

# Letters

Written to my Wife (REBECCA CAROLINA SEIGNIOUS)

During the years of the war,  
between

The United States of America;

And

The Confederate States;

from

Eighteen hundred and sixty one,

to

Eighteen hundred and sixty five.

Theodore A. Honour

(a very formidable fortress between Sullivan's Island and Morris & James Islands) commanding the entrance to the harbor of Charleston, and refused to give up, or deliver that Fort to the South Carolina Authorities.

## Preface

To letters written by Theodore A Honour to his wife, during the war between the States from 1861 to 1865. Known as the United States of America, and the Confederate States -

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of December 1860, the Convention of the State of South Carolina passed the Ordinance of Secession which dissolved the connection of the State with the United States - followed in rapid succession by ten of the Southern States, consisting of Georgia - Alabama - Mississippi - Louisiana - Texas - Arkansas - Virginia - Tennessee - North Carolina - and Florida - who formed Confederate States, and elected Honorable Jefferson Davis - President

The Washington Light Infantry a Military Company, who dates its existence from 1807 - attached to the Rifle Regiment of the 4<sup>th</sup> Brigade, So. Ca. Militia (of which I was a member from August 1852) immediately on the passing of the Ordinance of Secession offered their Services to the State for its protection, and were ordered immediately to take possession of the Charleston Arsenal, then in possession and held by the United States. Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1860 -

Col Anderson in Command of the United States troops quartered at Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, evacuated that Fort, <sup>Dec 17-26</sup> and transferred his command to Fort Sumter, (a very formidable fortress between Sullivan's Isle and Morris & James Islands) commanding the entrance to the harbor of Charleston, and refused to give up, or deliver that Fort to the South Carolina Authorities.

Genl. Beauregard who was placed in Command of the Confederate forces at Charleston, made a demand on Col Anderson for the surrender of the Fort, which demand was refused; and after long and tedious Communications with the Authorities of the two Governments, it was decided, to use force to compell the surrender of Anderson, with his Command. Bombardment was determined on, and the Confederate forces under the Command of Genl. Beauregard commenced the Bombardment on April 11<sup>th</sup> 1861.

The Washington Light Infantry was stationed on Sullivan Island <sup>Fort Washington March 1861</sup> and took part in the fight which resulted in the surrender of Col. Anderson, after sustaining a heavy bombardment of about 48 hours. The terms of the surrender was, that the Garrison was to march out with their Side Arms, after firing a salute to their flag, and allowed transportation to New York.

It is a noticable fact that no blood was spilt on either side during the bombardment, but in firing a salute to their flag, a gun burst, and a number of the Federal Soldiers were killed & wounded.

The Washington Light Infantry continued in service as a Company of the Rifle Regiment, doing duty on the Islands, on the Coasts, until February 1862, when the Regiment was disbanded and other organisations was formed. The W.L.I. Battalion consisting of two Companies of the W.L.I.'s Company, A.T.B. with the Beauregard Light Infantry - Meador Light Infantry - and the from Charleston formed a Battalion known as the "Cutaw Battalion" Lieut. Col. B.H. Simonton Commanding. This battalion was mustered in the Service February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1862, and sent down to Battery Island on the Stone River opposite Legareville on Johns Island, and near the mouth

of the river as it flows into the Atlantic Ocean.

The Battalion was here increased to a Regiment by the addition of five companies from near Districts: - The Wee Wee Rifles from Williamsburg District, Capt J. G. Pressley - The Marion Rifles from Marion Dist, Capt M. Carroll - The Edisto Rifles, Capt Tyler, from Orangeburg Dist. - The St. Matthews Rifles, Capt Dautler, from Orangeburg Dist and from Barnwell Dist. The Regiment was commanded by C. H. Finowton Colonel - J. G. Pressley Lieut Col, and Glover Major -

The W. L. S. Co A of which I was a member had as Commission Officers - Capt James M. Gaison - 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut Heroin B. Olney - 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut Wash<sup>er</sup> Finley - 3<sup>rd</sup> Lieut James<sup>on</sup> Ross -

The Regiment was known as the "Britannia" 25<sup>th</sup> of S. C. V, and formed part of Nagood's Brigade.

It was intended to have copied these letters just after the war while incidents were fresh in the mind of the writer, and lost letters could have been supplied by Memoranda but it was never done. A number of letters written was never received, as evidenced by the fact that there are so many incidents that I remember from time to time of which there is no note or mention made, that surely would have been noted - Also the fact of long intervals between some of the letters - but what are here recorded will serve to amuse if not instruct some of my descendants.

Theodore A. Honour

"Camp Gadberry" James Island S.C.  
Tuesday April 7<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Beckie

I am writing you a letter this afternoon to be finished tomorrow, if nothing happens to prevent. We are about to see stirring times down this way, and we know not what a day may bring forth. The enemy as I write you yesterday have now made their arrangements for the attack on Charleston, and they now have eight of their Iron Clad boats inside of our bar, and we may expect every moment to hear of the battle commencing.

As I now write there is very heavy and rapid firing towards Morris' Island, and the general impression is that the "ball is opened." Their plan of attack seems to be to reduce our batteries on Morris Island, and march their land forces from opposite Coles Island or Folly Island to opposite Morris Island.

If they are successful in reducing the batteries on the Island they will then cross their troops over on a Pontoon bridge and build batteries for the purpose of reducing Fort Sumter. Our plan therefore is to prevent, first the reduction of Morris Island batteries, and in the event of their success to prevent their building batteries by continuous shelling from Fort Sumter.

Now is the time to test the vulnerability of their boasted Iron Clads; let us hope that our confidence in our means to repulse them does not prove delusive. The very earth as I now write, fairly trembles with the concussion of the heavy guns, the first battle of Fort Sumter in 1861 is as nothing to it; every one in Camp is as excited and apparently joyous as if one had nothing at stake, or if we had, we were confident of winning.

The attack opened about 3 O'clock P.M., perhaps before the afternoon is out we shall obtain some definite information. What would I not give to be allowed to go down to Secessionville just now, so that I might have a chance of witnessing at a distance even the terrible

The letter on Page 57 should be read before this letter  
as will be seen by the date "April 6"

conflict, but orders have been issued to our Sentinels not to allow any one to pass without a regular permit.

What consternation must now be prevailing among the women and Children, old men, and Convents in our old City at this time; how thankful I am that your very dear wife and our Children are far away safe though I feel Confident of our ability, to keep the Vandal foe out of our harbor, but the excitement in the City would be too much for you, and it is well that you are not there to witness it, with no "dear" to encourage you.

3:30 P.M. The bugle has just sounded the Assembly call. I presume it is to remain under Arms ready to move to any point at a moments notice. I will have to stop writing for the present. We have just received the news that four of their "Iron Monsters" has passed Fort Wagner which is the extreme outer battery on Morris Island, and their famous "Ironsides" is inside the bar, and looks like Fort Sumter moving through the water she is so large.

Wednesday April 8<sup>th</sup> 8 O'clock P.M. The bombardment ceased yesterday afternoon at 5 P.M., after two hours incessant firing; last night Rev Mr Winkler our Chaplain told us that Col Rickett from Fort Sumter had telegraphed Fort Johnson that the only damage done Fort Sumter was the dismantling of one gun and the killing of the "drummer boy" and wounding 4 men. While on part of the enemy two of their Iron Clads were disabled, and had put out the rudds of our guns. Their famous "Ironsides" appeared also to be crippled as steam was scarce issuing from all parts of her. One of the iron clads supposed to be the Keokuk had three holes shot through her tower.

During the night various exaggerate reports reach Camp. I suppose to days papers will give us some of the facts. The firing was resumed at 7<sup>30</sup> A.M. this morning and is now progressing apparently with deliberation. There is considerable East wind blowing

now, which may prove favorable to us; to day will tell the story. I must now stop as the bugle has sounded for guard mounting and I am on guard.  
 11 O'clock A.M. The firing continued about an hour then ceased; up to this time we have heard nothing more from the scene of action. Parson Winkler made some very encouraging remarks at our "nightly meeting" last night; giving the history of the journeyings of the Israelites through the Desert, and the attack upon them by the Amalakitcs, and the signal defeat of the latter by the interposition of Divine Providence. Our parson speaks confidently of our ability to repulse the enemy in their attack upon our city if we continue our prayers to God in her behalf, and use the means which He has given us -

I received your letter of 5<sup>th</sup> Inst and I am glad to hear how comfortable you are fixed; it appears to me that every more you make it for the better; how much preferable it would have been if you could have gone to house keeping when you first left the city; but "every thing happens for the best."

You ask me if I paid Osgood for the salt; I did not for two reasons; first because I had not the money to spare, and secondly because he did not say any thing to me about paying for it; you must settle your own bills, as I have just been informed that we will not be "paid off" for at least two months to come. We have now 3 mos due us. I think too

you are mistaken about your having written to Osgood about buying Sugar for you as he showed me the letter and I do not recollect any thing about sugar - however it cannot be bought for less than \$1<sup>25</sup> per lb unless a very inferior article.

I will have to pay my taxes next month; it will be over \$150<sup>00</sup>; I think for the present you had better do without the Chairs and trs and made

out with the borrowed ones. Furniture is at present bringing fabulous prices and while the excitement is prevailing in the City, I rather think it would be hard to get any one to attend to either buying or selling, and again if you could make a purchase there would be no way of shipping as the Rail Roads will not take any freight, and the Military authorities will not allow any trains to run except under their "special order" so there is no transportation.

I do not think I can procure a straw hat in the City for Theodore without pay about 10 or 15 dollars for one and I do not think we can afford to be thus extravagant but if you will send me the measure of his head I will have one made for him by a man in our Regiment for \$3<sup>00</sup> that will answer every purpose and I think you will be pleased with it. I think they are very pretty and neat; they are made of a kind of reed that grows on the Islands.

This is my 32<sup>nd</sup> birthday, and it has been celebrated in quite a lively manner. Now had I waited until this time to see you I would have been disappointed, as it is of course impossible for me to obtain a furlough now nor would I accept one under any circumstance, if it were offered to me. I want a place in the picture in the event of our Company being in a fight. I am on Guard to day, and while on Post amused myself by planting about two handfuls of Corn for some one to reap the benefit of.

I have just learned that the firing this morning was some of our batteries engaged in practicing and not a second attack as we supposed. From Newspaper accounts of the fight yesterday we have every thing favorable to expect, for it must be understood that not half of our guns were brought to bear upon their Gun boats, and only at long range firing. When they next try it they will doubtless be made to feel our whole force, and then at much shorter range.

We are expecting them soon to make an advance by land as they have quite a large force on Coles and Goat Islands, and beside our pickets report 40 of their



Vessels in the Stone river yesterday afternoon; when they advance then we will have our turn at them; God grant us a second Secessionville Victory.

Tell aunt Susan to unite her prayers with yours for the safety of our City, and for the lives of our brave Soldiers - Give my love to Father & Mother and tell them if we have to fight to expect to hear that their three sons nobly did their duty, and to have no fear for us for I feel that all will be well.

To you my dear Wife I will say keep up a brave heart, and put your trust in God. Kiss our children for me and take for your self all the love of

Yours ever,  
Theodore -

P.S.

I heard that the reason Morgan did not accompany you down to Alston after promising you he would was because the Clerk in the Post office read what you had written on the back of your letter to me when I was on my visit to Newberry and told him about it. I recollect that you mentioned that he had returned to Spartanburg from Columbia after having been conscripted, and remarked that it was strange that he could get out of the war under the plea of ill health, and that I was in the Army. Let that be a lesson to you never to write on the outside of a letter or envelope & it is a very bad practice. Always answer my letters regularly so that I may know when to expect one.

— Notice —

The next two letters should have preceded this one as will be seen by their date.  
March 28 & 29th.

the first night rest we have had since I left you  
The Enemy has built batteries all around Secessionville so that when they commence to shell it will be a perfect hail storm; but God will shield and protect us and turn aside the "iron hail of death"

I had to give away half of my paper so I can only write you a little letter. Write me often and always inclose a sheet of paper - Tell Mattie as long as this excitement last I will not be able to write to her, but I shall be glad to hear from her & be as often as possible. Love to all, kiss our pets, and keep up a brave heart until I get back from the War

Ever yours  
Theodore

Camp Pettigrew James Island S.C.  
Sunday July 16<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Peckee

We have just returned from a fight with the enemy at Grimball and Rogers and thank God that we - that is - Lawrence Fred & I are all right. We drove them before us like sheep after a sharp fight which lasted about 2 hours killing a number of them and taking about 30 prisoners. All the enemy that we saw were Negroes - I have not time to write you particulars will endeavor to do so as soon as possible. Our loss is not yet ascertained. In our Regiment the Entaw 25<sup>th</sup> which opened the fight we had several killed and a few wounded. In Co. 10 (N.C.) Mr Dixon my lieutenant is wounded in the face (not serious) and Mr Mack my adjutant wounded in both legs. God bless you and our little ones - I need not tell you to stay and thanksgiving for our safety so far

Ever yours  
Theodore

Camp Pettigrew James Island S.C.  
Thursday Afternoon July 16<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Dear Beatie

I hope you received my note of this morning telling you of my safety and arrival in Camp all right after the fight which lasted from two to three hours. Last night about 11 O'clock the bugle sounded the assembly call, and in a few minutes our Regiment was in line ready to march off, but where we were going none of us knew; (We soon found ourselves on the Secessionville road, and there found assembling a large body of troops consisting of Infantry, Artillery, & Cavalry. We were then told that the object was to attack the Yankees at Grimball & Legare, and kill & capture as many as possible. Our Regiment was to go to Legare, and act as skirmishers, drive in the enemy's pickets and open the battle. We started about 3 O'clock, and just as the day was dawning our skirmishers on the right engaged the enemy's pickets.

In a few minutes our whole line was engaged, and the rifles flashed forth their flames like fire flies.

The U.S. Co. A, and the 1st General Infantry were ordered to charge over a Causeway connecting Grimball, by James Island, to Legare, on Battery Island, where it was supposed the enemy had a battery planted; having reached the Causeway our skirmishers to the right (we being on the extreme left) went bogging through the mud, hard pressing the enemy who were retreating as fast as possible, and the order was given to charge on the "double quick" in column, and it was done beautifully, our men executing the order in column of "fours" with as regular step and as coolly apparently as if we were on drill.

Not finding any batteries as we had reason to suppose would be there Capt. Covert gave

The order to forward into line. Lieut. [unclear] who was in Command of the 4<sup>th</sup> Co. I's extended the order to his Company, and instantly the order was given to "deploy as skirmishers" to the left.

I should have mentioned that before we left Secessionville, Capt. Carson who was to be in Command of the Skirmishers paid us three brothers the high compliment to select us together with young Seabrook to act as his "body guard". The post of honor is as you know is the post of danger. His instructions were that we were to leave the ranks and keep as near to him as possible as soon as the Company was thrown out as skirmishers - this we did, but let me tell you we had to put out all we knew to keep up with him for we had to charge across an abatis of felled trees at least a half mile wide, and such a job as it was can only be understood by any one having the same thing to do themselves. The balls literally rained in among us but thanks to God's "protection" not one of us was hit. At last after fighting every foot of the way through the felled trees, and passing over pickets buried 5 feet above the ground with points at an angle of 45 degrees, we got into the clear fields and then found to our surprise that but 10 of our Company (W. Co. I's) and an equal number of the 4<sup>th</sup> Co. I's had [unclear] through our ranks. Capt. Carson to forward gave the order to forward the enemy now being in full view, and we charged them with a yell - they could not stand it and broke and ran like frightened sheep; had the Confederates stood their ground they could easily have captured our party; for a little while we were entirely unsupported but our blood was up, and our one thought of anything but killing & capturing. (and just here let me tell you there was very little capturing done.) On the double quick we came down on them chasing them into the mud, into which we reeled at them

bogging up past our knees, we killed a large number,  
 we did not stop to count them then we took 14  
 prisoners, it was now that we found that we had  
 been fighting nothing but negroes. What became of  
 the prisoners is not known, though the men having  
 them in charge said they were lost in the woods.

It was here that the "leaders" lost two of their  
 men; one a boy about 16 years old was killed  
 instantly, the other a poor fellow (very deaf) with  
 a large family was mortally wounded, since dead.

We here found ourselves very near their Gun  
 boats which opened upon our little band with  
 a shelling and firing of grape & Schrapnel  
 as makes me every moment I think of it, return  
 thanks to God for our protection, for it seems  
 marvellous that we were not all torn to pieces.

Our Artillery who had gone by the way of  
 Grimball, took position, and now opened upon  
 their Gun boats in beautiful style, and at the  
 same time kept up an "Artillery duel" with a  
 light battery of the enemy who tried to check  
 our advance. It was such a beautiful sight and  
 in full view from where we were that involuntarily  
 I stopped to look at them, though we were  
 at that moment exposed to a tremendous fire  
 from their Gun boats. We here formed and  
 started over for Grimball, having done our part  
 in driving the flank from Regimes exposed on  
 the way to the shells, but the enemy's protecting  
 power was over us, and our party escaped unhurt  
 with the exception of Jim Maloney a member of  
 our Company who was wounded slightly in both  
 legs by a "shrapnel shot". On getting into the  
 Grimball road we met our forces returning  
 having accomplished their mission by driving  
 the enemy into their Gun boats.

The 12<sup>th</sup> Georgia Regiment made a splendid

Charge on a light battery of 6 guns of the enemy and would have captured it, but the fire from the enemy boats was too terrific, and the Capture could not be made this sacrifice. I was where I was, and could see this charge, and was cheered the brave Georgians, but they were ordered to fall back, but not before the enemy, fearing a Capture of their guns spiked them.

We lost in our Regiment 3 men killed, and 6 wounded; what the casualties were in other Regiments I have not learned. The 16<sup>th</sup> Georgia Regiment in one of their Charges killed a large number of the enemy - This Reg<sup>t</sup> has been in 17 battles and they were just as cool as hunters would be shooting partridges and let me tell you they did some killings but took no prisoners, we didn't want negro prisoners. I saw the Palmetto Guards returning from Grimball's, and they were in fine spirits. This battery did splendid work and soon lost a man, the enemy's fire being too high - I saw W<sup>m</sup> Morgan on one of the guns as they rode by -

Above I mentioned that what Yankee forces I saw and thought were all negro, but our men to the right saw two Regiments of white soldiers, and heard their Colonel of one give the order to charge our men but they had a wholesome fear of Carolina & Georgia lead & steel and would not budge a foot; had they done so we must have suffered considerably as our men were scattered necessarily. Mr Dixon of Co A. was detailed on ambulance duty, for want of a regular Ambulance Corps, and while carrying in a wounded man was hit by pieces of shell in the upper arm and just below the eye nearly closing it up. He is thankful it was no worse.

All three of us got trophies in the shape of "India rubber clothes", and Ford got also a Canteen full of splendid Java Coffee which we enjoyed;

I cannot pretend to give you all the incidents connected with the fight in a letter, but will

reserves them to what we need, eg. In the war God spoke  
 up to each other. My Indian Rubber Cloth I took  
 from the body of a very large man who looked on  
 death like a Nulatta, he was lying on his back  
 with a ball through his head, and the cloth  
 was over his shoulder he was too heavy for me to lift,  
 and so I cut the fastening and drew it out. It is  
 marked G. W. Potts Toledo Ill. It was no further  
 use to him and so took it; it will do me good  
 service. Tell Thudore to return thanks to God for  
 the protection of his father. Kiss my pet.

Ever yours

Thudore

On Piquet James Island F. C.  
 Saturday afternoon July 18<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Beatie,

Today I rec<sup>d</sup> two letters from  
 you, one dated 16<sup>th</sup> and the other 17<sup>th</sup>. I  
 am glad to know that you arrived safely at  
 Spartanburg. I suppose you have rec<sup>d</sup> my  
 two letters giving you an account of the fight  
 of the 16<sup>th</sup>. I am still well and  
 in good spirits confident that God will still  
 be our defender. There has been all today  
 one of the most furious bombardments against  
 Fort Wagner going on that the world has ever  
 known. While I am writing the very earth  
 trembles with the incessant roar of heavy  
 guns. I climb up in a tree today and  
 could see the fight at a distance of about  
 3 miles across the water, and while looking  
 at Fort Wagner with the immense 15 in shells  
 and heavy shot falling like a veritable iron  
 hail all over and around it, I saw the flag  
 staff of the Fort shot away. How I pray  
 for our brave boys in that fort. I have not

yet learned what is the result, but I have hopes that all will be well with us.

Yesterday the Rebels left the Island in haste, leaving large quantities of stores in their deserted Camps, which our men got in quantities consisting of fine hams, Canned Salmon, Dried Beans and preserves of all kinds with many other things. I don't think of it while our Army can't get corn meal and bacon to live on, the U.S. Government are feeding their Negro soldiers in such nations. Our Wagons have been two days hauling away the spoils.

I think they have gotten enough of Jones Island for the present, and I trust they may soon get their fill of Morris Island. - If we can only hold out against their furious bombardments of Little Fort Wagner all will be well with us.

Let us hope for the best, and let our women do their part at home, while their Husbands, Sons and Brothers are fighting. Let them pray for their success, & for Gods blessing & protection on our City.

I do not want you to be at all uneasy about me I feel and know that I shall come through it all. I <sup>have</sup> Gods protection by faith in prayer. - If I should be wounded, or even killed you will hear of it in time to come, so do not make yourself miserable, by imagining all sort of evils, put more of your trust in God and all will be well with us.

It is getting so dark that I will have to finish my letter. I have much to tell you when we meet again, which I trust will not be long. The darkest hour is just before day, and who knows but the fight off, and a peace, our City will end the war. I earnestly pray for it, that a enemy discomfited and driven away, we may be willing to offer us such terms of peace as shall be alike honorable & acceptable to all.



parties. Of the fall of Charleston, I cannot  
be brought to believe. Time alone will show, but  
I have so much confidence in the many prayers  
that have gone up to our Heavenly Father in  
behalf of our city that nothing can make me  
believe anything unfavorably.

Kiss my pets & take for yourself  
the whole heart of ever yours

Theodore.

On Picket at Legare Point James Island  
Wednesday Morning July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1863

My Dear Beulah

Your letter of 19<sup>th</sup> Inst came  
to hand yesterday. I am sorry to hear that  
you make yourself so uneasy on my account you  
should my dear wife have more faith in Gods  
over shadowing goodness. Though I may, and am  
exposed momentarily to danger, I have no fear,  
because I have faith. When ever you feel despairing  
and low spirited, just take up your Bible, and turn  
to the Psalms as I do and pray for to God for more  
faith, and for his divine guidance.

As you see by the heading of this letter  
we are again on Picket. Now from the position  
we occupy on top of a Fortification now being  
erected here, we can distinctly see all over Morris  
Island, and Fort Sumter, so that if the enemy  
opens on Fort Wagner, we will have a good  
view of the bombardment. We are only distant  
about one mile from the forts; indeed, we are  
so close that they can shell us, and we  
are in constant expectation of receiving their respect  
in the shape of shells. Last night we  
believed that the enemy would make an assault  
on this place with their batteries, but they did  
not come much to our relief, as the woods

here are by no means advanced far enough to  
 recover them in a fitting manner. The same  
 are by no means idle, though they are comparatively  
 quiet they are building formidable batteries  
 around, and when they are completed, Fort Wagner  
 will receive such a fire as will put to rest  
 the endurance of our brave soldiers, still there  
 is nothing like despondency with me; I am still  
 more than satisfied that God is with us, and if so  
 who can stand against us. Our Cause is just, though  
 the Yankee Republican has made the world believe  
 that we are fighting for the continued enslavement  
 of the negro; and not for Constitutional Liberty - we  
 are really fighting not only the United States but  
 Germany & Russia, who are furnishing troops to  
 them <sup>to</sup> recruit their Army. I tell you our  
 beloved City will be saved from the spoiler's hands, and  
 though many a loved one may fall in the repeated  
 conflicts, all will be well with us in the end.

If anything should (mind you I write if)  
 happen to me, you will be informed immediately;  
 as to your coming down to the City now, so as  
 to be near to me, that you cannot do, as you  
 will see by the paper that orders have been issued  
 by Genl. Beauregard strictly for bidding the trains to  
 bring any lady below Branchville. You must  
 therefore remain where you are, and be as contented  
 in mind as possible. What seems hard now will  
 be a blessing eventually; remember "Every thing happens  
 for the best."

There are two vessels heading this way, and are  
 now quite near; I suppose they will soon treat us  
 to a few shells by the way of a little recreation.  
 We will soon know what their object is, as they are  
 not more than a mile and half from us. Shells  
 however have not that same horror for us that  
 they did when we first had any experience with

them; and if the war continues much longer we will be so use to them that they will act as a lullaby to put us to sleep. This last idea perhaps you think rather "far-fetched," perhaps it is, but it will give you some idea how little we regard these horrible "pieces of ducts" to what we did two years ago. I suppose there is nothing like getting used to a thing.

You need not think of furloughs now, when these business troubles are over if we are victorious, then furloughs may be renewed, and I will get my 12 days to which I am entitled, but when that time will be this dependent sayeth not - perhaps sooner than one expects.

I will not be surprised if the war was transferred to the Department for some time to come, and if so - no more furloughs -

Tell Theodore he must be a good boy and do what ever his mother tells him that he must kiss his little Sister for me, and he must always love her very dearly, because his Papa loves her. Kiss all our folks for me! and keep up a brave heart and feel confident that God is with your loved ones, my dear wife, and He will bring us home in the end.

I have not the least doubt of our ability to hold the City, and I wish to implant in you some confidence in your breast so that, never minds who Croats you will still feel hopeful. I suppose you have read in the papers of the great row in New York City resisting Lincoln's draft, and that rows were getting general all over the North. I think there are signs of good omen for our cause, and of our final Independence with peace. I have an opportunity to get this letter off so will close

Ever your Theodore

Camp Pettigrew James Is<sup>l</sup> S. C.  
Friday Morning July 24<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear Berdie

With our furious bombardment of poor little Fort Wagner sounding in my ears I have taken advantage of a few moments time on my hands to answer your letter of 21<sup>st</sup> Inst. I am glad to hear that you are continue well. You must not be so anxious about me; your continued fears for my safety does not show that reliance in God that I would like you to have. I know my dear wife & your love for me will magnify every danger to which I may be exposed, but remember the greater the need the stronger our faith should be. For myself I have no fear, I believe that everything will turn out well with us, and the time will come again when we will be united as a family again giving God thanks for His boundless mercies to us.

Early before yesterday we returned from Point in a pouring rain, and got back to Camp to find our tent flat down, and so badly torn up as to be impossible for us to repair it to protect us from the rain, which is almost continuous in these parts. Yesterday we started out with a wagon to try and find some boards to build us a hut, as the Government cannot supply us with tents; after traveling about 8 miles we succeeded in getting a few boards, but not enough and we will have to try again this morning. As you may suppose I have been wet so often that I have not clothes to change, and but for the kindness of some of our men I would be in a sad fix.

The bombardment is going on as furious as last Saturday, and that you remember I wrote you was the heaviest that ever was; I have however the some unshaken faith, and believe that our little fort will be able to hold its own, though the rebels will have nothing undone to effect its reduction. We have brave men to defend it, and above all we have one with us who is

able to save us, and in whom we trust.

This afternoon our Company will go on Picquet to  
Cigars Point, and we will have an <sup>un</sup>interrupted view  
of the fight on Morris Island. Perhaps they will tra-  
nsfer us to a few shells, but I believe we are now in a position  
down there to return them as good as they send. Our  
guns may not be as large as theirs but the battle is  
not always to the strong or best equipped; if it were  
we must have long since been subdued for our enemies  
out number us 5 to 1 and their resources are almost  
boundless. There was a report that the enemy  
were leaving Fort Mifflin in large numbers yesterday,  
if this be so it is no doubt for the purpose of making  
a simultaneous attack some where else, where they  
think we are weakest; the general opinion points  
to Johns Island so as to cut off the Savannah R.R.  
and come down by the way of St. Augustine; they  
will find I confidently believe an opposition there that  
they least expect, and will meet with as great a  
repulse as at Fort Wagner last Saturday.

I suppose you got my letter written on Wednesday  
last. It was an answer to yours of yesterday in relation  
to your coming down. Don't worry yourself, but believe  
that all things will turn out well with me.

Well, here Theodore, that I will write him  
a letter as soon as I have time, as the wagon is waiting  
for me to go for more boards I will have to stop for the  
present. Keep up a brave heart and no despondency.

Don't deprive yourself of any comfort you may need.  
If the \$100 per mo is not sufficient draw on Mr. Thayer  
for double that amount. The money is there and  
you must make the best use of it you can.

Regards to all, and love & kisses for yourself  
and children

Ever your  
Theodore

Camp Pettigrew James Is<sup>l</sup> S. I. C.  
 Sunday July 26/63

My Dear Beatie

Your letter of 23<sup>d</sup> came to hand this afternoon, and as I am in Camp now and know not when I might be at any time will take advantage of a few moments daylight to answer it. Would you believe it I have spent nearly all day in Carpentering, that is in building a hut to live in. This at first will appear sinful to you, but when you know the circumstances I am sure you will agree with me that the work was a necessity; for some time past we have been without a tent to shelter us from the weather, and for two days and nights last week I was as wet from the rain as I could very well be, and of course had to remain so as I had nothing dry to put on. On Friday we went and got some board and as we were off Picquet yesterday of course could do nothing in the way of building our hut; we got back last night, and slept again in the open air, so we determined to work today as we would again be on Picquet on Monday, and consequently not be able to work on our hut until Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning.

Now under the circumstances were we not excusable for working on Sunday? I want you to understand that during service we suspended our work and attended the preaching. Yesterday and Friday night we picqueted at Ligue Point. This is an important post as it is only distant about one mile from the Island which is in possession of the enemy, and commands the Island and part of Morris Island. There is a large battery there, but the guns are small except a few long range. My opinion is that in building here we can very easily be shelled, and made a great loss as there are no bomb-proofs for the men to be in, and if the enemy concentrate their fire on any one of our batteries of time it could be captured.

— Monday Morning 7 o'clock

just finished eating my breakfast of dry hominy and  
 feel very much better. I would like to see the one  
 we last eat together in a week, at all; however it is  
 a right minded thing to turn out as right, but I am  
 beginning to be less sanguine of our result, as I see  
 things have taken such a turn that I begin to think  
 it possible that our noble dom. in shape of our homes  
 may be but smoking ruins. Our Military authorities  
 are getting rather doubtful of the safety of Charleston,  
 unless God in His infinite mercy avert the dreadful  
 calamity by some signal interposition in our favor, in  
 one month from now the City or what was once our  
 beautiful City will be in ashes, and in possession of the  
 enemy. I do not write this my dear Beulah to

alarm you but to prepare you for what might happen  
 If our City falls I have but one conclusion to come to,  
 and that is that God has turned his face from us  
 and is punishing us for some grievous sins which we have  
 committed. Let us however take heart from the Bible's  
 history of Nineveh. You remember Jonah was  
 sent by God to preach to the Ninevites, that in  
 forty day Nineveh would be destroyed. The King of  
 Nineveh hearing Jonah in the streets, became  
 alarmed for the safety of his City, and immediately  
 issued a proclamation ordering the people to humble  
 themselves in sack cloth & ashes and to pray to God,  
 continuously fasting. God seeing their repentance  
 repented him of his having said he would destroy  
 Nineveh, and did not do it. Might not the  
 fall of our City be averted in the same way, and  
 repenting of our sins, the strongest of which is the  
 terrible sin of extortion, and expropriation in the names  
 of the poor. Perhaps God will be satisfied when  
 the vast property that many of the people of Charleston  
 have accumulated has been swept away from them, and  
 they be made to feel, and taste, of the bitter cup that  
 they have so long held to the lips of the poor to drain

How thankful I am my dear wife that neither you nor I have these sins on our consciences, and I earnestly pray that we may be kept undefiled -

The heavy guns are now belching forth their iron missiles of death, and it seems to me every instant of time can be heard the firing of Cannons and the bursting of shells. Tell Mattie that if she will refer to one of my letters written about six months ago, she will find that I predicted, if ever Charleston fell into the hands of the enemy it would be by the way of Morris Island. Just remember now, that Charleston has not yet fallen, and I still think never will fall into the hands of the enemy. Hope on hope on, and "nil desperandum" (never despair) is our motto.

One of these days perhaps when all dangers pass, and we are laughing again, we will laugh at our fears. Remember Christ's sermon on the mount (Matt. 6-34) Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and let us not meet, or be disposed to meet trouble, half way as is the wont of most of us. There is much more pain, and sorrow in imaginary troubles, than there is in realities.

I think I have given you gloom enough my loved one let me see if I cannot find a more pleasant picture to look upon. Let us dream awhile of the happiness there is in store for us; I believe that come what may we shall yet spend many years together, happier for the gloomy ones we have had in the war. We may lose our property, but there is one thing we can not lose, our honor, and self respect, and I say now that we, as Christians will always maintain that, even unto the end.

Kiss my pets and believe me

Ever your

John

Sunday afternoon 5 o'clock

My Dear Beatie

I wrote you this morning, but I have so much news to tell that we have just learned that I write



you a second letter, I am just from service and having heard a beautiful sermon from our new Chaplain Rev A. H. Dixon I feel as if now I had every thing to be hopeful for, and I am more convinced than ever if we do our part, all will be well, with us here, and every thing will turn out right.

In my letter yesterday I told you that one of the most furious bombardments was then in progress against Fort Wagner - I have just now heard the result, and I will tell you so far as I have heard what it is - (The Assembly call has just been sounded, and I will have to stop until I learn what we are wanted for) - The Call was for two Companies to go on picket -

After the bombardment yesterday the enemy made a charge against the Fort - fortunately our Signal Corps read one of their signals to this effect, that "at dark the Gunboats and land batteries were to cease their fire, and the enemy would charge our works, consequently we were fully prepared for them. When their fire ceased our fire ceased also, and the Rebels thought we were repairing the injury done the fort, and we would be completely taken by surprise.

They came up in a heavy Column, a regiment of Negroes in front - Our men waited until they were almost up to the trench in front of the fort when the order was given to fire, and our big guns belched forth their flames of fire & iron, and hundreds of the enemy fell like grass before a mower - those who escaped death turned to fly, and hurled themselves against a white Regiment who were advancing to their support, in a minute every one was in confusion, and our guns played havoc with them. In Fort Wagner to support the gunners was a No. 64 Regiment - A Connecticut Regiment charging now drove the No. 64 Regiment back, and entered the fort; fortunately the Charleston Battalion was there in time, and our brave Charleston boys ever true, and always to be relied on, are

all South Carolinians from the seaboard to the mountains  
 pitched in, and after our losses have been repaired  
 to hand, drove the enemy out, killing many, wounding  
 many more, and capturing over 200 prisoners, but we  
 have to mourn the loss of several of our bravest men  
 among them Capt. Ryan who behaved so bravely in the  
 fight on James Island June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1862 in exchange  
 against the enemy at that time as to merit and receive  
 a beautiful sword from Mr. Theo Wagner. Maj Ramsey  
 is severely wounded, as is also Synthesis friend Mr. Wells, and  
 Mr. Macbeth the one wounded at Secessionville last year,  
 and was up in Spartanburg while you were there before.

Our whole loss is said to be about 600, while that  
 of the enemy in killed wounded & Prisoners about 2000.  
 God is with us, and you may be assured that  
 Charleston is safe, and we will yet spend many happy  
 hours in our little home. We have however a severe trial  
 yet to go through, as the Yanks have sworn to possess  
 Charleston if it cost them the lives of a million of men  
 and a hundred millions of dollars.

I would not be surprised if our Regiment had  
 to take our turn down on Morris Island the coming  
 week, as I have heard that all of the Regiments here will  
 have to take their turn; this need not trouble you, remember  
 God is with us still, and if we place our entire dependence on Him,  
 and have faith in our prayers, He will be with us to the end,  
 and when these horrors of war is over we will enjoy the  
 days of peace for which we have so fervently prayed.  
 I never was in better health than I am now, and never more hopeful  
 of again soon seeing you with all the dark clouds dispelled.  
 For the first two or three days after we got back to Sumner Fort I  
 we did not have quite as much to eat as we could use, but as soon  
 as Mother heard how we fared she sent us down a bag of provisions,  
 and has been supplying us ever since - in fact between Sumner and  
 have had more to eat than we can consume, and wish to thank you  
 to send us so much. Tell Pardon that when his paper next comes he  
 will tell us how we killed the Yanks even though they were

Camp Pettigrew James Is<sup>l</sup>. S. C.  
Wednesday July 29<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Geckie

Your letter of 26<sup>th</sup> Inst was received yesterday while on Requet. It was quite a treat as it served to cheer me up with the recollection of the past, and your bright hopes for the future. I fear my Sunday morning letter (26<sup>th</sup>) will not prove so very cheering as all my previous ones - the fact is every one around me is so continuously groaning that I am afraid I am becoming, or will become affected, or rather I should have written infected, for it seems to me a disease that is spreading. I confess that we have some cause to feel uneasy - The inertness displayed by our Generals in the past few months in properly fortifying the Islands around has cost us so much that it is not stretching ones expectations too much to suppose that the fall of Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg on Morris Island is merely a matter of time, and when these fall you may reasonably expect to hear of the reduction of Fort Sumter - Now mind you I say reasonably, but I do not want you to suppose I mean certainly - for I am far from believing any such contingency - Even then it does not follow that Charleston will fall - It would be in great danger, unless Fort Moultrie, Battery Bee, and other Batteries on Sullivan's Island, and such batteries as have been recently been thrown up on James Island could keep out the howlards, <sup>then</sup> our City would soon be reduced to Ashes, or a smoking ruin; as the Doctors say "while there is life there is hope" and I think <sup>there</sup> is much life in the old City as to give us a head to hope for.

We are now engaged in moving Camp, permanently, (that is as long as the Yankee shells will let us stay) to "Peters Point", and consequently every thing is in confusion, and I am writing this letter on my knees with my Cap for a desk. Our Generals expect this week that the enemy will make an attack on every point so we will be kept busy repelling them.

and many more now in the vigor of life will be  
in a few days numbered among the dead. Let us  
send our prayers to God to protect and shield us all  
in this hour of danger and peril.

I am sorry to hear that the rash has caused some amount  
of suffering. I am not either getting more or less. I  
believe I am getting rid of it by degrees. I am satisfied  
that every thing will turn out well with us. Things may  
look black now, but soon the cloud will have its silver  
lining, and every thing will brighten until the glorious  
Sun will shine out in all its beauty.

If you ask if you had not better let Charley bring  
up my books, with him - if he will certainly, and if  
you have not got my flute with you ask him to take  
that along in his trunk. If Charley fails, so much  
will be saved to us, and if it does not, no harm is done.

There is one thing that I think of this moment - There  
is no telling how long you may be compelled to remain  
in Spartanburg and I think it is right that you  
should pay board while with your mother, as your  
stay will be longer than you expected. Let your mother  
fix the amount, I am sure what ever she says will  
be right, and remember you can draw on Mrs  
Thayer for what ever amount you may want.

If you have anything over it will do for the proverbial  
raining day. The mail has just arrived, and brings me  
a letter from Walter. Have not time to write more will  
try and write soon again. God bless you and our children.

Tell Theodore to learn how to read and write so that  
he can write to his father. I dreamed of you last  
night, and that I was back in the Bank of Charleston -

Now don't tell me dreams go by the contrary in every  
case they all come true.

Ever yours  
Theodore

Legare's Point James Isl<sup>d</sup> S. C.  
 Sunday Morning Aug 30 1863

My Dear Beekie

Your letter of 27<sup>th</sup> was rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday I suppose you rec<sup>d</sup> my letter written on Friday I would judge by your mother purchasing Real Estate in Spartanburg that she intends making the up country her residence for the balance of her life, so that when she was is over the family will be as much divided as now or rather as they have been in the past year. You write that you hope you will be in better luck so. Let me tell you my dear Beekie, that I do not want you to be any other than the same loved wife, that you have always been, loving me as you have always loved, and ever looking all my faults as is your habit. In regard to your having nothing warm to wear on the body this winter, why not wear your Marins under Vests. I shall not want anything in that line myself, as I intend wearing the Cotton under shirt that you recently made for me, with my over flannel shirt which you must try and get down to me next month say about the 20<sup>th</sup>. You might make some use of that Casemore shirt which you made for me when I first came into service. I will have no use for it.

The Rebels are now firing away furiously at Fort Sumter, what they expect to gain is more than I can tell, perhaps they expect to harass our men and keep them from working, if this be so they accomplish but little, as their shot & shells all fall short, or at least 3 in 5 do. We are building a new battery inside of Fort Sumter which when finished will be infinitely superior to the old brick Fort, though perhaps not so sightly. Lawrence returned to Camp yesterday. He is now a regular Volunteer for the war, so that now Maria is no better off than you are.

Before coming down he sent Mr. to Newberry to remain with the old folks for the present, as

She could go no where else. I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from  
Father yesterday. They had quite a bad time when  
they got to N<sup>o</sup> their furniture not arriving until  
two days after, but by the kindness of friends  
Mrs Mortimer, and others they were made tolerably  
comfortable furnished with provisions and bedding.

Father met with quite an accident after getting  
out of the Cars; while walking along the track  
he tripped & fell striking his face against the  
track, closing up both his eyes, smashing his nose  
& mouth and other mis bruising his face & skinned  
his hands & shins.

You doubtless saw  
and remember while in the city the iron torpedo  
boat which certain parties brought from Mobile  
to blow up the Ironsides. They have been out  
3 times without accomplishing anything, and the  
Government suspecting some thing wrong proposed  
to them to allow a Naval officer to go with them  
on the next trial, which they refused. The boat  
was therefore seized and yesterday 9 men from  
one of the Gun boats was placed in her to learn  
how to work her, and go out and see what they  
could do - Just as they were leaving the wharf  
at Fort Johnson (where I was myself a few minutes  
before) an accident happened which caused the  
boat to go under the water before they were prepared,  
and 5 out of the 9 went down in her, and were drowned  
the other 4 escaping. They had not up to last night  
recovered the boat or the bodies, and poor fellows they  
are 5 in one Coffin - While at Fort Johnson I met Lieut  
Barton. He is looking well as usual and has charge  
of a new Battery of 3-10 in Cal. & one 8 in Rele gun  
near the wharf. Get your father to take a walk occasionally  
up to our house - I hear the Irish boys in the city are pillaging  
unoccupied houses - Kiss my pets, and give my love to your  
mother who I am glad to hear is well again -

Ever of our Theodore

Legare's Point James Isl<sup>d</sup> S.C.  
Tuesday Sept 1<sup>st</sup> 1863.

My Dear Beckie

I had expected a letter from you today but as usual disappointed. I have not time to write you a letter, nor do I know when I shall have another opportunity to write, as we have been ordered to Battery Wagner to night, and will probably be down there until next week this time. If I get a chance I will write you, but I suppose down there, there will be no chance for writing. Remember that same God who has protected me so far will be with me there as here; so do not be despairing, but be confident of hearing from me in good health in one week or ten days from today; provided Battery Wagner is not carried by assault, and I taken prisoner along with the whole garrison. I rec<sup>d</sup> a blank sheet of paper from Mattie yesterday, and took the hint and wrote her a letter. Now Beckie dear keep up a brave heart; do not cast ill luck on me by unnecessarily fretting or worrying yourself. I suppose I will not hear from you until we get out of Wagner, but do not let that keep you from writing. Write as often as you can, and write cheerily then I will know that you have placed your trust in God. Kiss my pets. Give my love to all your father's family, and take for yourself the intire heart of.

Yours ever

Theodore

— Battery Wagner —

Morris Island S.C. Friday Morning

Sept 4<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Beckie

As there might be an opportunity for me to get this letter off to the city to night I thought I would write you to let you know that thus far all is well and me so far as the

enemy is concerned. We left Fort Johnson for this place on Tuesday night. Seven of our Companies on a Steamer, the other three including ours in small boats; the small boats got here safely, but the Steamer was compelled to go back as the Monitors came up, and commenced shelling Battery Gregg on Commens Point.

We find the horrors of Battery Wagner at first glance considerably magnified, but it is surely bad enough. We will probably be relieved from here about next Wednesday. Our Regiment has so far only lost two men killed. (One from Co. A) and 8 wounded. I got your long letter on Wednesday Morning, it was a treat, and I could fancy you were with me talking; Always write such letters. When I get back to James Island (should I ever get back) I will answer your letter and at the same time give you my experience on Morris Isl<sup>d</sup>.

I cannot write any more now, as I am writing this in the dark "bomb proof". Kiss my pets  
Ever Your  
Theodore

Legare's Point James Isl<sup>d</sup> F. C.  
Monday Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Dear Beekie

You will rejoice to see that by the mercy of God I am once more in Camp on James Island, after an absence of a week of such terrible sufferings, and miseries, as would take many sheets of paper to give you an adequate idea of what we passed through in six days; or, to tell you only of a part of what I have seen and heard in that time. You must not expect me to give you a history of the week in a letter, I will merely give you a faint outline of events.

As I wrote you I left Camp here on Tuesday night 1<sup>st</sup> inst and went down to Fort Johnson to embark



for Morris Island. We left Fort Johnson about 10 P.M. - Seven Companies of the Regiment in a Steamer, and three Companies in Launches or small boats. Co A W.C.F. being one of the three. Our boat was the first to arrive, followed soon after by the other two. Scarcely had we gotten to Battery Gregg only 100 yds from where we landed, when the enemy's Iron Clad and Ironsides made an attack at this point, and attempted to pass up to the City - The distance between Battery Gregg on Cummings Point, & Fort Sumter, is about 1200 Yards with a good Channel running between -

Of course there was no chance for our steamer to get up with the rest of our Regiment, and they had to put back to Fort Johnson. Here I had the chance of witnessing a Naval engagement at night, and a fearfully beautiful sight it was. All of our Batteries in range opened, and the enemy with their immense heavy guns kept up such a bombardment for about two hours, as was perfectly deafening. Our batteries drove them back at this time, some of their vessels, evidently, badly damaged, and an Officer from Gregg reported that at daylight the next morning he saw the Yanks taking men off one of the iron clads, in small boats, and that soon after the Iron Clad sunk to the bottom of the Atlantic. Our Companies were marched about One O'Clock to Fort Wagner, but on arriving there one were ordered to retire to the sand hills in the rear, and wait until the next day -

In the night I was taken with Croup in the Stomach, almost equal in severity to those I had in Spartaing about a year or more ago; you can form some idea of what I suffered when I tell you we were without anything like medicines, and on the cold wind like so much ice. Lawrence did all he could for me, and after a while we saw a fire in the distance under the walls of Fort Wagner. We thought it best to take the chance of the shells and get the

Warmth of the fire, so accordingly we went there, and I laid down by the fire while I went back to the sand hills; in about an hour time I felt so much better that I thought I would not risk the shells any longer, and went to the sand hills, and joined the Company. The Cramp, was succeeded by a violent case of dysentery, and I was passing blood the balance of the time that I was in Fort Wagner, where we went the next night as soon as it was dark enough to get in without being seen by the Yanks sharpshooters, who kept a bright look out, and hit with unerring aim any thing that shows itself for an instant of time.

Here let me relate an incident that occurred during the day spent in the sand hills. The beach (a splendid one runs between Fort Wagner & Battery Gregg, and the Couriers frequently take the beach to carry dispatches between the two forts, (distance about  $3/4$  of a mile) rather than the sand hills. - A man started to walk from Wagner to Gregg (I thought a stupid thing) about 12 M in the day, in full view of the Ironsides, about 800 yards off. A shot from a Whitworth gun evidently carrying a 4 inch shell was fired at him, and hit him in the back passing through him - he was killed instantly, never knew what hit him, until his spirit left his body. This was a single shot aimed at a man a half mile off. The Yankee gunners can not be beat. During the night towards morning (Wednesday night) the balance of our Regiment came over, and we were duly installed in Battery Wagner.

It would take a much better pen than I ever could wield, to give you the slightest idea of the horrors of Fort Wagner, in the last 5 days before its evacuation. I can imagine that Hell itself would not compare with it. You cannot picture in your wildest imagination anything comparable to it. Think of some thing too terrible or horrible for the mind to linger on, for fear of lapsing into insanity, and you have some idea

Along with our Regiment 25<sup>th</sup> jobs were two Georgia Regiments 27<sup>th</sup> & 28<sup>th</sup>, and here let me tell you they don't make braver men than the Georgians, and these two Regiments were fair specimens, and had been in most of the battles of Virginia & Maryland to this time, and many of them told me that they had never experienced before anything to come up to Fort Wagner. For the whole time that our Regiment was there they were performing some sort of duty, so that for six days & nights they were kept constantly on the go, many of them not having had six hours sleep in that time, and there never was a word said, but every one did what he was called on to do with alacrity.

On Thursday & Friday (3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Sept) the Yanks kept up a continuous shelling, and we lost a number of our men; so close was the Yankee work to Battery W at this time, that their flag that flew from their flag staff, a very large one, was apparently but a few yards from the parapet of Wagner, and their sharpshooters were always on the alert to kill our sentinels. I will tell you an incident - Battery Wagner is pierced with long narrow slit holes about 2 inches wide to give light to the "bomb proofs;" and if a shadow but covers one of these "cracks," there is sure to follow a shot from the Yanks sharpshooters, ever on the qui vive. The Captain of one of our Companies the "Wet News Volunteers" thought he would risk looking through one of these holes, and by the time his head got to the opening a shot took off his ear.

From Saturday daylight (or 5 o'clock) they commenced in earnest, and such a shower of shot & shells as was kept up on Fort Wagner as was perfectly terrific. The World has never before seen or heard of anything to equal it - The bombardment of Vicksburg sinks into insignificance along side of it, and any poor fellows were knocked over in crowds. God grant that it might never be fate to witness anything like it again. all that could be more drawn

into the "bomb proofs", but of course it was necessary that some few should remain outside on Post to act as Sentinels to give the alarm should the enemy attempt an assault, which they might have done at any moment.

For 36 hours three Surgeons did nothing but amputate limbs, or dress wounds, or pass sentence of death upon our poor fellows, and I was compelled to see all this; Friend after friend was brought in either dead or with an Arm or leg gone, some of my boyhood friends among the number. Poor Col. ~~Shum~~ <sup>late Lieut in Co B (W.S.L's)</sup> I have known him for 25 years, and always on the most intimate & friendly terms. He was a splendid fellow, and was killed by a sharp shell. He was held in high esteem by his men, and about the only officer that was thought much of by the men in his Company - he was brave, & cool under fire, and courteous to every one; as an illustration his men saved his body, and it was buried in Magnolia Cemetery, but I will tell of this later on. Henry Stocker, (the young man that we to visit Dora) had his foot crushed with a shell so badly that it was necessary to amputate it. I saw it all, and never did a man bear a thing so heroically - his wonderful power of endurance is perfectly incredible. How would you suppose had you heard him talking that he was having a splinter taken out of his finger - when the leg, or rather foot above the ankle, was taken off he remarked "what, have I only one leg left? Well that's all right, I can go one leg on it any how, with a long few loughs; but my dancing days are over!" I love a brave man, and I shall always respect him here after. I counted the number of shells that burst inside the Fort during the morning for a while, and they numbered 80 every minute - think of that, and the wonder is that every man was not killed. I cannot pretend to give you the slightest idea of details but will

reserve to our next meeting when ever that will be to tell you particulars I could never do so by letter.

On Sunday Sept 6<sup>th</sup> I asked permission to leave the fort for the sand hills for some fresh air, as I felt that I would die if I did not get, and it was granted, but I was told that they expected an assault that night, and I must get back before dark. While I was in the hills, in one of the pits dug for protection from the enemys shells, there was something occurred that made my very hair stand "like quills upon the fretful Porcupine."

You must know that the pits are oblong like a grave, about 3 x 6 feet, and about 3 feet deep.

I was in one of them with two other of our Company, and next to us was another pit, about 10 feet off into which was 3 men - one was so sick that he could not move and there came rolling along a 15 inch round shell fired from the Iron side, or one of the monitors, and fell into their hole, two of the men sprang up, and fell flat, expecting the shell to burst, but it did not, and after waiting a time we went to the hole, and the sick man was lying down with the shell pressing his head, he had fainted. About midnight I returned to the fort, and then learned that the orders were for all the sick and wounded to leave the fort as soon as it was dark enough for the Yankees not to be able to see our movements, and get down to Cummings Point, as the orders were to evacuate the fort that night. I tell you I had a narrow escape. I had not gone from the fort 100 feet when a "bomb" from a mortar came, singing through the air exactly as if it would fall on my head, it seemed to say "where is he, where is he" and then with a burst "damned him" - I fell on my face flat to the ground, the pieces from the shells went rattling over me. At 8 o'clock, the Fort Wagner was evacuated by our troops, but it was done in such a quick way that the Yanks had not the least suspicion of what we were doing, or had been done, and

they kept up their furious bombardment. Kelling no doubt they thought, hundreds of our men, while we were out in our steamer, laughing at them. No doubt they stormed the battery, and carried it without the loss of a single man. What must have been their surprise when they found out how we had quietly evacuated the fort while they were pouring into it their shells; no doubt they felt not a little chagrined, but how rejoiced to be in complete possession of Morris Island, after such hard fighting, and they have now but commenced their game of taking Charleston. I think they will see sights before they get any nearer the "City by the Sea".

Our Regiment lost or killed & wounded 153 men or over 25% of the whole number - Did any Regiment ever suffer so much in one battle? Before closing I will tell you how Co B saved the body of their Lieutenant Plum - when the order for the sick and wounded to leave the fort was given, 8 of Co B. got a stretcher and put the body on it and pass through the Sally port as if it was a wounded man, and so carried it down to Cummings point, and then two of the strongest men took the body between them, and carried it in an upright position to the boat on the beach, and put it in, talking all the time, as if to a wounded man suffering from his wound. The body was placed in the launch that I was in, along side of me.

All this had to be done because positive orders had been given before leaving the fort, that the dead were to remain, as there would scarcely be room for the living ~~to~~ in the few boats they had for transportation. I have not

time to write more now, as the mail is about to leave. I am safe again on James Island, God be praised.

Will write again tomorrow. Haven't time to read over my letter, as it was written so fast. hope you will be able to make it out. If you can get the Mercury of today keep it by you, it contains an account of the last 5 days in December.

Legare's Point, James Island, G.C.

My Dear Beekie

Tuesday Sept 8<sup>th</sup> 1863

I can imagine your delight when you received my letter written yesterday dated from this point. Truly God has protected me during the past week. It is impossible to picture the dangers through which I have passed, and the horrors that I witnessed; few of us ever expected to see our friends again in this world, or if we did, for a long time to come. The bombardment that lasted from 5 o'clock A.M. Saturday until the evacuation of the Fort on Sunday night, was the fiercest one that the World has ever known. Vicksburg was as nothing to it, and we all thought the "cutaws" was to be the sacrifice; but there was an overruling Providence that ordered it otherwise, and it is with grateful hearts we acknowledge His protecting power, and pray that in the future actions of our life we may merit a continuance of His favor.

The Evacuation was the more successful, in as much as it was thought by every one to be almost impossible, and it was predicted that when even Wagner was given up it would be with the surrender of the whole garrison. Genl. Beauregard sent a message to evacuate on Sunday Morning with these words, "If the evacuation is a successful one it will redound to the Credit of the troops showing unexampled discipline, and Courage. History never has recorded such a thing before; an evacuation in the face of the enemy, the enemy not being 30 yards off." So you see my dear Beekie in the future it will be a proud boast for our children, that their Father was one of the Soldiers that evacuated Fort Wagner, and I would not lose that boast for them, for a great deal.

Yesterday afternoon

the whole fleet of Iron Clads with the Ironsides  
 attempted to pass our line of batteries on Sullivans  
 Islands, but after our engagement of about an hour  
 they retired; what was the result I have not  
 yet learned. They will doubtless make another  
 and perhaps frequent attempts; let us hope with  
 worse results to them each time; Should they  
 however succeed in passing Sullivans Islands  
 they will then be in range of our batteries at  
 Fort Johnson, and the others on James Island,  
 with Fort Ripley on "Middle ground", and  
 will also encounter our Iron gun boats which I  
 have no doubt will prove quite equal to any of  
 their Iron Clads; and then again, the "big gun"  
 on White Point battery will play a conspicuous  
 part, and if one of her shots strikes either of  
 their boats there is no doubt it will make a  
 hole that will let in daylight, and I hope  
 oceans of water. Charleston is therefore  
 not gone yet, nor have I any idea that <sup>it will</sup> go for a  
 long time yet, by that way. The next attempt will  
 I suppose be made by the way of the Islands;  
 when a land fight will occur, in which with the  
 help of God I have not a doubt we will be able  
 to give them as warm a reception as we did at  
 Secessionville, with even better results.

I am persuaded that this will be their



program as they have now a force in Battery Island,  
 and it is reasonable to suppose they will try James  
 Island once more. While I am writing this there  
 is a very heavy firing going on in the direction of  
 the harbor, possibly they may be trying to force their  
 way in now. Your letter of 3<sup>rd</sup> Feb. was  
 rec<sup>d</sup> at Battery, Wagner on Sunday - I am glad to hear  
 you are enjoying yourself so much, hope you will always try  
 and do so. I would like to have been one of your  
 party on the Picnic; think I should have enjoyed  
 myself. I delivered to your message to Fred  
 and Mr. Muckersuss in relation to the Miss Yellowbys.  
 Mr. W says "return my sincere regards, and say that  
 I hope to have the pleasure of presenting them in person  
 one of these days; Will try to play the agreeable to the  
 Miss. Y's, or any other young lady that Mrs. A  
 recommends. Will be most happy to take Miss Y  
 with her horses, mules &c &c as an incumbrance."

I had another dream of you last night, I will  
 relate it. We were at home - no war - apparently every  
 thing as it used to be. I had just come in, and was sitting  
 in our back bed room when you came in with your hat  
 on as if you had been out; You passed through the room  
 without even looking at me, going into the front bed  
 room; and there you remained without coming  
 near me. I felt so hurt; I thought it so strange  
 that you should no longer love me. Why do I have  
 such dreams? And my darling little Per Eoline  
 has been sick, I trust she is quite well now. Now I long  
 to hear her say "My Papa" and put her little arms around  
 my neck and kiss me. The day that you dated  
 your last letter the 3<sup>rd</sup> was the 1<sup>st</sup> birthday of our  
 little Henry - one year old - how time has flown,  
 and I suppose he can almost walk alone now.  
 One year old and I have seen him but once  
 since his birth. Never mind the time will come  
 when perhaps I shall see him every day, and

perhaps too in a reasonable time his more will be out of joint, and there will be a Charles Seignior or Rebecca Caroline to hold up their little hands for you to kiss. Do not send my Overcoat for at least a month, as I have no use for it, and it will only be in my way. I will let you know when I send it.

How does Theodore get along with the other children? is he still obedient, and as good a boy as ever? Remember dear wife it is the duty of a mother to study the dispositions of her children, to know how to rear them aright. Kiss my pets for me. Write often, and always such letters as your last long letter was that I rec<sup>d</sup> in Battery Wagner.

The fleet are still pitching into Fort Moultrie, and the fort giving them lessons in return.  
Good bye  
Ever Yours  
Theodore

Legare's Point James Island S.C.  
Thursday Morning 10 P.M. Sept 10<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Beckie

Your letter of 6<sup>th</sup> was rec<sup>d</sup> by me yesterday; if the mails are through to Spaulding you shall have rec<sup>d</sup> two letters written by me since my return from Fort Wagner; one written on Monday & the other on Tuesday.

I expect to get a letter from you today, in answer to the one on Monday, if I do not I shall be disappointed. With you I long for the time to come to receive my twelve days furlough, but I am afraid it will be a long time before it will come, certainly not before the siege of Charleston is raised if then, and as to the raising the siege I do not see the least prospect of doing so. The Gandy will not give up any supposed advantage which they hold, and certain it is we do not intend to surrender the City as long as there is a house left standing.

On Tuesday night about 2 o'clock

Camp was startled out of their slumber by the loud roar of Cannon, and the quick rattle of musketry; in an instant every one was up, as from the nearness of the reports we thought it must be down to Fort Haskell.

By the flashes of the guns we soon found out that the firing was in the direction of Fort Sumner, and we knew that the enemy had attempted to storm the Fort by night. The cessation of musketry, and the continued roar of Artillery told us also that our brave boys the Charleston Battalion who are now garrisoning the Fort had repulsed and driven them back.

Yesterday morning we heard the truth of it. It seems that the Hanks came up in 50 Barges with 50 men in each to storm and take the Fort, but our boys always on the alert pounced into their boats a furious fire of Musketry; and lighting shells flung them into their narrow, over the walls of the Fort into the boats, killing numbers of the enemy. The Batteries on Sullivan Island & Fort Johnson now opened with Grape & Cannon shot on their barges, and dealt death & confusion in their midst. Numbers of the enemy succeeded in getting over the walls of the Fort, (you must know that two sides of the Fort is battered down), and our boys not stopping to reload their guns, picked up the bricks, and literally, brick-batted them out. We do not know how many of the enemy were killed, but we took 113 prisoners, including 19 Officers; among the latter was the 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. of the Crusades, and a son of Genl. Gilmore. The cream of the matter though is that the Hanks brought the flag that Maj. Anderson had at Fort Sumner when it was surrendered, (and which you may recollect Genl. Beauregard permitted Maj. A. to salute, and afterwards take over to him) to raise upon the Fort when they had recaptured it. That flag was among the trophies captured, so that it is now in our possession after a lapse

of two years and five months. All honors to the Charleston Battalion. It seems as if it is the Charleston boys that is to save the old city.

Last night our Regiment was on picket down at Haskell, and about 2 o'clock our "boat picket" in the Creek signalled that the Yonks were advancing on barges to attack Battery Haskell, in an instant the Cannoneers were at their guns, and the Infantry in line of battle to receive them, but we waited in vain; 'tis supposed the enemy seeing our signals, and knowing we were ready to receive them, thought of Fort Moultrie the night before, and concluded the best part of valor was discretion, turned back.

Our pickets distinctly saw four barges, and heard the Command given "Now boys be quiet, and we have them."

This morning I feel heavy & luggish, I am not quite well yet, but hope soon to be. I am not quite so fat as I was when you last saw me, I have lost at least 10 lbs. My messmates tell me I look badly, but I cannot expect anything better until I get all right again. I want you to send me Needles & thread, and do not forget the onions, if you get a chance to send them. We have nothing to season our meat; otherwise we are facing very well in the eating line since we do our own cooking. I will not close this letter until the mail comes, hoping to hear from you.

12th. The mail has arrived, but no letter from you. I do not feel like writing any more now. I am disappointed. You might give me one short line in three days. Don't tell me you have no news to write in Spartanburg; it would be interesting to me if you had. Write of yourself & our pets. Suppose I should hereafter tell you I have no news in Camp and so do not write. Draw on your head for subjects, and in this way improve your self. You are now a proficient as you are. Kiss my pets. Ever your loving & affectionate  
 H. M. M.

Legare's Point, James Isl<sup>d</sup> f. C.  
Saturday 6. A. M. Sept: 12<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Dear Beekie

Yesterday I rec<sup>d</sup> two letters one dated  
7<sup>th</sup> & the other 8<sup>th</sup>. I have not yet rec<sup>d</sup> the socks which  
you sent, suppose they will come right if you sent them by a  
trustworthy person. I cannot tell Mrs W. how to direct  
to her brother as he is not in Camp. I have not seen him  
since our late Battery Wagner. I am feeling much better  
than I have for some time, hope soon to regain the splendid  
health that I was blessed with all winter & spring.

How did you get that terrible report about the great  
destruction to the Yankee fleet. I see all the liars  
are not dead yet. We might be satisfied with the  
destruction of our boat at a time. I have just heard  
that our big gun burst yesterday in trial; I do not know  
if it is so, and believe there is as much truth in it  
as there is in your story of the destruction of the Yankee fleet.

I got a letter yesterday from Father complimenting  
me very highly for my letter writing, and he requested me  
to give you his love when I next write you. What a  
terrible state of mind he was in during the time that  
we were at Fort Wagner, particularly Saturday night after  
all days heavy bombardment, and continuing at night  
as heavy as during the day. Had you dear Beekie been  
in the city, and heard, and knew what was going on, I  
expect you would have lost your mind. Conceive if you could  
100 of the largest kind of guns firing shells into Fort Wagner  
every minute, and not only for a few minutes, but for hours  
& days & nights! Was not the hand of  
God signally interposed in our behalf that all of  
us were not killed, and yet here we are, and  
us without even a scratch, notwithstanding we were on  
post at times, besides Lawrence was constantly exposed, as  
he volunteered on the "Ambulance Corps" to bring in the dead  
and wounded.

You can form some idea of  
the state of mind that Father was in when I tell

you that he writes me that he spent all day Saturday  
down on Souths Wharf, waiting to get some tidings of  
us. He remained on the wharf until 10 o'clock at  
night, when he went home - but not to sleep. He  
and Bill laid down listening to the continued  
bombardment until they could stand it no more.  
They dressed and went down to the wharf again,  
and remained until nearly day light when they  
returned home. At 5<sup>30</sup> AM. Sunday morning  
they again started for the wharf, and there stayed  
until 4<sup>30</sup> P.M. when a boat came up from  
Morris Island with a list of the killed and  
wounded up to 10 o'clock Saturday night.  
Sergt. Gotchet of our Company had the list, and  
he told Father that when he left the Fort all  
was well with us: This was of course a relief but  
not entirely so, as 17 hours had elapsed since  
Gotchet had seen us; later in the day one came  
from the Island and told Father that that morning  
he saw Amos & James in the fort, and passed  
me on the beach.

And so you have turned equestrian, and go horse  
back riding, and then the next day suffer with  
pains in all your bones: this is only because you  
ride so seldom; if you were to practice often  
it would not be so. Take all the exercise you  
can get, try and be as young as you were when  
a girl in Pendleton, and see to flirt so with poor  
Calhoun and others, Only do not do any flirting  
now, as my wife must be like Beasars above  
suspicion.

The garrs are quite  
bused down on Morris Island, building and altering  
batteries to bear upon our batteries on Sullivan's  
Island, and James Island, so that when they  
are ready we must look out for Squalls, however  
they cannot do as they did with Wagner  
Abraham's two Parallels. L. C. ...

at long range, and we are in hopes we can not only hold our own, but give them as good as they send - time can alone disclose what is to be the result. Since the fall of Wagner & Grey, (or rather their execution) there has been another stampede in the city, and I rather think there may be no chance to rent our house. I write to your Father as you suggested, but have not yet heard from him.

Is Charley up in Spontombury or is he in the city? If the latter I want to get him to take my shot gun up with him when he returns to S. The gun is at Lawrence's; I will get Father to take it round to Minob. (The man that lives in Father's little Cottage in John Street) and Charley can get it from there, at any time. Could you write to Charley about it? Do so for me, and let me know about it.

It is reported that one of the steel clad war vessels built for our Government in England, has arrived in Wilmington, and two more will follow her in a few days - (they have left England) - if this be so things will begin to brighten up, for these vessels are the most formidable of their kind in the World, and if the three come down to Charleston in conjunction with our iron clads, it will not be long before Charleston will be all right. I hope the report is true.

Now Beckie dear I will give you a nice little job for you to do for me. You know if I live I would like when the war is over to have all my letters &c. &c. I have written to you during the war copied on to a book for future reading, and for my children.

Now I will tell you what I want you to do for me. Collect all my letters, and put them in to bundles or regular succession according to date, commencing with the 1<sup>st</sup> letter and so on. You may if you chose put them up by the numbers, and then tie them up in one bundle. If you will do this for me - Count the number of pages and let me know.

how large a book it will take to copy them all, I imagine it would be a "buster" a lot of time to write them all over. (I mean a short life but)

Answer this letter as soon as you get it; do not wait until the next day, as I will not write again until you have answered all my letters, unless something happens to me in the mean time. I am now so many letters ahead of you that I cannot recollect whether or not you answer the questions that I ask, and I may ask you some important question that you may fail to answer, and it may escape my memory until too late to remedy; in this way if you do not receive a letter from me every other day you will know the trains have missed connection, and of course it will be the same with me. Remember whatever you write to me you must take my last letter and read each page down, answering every thing on that page, and when you have finished, then go on with your letter. This is the business way of doing things, and the only correct way - Call me "Doc" rather than "dear" but "Theodore" rather than either. Love & News for self & Pets.  
Ever yours  
Theodore

Camp Pettigrew James Island F.C.  
Wednesday afternoon Sept 16<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Beekie

I have not received a letter from you since the one you wrote on Friday 11<sup>th</sup> Inst. in which you complained of indisposition. You said you would write me again on Sunday, where you too intend to write, or is it because the mails are so irregular? In my last I said I would not write again until I received an answer.



Camp Pettigrew James Isl of G.  
 Wednesday Sept 23<sup>rd</sup> 1863

My Dear Peckie

Your letter of 19<sup>th</sup> Inst came to hand yesterday. The letters you say you wrote I have rec<sup>d</sup>, but always 4 days after they were written. It makes no special difference if your letters are directed to one Camp or the other, they are all taken from the Charleston P.O. by our postman, or letter carrier, and brought to us. We may expect our mails more regularly as the Joba RR Co advertised yesterday to resume the regular night train. I have not yet rec<sup>d</sup> the package you sent me by your father last week. I regret it as I am very much in need of the Red & Flannel shirts, as the weather is so cold here that on Piquet one almost freezes with a thin linen shirt and no vest on.

The news of our Victory yesterday out West gives us renewed hopes, and I only trust it will but prove as barren of good results as all of our past Victories (?) have proved, and that when we come to hear more of the battle, that our Victory will not dwindle down to something like a defeat, as did Genl Lee's great Victory (?) at Gettysburg Pa. The fact is our Generals and reporters have learned to lie as bad as the Yankees, and we cannot believe what we hear until the news has been repeatedly confirmed.

Should Genl Bragg with Rosecrantz, and continue his success by rapid movements, Tennessee will be redeemed, and then the Spartanburg old women will have no need to fear a raid from North Carolina Bushwhackers for that long State will keep quiet from fear. The enemy here have kept very quiet since their repulse at Fort Sumter, but they have been no less active in building new batteries, and strengthening old ones on Morris Island, and soon no doubt we will hear the Thunder of their big Guns; even as I now write I hear very heavy firing from their direction.

and I expect they are shelling our line of batteries on James Island; perhaps they will treat us to a few shells in our Camp as in easy shelling distance. The General has just bro't me your letter of 20<sup>th</sup>. I am sorry to hear that our little ones still continue sick. Why don't you not go to Newberry if you are so anxious to go. When you first went to Spentimburg you seem so pleased with how you were fixed that I thought you were there for the war. (Have things turned out differently to what you expected to cause you to change your mind? Have you written to Mother to know if she could accomodate you in N or are you going, sure of a welcome? As regards the board at your Mother, let her fix the amount herself. If she will not, then it would seem to me she does not want you with her, and the sooner you make a change the better. The times are different from what they were when you were at Mrs Millan, therefore you must expect to pay double or even three times as much now as then for board. I am fortunately in a position now as regards money to be a little independent, and it only requires you to make the best of circumstances to be equally so. The papers this morning bring us confirmation of the great victory for us out in Tennessee. Every face beams with joy; but it has cost us many valuable lives, and some of our best Generals. Gen. Hood was a host within himself. Let us hope that our darkness is beginning to be dispelled. If the Mas papers can be relied on at all it will not be long before their country will be involved in a war with France on the Mexican question. 50,000 Federal troops have been ordered down to Brownsville Texas, which is just across the Rio Grande river from Matamoros Mo. This is a menace to Louis Napoleon which I do not think the Emperor will submit to, and then comes a declaration of War, with a recognition of the Southern Confederacy and an alliance of offensive & defensive with us, which will give us the advantage of the French Navy, and a speedy opening of

our ports. All these results, maybe an over drawn picture of mines "the most fatal to the thought" but at any rate we have just cause to be anything but disponding just now. Oh that Pres. Davis' prophecy may come out "that this year will end the war", + + + I long to get a letter from you letting me that all are well with you again. You had better write to Mr. Thayer for more money, and not leave it to me. Ask him to let his remittance be \$150<sup>00</sup> instead of \$100<sup>00</sup> for the next month; or more if you want it. I am not certain that Mother can accommodate you as she has Lawrence's family with her; You had better write first to be sure that there will be no difficulty when you get to N; if you determine on paying the proposed visit. You know bedding may be scarce; I have no doubt there is plenty of room as the house is a large one, but you could not live in empty rooms. Let me hear how Theodore get along with the other children. I think that is the cause of your wishing to go to Newbury. Lawrence found my Sewing Machine when he put it in his house. He carried it to Minot for Charley to get. I wrote to your father at your suggestion some time since about renting our house for us but he never noticed my letter. I shall not write to him again. I am not anxious to increase my Correspondents. Love by ever yours  
Theodore

Camp Gadberry James Isl<sup>d</sup> S.C.  
Friday Sept 25<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Dear Beekie

I have just rec<sup>d</sup> your letter of 22<sup>nd</sup>. I have but a few minutes of time to write as the mail will soon leave, but I will write until it is ready to leave. I rec<sup>d</sup> the package by Express yesterday afternoon 2<sup>nd</sup> Melton Thirt, Vest, Peaches, Matches, Needle, Thread, and Corroded Cap. These articles came very

Secessionville, G. L. Thursday Decr 10<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear Peckie

Your letter written on Monday did not reach me until today. I suppose occasioned by the train failing to connect. You have by this time received my letter telling you of our move to Secessionville, and how we were fixed, and my intention to visit the city, and I suppose you also received my letter written subsequently on Monday enclosed in one that I wrote on Sunday giving you an account of my visit, and what disposition I had made with our house.

On Monday afternoon according to engagements I met Capt G and his wife up home at 4 o'clock and on locking myself for the key to the private staircase I found it just where I had put it under the piazza.

Mrs G expressed herself delighted with the place, and was very profuse in her thanks, and suggested that perhaps you might want to visit the city at any time, and would like a room reserved for your use. I told her not so, that if at any time you visited the city you would live either at your father's or my father's house, I did not find the key to the Hall door, and the old man in the yard told me that your father had taken it into his hand; if so ask him to bring it down with him when he comes, and to leave it with Capt. Grant at father's house, where the Clerk's

Insurance Office now is. I wish you had the tobacco bag for Peter he would have had it by this time; I promised he should have it this week. I have just finished eating the last of the

Mulasses, + + + + + I am sorry to hear of your accident; trust that the loss of your dress will be all the harm done, that can in time be replaced, but if you suffer any pain money can't alleviate it. You want me to write longer letters - Can't do it - Want of paper & subjects - We are occasionally treated to some of the Yankee shells, at this point, but so far without doing us any harm. Yesterday afternoon one of their vessels came within range of our batteries, and we opened upon her, when they in turn opened upon us, but none of our shots struck the vessel, nor did any of their

shots harm us; this morning just after Revellie we had a repetition of the same thing with the same result. One of these shots struck near where I was standing, but the shell did not explode, only buried itself in the sand. Had it exploded some of us must have been hurt, as there were several of us standing in a group talking. You do not regret any more than I do our not being together this Christmas - Who can tell where we might be by that time - You may be in Spoutantung, but when will I be? If I am alive I will answer this question in two week's time. This morning we had Church Service in Camp it being Thanksgiving Day and I heard one of the best sermons I have heard in many a day. I wish I could give you an idea of the sermon. The theme was Our Country and Nation as Gods peculiar people and our Institution of Slavery as blessed by God for His own glory; as the means of giving to the poor African the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ; as evidenced in the fact that Africa in their own Country nearly every one has failed by Missionaries for the promotion of the Gospel, in our own lands the converts to Christianity could be counted by hundreds of thousands. He also expressed the same idea of slavery that I have, that eventually they the slaves would be emancipated; that slavery never was intended by God to be perpetual. But how or in what way this emancipation is to be, no one could tell; it is to be left in the hands of God. We may never live to see it, but I am satisfied myself that it will be so and it will be to the advantage of both races, the white and the black -

Today is a lovely day more like Spring than Winter and it makes me think of our once happy home and long to get back to it with peace and our Country's independence. It will yet come. I am glad you have near Linda - You now know why I have said I would never marry again to have

a step further to rule over my first wife's children  
 I trust in God my own dear Beckie that I may never be  
 put into a position to be tried. I am still almost  
 shoeless, but I have done every duty that I have been  
 called on to do - When I got back to Camp Tuesday I  
 could scarcely walk. I was about 3 hours marching  
 from the left to Secessionville - that night I was  
 on picket and never closed my eyes in sleep.

Kiss my pets for me! As ever your  
 Theodore

Secessionville James Island S.C.  
 Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 12. 1863

My dear Beckie:

Your letter of 10 Enclosures \$15<sup>00</sup> came  
 safe to hand, and I write you one day in advance  
 of my usual time as you requested me to acknowledge the  
 receipt at once. You have by this time rec<sup>d</sup> my letters  
 telling you that I had found the key to our house  
 and I suppose by this time Capt. Gorton (not Wright  
 as you always call him) is in quiet possession.  
 As regards your visit to your uncle, my last letter  
 also mentioned that, so I can say no more than I said.  
 I may be successful in getting a 12 hour furlough but how  
 can I pass the guards at the Depot. I may be able to  
 do it, but do not expect it, and if I fail you will not be  
 disappointed. Now do not visit Orangeburg with the  
 idea of seeing me for you must know every body is on the  
 look out to catch any one absent from camp without  
 leave, as it gives them a 20 day furlough for any one  
 whom they may name. Speaking of this why don't you  
 try and make a 20 day furlough for me, other mens wives  
 do it? If you know any one over staying their time, or  
 absent without leave, you have only to report them to the  
 Enrolling Officer, and have him arrested, and come down  
 and claim a furlough for your husband. You will of  
 course have to take a receipt from the enrolling officer for

110 or thereabouts. If he has time to do it while you are there you can get the Bonds from him and lock them up in your trunk with the others you have. Tell Thayer where you got the \$900<sup>00</sup> so that he may not suppose that I have been Speculating. When you return from City let me know all about your visit, and how you transacted the business that I have intrusted to you.

You did not mention who you were going with. You had better defer your visit to the City until I get out of Semester, as there will be no possible chance for me to get there until we are relieved, and again it would be as well for you to await events on Johns Island. My regards to all my friends. I may write to Mr T. today or tomorrow. When you see him give him my regards, and through him to all the gentlemen in the Bank.

Kiss my pets  
Ever your  
Theodore

Fort Sumter Charleston Harbor  
Sunday Feby 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Beekie

Sunday thought it be, and situated as I am, this day brings many happy reminiscences with it. It is St. Valentines day - the time that bashful lovers look forward to with so many pleasant anticipations, and the romantic maiden sighs forth her love in Manufactured Verse, or, with beating heart awaits tremblingly the ring of the Post-man, and the laughing cry of her stony maid, "Here Miss Florie is a Wahuntime from Mas Charles Augustus".

Have you my love one no happy recollections of Valentines day in the past?, or has your happy wedded life made every day a Valentines day to you? I anticipate your answer from your letter written Feby 9<sup>th</sup> which I recd last night.

Oh Beekie dear you are given to flattery and I fear you will induce me to think better of myself than I deserve. If I have been a good husband to you, it is only because you have taught me by your example as a Wife to be so.

God has truly blessed us in giving us to each other, and I trust the day is not far distant when we shall be together again to be separated no more by this cruel war, and our lives shall flow peaceful as a river, and we shall never again realize the pain of parting until death the conqueror shall take us to our "home in Heaven", where parting is not known.

I wrote you on Friday last to let you know that I was in Fort Sumter; I suppose you got my letter, if so, you will doubtless defer your visit to the city until we get relieved from here. I heard last night that our Regiment had received orders to go to the city today. If this be so it will add greatly to the pleasure of your visit, as I will be in the city all the time you are there, and I predict for you & friends quite a lively time. Today we had service.

The Rev. Livideau of the Calhoun Church preached for us a very fine sermon, and we got up quite a choir for the occasion. You know the W. L. G. always were famous for their "Quartets" and on this occasion I had the honor of being the leader.

Harry Green was the tenor, & Woodborn the Bass, and Ross had a splendid Alto (equal to any woman), and I was complimented on my flute like (Soprano). The parson expressed his admiration at our singing & our singing leading (which we had improvised from our upper brinks). I selected all familiar tunes to be sung, and all joined in with a vim - none singing louder than Col. Elliott.

The Rebels have troubled us but very little up to this time, having only fired at us about 1/2 doz. shots. Yesterday they fired but one shot, and that was as our Sem down gun fired, and the flag was dropped they fired at our flag which hitting it, and cutting off about six feet from the top; it was the best single shot I ever saw with a cannon, and proves what splendid Artillerist they are.

You are mistaken in "imagining a down cast in my countenance" from the information which your letter conveyed.

If the war is over when the event takes place, and I am with you, (and all goes well with you) it will only be an added link to the chain of my happiness.

Your whole letter pleased me, particularly the length.



It was well written, the whole tone of it the impress of your cheerful heart, and made me feel well after reading it - I shall wait patiently and answer to my last so that I might know if you still have an idea of going to Columbia. Be sure to let Mr Thayer know of your being in Columbia, and carry out what I advised in my last letter. If you make any purchases, ask for Quash the negro man at the Barracks and tell him to take to the Care for you any of your purchases - How can trust him implicitly, even with your trust and its contents, and all will be right. How can reward him for what ever he does for you, a dollar or two will not be objectionable -

What ever you do to help those more unfortunate than ourselves always meets with my hearty approval.

Kiss our pets Ever yours

Theodore -

Fort Sumter Charleston Harbor  
Wednesday Feby 17<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear Beekie

The last letter which I rec<sup>d</sup> from you was dated 7<sup>th</sup> - Now surely you would not let ten days elapse without writing, and yet how is it I get no letters; other men receive their letters regular, it is strange that mine are so long coming to hand, I have written two letters since I arrived here, I hope you are more fortunate in receiving than I am. In my first letter I told you I intended writing to Mr Thayer that day, and yet I have not written to him yet up to this time. I feel so unlike writing that except I write to you, letter writing is a regular task that I very willingly defer from time to time, intending always to write when I feel like it - but now feeling like it.

Our duties in the Fort are much heavier than I thought they would be when we first got here; we are compelled to do a great deal of fatigue duty - (this duty



IN REPLY REFER TO:

## United States Department of the Interior

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE  
Fort Sumter National Monument  
Drawer R  
Sullivan's Island, S.C. 29482

July 23, 1983

Mrs. Doris Honour Gerard  
817 Clearview Drive  
James Island, S.C. 29412

Dear Mrs. Gerard:

I would like to express my thanks as well as that of Fort Sumter National Monument to you. The donation of your grandfather's personal letters to the park will be a great asset to the present staff as well as future staffs as we continue to add to our knowledge of all aspects of The War Between the States.

Again I would like to thank you for your donation of the letters as well as the time that you spent in copying them for us. I look forward to hearing from you again and also meeting your friend that you mentioned in our last conversation.

Sincerely,

Joseph J. Vonnegut  
Park Technician

Fort Sumter National Monument, Manuscript Collection