

The... I...  
 ...the...  
 ...of excitement... approaching  
 ...the... fifth... of the  
 ... Kings Mountain... and  
 extensive preparations had to be made... great  
 ...to be overcome, or at least... The  
 ground being fifteen miles distant from Yorkville and  
 over thirty from Charlotte N.C. the nearest rail  
 way point, threw practically the whole bulk of the  
 difficulties upon the Citizens of our town. To our  
 bore the title of the historic battle it behooved us to  
 take an active part in the work of preparation and to  
 be in evidence on the occasion. Our Corps of Cadets  
 being between sixty and seventy had to be drilled to an  
 immense expertness; all the paraphernalia for military  
 campment had to be provided, class rooms <sup>work</sup> to be regularly  
 attended to, much incidental correspondence carried  
 and then fifteen long miles of rocky road to be  
 tramped. It was surely a busy time we had  
 and <sup>this</sup> our first year's experience as managers  
 of a pioneer military school. Military companies  
 came from Charleston, and Columbia and  
 ... of military...  
 ... With all of these we had



we had to establish at least military relations. Practically  
 all the military organizations were on the ground on the  
 evening <sup>of October</sup> of the sixth, and rules for the government of the camp  
 were hastily prepared and circulated. But alas, the spirit  
 that had brought these troops together was too much like  
 the spontaneous gathering of the slave host fought the  
 battle seventy-five years before. We had come to celebrate,  
 they had come to fight, and both without any central  
 controlling authority. The rules for camp government  
 were based on strict military principles, such as real  
 disciplined soldiers are expected to follow, but as they  
 were to be applied to make-believe soldiers on this occasion  
 it is easily understood that sentinels, camp guards and  
 officers of the guard had a very lively time until daylight  
 and breakfast considerations afforded new subjects of  
 attention. Perhaps the most exciting incident of the  
 night was a volunteer serenade of the camp  
 tendered by two well known citizens of Yorkville,  
 Mr. Richard Hare, a ~~well known~~ <sup>celebrated</sup> performer  
 on the Kettle drum, and his Uncle, Mr. Tom  
 Palmer, shoe-maker, and expert with the use  
 of the fife. As they were not content to stand in  
 one place and "waste their music on the desert  
 air", they proceeded to perambulate through  
 the encampment to the rhythm of their own music.



"Halt! Halt!! Halt!!! Who goes there?" were the yells heard all around. Finally, the cries to halt, were followed by the bang of a Mississippi rifle and a howl accompanied by vociferous imprecations. Tom Palmer had been shot, and the missile had penetrated the most prominent part of his voluminous anatomy. It required a great amount of personal influence and expectation to prevent further bloodshed, but reasonable quiet was at last secured and Mr. Palmer was carried to his home in Yorkville. Fortunately the missile was a wad of paper instead of a bullet of lead, and Mr. Palmer recovered after several weeks of suffering. — The next morning everybody was early astir, and, notwithstanding the comfortless, restless night, began preparations for breakfast and the military review and inspection. The larger trees and the underbrush had been cut away over a space of five or six acres, but the ground was very rough, rocky, and full of stumps. As there was no officer of higher rank present with his uniform, W. H. M. Carleton, <sup>Colonel</sup> of the York County Militia, was placed as reviewing Officer. The Colonel went through the function successfully and won applause for maintaining his seat on the beautiful



fine horse he bestrode. This animal was <sup>of</sup> a bright  
 chestnut color, with three white feet and a  
 white streak down his face; of light but perfect  
 shape and as graceful as a gazelle in all his  
 movements. As he went down the line he seemed  
 to be doing a "Cake Walk Dance" to the music  
 of the band. Every body expected horse and  
 rider to come tumbling to the earth at every  
 moment; but no such calamity befell. I fixed my  
 heart on that horse, then and there; and during  
 the following spring I succeeded in buying him.

After the Review there was a general move-  
 ment towards the Grand Stand, erected ~~at~~ <sup>on</sup> the  
 Southern flank of the mountain, near the spot  
 indicated by tradition as the "grave of Ferguson".  
 While the crowd was gathering around the stand,  
 and the speakers and specially invited guests were  
 already upon it, a detachment of the artillery  
 company from Columbia began firing salvos in  
 honor of the day. But few shots had been fired  
 when in one of the pieces the blank cartridge ex-  
 ploded as it was being rammed down, and the  
 rammer and the arm of the gunner were sent  
 flying towards the stand. The shattered arm fell  
 near the gun, but the rammer went just over the



heads of the occupants of the stand and was broken in pieces on the rocks of the mountain.

The young artilleryist was immediately saved for and the programme for the day was continued. Among the distinguished men on the grand stand were Hon. John S. Preston, ~~of~~ the orator of the day, Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, Hon. William C. Preston the renowned orator, and others whom I do not now recall. The oration was very fine, and so was Mr. Bancroft's address, but the most thrilling occurrence on the stand was the appearance and action of Mr. W<sup>m</sup> C. Preston. After urgent calls from the audience this venerable man assisted to his feet and supported by his crutches, attempted to address the people. His emotion was visibly great as he began in quivering voice to say "There was a time, my fellow citizens, when my tongue could interpret the emotions of my heart in viewing this scene and contemplating the event which you celebrate, but now, this (holding up <sup>his</sup> crutch), and these (touching the scanty fringe of white hair on his head) must be my excuse." Mr. Saml. W. Melton, a young lawyer of Yorkville, and at this time, one of the clever editors of the Yorkville Enquirer made a very fine address by way of introducing the first speaker. I recall the eloquence and graceful delivery of this address.



and also the pretty general criticism that the Speaker, from the length and scope of his address, must have assumed that he was the principal feature of the occasion. — Then came the barbecue, managed by Mr. J. Starr Moore of Yorkville and his many assistants from York County. Roasted quarters of beef, and pork and mutton, corn bread, wheat bread and biscuits, chickens, pies, and a profusion of cakes of every kind adorned the long tables, and apparently every body "got a bite". Immediately thereafter nearly everybody began the homeward journey and the grand celebration was over.

It required some time for the excitement consequent upon the affairs of this event to subside in the quiet community of Yorkville, but finally matters readjusted themselves into the accustomed grooves, and the celebration came to be regarded as only an episode in our lives. To us, with our designs for building and contracts made, there was serious work to hand. To see the foundation planned, excavations made, brick making begun, rocks and lumber brought in and prepared, and at the same time to do our class work and <sup>take</sup> oversight of our pupils, while we attempted conscientiously



to read  
 the Law course, filled every minute of our  
 waking hours. Nevertheless, I managed to write  
 two letters a week to 'Pinto Martin'; - although I  
 had often to trot the silent streets of Yorkville  
 at two o'clock in the morning to insure their going  
 by mail. — The insistent demands of  
 our patrons led us to add Latin and Greek to  
 our curriculum; and this necessitated the  
 employment of an assistant whose college  
 diplomas covered those languages. Both Jenkins  
 and I had studied Latin and Greek at our  
 preparatory schools, but our Citadel diploma  
 did not cover any study but French, <sup>mathematics</sup> and Eng-  
 lish. We selected Mrs. Cato Ashe Seabrook of  
 Edisto, a recent graduate of the South Carolina  
 College. He was a cousin of Jenkins; but he and  
 Jenkins had not been previously thrown much to-  
 gether. His chum-hearted, <sup>unselfish</sup> ~~manliness~~ <sup>manliness</sup> soon won  
 upon us, and established fraternal rather than  
 merely friendly relations between us.

During the  
 latter part of January I noticed that my  
 friend Jenkins was given to fits of abstraction  
 and restlessness, especially when he saw  
 me writing my weekly letters to Charleston



Finally, he announced that it was necessary for him to be absent a few days. I knew that he had one or two sisters at Rev. Legare's Institution at Orangeburg, S.C. and as the time he expected to be absent was not sufficient for him to go to Edisto Island and back, I concluded that he had gone to the former place. On his return to Yorkville he imparted to me the secret of his trip by slapping me on the back and saying "Ah ha, old fellow, you are no longer the only one to write weekly letters". He had become engaged to Caroline, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Gen. D. F. Jamison of Orangeburg. He was so boyishly exultant over his success that I found it necessary on more than one occasion to remind him of his professorial dignity. He seemed to think that he ought to get married right away, - that it was all nonsense to wait - he did not believe in long engagements anyhow, &c. &c. I repeated to him my uncle's advice to me about the Oage and the bird. To this he answered that they would only have two months to



wait for the completion of his wing of the building, and one of those months would be our Summer holiday, and he could board in town the other months. This sounded all very well, and began manfully to compete with me in the letter writing and we agreed to alternate in carrying the letters to post at night. As the warm weather was increasing and the nights growing shorter, his energy began to flag. I often had to wake him up to finish a letter. One night in June and Summer fully set in I noticed him nodding over his unfinished letter. "Wake up, old sleepy head. I am almost ready" I said, giving <sup>him</sup> at the same time, a somewhat emphatic kick. "Stop that! you confounded fool. I don't see what you inflict all <sup>that</sup> trash on the girl you profess to love". "Why man, I think I am sitting by her side, and am just talking to her. When my prose is tostame, I resort to poetry". "See here" (I held up a page of doggerel) all metered and rhymed accord to strictest rules of prosody". "Poor wretch, you mean". I would not insult my girl, by asking her to read such stuff". "Pshaw!" I answered I you are afraid your Cassie might send you a Sapphic ode in Greek, letters and all, and you <sup>would</sup> have to call on Pato over there to translate it for you". Just then



the said cats, with a great guffaw, shouted - "Can't you heathens shut up, and let a man sleep in this room?" That brought an end to the controversy. I closed <sup>my</sup> Epistle; Jenkins closed his. I said to him "Fearing that you might fall asleep on the way to the Post Office and be found on the side walk or someones door step at daylight, I'll take the letters tonight, although it is your turn. To bed - to bed, Old Sleepy head! before Revicille catches you". On my return, the room was in darkness, and apparently ~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> were asleep! I believe he blew out the light purposely, in revenge.

June approached its end. In consideration of his approaching marriage, Seabrook and I were to remain until the boys were all gone to their homes, and Jenkins would leave a day or two earlier so as to be in Orangeburg to meet his engagement for the 1<sup>st</sup> of July. We were to meet him at the Mill House, Charleston on the ~~Evening~~ <sup>Evening</sup> of July. Of course being in possession of my fine horse, which I had named Hero, I desired to have as a part of my holiday pleasure. As he was too precious to travel on foot to Charleston, a distance of over two hundred miles he had to go as a passenger on rail-road. Pullman cars had not then been invented. Seabrook and my Hero met



in Charleston as planned; So also, the groom and bride. The horse was given accommodation at a public stable, and we people at the Elegant Mills House. The next morning we saw the young couple safely on board the Steamer bound for Edisto Island and promised to visit them in few days at <sup>the</sup> Summer home of the Jenkins family, on Eddings Bay on the Sea shore. Col. J. Charles Blum, my prospective Uncle in law having invited me to join his Staff on the Fourth of July parade of his regiment, gave me the much appreciated opportunity to show off my fine horse. He seemed to live over the glories of his performance at Sing Mountain Battle field, the year before. The way he showed the Charleston people and horses how the Cake Walk step should <sup>be</sup> executed was a thing to linger in memory. A visit to my Uncle, whose Summer home was at Cordesville, and frequent rides on horse-back and buggy about Charleston made my holiday pass all too quickly. I had to <sup>go</sup> back to Yorkville to get every thing in readiness for the opening of the next session. Jenkins and bride got into their wing about the promised time. The cadets and professors moved into barracks about a month later. My wing of the building was being pushed towards completion by



the whole working force of the Contractors. By October the school was transferred in toto to the new quarters and work progressed smoothly. In November, however, a painful shock came to us. One of our most attractive young pupils was seized with a severe cold, was at once put under medical treatment, but he grew steadily worse and on the fourth day, died. The Doctor said he had never known a case just like it. It resembled Zwiny, as described by the Medical works, of which Washington died. I had read about it, <sup>but</sup> was always in doubt as to whether Washington died of the disease or of the excessive blood-letting he insisted on.

Both Jenkins and I knew the brothers and sisters of this lovable boy, <sup>of the family,</sup> the youngest, I think, of the family, and determined that one of us ought to accompany the body to his home in Pineville, S.C. On reaching Monks Corner we were told that <sup>I and</sup> young Abbott (one of our older cadets who I carried with me to represent the Corps of Cadets) were to spend the night at Pinopolis with Mr. Wm Cain.

This venerable, and dignified gentleman was there with his carriage, <sup>carried</sup> but the body was to a station further on. I spent a very profitable evening in Pinopolis, for Mr. Cain was intimate friend and enthusiastic <sup>admirer</sup> of Mr. Calhoun and gave me



much side-light  
 on his views and personality. As I had been a diligent  
 student of Calhoun's works as a cadet at the Citadel, and  
 could recite pages of them from memory, the evening  
 passed most profitably to me at least. The next morn-  
 ing we were carried to Pineville and the Church near  
 the R. R. Station of St. Stephen's, to spend the night with  
 Mr. J. J. Palmer. So ended my sad mission. Young  
 Abbott was sent back to Yorkville by way of  
 Sumter, so he could spend a day at home and I  
 took the Charleston route, to encounter the less sad  
 duty of Egging my "Cage". My prospective Mother-in-  
 law laid aside her many duties to go with me to  
 Furniture, Carpet, and Crockery Stores, and it was  
 well for me, she did. For I should have run myself  
 into irretrievable debt, had I attempted the job  
 alone. In the distribution of my father's Estate most of the  
 furniture, table and bed linens were assigned to his widow  
 and we two boys would <sup>have</sup> no need of them for many  
 years. Besides, I thought a new house ought to have  
 every thing new in it, and every space appropriately  
 filled. "Get every thing needful for immediate use and no  
 more", she said. "all other things can be provided  
 as needed, and you will know just what to get, and  
 be sure to get them with an eye to Service and not  
 for mere show". Bless her heart and good sense!



When I came to add up the bills I found she had saved me from insular bankruptcy. On my return to York I found no time for idleness and even less for reading law. There was <sup>one</sup> book in the prescribed course I had not yet opened, Chitty on Remainders, I think it was. But Col. Wilson who was our director said that it was rather a book for Reference than one of fundamental principles and that in a month of reading at any time we could be ready for Examination. As the 19<sup>th</sup> of September was now past I was all intent on taking the Degrees of Masonry. Before I could send in my application I had to give the assurance that I was a Man, free born, of lawful age, and under the tongue of good reports. As I could not give this assurance in full, <sup>Substant and</sup> I took the First Degree in November. Jenkins had to wait until after his natal anniversary, Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>. As the 20<sup>th</sup> of December was rapidly approaching, I was almost in a fever of impatience to get my wing of the building in good order for the coming of the bridal party. Carpets were laid, furniture unpacked and settled in their places, Andirons, tongs and shovels, fenders, polished and wood cut for quick fires and servants quartered and instructed as to their several duties, all these to be personally looked after, and the daily grind of school duties religiously discharged made me think with Bacon, "The duties of Life, are more than Life"



Life." — In those the journey from York<sup>1</sup> to Charleston took about 24 hours. I arrived there and took quarters in the Charleston Hotel, where all my Grooms-  
 men ~~was~~ were to join me at dinner, on the momentous 25<sup>th</sup> of December A.D. 1856. The morning of that day, I had to hunt up Uncle James, and notify the interested party in Mary Street. As the Telephone had not come into existence the most expeditious way to discharge this duty was to hire a carriage and go in person. I found Uncle James at the house of his married daughter, Mrs. O. F. Folker. He promised faithfully to be on hand at the appointed hour. My visit to Mary Street was not so free from embarrassment for when I announced my arrival, it was intimated to me social customs, of age-long sanctity, forbade the meeting of the engaged couple, <sup>until</sup> in church or before the minister for the performance of the ceremony. While I was trying to digest this ridiculous custom I heard a step and a laugh on the third story landing of the stairway. Of course it took but a few flying steps to reach that landing. I went to the hotel to interview the Chef about party for dinner charged him <sup>to have</sup> everything secured at once. My groom-  
 men were promptly up to time. I remember how solicitous they were about my sobriety. Seabrook



had brought  
 a bottle of twelve year old Madeira wine from his  
 father's cellar to grace the occasion. This was sipped  
 around in thimble glasses; but <sup>when I</sup> began to order  
 champagne and Santoni, there was a general kick.  
 Finally they compromised one bottle of Champagne drunk  
 from ~~Crystal~~ <sup>Sherry</sup> glasses. They seemed to think that it was  
 their duty to see that I was safely delivered to the  
 minister's presence in a <sup>sound</sup> ~~safe~~ respectable condition.

By 5 <sup>o'clock</sup> we had sauntered through the dinner and <sup>it</sup> was  
 about time to take a bath, and begin to put on the  
 wedding garments. Doubts about the boots flashed in  
 my mind as I went to my room for I was now to pull  
 them on for the first time. Mr. Deerr, our Shoemaker  
 in Yorkville, had asked the privilege of making  
 them a month before I left York, and sent them  
 in the night before I started for Charleston. It was  
 a ~~and~~ dandy pair, - patent leather footing and  
 Morocco leggings, and done up <sup>on</sup> the finest  
 work of Sutorial art. After sorting out my supply  
 sacks to find the thinnest, and thanks to the liberal  
 supply of powdered Soapstone, I, at length succeeded  
 in <sup>getting my</sup> feet securely encased and completed my  
 Trussear. Some of my government road with  
 me to the house so as to take away <sup>all</sup> expense for dodging,  
 such as the driver messed the way, etc. etc.



Uncle James was already on the spot, and was pleasantly engaged in chatting with the sprightly, handsome <sup>marvel</sup> ~~marvel~~ <sup>bride</sup> ~~bride~~ of the bride. I heard him say to her "But why did you select this day of the whole year? Hundreds of negroes in the plantations have their day holiday now, and in the absence of the white people, they are apt to run into trouble. Did <sup>you</sup> fear you would forget the day? I was married on the - day of February and never did forget it". I felt it was time to break in. "But you, Uncle, your anniversaries were purely selfish; nobody celebrated them but yourself. Our anniversary will be celebrated every year by the whole world". The call for the Groom <sup>was made</sup> ~~was made~~ just then, and I left him to digest that until <sup>he</sup> came down with the Bride and stood up solemnly before dear old Doctor Bachman. Just as the ring was adjusted, he began a solemn lecture and boots began to <sup>make</sup> themselves felt, by frequent shifting my weight from foot to foot. I managed to hold my position until the blessing and the kissing were over. After this came the supper which, <sup>which</sup> really a feast. Walking about the boots too busy to confine themselves to one spot, but laid up trouble for the pulling off that had to take place about 2 o'clock in the morning. My advice to young folks is. Don't trust



to undertake the marriage ceremony unless you have a well tested, comfortable pair of footweas. Otherwise, you will have a very distracting time in getting through with it. The next day we were told that not a single to be seen on the streets the "morning after" and the after-noon <sup>noon</sup> was taken up entirely in receiving the visits and congratulations of the sisters and the cousins, and the Aunts. The First Appearance, still according to social rule was made of course, in the Lutheran Church so that Dr. Bachman could see for himself that the knot, he had so elaborately tied Christmas night, was still securely fast.

The next day was devoted to Piano hunting for of course the Doge would not be complete without provision for Music. Should fingers that <sup>had</sup> been kept busy for at least tens years following the intricacies of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Talberg, Schloff and many others in instrumental work, and voice that had been trained <sup>by</sup> the methods of Bajioli and LaFliche and sang in the oratorios of Haydn, Handel, Rossini and works of class drop everything all at once because the owner of <sup>the</sup> voice and fingers was to take <sup>up</sup> the duties of a wife and a mother after a while? No indeed. But if I must, but Music I must have. So we bought <sup>a</sup> "Dunham", of full resonant tone



and reputed durability on the recommendation of Mr. L. Hambruch, her late teacher at the Piano.

As I had promised to be back at work Jan 1<sup>st</sup> we started for Yorkville on Tuesday. For company Mrs. Blum carried her grand-daughter, Florence Massot, a somewhat precocious little chit about six years old, whom I claimed to be my Chapman. At Columbia where we stopped for the night, I thought Mrs. Blum's countenance began to have a serious cast. The next morning she inquired how much farther do we have to go? I told her about 88 miles if the links did not break, or become impinned. At Williams Mill 10 or 12 miles beyond Columbia this very thing happened. A link of the connecting chain of the cars broke and the locomotive, followed by its tender was making its way towards the <sup>next</sup> station beyond, and we in one of the cut off coaches found ourselves come to full stop. While every body was commenting on the mishap, blowing their fingers (for it was becoming cold) and felicitating ourselves that had <sup>we passed</sup> a mill-pond without falling in it we heard the whistle of the returning locomotive, which discovered that the tail was not following her after a run of <sup>about</sup> eight light several miles. The President of the road, Mr. William Johnson, was among the cut off. By this incident we lost only about a half hour of



schedule time. When we arrived at Chester and were told  
 by the Conductor to change car for Yorkville, Mrs. Blum <sup>could not</sup> re-  
 frain from asking "Where is the man carrying my child?" I  
 suppose she <sup>felt</sup> very much as the men who accompanied Columbus  
 on his first voyage to America when they discovered that  
 their magnetic needle had gone dead, that <sup>they</sup> had reached  
 the rim of the world. She was told that the distance was  
 only twenty-two miles, and we would <sup>be</sup> there by four o'clock.  
 The journey was shortened by the many dry jokes of  
 Conductor McOne. Although the jokes were mischievous, they  
 were always told with a mischievous face. I always consid-  
 ered him a true friend. The train finally stopped, not to  
 change car, but because it was then the terminus of the R. M.  
 R. R., York's private coach to travel into foreign <sup>partly</sup> the  
 hotel Bus driven by Primus Whitt invited <sup>us</sup> to take seats,  
 our trunks to be delivered by wagons. Primus evi-  
 dently regarded <sup>this</sup> as a red letter day of his life; and often  
 reminded me that he was the first man in York to put  
 me and my bride on the threshold of my home.

I confess a feeling of pride surged through me as <sup>we</sup> turned  
 into the front gate of the lot and got a full view of the  
 majestic building <sup>two boys</sup> we had erected. I say, boys, for I was then  
 three months passed my twenty first birthday and now  
 a man, a voter, a Mason, and a married man. Just in



had been now a married for just six months, - a voter for just one month and not yet a man. I did not neglect to twist him for his <sup>boyishness</sup> ~~boyishness~~ <sup>guidance</sup> in taking his oath first. However, the bubble of pride was somewhat pricked as I entered the door. The rooms insufficiently furnished, the staring bare, white walls, the total bareness of a new unoccupied house, - the want of anything like homeliness was oppressive. However, my good Mother-in-law, so relieved that I had not gone over the seas of the world with her child, took everything in good part, assuring me she would <sup>have</sup> it all homey in a day or two, - all except the chimney, which the bricklayer only <sup>could</sup> remedy. The wood was all oak, and the smoke quite pungent was puffing out in little wisps from so many side drafts, and unwilling to travel up the cold flew provided for it.

The next morning, Jan: 1<sup>st</sup> 1857, we were up early enough to see the white frost glittering every where around, and our first breakfast in the house was to be eaten. This breakfast was worthy of remembrance, for the bride was to learn her first lesson in housekeeping, and home-making. The young wife had to summon up all her courage and self-control, Ma had said we must begin as we expect to continue. She went at the task with scrupulous care, that if any of us has strangely specified



how much sugar we like in our Coffee, she would counted grains one by one. The ordeal for her was passed, — and for good. Breakfast over, I went over to the office to start work. I had promised that I would be back on the first of January, and here I was! It was all a silly notion that a man had to have a month, honey mooning after so simple <sup>an</sup> thing as a marriage ceremony. Seabrook grinned, Law chuckled, and Jenkins frowned, and his lips put on the determined look of an intention to pay me back in some way.

The morning was soon passed in arranging the daily scheme for recitations, examining new pupils, assigning them to classes, rooms, and companies, &c. Dinner time came and went back to the Cage to see how my bird was getting on. I found the Bird with a work apron on, and every body, especially the servants working at something. Her energetic mother had found something for every one to do, and <sup>the</sup> bleakness of the new house was changed into well ordered comfort. We progressed every day; and as the piano arrived and other articles of furniture arrived, all found their appropriate place ready for them.



\* Little Florence was left behind to keep company for her Aunt during the absorbing hours her busy husband was engaged in school work. It would have been a dreary time for her to be all alone so many hours a day. Of course, <sup>was</sup> too busy to stay in the house except at meal times. Florence kept her quite busy. I recall that <sup>on</sup> one occasion, she was told to remain in the room for some naughtiness, she sat in the <sup>window</sup> and called to cadets passing on the lawn, "See me, I am in arrest to-day."



By the first of February 1857, Mrs. Blinn, and little  
 \*Florence had gone back to Charleston, a garden had  
 been laid out, a small orchard had been planted,  
 a farm house provided with occupants, a cow was  
 introduced and a pig or two put in a pen to keep the  
 food scraps from accumulating. Many social calls had  
 been received and returned and we began to feel  
 that we had been married all our lives. In this sweet  
 serenity we passed the snows and blizzards of  
 March and looked towards the coming of  
 Spring with nothing but hopes and satisfaction.

But alas! About the middle of April there came  
 a rude awakening from my dreams of comfort and  
 ease. While busy with our classes the cry of "Fire!"  
 was heard, and a moment we saw flames breaking  
 out in the roof of the Miss hall directly over the  
 cooking stove of the kitchen. Of course it <sup>was</sup> easy to  
 account for the origin of the fire, defective flue  
 of the stove pipe, between the ceiling and the  
 roof. In about half an hour the Fire Department  
 appeared with their little fire apparatus worked with  
<sup>hand</sup> breaks. But our wells were too deep to be available  
 and the engine had to be filled by bucket brigade.  
 Fortunately only the roof and part of the



culing. All the tables and chairs, and most of the crockery ware was saved. Even the Cooking Stove. Thanks to the activity of our Quartermaster and the town baker, Mr. Torchin and his energetic wife the boys did not lose a meal. <sup>For</sup> the dinner, which <sup>was</sup> due at the time the fire was going on, an abundant snack was substituted. The Mess Hall was transferred to one of the large class rooms and the Cooking Stove to one of the two small rooms at the foot of the Stairway. By some compacting and easy rearrangement of the scheme of Recitations, work went to the end of the session without further interruption.

That evening we decided to rebuild at once of brick and stone. The next morning I had the plans all drawn for a new Mess Hall, with a separate kitchen absolutely fire proof, and ready to submit to contractor. Mr. Hara bid for the masonry work, in fact, for the whole work.

~~and lumber for the~~ Much of the quarried stone and much of the lumber left over from the Main Building was already on hand and a very few <sup>days</sup> the bids were in our hands. Besides the mess hall, the two wooden ~~kitchens~~ kitchens, one to each wing were to be moved farther from the main building and replaced with brick



~~was burnt. The tables chairs, & all the crockery  
and even the Casketing stand were saved.~~

As you all have <sup>seen</sup> this amendment to our ambitious  
venture, it is not necessary to describe them. The whole  
cost of the three amendment was about \$6000. Some of  
<sup>it</sup> could be met by our school revenue, the rest by

Tapping again our home revenue. At any rate this  
fire and consequential expenses was a good lesson  
to both of us in the chapter of prudence and  
economy. On the destroyed property we had no  
insurance. Work was immediately begun, and <sup>we</sup> arranged  
for a long vacation between the sessions of that  
year. When the second session opened with a hundred  
and twenty pupils the work was practically complete;—  
we had reached the limit of our accommodation, and  
experienced the luxury of a waiting list. We were all  
glad for the coming of vacation.

The vacation was signalized  
by Jenkins becoming a Father. He was absent at the time,  
for the momentous event took place in Orangeburg. She had  
gone there to be with her mother on the first anniversary  
of her marriage. Naturally, this put a new feather in  
young father's cap. We did not see the new prodigy before  
the vacation of six weeks was over.



We spent that vacation in Charleston, to assure your mother's friends and relatives that I had not taken her beyond the limits of civilization, she had been beyond the limits of Charleston atmosphere it is true, but the change had produced no injurious effect. We were just a well suited pair of newly weds, still satisfied that we had made no mistake in choosing each other, and ready to receive all the belated congratulations of our friends. There <sup>was</sup> many enjoyable incidents of this vacation, such as our visit to Uncle James's summer home in Cordesville, and a few days at a the splendid new hotel - the Montrose House, located a short distance from Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's island. This hotel was then under the personal management of Mr. Nicholson, who had made the Mill's House in Charleston, so famous as a <sup>house of entertainment.</sup> Nevertheless we were glad enough to go back to the home cage in Yorkville.

number of the new session. Of course the opening the acquaintance of the young <sup>Micah John Jenkins.</sup> was the making. So named in honor of himself, Micah, of his Father, and of his oldest brother, John. The latter did not like the combination, and thought it would be better as one word, - MicJohna, easier to say and



to remember, as one word than <sup>as</sup> two, the two did not coalesce readily. But two it was, - and two it remained.

Things proceeded smoothly as the session went on. Nearly every day brought some new fact of pedagogical experience for us to meet. So we were still learners, - if professional teachers. The old adage, "Live and Learn", seemed to have a special application to the teacher's profession. Here, I am tempted <sup>to</sup> turn aside and prosily moralize a bit. But, I forbear. This writing was to give only a brief narrative of my life, about things of which you could know nothing, because you were yet unborn. About

About the middle of December, Mrs. Bloom came back to me on a short <sup>visit</sup> ostensibly to see for herself how our young folks were getting <sup>on</sup> and <sup>to</sup> further instruction we needed on the important subject of home making.

Then the atmosphere of the place seemed gradually to change. A feeling of Expectancy became ~~to~~ to creep over us. New arrangements were suggested as necessary, in fact, that a great event was about to occur and all proper arrangements must be made to meet it. It was not merely to be with us on the first anniversary of our wedding day, nor of the day of our first occupancy of the new home. Both of these days came; but the Expectancy



cloud was deepening every day. Finally, on the 13<sup>th</sup> of January I was told to send for our family physician, Dr. Barron, to help solve the mysterious dread. After many hours of patient prudence the mystery was solved by the appearance of a perfectly formed, healthy looking girl baby. As the names of Father and Mother had come to us, it was natural that a name should be promptly found for the newcomer. It took but little time to find this name Sarah Rebecca, it should be, after the dear Sister who had such influence over me during my boyhood.

The addition of the title father to my other attained titles, namely Man, Mason, Husband, Father, seemed to complete the stages of complete manhood. It remained now only to show what I should do with the completed structure.

Being now a man of family it seemed proper that I should put everything on a strictly family footing. Hers should have a companion, the buggy should be laid aside and a family carriage substituted therefor. The latter requisition could be easily filled; but it was difficult to find a match for Hers, in point of grace and character. I had to content myself with similitude of coloring, and bought from Mr. Briggs a horse of



appropriate color may <sup>bring</sup> <sup>girl</sup> <sup>green</sup>  
 In spite of evening coughs and prouting teeth the little <sup>girl</sup> grew  
 in cuteness, weight, and precocity right along. Of course,  
 when summer vacation came, she had to see Charleston, and  
 Charleston had to see her. So there we went, and also to Cordes  
 ville for uncle James and family to properly appreciate what  
 the Coward crowd could do. Throughout the visit Mrs  
 Sally behaved like a well bred little lady, and won  
 encomiums everywhere. Mrs. Blum promised to visit us again  
 in December and bring a child's nurse with her. She was  
 very particular in choosing one, for scarlet fever had broken  
 in Charleston about that time. She arrived with Heloise  
 Massot her oldest grand daughter early in December. In two  
 or three days Heloise showed signs of cold with slight fever,  
 in a short time little Sally showed <sup>similar</sup> symptoms and the  
 doctor was summoned. He said the symptoms indicated  
 scarlet fever. Heloise recovered entirely in about ten <sup>a week</sup>  
 but little Sally grew steadily worse, but lingered on  
 until Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1858, when she left us. I can't attempt to describe  
 the grief and desolation that followed her departure.

In the fall just before Mrs. Blum came and much for  
 her satisfaction, we got Mr. Schorb to take a daguer-  
 type picture of her, which Mrs. H. Bannethan of  
 Charleston amplified in a pastel which you all  
 know. The colors are as fresh to-day as they were



when I received it from her hands.

The latter part of February or early in March I received notice that Uncle James was very sick. I left home at once and reached Charleston the same night. Mr. Massot kindly proffered his stout pony to make the rest of ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> crossing over to Mt. Pleasant by the first trip of the Ferry boat. I took the road to Canby on the Wando River, and <sup>took</sup> to wait a half hour for the ferry flat across the Wando. The country and the roads were familiar to me and I rode the city but carefully to save Pony. I arrived at Fishbrook where the male James was now staying, <sup>about 4 o'clock in the afternoon</sup> he had secured his nephew John Coward, to ~~take~~ <sup>take</sup> charge at Silk Hope in January. He had already resigned all his engagements along the river. The Physician in the City had given no hope of his recovery. It was evident to me that he ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> but a short time ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup> but with care he might last a couple of weeks longer. I spent the night by his bedside. In his wakeful moments he told me many things he wanted me to remember after his death. Among other things he told me to stop at Somers plantation <sup>about the head of the head of the head</sup> to look in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> right hand



corner of the barn left for the pine boards he had put away several years ago, out which the carpenter was to make his coffin. He wanted made plain. I advised him to make his will so that there would be no confusion after he left us and also begged him to forgive his daughter Fermana. I left about sunrise so that I could catch the train next day for York and promised to <sup>be</sup> back in a week or ten days if I did hear of his being better. In a few days <sup>after</sup> reaching home a sharp letter from Mr. Folger, <sup>after</sup> his son in law, told me that it was, thought, the end was near at hand, and his wife Eugenia had gone that day to be with him at the last and he himself would follow in a two or three days. I immediately took measures to keep my class work going, so that might be absent for a fortnight. Arriving in Charleston I had <sup>to</sup> impose again on Mr. Massett for the use of the porry. On reaching Fishbrist I found Uncle James exceedingly weak, but entirely conscious. He needed constant attention. He thought the medicine was too active, but I was convinced that it was the last stage of a <sup>disorder of the lungs</sup> ~~disorder of the lungs~~ and I did Carduus marianus be expired the next night. He had made his will and



and was ready to go. The house <sup>was</sup> somewhat crowded for the members of both families - his and Aunt Martha's - that could come with them. While every one was willing to assist they seemed to look to me for directions. With the assistance of old Jane, the cook and the house boy, Peter, I dressed & ~~cleaned~~ prepared the body for the coffin. The Coffin was ~~not~~ <sup>made</sup> during the next <sup>day</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>was</sup> made of the boards he had himself selected. It was neatly lined with white cloth, the handles were silvered and the screws were all silver plated, and the simple name plate. The wood on the outside was stained walnut colour. I found myself near the point of nervous collapse, - three whole days and three nights without a wink of sleep ever bringing <sup>me</sup> to the brink. I went to bed leaving the others to meet the neighborly calls and the details of the funeral. (You must forget that neighbors meant, to people resident in the country, a ride in buggy, carriage, or horseback of from three to fifteen miles at least.

He was interred by the side of his wife at the plantation graveyard, in front of the house of her uncle, Mr. Phillips, and probably the house from which they were married.



\* The words perhaps needs some explanation. It is quite <sup>common</sup> in York; but I do remember hearing it elsewhere. It is an observed fact that in late Springtime. A Gander will be observed standing on one leg by the margin of a brook, or pond, apparently lost in contemplation of the additional mouths to feed, bodies to look after and little brains to train in all important goose-like ways. He anxiously estimates ~~total~~ <sup>how</sup> long each pond and brook will supply the daily demands for frog-shaven tadpoles and minnows. Every now and then he stops with dignified steps to count the number of eggs <sup>are</sup> not pipped, and that mother goose is faithfully doing her duty in keeping the yellow goslings warm.

To say of a man that was Gandering, or standing on one foot when <sup>he</sup> <sup>was</sup> in an analogous condition of Expectancy was well understood <sup>in</sup> York. This condition occurred to me so often that I must refer you to the family Bible where they <sup>are</sup> recorded.



After the burial, I went home with Uncle Sam. Lynes and Poney was called on to carry only himself, the saddle being carried in the buggy. Uncle Sam was then living at his own plantation, Kettleworth, about three miles from Monk's Corner. The next morning Poney and I took the train at Oakley, E. R. R. and arrived Charleston about ten A.M. The next day Mr. Feltner and I met at Probate Court to prove the will and qualify as Executors, &c. These things done now to return to Yorkville, and resume my regular work. I found plenty to do, — and somethings to undo. But <sup>things on</sup> went <sup>without in</sup> cident to the time for vacation. I was not in a hurry to go to Charleston on the first day of holiday or even the first week for there was some uncertainty about when I could come back. To tell the truth, I was gandering again.

When we did go back to the city, there were a few things I had to attend to as one of the executors but they were easily <sup>and</sup> satisfactorily attended and the thing was in the waiting — standing on one foot — even after the session had started in Yorkville.

Finally the 9<sup>th</sup> of September came and with it came another little Sally, perfectly developed and normal in size; but unfortunately some important



valve in the heart had failed to close properly. After a few struggles to breathe, the baby closed its eyes, became quiet, and then pale. The doctor pronounced it dead.

The three deaths that befell us in the nine months of the year 1858, made memorable as the year of Sorrows. The only distraction, not mitigation, was found in the intensity of work, varied work, - work as a student as well as an operator in my chosen profession. Jenkins in the north wing had <sup>been</sup> more fortunate in his family experience. Both of his little boys were strong and healthy, restless ~~and~~ and active. The winter holiday being limited to Christmas week we spent in Yorkville. The following 1859 found us still with a full school and still enjoying a waiting list. About February a startling issue came upon us in the shape of an epidemic of measles. As the rooms in the 'Main' building were now filled to capacity we had to use a building on a neighboring lot which I had bought a few months before and the thirty or more affected boys over there. We were fortunate also to secure Mrs. Whitt to take charge of the hospital, and give what servants and facilities as she might need. Only one serious case gave us much concern. A boy from Newbury Co., supposed to be convalescent. In a few



how after he had sneaked out of his bed and helped himself to a handful of snow that lay on the floor of an upper porch he became insensible from congestion of the stomach. After the measles abated, he got strong enough to go home and I think got ultimately well.

Matters went on smoothly the rest of the year. In the last half, we had Dr. Gillmore Sumner to deliver before the school his course of lectures on the Anti-Colonial History of South Carolina. Several gentlemen of the town became interested in them and requested him deliver some of the lectures in the York Court House. Among these gentlemen I remember were Col. W. B. Wilson, Mr. W. A. Latta, Col. R. G. McCall, who had him to dinner parties at their homes, as well as Jenkins and J. His talks at these dinner parties were greatly enjoyed, for he was a ready and fluent talker on such occasions, — sometimes the degenerated into a monologue.

In January, the first year of my third decade, 1860 new issues began to excite the public mind throughout State, in fact throughout the United States. It was the year for the Presidential nominations, and there general recrudescence of the fires of feeling that was only partially put out



by the compromise of the Nullification question, and had agitated the Country in great Cooperation attempt that was about to close when I entered the Citadel in 1851.

Other States declined to cooperate then and another compromise had been invented. There had been new party alignments made. The Democratic was to hold in Charleston and the State was getting into a political ferment.

Early in the this year I was called to make the annual Address to the Association of Graduates on Commencement Day in April. I jotted down some notes in pencil, but with my habit of procrastination I had not copied the half of my speech before Malaria broke out in the school. The most serious of the cases were young R. K. Thomas, a recent graduate from the Citadel; one of the assistant professors, a modest, lovable fellow, and Cadet from Fort Mott. Of course there being no trained nurses to be had in those days, even of the Scurry Camp order further and I had to do the best we could. With the Cadet she threatened to take on the typhoid character and Dr. Barron resorted to the treatment recently introduced, of reducing the heart's action with the administration of Veratrum Viride. This required a careful dosing of two or three drops, every half hour as the symptoms indicated. The boy's mind was wandering and threatening to jump out of his



With the assistance a helper, Ellison Burton, an intelligent colored man, and the effect <sup>of</sup> the medicine the fever abated and he became rational. Convalescence began but progress was slow. Young Thomas was still quite sick and I thought I would have to give up the Speech I was to make. Law kindly offered to put it into <sup>for</sup> me, so I put off the decision about going to Charleston to the last possible moment. The morning preceding Commencement day, at daylight I went over to see the conditions existent and found all favorable, young Stone had slept well and was and entirely sane, Thomas had passed a very quiet night and his fever had considerably abated, and gave me some message for his brother. I left on the early train and reached Charleston about two o'clock the next morning. Well I made the Speech and was proud to note that one in the graduating class of that year was one of our former Cadets at K. M. M. S. During the afternoon I attended the business meeting of the Association. The secretary had just read a resolution of thanks to me "for the <sup>thoughtful</sup> able and eloquent address" I had delivered before them that day and requesting a copy for publication. Of course, I modestly suppressed my gratification, a telegram was announced for me, and one for the secretary.



Capt. J. P. Thomas. I was almost aghast to read in  
 mind that R. K. Thomas had died that morning. A  
 sudden change, and had sank rapidly. The body  
 would be taken to ~~Winnabow~~ <sup>Winnabow</sup> for interment the  
 next day. This sad event cast quite a gloom over  
 the whole atmosphere of the school; which was  
 not lightened until the close of the first session  
 of the year. The second session opened <sup>there was</sup> ~~was~~ a  
 slightly diminished number in consequence of the  
 class just graduated; but more by the loss  
 of several older boys having <sup>been</sup> elected officers of  
 their home companies; for these companies  
 were being formed in every part of the State  
~~in expectation~~ <sup>in anticipation</sup> of serious political  
 trouble. The Democratic Convention, had nominated  
 J. C. Breckinridge of Ky. A section of it has nomi-  
 nated Stephen A. Douglas of Michigan. Another  
 party made of fragments of the old Whig party  
 nominated Bell of Tennessee. The Black-  
 Republicans made of Abolitionists and the scum that  
 had drifted in from foreign countries but in  
 nomination Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. This last  
 party were the most dreaded, and seemed to have  
 the best prospects of success.



\*note. Read the following books - viz.

Elliott's Debates on The Constitution, in the Conventions

" " " " " in the States

Calhoun's, An Government and Tacitise on  
the Constitution of the U. S.

Curry - The South and Constitution.

Woodrow Wilson, State and Federal Constitution.

" History of American People.

Story - on the Constitution.

History of SoCa - Under colonial conditions.

Proprietary, Royal, and State

Ramsay, Simms and McRady.



The issue was now clearly drawn, and it only the final decision of the general Election in November.

But I am not discussing political history, I am simply trying to make you acquainted ~~connected~~ with some of the facts, incidents, &c. in the life of your father, before you knew him. . . . Capt. R. H. Gleason, of a volunteer Company, in the Bethel section of York County invited us to participate in a public meeting to be held at Long Hill Church, to memorialize the heroes from that section who were killed during the Revolution, and were buried in the graveyard of that Church. We promptly accepted, and with the Jasper Light Infantry of the town undertook to march there (about eight miles with all the paraphernalia and accoutrements of actual service. We pitched tents and established sentinel posts with all the serious particularities of regular soldiers. The next morning we rendered the solemn tribute to the long dead veterans who had <sup>been</sup> buried without the farewell honors by volleys of musketry. This duty performed, we were getting ready to attend the speaking when a unpleasant occurrence took place in the camp of the Cadets. A group of three or four large men from the neighborhood sauntering about thought they would see how the tents looked inside, how they slept and generally how the little boys were fixed up.



to sleep out of doors, — a more visit of animosity. The sentinel called Halt! as he was instructed, and came to the charge bayonet. One of the men, persisted in advancing and in a rather amused way, took hold of the bayonet to push it out of his way. A prompt explosion of the musket was heard and the gentleman found himself with a burnt hand and a lost finger. Of course, there resulted quite <sup>a</sup> commotion, and thoughtless threats were made. It seems that the blank cartridge was in a gun used in firing the volley at the grave. The wounded saw that he had foolishly caused the accident to himself. Matus quieted down and the signal was sounded for assembly at the Stand. I think the Speaker was a Dr Campbell of the Bethel neighborhood. The Address tinged with the prevailing <sup>feeling</sup> of the times, was followed by a dinner of the usual Barbecue type. That afternoon we marched to Yorkville without further incident.

Later in the Fall we thought it would be well to make a personal canvass through the Eastern part of the State. Accordingly, I took my wife to Charleston, I began my itinerary in the following places, which in those days could be reached by rail-road: Camden, Sumter, Darlington, <sup>Charleston</sup> Marion, and Georgetown (by stage from Gardsins) In all of



one or more old acquaintances which made my trip very enjoyable. Seabrook met me in Charleston to make the trip to Florida. We took <sup>in</sup> Fernandina, Jacksonville, Palatka, St. Augustine nearly all of them by Steam boats, and started by rail from Jacksonville to Savannah. Seabrook had arranged for his father's row-boat to meet a Jackcontors on the Edisto. To spend two or three days with his family on Sampson's Island. The pleasure that row-boat trip I can stop to describe. The boat is from a single Cypress stem, lines fine as if for race, propelled by eight sturdy tough hardy hands. As they started singing their boat songs half religious half funny, we slid down the River as if in a poppy dream. I was sorry <sup>when</sup> that the fight was on twenty miles came to an end.

A duck hunt the next day with gratifying success, a home Sabbath when Episcopal Morning Prayer was read by the oldest Seabrook and a pleasant night on from an adjoining island left me ready to start for Charleston Monday, loaded with wild ducks, and beautiful Cantiflowers.

The return trip being against the current of the river was slower than than the other and required more effort at the oars, but the singing took on a more vigorous tempo and time



for the train to be at Jacksonville Station was safely made.

On arrival in Charleston I learned that both the Gen. Assembly, and the Convention that had been ordered by it were holding sessions in this city in consequence of the prevalence of Small-pox in Columbia and that the Ordinance of Secession was passed. The formal signing of the Ordinance was to be in the Institute Hall on the night of the 20<sup>th</sup> of December the night after my arrival. It was a solemn impressive scene this dignified withdrawal from union with other States with whom we had associated for over three fourths of a century. An immediate call<sup>let</sup> upon the citizens of the State, by Proclamation by the Governor F. W. Pickens was made. To create an Army, Navy, Treasury, <sup>and</sup> an invitation to other slave holding States to unite with us to and agree upon terms for the formation of a league of independent States, separate from the United States. It was a protest against the invasion upon the Constitution as understood by our forefathers when they made that instrument. All the Volunteer Companies in the State immediately proffered services to the State and were accepted promptly and were grouped



into regiments as soon as possible. Generally they  
 were assigned to regiment by <sup>the</sup> old grouping of companies  
 for Congressional representation. The Jasper  
 Light Infantry of the town, and of course Jenkins  
 and Seabrook at the same time, were entered into  
 the service of the State and subject to the order of the  
 Adjutant General of the State. This left the entire  
 management of the School upon me. Arrangement were  
 made to supply Seabrook's place by the employment  
 of a Mr Read, an Oxford man, who came with ~~Stoney~~  
 Rev. J Stoney, as preceptor of his boys. Jenkins's work  
 was provided for by redistribution of classes. The  
 latest addition to the corps of teachers, J. D. Jamieson  
 who had returned <sup>from Paris</sup> where he had spent several months  
 to acquire the latest and best in the management  
 pronunciation and colloquialism in Paris to take  
 of French. Relieved entirely of teaching French, I took  
 charge of the advanced Mathematics. The companies  
 were to elect Field officers. Jenkins was elected Colonel,  
 of the Fifth Regiment of Volunteers. They were ordered to  
 rendezvous at Washington Race Tract, Charleston early  
 in April, and in a day or two sent over to Sullivan's  
 Island and to occupy Fort Moultrie and other strategic  
 points in the neighborhood. You may well imagine



my state of mind, when and after the bombardment of Fort Sumpter began. But I was restrained by obvious duty, to the parents of boys at our school and determined to hold on until the end of the session in June. A great pressure <sup>brought</sup> was <sup>to</sup> bear on me to continue the school for the year; but, I could not bring myself to continue it in operation longer than six weeks. Accordingly, arranged for the six weeks continuation of the session. Meanwhile a Provisional Government of the seceded States some eleven in number, had been made with a tentative Constitution had been <sup>made</sup>. Virginia had seceded, and it <sup>was</sup> evident the war <sup>was</sup> to begin in that State. All State troops had to be re-enlisted for for <sup>one</sup> ~~three~~ years and <sup>in</sup> the Confederacy. <sup>the</sup> Fifth Regiment was in consequence re-organized and <sup>duty to</sup> Virginia. In camp near Richmon and a few at Richmond and now at Manassas Station near the Bull Run.

On the last of June I carried my wife to her family in the City and returned to Virginia. Every body seemed <sup>to</sup> think the one big battle would decide the issue between the two sections of the country. I was afraid the battle would <sup>be</sup> over before I could <sup>get</sup> there. In other words, I was suffering from <sup>the</sup> common craze. Spilling for a fight. A fight had occurred at



at Big Bethel Va. and public excitement was now at white heat  
 Troops were hurrying to Yorktown, Manassas and  
 Harper's Ferry. Early I found Jenkins and his regiment forming  
 a brigade with two regiments from Mississippi. The  
 camp was named Camp Walker about a mile from Bull Run  
 Creek and about two miles N. E. from the R. R. Station.  
 I had owned no arms and expected to borrow a spare gun  
 and go into the fight as a private in the 8<sup>th</sup> Regiment as  
 so told Jenkins. The next morning he took me to visit  
 Gen. D. R. Jones his brigade commander, whose tent  
 tents were a few yards in rear of his own and on a  
 slight hill which gave a fine view of Camp Walker.  
 When we were about to leave the General kindly invited  
 to act as Volunteer Aide-de-Camp. I told him I had no  
 arms, or horse, or suitable uniform. He said that he  
 had two riding horses and seldom had use for than  
 one at a time, and I that could use the other at  
 any time needed. I gladly accepted his offer,  
 and make use of me in any capacity. He said he  
 would have the order published the next day announcing  
 my position on his Staff and further invited to join  
 his Staff mess. Jenkins had his man servant Old  
 Ben with him to look after his horse and as Chief  
 of his mess and he suggested that I send for



Charles Basson, a young colored man, whom we bought from Mr. William Latta of Yorkville the year we occupied the new building. Charles was wild to come and take care of me, and I must say for him, he staid with me faithfully to the last. A day or two after my interview with Gen Jones he told me that he was making an application for my appointment as his Adjutant General in the field and would like for me to take <sup>it</sup> in person to Mrs. Davis. I had already written for Charles and my horse. Charles and the horse passed me on the road to Richmond. I know that Charles would a great addition to the men and would thus earn his keep. The President received <sup>me</sup> with courtesy, read the notes, asked me a few pertinent questions, endorsed something on the note, dropped it <sup>in</sup> a large basket and smilingly offered his hand. This I knew meant I was well made room for some <sup>one</sup> else in the crowd at the door.

I bought a saddle, bridle, sabretast and a red sack of red woolen cloth, and to bed still, dreaming that fighting was going on somewhere and was not doing my share. I was at the Station an hour before time for the train to start. On arriving at Cape Walker I ste tents all empty, a dozen or more soldiers scattered about a care taken of the tents and company property. Putting



my new Mexican Saddle and bridle on Pegasus I mounted and hastily rode toward Bull Run. Going along at an easy gallop, I saw three or four men covered with canteens coming from the front. All at once, I found myself standing on both feet, with reins in my hand. Pegasus was looking indignantly at the men as if inquiring of what the distant flash meant that struck him in the eye. Of course it was the reflection of the afternoon sun from an uncovered canteen. I heard one of the men say as they passed. "By Lord, fellows, did you see that? That was the quickest gettin' off a horse at half speed I ever seen". I was busy adjusting my stumps leathers, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Now let me introduce to the General and his Staff.

Brig Gen David Rudolph Jones, born in Orangeburg Co. S. C. His father moved to Dooley Co. Ga. when David was an infant. Got a Congressional appointment to West Point Academy - graduated from there in time to enter the war with Mexico, made brevet Capt. U. S. A. - was at some <sup>hot spot</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>West</sup> company when the State seceded. Beauregard requested his appointment a Adjutant on his Staff while he was in Command in Charleston. Was made Brigadier when the Confederate Army was sent to Virginia.



His wife was a niece of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and daughter of  
 Gen. Davis first wife.

Joseph W. Ford, aide-de-camp, was from Georgetown S. C.  
 E. W. Thurston, of Charleston Ordnance officer  
 Philip Jones was under Aid, had to the V. M. I. His  
 father a planter on the Rapidan Va.

Erasmus Taylor, a planter on the Rappahannock,  
 Post on the Dr. Master's department.

T. G. Latham a first lieutenant in 5th Regt S. C. Vols.  
 detailed to officiate all ordnance from Wright's  
 headquarters, as acting Asst. General

W. Curcell from N. Orleans, as ordnance aide.

I found the General and <sup>staff</sup> occupying the McLane  
 house a short distance from the river about a half mile  
 from the ford of that name. The three regiments and  
 as section of the Washington Artillery, two smooth bore  
 four pounders, were in bivouac in the flat land around  
 the house. The enemy was now in sight, about one  
 mile from Blount's Ford at the mouth of the woods  
 S. E. of Centerville. Gen. Bonham with his brigade was  
 parked at Mitchell's Ford on St. George Creek, at the  
 Cut Run and the ford on the left, Gen. Evans with  
 the brigade of Bee and Barton at the  
 Stone Bridge, a cavalry for observation was



in position at Sudley Ford. Manassas Station was  
 evidently his strategic point in his onward march to  
 Richmond. Two routes were open to him for attaining this  
 point; i.e. by turning our right flank at Union Mills in  
 on the of McLean's Ford; - or our left at Stone Bridge.  
 on the 16<sup>th</sup> of July he began a reconnaissance by advancing  
 on the road to Blackburn's Ford by advancing his  
 troops after Artillery fire and found Longstreet there  
 to stop him. Unfortunately the ~~the~~ creek in its <sup>bordering</sup> ~~course~~  
 course had its ~~own~~ concave bend next to the enemy, a bluff  
 of considerable height. If he could reach it he would  
 be able to control for considerable distance the terri-  
 tory beyond. His troops failing to move Longstreet  
 from his position and secure the tree covered bluff  
 commenced a heavy bombardment which inflicted  
 much damage on our bank of reserved artillery  
 and reserves. Our own Artillery was too light to  
 reach him. The next two or three days he spent  
 in getting in position to attempt the other  
 route by the Stone Bridge. The battle order we  
 received the night of the 20<sup>th</sup> of July published  
 the following viz: Ewell's brigade was to advance  
 from his position at Union Mills taking the main  
 road to Centerville. Jones with his brigade to  
 follow and support ~~his~~ Ewell. Holmes to occupy



Union Mill Ford. Early to occupy McLeans Ford as  
 Jones moved out. James to follow <sup>and support</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>subpost</sup> ~~subpost~~ <sup>subpost</sup> ~~subpost~~ on the  
 road to Centerville. Both to have an eye for any  
 advance from Fairfax and Fairfax Station. Of course we  
 could hardly wait until 5:30 in the morning we got a  
 cracker and a cup of coffee. These troops was to be in  
 readiness at that hour. By six o'clock we were across  
 the Run and <sup>was</sup> ready at the road to Centerville; but  
 Evell was not there. We waited here an hour for  
 the return of the messenger we had sent to notify him  
 of our readiness. Seeing nothing in the direction of  
 Centerville and Fairfax R.R. Station, he went to Union  
 Mills to compare orders. Gen Evell said construed  
 his orders only <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>readiness</sup> ~~readiness~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>move</sup> ~~move~~, and was  
 waiting and would a hour longer; but advised  
 Jones to wait where his troops are until further  
 instruction from Headquarters. At ten o'clock  
 or a little after, the troops were allowed to return to  
 return to their bivouacs of the night before to get  
 their dinner, for many had no breakfast that  
 morning. About 2 o'clock, a courier arrived with  
 note without indicated the time it was sent, stating  
 "Heavy pressure on the left." "Why don't Jones  
 attack?" This question stung like a whip lash.



The three regiments were immediately ordered to form on the Centerville road, scouts were sent out to look out the enemys position and Staff officers sent to Union Mill and to Gen. Doughty, and Gen. Bonham the Staff messenger sent to Gen. Ewell did not return. Ewell, Holmes, and Early had all been ordered to the field around Stone Bridge. I carried the message to Doughty and Bonham. They both their willingness to cooperate with Jones' movement, could not advance for the enemy in their immediate front we making preparations for an advance. Both were being heavily bombarded with superior artillery. I hastened back to my own General with this information. I found him on the top of a massive pillar of rock giving direction for the two pieces of Cannon. He told me that he had ordered <sup>the</sup> three regiments into the attack of the battery in front. Jenkins of the right, the 17<sup>th</sup> Miss. next and the 18<sup>th</sup> Miss. on the left. His artillery was to keep up brisk fire to distract the enemys fire from the infantry movement until they had crossed the flat before and at the bluff of the Thoroughfare Run and then he would join them and charge the enemys battery. Observing some confusion on the left of 18<sup>th</sup> he asked to go down and endeavor to straighten them out. As the hill



was very steep on the side I attempted to go down I had to proceed very slowly and my horse could not go much faster than a walk, without danger of breaking his legs or my neck, I was longer in making the trip than my impatience could tolerate. On reaching the gulch, at the foot of boulder and on the flat land, I saw the regiment was retiring in great confusion. They had reached the Thoroughfare breach but had crossed. Some had fired off the guns and were attempting to reload their guns and some were trying to fire bayonets, to add to the confusion. The enemy's battery now opened <sup>on</sup> them with all their guns, paying no further attention to our two little form positions for the missiles of these did not go half way.

I found Gen. Jones and several of the Staff and the officers of the regiments reforming the companies, all talking about <sup>how</sup> it happened, and many offering to <sup>go</sup> back. He asked if I had <sup>sent</sup> Jenkins as he had sent a messenger to recall him. I offered to after him as I got half way down him with regiment in good order coming the path he took going into the attack. He said went far enough to <sup>see</sup> masses of troops behind batteries.

I was told after this that just after the attack was that a courier arrived saying <sup>he</sup> had been riding <sup>for</sup> <sup>hours</sup>



to find Gen. Jones Longstreet and Bonham with orders to hold their positions at the ponds assigned to them, and to be on the alert. Generals Holmes, Ewell and Early had been ordered to the left where things seemed to be going against us. From <sup>what</sup> we learned afterwards, the messenger had been sent at the <sup>time</sup> that Gen. Kirby Smith, and Ely, leaving their trains, marched directly to the scene of battle. On account of the similarity of the two flags when seen at a greater distance these troops were supposed to be Patterson's from the Valley, whom Johnston thought that he had eluded. Beauregard had in the meantime taken immediate charge of all troops and was prepared to make an immediate charge along the whole line. The enemy found their mistake for these Valley troops were now attacking their rear right flank. The forward charge swept ~~forward~~ <sup>back and</sup> plunged the enemy into confusion, which soon degenerated into a panic rout. The morning boast of "On to Richmond" was changed to "Back to Washington", and this cry was executed in a true "suaave qui perit" spirit. Leaving proper videttes out towards Centerville and Fairfax the Brigade was taken back to Brown's Ford just as the sun was setting. Every body was dead tired from the unusual exertments of the day, and clamorous for coffee and something to eat. Gen. Jones had one of his raging headaches.



Let me say here that he was never a well man, <sup>wholly</sup> ~~not~~ knew him.  
 Having been overtaken by blizzard on the plains and west,  
 he was still in a Hospital in St. Louis, I think, when he was  
 called for by Beauregard, to be his adjt. general, when  
 the former was in command at Charleston. He had fully  
 recovered from the pneumonia or pleurisy, any severe  
 exertion brought on these severe headaches that  
 almost prostrated him. He was about six feet in height,  
 well set up, wore a tawny beard extending from his blue  
<sup>eyes</sup> almost to his sword-belt. When mounted <sup>on his</sup> black Steed  
 Voltaire, he looked like a model of a heroic, historical  
 figure. He knew that he would be expected at the conference  
 of Generals at Hidgee to discuss events of the day, but  
 not fit to ride again to-night; and that I had the  
 best opportunities to make an informal <sup>verbal</sup> report of  
 the days work turned me and asked if I would  
 go. I told certainly I would go. My young horse was  
 nearly knackered <sup>up</sup> by his service all day and <sup>no</sup> fed since  
 the night before. He told me to take the Red Eye mare  
 as she had less work than any horse in the Staff. Red Eye  
 was promptly saddled and I was on the way to Hd Qrs at  
 the Station. As my interview with this distinguished  
 assembly was described in a letter I wrote to  
 General Wallball many years ago will be found  
 in envelope. I will refer you to it (Envelope!)



A few days following the battle was mostly spent in training the true effects of the victory and its numerous mistakes im-  
 dent to the hastily assembled <sup>army</sup> of volunteer troops. Nearly of our  
 higher officers were West Point men and many of them had  
 heard ministry and Conway in the war with Mexico. The  
 same was pretty nearly the case with our opponents.

But she had besides the bulk of the enlisted Army of the United  
 States accustomed to obedience and familiar with tactics.  
 They too had learned that the soldier was looked after by  
 a regular ambulance corps, and that all the conveniences and  
 "in laws" were not needed to carry a wounded man off  
 the field. That business fell to the latter bearers of  
 the ambulance Corps. The casualty list showed that  
 our losses in killed and wounded were less than the  
 enemy's our number actually engaged was also  
 less. So we felt justified in claiming a victory.  
 But would the victory stop the war, was it decisive  
 in bringing about Peace? By no means; Each  
 party had only stopped to lick their wounds and consider  
 plans for another fight. The Federal was fast at  
 their training camps at Alexandria opposite Washington  
 and Georgetown, and other points along the  
 Potomac and Harper's Ferry. He moved to better  
 points for watching them. In carrying out his  
 plan our brigade was encamped about a mile and



half S. E. of Centerville and about two miles from  
 McLean's Ford. The monument was just completed  
 when Gen Jones invited to go with him <sup>to</sup> "Manassas Sta"  
 to meet his wife, and to bring her out to the new Camp.  
 She came with their little daughter and a servant named  
 Eva, the daughter was about four years old, and <sup>the</sup> third  
 colored girl was 13 or 14. Of course Mrs Jones was given the  
 floor in the matter of conversation. She was, I estimated,  
 about 28 or 30 years old free and easy in manners, and  
 very outspoken. I recalled a sotto voce remark she  
 made while we were crossing the Ford. Gen Jones observing  
 that I noticed the lowered voice, said "Howard did you hear  
 what she said about you? I shook my head in negation.  
 "Tell him Beck" he said. She then said "I only told him you  
 look <sup>like</sup> some one I know, but I <sup>could not</sup> recall who it was until that  
 moment. It was, President Davis. Are you in any way con-  
 nected with him"? No, I replied; for I dont know any person  
 for whom as a political thinker and skillful soldier  
 I have a greater admiration. And the conversation  
 drifted into the battle at Buena Vista and doctrines  
 of Calhoun until we reached the new camp. Tents for the  
 staff were pitched in the yard by scrippling the former  
 Mrs. Jones was accustomed to camp life and  
 soon got things in working shape. The composition  
 the Brigade was now changed. The two Mississippi



regiments were transferred to <sup>the</sup> Berk State brigade and Jones brigade was composed as follows viz

5<sup>th</sup> S. C. Vols. Col. M. Jenkins; 6<sup>th</sup> S. C. Vols. Col. C. S. Windsor

7<sup>th</sup> S. C. Vols. Col. J. D. Blandinger 4<sup>th</sup> S. C. Vols. Col. J. B. E. Spence.

The only memorable incidents I recall while we were in this Camp. were Staff visits to Lee's Hill, overlooking <sup>Alexandria</sup> ~~Washington~~; Mansson Hill, overlooking Washington, where I saw the Capitol for the first time and the incomplete Monument, and the observation balloon, Fairfax C. H. also in the charge of country. At the latter place I met Mrs. Stewart, the wife of Col. J. B. Stewart and many others who afterwards became distinguished in the war. The other incident that I recall was purely a Staff affair. The first Sunday Mrs. Jones came many officers she knew called pay their respects. They were generally received by Latham and entered the hall way. I was in the room used as office entering up the reports from the regiments and trying to write out the General's report of the battle on the 21<sup>st</sup> as he requested me to do. My Commission a Captain the Adj. General's Department in the Field has now come and I was an officer in the Confederate Army. Just as I stepped on the piazza, Latham took a chair in that part of the piazza that had no railing or balustrade he sat down backwards and found the chair and himself about three feet below the piazza in the dust. Every one on the piazza



among to them, to go to his assistance, fearing that <sup>he</sup> was seriously  
 injured. But, <sup>he</sup> sprang to his feet, exclaiming "By my word General  
 I never took but three," and showing three fingers as proof  
 of his assertion. Nobody could reach for the correctness  
 of <sup>his</sup> count. Poor Mesmore, to whom Latham was <sup>a</sup> new species  
 was particularly appealing to his risibilities, could not control  
 spasms of laughter until night fall and then got another  
 shock. Ford had a set he did not like, and Latham <sup>thought</sup> that  
 was built on scientific lines. The broader the top, the room  
 to lie comfortably. The cross-legs were not more than nine  
 inches apart where they rested <sup>on</sup> the floor. Latham extinguished  
 candle and threw himself on scientific luxurious cot.  
 There immediately sounded the <sup>most</sup> agonizing howl ever  
 heard in civilized community. Sentinels of the different  
 camps began calling for Corporal of the guard to investigate  
 the cause of the commotion. — The next notable event  
 was the arrival from Maryland of the namesake of one  
 of you. Mr. Asman Latrobe. He had gotten across the  
 Potomac by one of many undergrown ferries of that  
 now famous river. He had just about attained his majority,  
 tall, well proportioned, polished in manners, clear headed  
 and sufficiently jovial to be a good companion. He knew  
 most of the relatives and friends of Mrs. Jones and naturally  
 much their conversation at first was confined to family  
 affairs. He and I took to each other at once.