and the communications of Hon. James Tanner with respect to them. The act of July 2, 1864, referred to, provides for the creation of suitable structures and railings in the old hall of the House of Representatives for the reception and protection of statuary, which is to be under the supervision and direction of the chief of engineers in charge of public buildings and grounds, and the statute authorizes the President to invite each and all the States to provide and furnish statues in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number for each State, of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof, and illustrious for their historic renown or from distinguished civic or military services, such as each State shall deem to be worthy of this national commemoration; and when so furnished the same shall be placed in the old hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol of the United States, which is set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a national statuary hall for the purpose herein indicated."

**No Limitation in the Act.**

"It is probably true," continued the Attorney-General, "that when this act was passed Congress did not contemplate that any State would designate one or more of its citizens who were then engaged in warlike rebellion against the Government of the United States as persons illustrious for their historic renown or for distinguished civic or military services, whose statues should be placed in this hall. Nevertheless, perhaps in the hope that what Mr. Lincoln so fittingly described as 'this scourge of war' might soon pass away and that a reunited country might be realized, Congress placed no limitation in the act upon the exercise of the discretion of any State in selecting those persons whom it may deem to be worthy of this national commemoration. It is now 45 years since the Civil War closed. Robert E. Lee has come to be generally regarded as typifying not only all that was best in the cause to which, at the behest of his native State, he gave his services, but also the most loyal and unassuming acceptance of the complete overthrow of that cause. That the State of Virginia should designate him as one illustrious for distinguished military service is therefore natural; that his statue should be clothed in the Confederate uniform, thus eloquently testifying to the fact that a magnanimous country has completely forgiven an unsuccessful effort to destroy the Union, and that that statue should be accepted in the national Statuary Hall as the symbol of the acceptance without misgiving, of a complete surrender and that a renewed loyalty, should surely provoke no opposition. But at all events, independently of the question of taste, the act of Congress places no restriction upon the designation by the States of those whom they may desire to honor in this way, nor does it vest in any official censorship concerning the designation of the costume in which a statue shall be depicted.

"Therefore, under the existing law, I am of the opinion that no objection can be lawfully made to the placing in Statuary Hall of the National Capitol of a statue of Robert E. Lee clothed in the Confederate uniform."

The devil has his martyrs among men.—Dutch.

**Struck a Rich Mine.**

\*S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of Liver and Kidney Trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for constipation, malaria, headache, dyspepsia, debility. 25c at Sibert's Drug Store.

**MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPES DEATH.**

**Miss Nellie Smith of Rutherford, N. C., Throws Herself Under Train but It Not Hurt.**

Asheville, N. C., Aug. 4.—Caught on a high trestle just beyond the Burgin tunnel on the Southern railway, between here and Old Fort, Miss Nellie Smith of Rutherford, this State, threw herself on the rails in front of passenger train No. 36 this morning and miraculously escaped death when the engineer brought his train to a standstill over the prostrate body. When the excited train crew and passengers gathered to pick up what they expected to be the young woman's mangled body they were told by a muffled voice from beneath the engine that she was unhurt. The train was backed into the tunnel and there was revealed to the astonished gaze of the passengers and crew the figure of a woman covered with clinders and drenched with water but otherwise unharmed.

**BALLINGER TO GET OUT.**

**Presidential "Hint" Given Secretary of Interior By Crane.**

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 4.—Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, met Secretary of the Interior Ballinger at Minneapolis yesterday, and acting on the initiative of leaders in the Republican party, with the tact acquiescence of President Taft, suggested that the Cabinet officer tender his resignation before October 1.

From a source of the highest authority here today comes this explanation of the "accidental" meeting of the Massachusetts Senator and the Secretary of the Interior yesterday.

Several days ago Senator Crane paid a mysterious visit to Beverly. At that time the news leaked out that he was going West "on a mission" the nature of which was kept secret.

Great pressure of late has been brought to bear on Taft to hint to the head of the Interior Department that he should retire, on the ground of extreme political expediency. Leaders in the party got together and secured a tacit acquiescence from Taft and yesterday the Massachusetts senator put the proposition to Ballinger.

Senator Crane, according to authoritative information, told Ballinger yesterday that he must step down within a few weeks after the report of the Congressional investigating committee is made public.

The committee meets at Minneapolis during the week of September 11. Its verdict on the conservation controversy exonerating the Secretary will be given to the public almost immediately. Ballinger is expected to retire to his law practice in Seattle and at some time prior to the wind-up of the Congressional campaign.

Taft has felt a peculiar delicacy about informing Ballinger of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him to change the present regime at the Interior Department, and the plan of having the proposition put to Ballinger by party leaders was the outcome of much thought on the part of the President's political advisers.

At the Executive offices today no information was vouchsafed in regard to the matter, and it was stated that Senator Crane had no appointment with the President. The Massachusetts Senator, however, is one of the few for whom the latch string on the Taft cottage always hangs out, and he is in the habit of dropping in very often.

**Asylum Farm's Fine Yield.**

Columbia, August 1.—The statement is published here this afternoon that the Asylum farm will yield 10,000 bushels of corn on 100 acres. It is stated that some of the land shows over 12,000 stalks to the acre and some as high as 25,000, while the stalks average two ears.

**Stagers Skeptics.**

\*That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or piles, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25c at Sibert's Drug Store.

American actresses and actors are faring badly in Europe these days. One is killed in Italy, one in Scotland and another in Austria. Must not like our art.—Omaha Daily Bee.

**Foley Kidney Pills**

\*Tonic in quality and action, quick in results. For backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, urinary irregularities and rheumatism. Sibert's Drug Store.

Poetry is the natural language of all worship.—Madame de Staël.

**For Quick Relief From Hay Fever.**

\*Asthma and summer bronchitis, take Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly relieves the discomfort and suffering and the annoying symptoms disappear. It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages of the head, throat and bronchial tubes. It contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. Refuse substitutes. Sibert's Drug Store.