

A CITADEL CADET'S MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

Camp Life at Orangeburg—The Corps Goes into Action Near Pocotaligo—Gallant Conduct of the Boy Soldiers in Battle for the First Time—Picket Duty on James Island.

(By Rev. John Kershaw in News and Courier.)

III. In Camp.

I regarded myself as something of a hero when I reached home, and was made to feel more so by the reception I met with at the hands of the young ladies. Men were very scarce, and boys were at a premium, especially those that wore a uniform and had "seen service." The summer passed and the falling leaves told of another year drawing to a close. The fortunes of the Confederacy were perceptibly declining and deep anxiety brooded over the land. Grant had invested Richmond and Petersburg. Sherman was on his celebrated "march to the sea," and every week it became more apparent that our days as a nascent nation were numbered. Yet there was no talk of surrender and many continued to hope against hope.

We were ordered to reassemble at the Citadel about the 1st of November. The shells from Morris Island had fallen all over the Academy green, several pieces having struck the building itself, and it was considered no longer safe to remain there. We were marched to an encampment near Magnolia Cemetery first, and a few days after were transported by rail to Orangeburg, where we encamped for several weeks. While there, several of us were one day walking through the pine grove in which our tents were pitched, when an unfortunate flock of turkeys came along. We began throwing the pine cones at them "just for fun." It had been raining and the cones were heavier than usual from the water that had been absorbed by them. One of us with unexpected accuracy struck a turkey on the head with a cone hurled with considerable force, and the result was the sudden demise of the turkey. We did not know whose it was, nor did we take particular pains to inquire. We held a consultation. The question was "what shall we do with the body?" None of us felt equal to the task of cooking the bird, yet we were not willing to throw it away now that it was dead and by accident too. We determined to conceal the corpse until dark. When we would take it to Jim, our commandant's colored cook, and bribe him to cook it for us. We were not aware that our performances had been watched by other cadets, who had overheard also our determination, and who wanted that turkey for themselves. After dark we sneaked back to where we had concealed the turkey and carried it to Jim. We went around to the special friends of our mess and invited them to a mysterious turkey supper after "tattoo" and before "taps." The time came, but the turkey did not. A deputation to Jim returned with the sad news that he had already given it to certain cadets who had come claiming it, and in the dark he did not know one from another, so that he thought he was turning it over to the right parties. So we and our invited guests went supperless to bed, and Jim went without his pay. Not far from us lived a lady, Mrs. Rowe, who had for many months met every train that passed Orangeburg, with food for the soldiers, and whose good deeds were justly celebrated and her praises sung by thousands of Confederates, whose hunger she and her fair assistant had relieved. A day or so after our disappointment as recorded, this good lady sent word to the major in command that she had lost some of her turkeys and feared that the cadets were concerned in their disappearance. The matter was brought to our attention and as it was generally known by that time that some of us were responsible for the demise of Mrs. Rowe's turkey, it was resolved to hold an "indignation meeting" of the corps and pass some very strong resolutions condemning such a procedure. It soon developed that we were not the only guilty parties, that some others of malice preposse had unlawfully acquired turkey, and that between the innocent and the guilty the corps was about equally divided. When the man who was reading the resolutions got to the denunciatory portion, the paper was snatched from his hand by one of the guilty fellows and torn to pieces. A terrific hubbub ensued and a free fight seemed imminent, when the officers hearing the row came up and dismissed the meeting. We, of our mess, felt very badly about the matter and held another council, at which it was resolved to raise the sum of ten dollars in Confederate money and send it by a committee of two, who should tender it to Mrs. Rowe with our apologies and the explanation that we "did not go to do it." When the committee arrived and stammered out our excuses and tendered the money, the good lady refused to receive it, invited them in to the house, where a sociable was in progress, and treated them in so kind and motherly fashion that the boys returned to camp more than

ever remorseful and with resolutions religiously kept that no more of Mrs. Rowe's turkey's should die the death.

IV. Cadet Corps in Action.

A few days later we received orders to report to the general commanding at Pocotaligo, and our camp at Orangeburg was abandoned. Taking the cars we came to Charleston and occupied our old quarters at the Citadel for the last time. On the way down some of the boys got on top of the cars and rode there. Some ran races from the baggage car to the rear coach, while others beat in the ventilators with their bayonets. One boy went to sleep with his face on the tin roof of the car, when he was aroused at Charleston, what with the paint his face had absorbed and the dust, he was not recognizable even to his closest friends. The boys from the Arsenal at Columbia, a branch of the State Military Academy, joined us at Orangeburg, and the battalion, numbering about two hundred and fifty, and consisting of four companies, well drilled and armed, formed quite an imposing array. Arrived at Pocotaligo we went into camp, and our real soldiering was begun. Picket duty again, but free from the pestiferous insects of James Island, was all that was required of us for the first few days, and things were becoming very monotonous, when one afternoon the long roll was beaten, the battalion formed, and was marched to a train in waiting, which took us quickly to Tullifinny Creek, five miles distant, where the Federals were threatening the Charleston and Savannah Railway. As we debarked from the cars, we could hear the sounds of battle in a swamp about a half mile to the southwest, the "hip-hip-hurrah" of the Federals alternating with the shrill "rebel yell" of our people as the one or the other gained an advantage. The left of our company was deployed as skirmishers and we advanced across an old field with the view of striking the enemy in the flank. I recall vividly my sensations as I went on with the skirmish line, every minute drawing nearer to the battle. It was not fear, it was not joy, certainly, that was uppermost in my thoughts. I tried to realize myself as actually engaged in the effort to kill those who were my country's enemies, but against whom I had no ill feeling, except in mass. I wondered if I would be killed, wounded or captured. I thought of my people at home, of my father in Virginia, and how that excepting him, I was the last of my name. I never dreamed of turning back—discipline had made obedience to orders a part of my very self—and my captain, who was in charge of the skirmishers, was behind us, his splendid voice uplifted in encouragement and his eagle eye blazing with the light of battle. At some little distance behind marched the battalion in line of battle, and never did they present a better or more striking appearance. On we went until quite half the ground between the swamp and ourselves had been covered, when we saw a man riding rapidly in our direction, waving his rifle as if bidding us halt. When he rode up, it was ascertained that the Federals had driven the Confederates back to a point so near the railway that it was feared it would be captured, unless prompt resistance was made. We were, therefore, double-quickened back to the railway and placed in position on the north side of it, where was an embankment making a splendid breastwork. I remember that as we took our position, a Confederate who had been wounded in the fight came along, holding his face in his hands. A bullet had passed through both cheeks, carrying away some of his teeth. He had fortunately been in the act of cheering, with his mouth wide open when the bullet struck him, or else the wound would have been much more serious. At Coosawhatchie, about a mile away towards Savannah, our batteries were shelling the swamp, out of which our people were pouring in rather a panicky condition. They were reformed on the railway embankment, however, and night came on, while we awaited the attack. The Federals had halted in the swamp, thrown up breastworks, and planted cannon, as we learned the next morning when we were ordered out to "feel the enemy."

That night was spent by the boys on the slope of the railway embankment at Tullifinny Creek. We had no blankets and no fires. It was quite cold and we "spooned" each other all night. Whenever any considerable number of the fellows got tired of lying on one side, the shout would be raised "right about" or "left about" and everybody turned over. I had left the hospital to go with the battalion from Pocotaligo, without permission. The exposure to the cold brought on bad ague and I was sent back to the hospital by the doctor during the night. It was several days before I was discharged, and meanwhile the battalion had immortalized itself in the two skirmishes of December 7 and December 9. Of the conduct of the cadets on these occasions the major in command reported. "This was the first time the battalion of cadets met the enemy, but their conduct was such as to ex-

cite the commendation of the veteran troops by whose side they fought and to call forth the approval of the commanding general as well as the colonel commanding the expedition. Every cadet acted with conspicuous gallantry and showed that the discipline of the Academy made him a thorough soldier for the battlefield. The privations of the succeeding months proved him as well prepared for the hardships of the march and the camp."

The casualties numbered eight wounded, one mortally—poor Patterson or "Pat" as we called him, who died very soon after. I rejoined the command at Camp Tullifinny. We were in sight of the railway and it was a daily amusement to watch the train race by while the shells from the enemy's guns burst all about it. After stopping at Coosawhatchie station the train would back down about a half mile and then, crowding on all steam, come dashing by as fast as the wheels could turn. "Our friends, the enemy" had caught the range admirably and as the train rolled over the trestle, near the station, they would open fire and keep it up for a mile or more. Our custom was to get behind trees near by and watch the operation. One poor fellow had his arm taken off while thus engaged. A shell passed through the steam drum of an engine one day, but such was the speed that the train did not stop until it had long passed the danger point. This is the only time I remembered seeing a train struck, although there were many very narrow escapes.

V. Ordered to James Island.

Our behavior in battle had so charmed an old gentleman who owned a large rice plantation near our camp, that he determined to give us a Christmas treat, consisting of beef for all, groundnuts in abundance and the materials for a battalion eggnog. As I recall it there were two buckets of eggs, one of sugar and one of whiskey, and great were the expectations aroused of an old-time Christmas eggnog, but, unfortunately on Christmas Day we were ordered to James Island, and embarked on the cars in a pouring rain. When we reached our destination, the battalion was marched several miles south on the island, while a guard remained at the station to take charge of the baggage, which included the materials for the eggnog. Somehow by a process never explained a great deal of that whiskey disappeared during the night, and much rain water got itself added to what remained in the bucket, so that by the time it reached camp it was unfit for the purpose for which it was intended.

The sugar had shared the same sad fate, but the eggs were all right, and these were equally distributed among the boys to do with as they chose. At this camp we drew a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes each. My clothes fitted me very well, but the shoes! I wore sixes and drew tens. I gave them away after a vain effort to swap off. One day we were ordered to prepare for inspection by the Governor, and to make sure that everything was in order, our commandant held a plor inspection. Quite near me in ranks was a cadet named Boggs, whose gun was in wretched condition. The lieutenant who inspected his gun, in handing it back said, "Mithter Boggs, your gun ith very dirty, thir" I snickered. The lieutenant turned to me and said, "Mithter K—are you laughing thir?" I replied, "No, lieutenant, I'm thmling, thir." I got two hours extra duty for that piece of smartness. Rabbits were very plentiful on the island. Their flesh is very excellent food and fresh meat was rare indeed. I do not know who originated the idea, but several times we had a grand battue after this wise. We would get some of the neighboring troops to join us and then surround in skirmishing order a large field of broom grass, which would be set on fire all along the windward side. As the fierce flames swept on the little bunnies would seek to escape by flight, but while many got through the skirmish line, many others were killed by sticks as they darted past, and we would have fresh meat for supper that night. There was an abundance of "raccoon" oysters in and on the banks of the creeks nearby, and we often made excursions there with bags and bayonets for these toothsome delicacies. Brought to the camp, they would be placed near the fire and roasted. The bursting of the shells told when they were sufficiently cooked, and as soon as they were cool enough we ate them until our appetite was satisfied. It was on one of these banks that I first saw the proof of what I had often before heard stated as a fact, viz: that the raccoon would mutilate itself rather than be caught. They are very fond of these oysters—hence their name, I presume—and at night they resort to the oyster beds and with a quick stroke of the paw draw out the oyster lying with its mouth open, so to speak. Sometimes, however, the oyster is quicker than the coon, and shuts down on his paw with a vice-like grip. If the coon remains there the rising tide will

drown him, or some enemy, human or animal, capture him. Rather than have this occur, the coon gnaws off his own foot and drags himself away maimed. It was a coon's foot thus bitten off that I saw one day on the oyster beds. It takes a good deal of nerve to do that. I heard once of a man in this State, who when bitten by a rabid dog sat down on the side of the road and with his pocket-knife cut out a portion of the calf of his left leg with his own hand and cauterized it with a coal of fire from a nearby house.

Our battalion did picket duty while in this camp, half the men going on every night. We slept in the bomb-proof of the battery at which we did duty. In this were immense rock-ets intended to be used as signals in the event of an attack, and the boys, finding these and having nothing else for kindling wood, broke off parts of the sticks of several of them for this purpose, and carried the rockets back to camp. One night two of them were set off, but being unbalanced, their flight was most peculiar and eccentric—one of them just missing the officers as they sat around their fire. The long-roll beat and we fell in. The major was very angry. He gave us a terrific lecture, and assured us that if the two rockets had gone up straight instead of zigzagging as they had done, every soldier on the island would have been under arms—two rockets being the signal for an attack. He then asked who were the guilty parties, and two cadets stepped out, acknowledging the offence. They were ordered under arrest at once, and the corps was dismissed with strict injunctions to let rockets alone.

Another night we were on duty at a large earthwork on the side of James Island facing Morris Island. This battery was armed with very heavy guns, had a furnace for heating shot, and a large bombproof magazine. The earth had been dug from the interior of the battery to make the walls, bombproof and bastions. At intervals the big guns were placed on platforms with embasures in front, and altogether the fort was large and formidable. It was raining heavily when we set out from camp. By the time we reached the fort the rain came down in torrents and the whole picket took refuge in the bombproof, except those who were on post. I was put on at 6 p. m., to remain on four hours, the night being divided into three watches. Soon after I went on post the night shut down black and stormy, the wind rendered locomotion difficult and hearing next to impossible. I leaned my back against an angle of the parapet and remained still as long as I could, while the pitiless rain soaked me to the skin and a little rivulet began to trickle down my spine. It was fortunately not bitterly cold, but very disagreeable all the same. I could see nothing and hear nothing. I was afraid to move much for fear of walking off the parapet, and yet I could not keep quiet for four hours on a stretch. At last I forgot the risk I ran and undertook to walk my post, with the result that I pitched headlong into an embrasure which was about waist deep in water. My rifle fell from my hands and I began to feel about for it on the gun platform. I found it at last and also ascertained that my head had not missed the muzzle of the big gun more than a foot. After recovering my rifle I stood where I was until my relief came. I could hear him wading before he came up to me, while every few yards he would shout out my name. I touched him in the inky darkness before he knew he was anywhere near me. I startled him considerably. I gave him the counter sign, related my recent experience and advised him to stand where he was, as he would be partially sheltered there. I then groped my way somehow to the bombproof, built a fire, took off and dried my clothing, and went to sleep. That night I saw for the first time a Jack-o'-the-lantern. At first I believed it was a signal on Morris Island, but after watching it for quite a while I concluded it was the ignis fatuus of which I had read so much and heard so many uncanny stories.

THE DALZELL MEETING.

Date of Campaign Meeting Changed to Tuesday August 23rd.

By unanimous consent of the candidates it has been decided to hold the county campaign meeting at Dalzell on Tuesday, August 23rd, instead of August 26th as originally fixed by the county executive committee.

The devil has his martyrs among men.—Dutch.

Talk things over with the hired man; it will help both you and him.

Nothing is difficult; it is only we who are indolent.—Haydon.

We talk little if we do not talk about ourselves.—Hazlitt.



"GO YE ALSO INTO THE VINEYARD."

Matthew 20:1-16.—August 14.

"Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first."—Matt. 19:30.

GRAPE culture was one of the main industries of the days of the Great Teacher. The stony hillsides of Palestine were once terraced and extensively used as vineyards. On our recent visit we noted with particular interest the revival of this custom, as one of the evidences of the beginning of restitution of the Holy Land.—Acts 3:19-21. The grapevine was honored of the Master, in that he used it in a parable, to symbolize himself and the Church, saying, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches;" "My Father is the husbandman;" "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit;" "Every branch in me which beareth fruit he pruneth it that it may bring forth more fruit;" "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away."

Our present Study, the Parable of the Laborers, is in full accord with the foregoing, but shows the matter from a different standpoint. It shows how each one of the Lord's consecrated Church, each heir of the Messianic Kingdom shortly to be established, is privileged to be a co-laborer with his Lord and Master and with the Heavenly Father in the vineyard work—tending the vine, looking out for the injurious pests, keeping the soil in good condition, assisting every way in the production of "much fruit" and of fine quality. Evidently many Christian people do not appreciate the privilege of being laborers in the Church of Christ—"building one another up in the most holy faith" until we all come to the full stature of a man in the Anointed One.

St. Paul appreciated this privilege greatly, saying, God hath made us qualified servants of the New Covenant. So then we, as ambassadors for God, beseech men, Be ye reconciled to God. (2 Corinthians 5:20.) Whoever is negligent of his opportunities to serve others who manifest a hearing ear, a humble heart and a teachable spirit shows his own lack of appreciation of God's message. He thus indicates that he has not come to a knowledge of God nor to a knowledge of the Truth respecting the Divine Plan. And indeed the Scriptures declare that a deep knowledge of God, his Word and his purposes, is attained only as a gift of God, bestowed only upon those who are in a humble, faithful, zealous attitude of mind—"To you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God."

The things pertaining to God's Kingdom, in its future operation toward the world for a thousand years, will be openly manifested to every creature, shortly. But now it is appropriate, and is the Divine will, that these things should be known only to the Church, the consecrated, the spirit-begotten sons of God. Likewise there are important truths pertaining to the Kingdom class, the Church, which is being prepared to be the Bride of Christ and his joint-heirs in the Kingdom. And these things are likewise intended to be comparatively secret—to be clearly and full understood only by such as have made a covenant with the Lord by sacrifice. (Psalms 50:5.) "The secret of the Lord is with them that reverence him, and he will show them his Covenant." (Psalms 25:14.) All such in close sympathy with the Divine purposes will be anxious to serve the Lord, the Truth and the brethren. And such from time to time will be specially sent into the Vineyard, and will be specially used of the Lord for the assistance of his consecrated people in various ways.

The word "penny" here is from the Greek *denarius*, a silver coin of about 17 cents value. But the value of money has so changed in recent years that today a laborer's wage in proportion to other things would be considerable more. The *denarius* was the Roman standard of that time, as the *lira* is the Italian standard, the *mark* the German standard, the *franc* the French standard, the shilling the English standard and the dollar the American standard. It is worthy of note that in one of the fine old English cathedrals the records show that its excellent chisel work, superior to anything of today, cost "A penny a day and a bag of meal for each laborer." The parable of our lesson is evidently intended to teach that God will give all that he has agreed to all who labor—that he may in generosity give more than he has stipulated.

At the close of the day, we read, those first hired murmured against their lord. We cannot suppose that any who would be counted worthy of a share in the Kingdom would murmur against the Giver of all Good. The rewarding is to be expected at the close of the harvest day and the murmuring may be expected there also. The "penny" or reward would thus seem to be something of the joys, blessings, honors and privileges of God's people in the present life, at the close of this age. Those who murmur that they do not receive a sufficiency of honor and distinction and of Divine acknowledgment will be thereby proving themselves unfit for the future service "beyond the veil," as members of the Church in glory. This would seem to point a warning to those of God's people who have been long in the Truth and who have had great privileges of service, that if they murmur against the blessings and rewards coming to them, it will mean that they were laboring for the reward merely and not appreciating the privilege of being laborers with Christ and with the Father; it would imply that they had failed to enter into the spirit of the wonderful privileges granted them of serving the Lord, the Truth and the brethren. The right spirit, the proper interest in the Father's work and in the brethren should prompt all to rejoice with every new laborer and to be glad that all such should receive of the Lord's favors, blessings and enlightenment as fully, as freely, as themselves. Surely any who have not this spirit have not the spirit of Christ on this subject.

The general lesson is that God is so just, so generous, so bountiful, in his dealings that all those who appreciate matters from his standpoint will rejoice in the blessings which overflow upon others. A failure to appreciate the Lord's generosity was one cause of stumbling to the Jews eighteen centuries ago—they were offended that the Gospel message should go out beyond them to the Gentiles. Similarly today some Christian people are stumbling over the fact that the Word of God shows that, whereas Divine blessings are now confined to the Church, "the elect," the servants and handmaidens of the Gospel Age, yet the time is near at hand when "God will pour out his spirit upon all flesh," and when all the families of the earth shall be blessed.

All who have the privilege of bearing the labor and heat of the day in the Lord's service must be glad of the privilege, in order to be worthy of participation in the Kingdom. Thus some who seem to be first in their promptness to respond to the Lord's call for laborers may be amongst the last to receive special blessings of grace and Truth and this may serve as a special test upon them—as respects their loyalty, and the motives which actuated them in engaging in the Vineyard work.

CUT AND SHOT.

Negroes Engage in Favorite Pastime While Returning From Columbia on Excursion.

It has been said that no negro excursion "comes off" properly unless there is a certain amount of razor and gun play, and Tuesday's excursion was no exception to the rule.

When the first section of Knights excursion, returning from Columbia to Wilmington reached Wedgefield Tuesday night, there was a crowd of drunk negroes running up and down through the coaches.

Soon there was a mixup, and when the razors had been sheathed, it was found that Jim Taylor, a negro who gives Marion as his home, had received a severe stab in his left shoulder at the hands of Louis Washington, a Wilmington "nigger."

When the train stopped at Sumter, Taylor was carried to the Sumter Hospital for treatment.

Louis Washington was apprehended at Florence, brought back to this city and has been positively identified by Taylor as the man who did the cutting.

A warrant was sworn out for him by Taylor, and he is now in jail to await trial at the next term of court.

The case was worked up by Detective Wheeler, of the A. C. L.

Just as the train reached this city, Tuesday night, another negro, Elliott Moore, was shot by someone on the train, who has not yet been apprehended. Moore was taken to the Sumter Hospital about ten minutes before Taylor.

Both negroes are doing well, and will no doubt soon be up again, in

fact Taylor was able to be up yesterday morning, and said he would return to his home at Marion last night, but not on an excursion.

PEOPLE'S BANK ORGANIZED.

Sumter's New Financial Institution is Now a Certainty—Officers and Directors Elected—Capital Stock to Be Increased to \$40,000.

From The Daily Item, August 11.

At the meeting of the subscribers to the stock of the People's Bank of Sumter which was held in the office of L. D. Jennings, Esq., today the new bank was formally organized by the election of the following board of directors:

- S. W. Stubbs, J. W. Shaw, L. D. Jennings, C. C. Beck, B. C. Wallace, J. M. Brogdon, W. T. Brogdon, P. O. Leak, S. A. Harvin, J. H. Robinson, L. I. Parrott, R. B. Belsor, C. P. Osteen, W. A. Brown and F. D. Knight.

The officers elected were: President—L. D. Jennings. Vice Presidents—B. C. Wallace and S. W. Stubbs.

The capital stock authorized by the commission (\$30,000) having been over-subscribed, and there still being demand for stock, it was decided to increase the capital to \$40,000, and application will be made for authority to amend the charter in that particular.

The President was empowered to appoint a committee to secure proper offices for the bank and to recommend suitable persons for Cashier and book-keeper, also to make purchase of furniture and fixtures.

It is expected that the bank will be open for business on October 1st.