

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
THOMAS ABRAM HUGUENIN,
WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MY FAMILY

Reproduced from a copy in the
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Original journals in the
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as I had a Military training I was soon en-
 gaged mightily in dealing the various new
 Companies being organized in Charleston
 The Legislature met and called the fa-
 mous Convention which passed the Ordi-
 nance of Secession Dec 20th 1860. On that
 day I was in Georgetown S.C. where I had
 gone to attend as groomsmen at the wed-
 ding of my friend Mr Dennis Periot. I
 spent a week there abouts enjoying myself
 and returned to Charleston. I applied to
 the Sec of War, Gen Jamison, for a Commis-
 sion in the regular Army of the State, which
 had been authorized to be raised. At
 first I was unsuccessful, and determined to
 go to Florida to seek my fortune in the
 coming struggle, having received pressing
 invitations to go there, where I was assured
 that my Military Education would insure
 me speedy promotion. Armed with strong
 letters of re-commendations I was on the
 point of leaving, in fact was going the
 next day, when Gen Jamison who knew me
 well, sent for me and said I should not
 leave the State in this emergency, and he
 handed ~~had~~ me my Commission as 1st Lieut of the
 1st S.C. Regular Infantry. This Regiment was
 simply on paper at the time, recruiting
 Officers having been sent out from Balti-
 more to New Orleans to enlist soldiers -
 I was sent to Charas S.C. and opened an
 office there, I was soon recalled however
 and ordered to report to Brig Gen B. G. M,
 Beaumont to serve on his Staff - He was
 in command of all the forces in and
 around Charleston. I served on his Staff
 until he was relieved by Gen Beauregard,
 and also served a short while with the latter
 when at my request I was relieved and

ordered to duty with my Regiment, then being organized on Sullivan Island. I was assigned to Company, Capt Wm Butler, who had been a Lieut of Artillery in the U. S. Army, and who was temporarily in Command of the partially formed Regt. The other Officers of the Regt. had not yet arrived. They were Col R. H. Anderson, Lt Col Barnard E. Bee and Maj Jno. Dunnoan. They were all stationed far in the west and took them some time to resign, have their resignations accepted, and travel over a long journey to reach us. However in time Col Anderson and Maj Dunnoan arrived; but little or any thing was done to organize the Regt. All the Captains and 1st and 2^d Lieuts were of the same date of Commission and there was constant confusion in regard to rank. I get to say that our Colonel seemed entirely oblivious to the importance of a prompt and decisive course of action, until one evening Lt Col Bee appeared upon the scene, having been detained by a long overland journey from Texas where he had been in service. He at once grasped the situation and before going to bed that night every Officer drew by lot his rank, and was assigned to his proper Company. It was my misfortune to lose a Captaincy, out of six vacant Captains I drew the 7th position which entitled me to be the senior 1st Lt of the Regt. This was a great disappointment, as I put myself much superior in education and in every other respect to others who had been more fortunate in the drawing than I was. However this was

the only solution to the situation, and as Col. Bee saw it, some immediate solution was necessary to preserve and perfect the organization of the Regt. I entered upon my duties with my same Company Capt Butler being the senior Capt, of the Regt, and in a short time proved my ability to such an extent that upon Col. Anderson being removed from the command of the Regt, and assigned to the command in Chautauque Lt Col Bee appointed me Adj. of the Regt. He was the ablest and best equipped officer I ever served under, not excepting Gen R. S. Ripley who was the best Adjutant I ever saw, & who knew his profession from the smallest detail up to the most important. With Col. Bee as my Comd'g Officer, a man whose social qualities & education together with his personal character & high influence I was thoroughly in accord. I enjoyed a period of delightful intercourse, he was very exacting and very careful that every detail should be carried out in the most strict and military manner, but official ^{business} being over he was the most genial gentleman I ever met, and notwithstanding the disparity of our ages he was a most perfect and instructive companion. At the reduction of Fort Sumter, my Company manned a Mortar Battery just east of Fort Moultrie, there is where I first was under fire, tho' it was comparatively slight nevertheless it was the first time I was actually in danger. After the fall of Sumter, I was sent by Capt Butler to report to Maj Ripley the result of the action so far as our battery was concerned, Maj Ripley was in command of Fort Moultrie and we

were temporarily under his immediate command; this was my first interview with him, and he made a very favorable impression on me. When Gen Beauregard was sent to Virginia our Col Anderson succeeded him in command at Charleston and as I have stated Lt Col Bee had command of the Regt. which was now fully organized & being brought up to a full state of discipline. Daily Company & Regimental drills, Parades & other manoeuvres soon brought things to a great state of proficiency - and we had a magnificent Regiment - Some time during the latter part of May Col Bee was ordered to Richmond; He turned the command over to Maj. Durnoant, who while a good officer in many respects, did not have the military training which Col Bee had, but this we thought little of as Col Bee expected to return in a few days; in fact his last orders to me was to have a house prepared for Mrs Bee, who he expected to spend the summer on the Island with him. As is well known he was appointed a Brig Gen & ordered to report to Gen J. E. Johnson in the Dacey, He wrote me offering me a position on his staff which I accepted and was waiting to receive my orders to join him when news was received of his death at Manassas. A few minutes before his death, on going into action, he met my friend Capt. Russ Smith and asked why I had not joined him. Smith told him I was waiting for orders - which by the bye I never got. I suppose his early death was the reason. In consequence of the promotion of Col Anderson to be Brig Gen & the death of Gen Bee, Maj Durnoant was promoted Colonel, Capt Butler was made Lt Col & Capt Simkins was made Major of the Regt. I succeeded Capt Butler as Captain of

Company "A" and Lt. W. J. Davis succeeded
himself as Capt. of Company "B." The bal-
ance of the Regiment ~~was~~ remained on
Sullivan's Island until some time in the
latter part of August when the Regt. was
ordered to Edisto Island. I was placed in
command of the Battery at North Edisto In-
let with my company, Capt Adams with
his company garrisoned the Battery at South
Edisto, the balance of the Regt. was quar-
tered at Edingsville as a support to the
two flanks. This was my first independent
command, the youngest Captain in the Regt.
in years, and next to the junior in rank.
This was quite a distinction and I labored
hard to render my command efficient in
every respect, up to this time the drill had
been in Infantry alone, now I had to teach
them Artillery drill, and the various duties
connected with Battery duty, the handling
of Ordnance &c &c. Day & night I studied
my profession and was scrupulous in
my duties, and in a short while I found
my command in excellent shape, thoroughly
up to their duties and under the strictest
military discipline. I was much encouraged
in my efforts by the commendations of my
superior officers, with whom I maintained
the most pleasant associations. Even Gen
Drayton & Staff who visited me on a
general inspection tour complimented
me in the highest manner. I remained at
North Edisto (commonly called "Battery Bay") un-
til after the fall of Hilton Head, when our
Regiment was ordered to Charleston. In two
days and a night I dismounted all the
guns and placed them with all the am-
munition (except the loaded shells) on board
a steamer and with my company started

for Scallions Island, The Regt. was here stationed for a time, my company forming a part of the garrison of Fort Moutrie. Six Companies of the Regt. towards Spring (1862) were sent to "Church flats" near Rantoul's, the balance my own Company included, remained at Fort Moutrie under command of Lt Col Butler. In April '62 the attack of the *Conrad* and *Monitor* was made. We were at dinner when the long-roll was sounded and soon every man was at his post, ready for the fray, the first of the kind, iron-clads against forts. The first shot was fired by the *Conrad*, a shell burst, and broke to pieces as it struck the leading *Monitor*; the action soon became general and in few minutes the flag staff of Moutrie which stood on the right of my battery was shot down and fell across the bomb-proof on which I was standing giving orders. The top of it buckled over and killed one of the reserve men who was sitting behind the bomb-proof apparently out of danger. This incident went to show me that in a fight no calculations could be depended on as to risk of life, and I ever after took no thought of what might happen, but always endeavored to do my duty without regard to events. As is well known the fleet was driven back, and we were all much pleased by our success. Fort Sumter and Moutrie which had borne the brunt of the fight were manned by Regulars, and it was a proof what discipline could do even against the heavy odds against us in guns & ammunition shielded by powerful iron armor. I remained at Moutrie until the Spring of 1863, Lt Col Butler having become Colonel of the Regt was placed in command

of all the Artillery of on the Island and was for the greater part of the time in command of Fort Moultrie. During the summer of 1863 (July) the famous attack on Morris Island took place, and we were constantly engaged with the Monitors and Ironsides. In August, owing to a dispute with Col Butler, I was relieved of the command of Moultrie, much to my regret, and sent to command Battery Beauregard. This was intended as a sort of punishment for me, the new command being less important; but one of the reasons assigned was that all the Regt being concentrated on Sumner's Island it was not just that the most important garrison Fort Moultrie should be commanded by one of the junior Captains, it was forgotten however to assign this reason until many months had elapsed, and until personal relations among many of the Regimental Officers had become very much strained. Much ill feeling having been engendered by the official treatment of our late Col Sumner, my personal friend, whose cause I espoused most warmly. However I made no complaint and assumed charge of my new post, with cheerfulness and the determination to ^{do} my duty there as I had done elsewhere. During the siege of Battery Wagner the various Companies of our Regt took their turn of duty as a part of the garrison. On Sept 3^d I received orders to take my Company to ~~South~~ Morris Island for duty. At dark we were embarked and about midnight reached Battery Gregg, where I received orders to send half of my Company to

Major and with the balance to take command of Gregg. Early next morning I was relieved of my command and ordered to Wagner and assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery of the whole island - Of course I was much gratified, I was young and longed for an opportunity to distinguish myself, and here seemed to me the occasion - I reached Major under a heavy fire, having borrowed a horse from one of the couriers. Col. Keith the Comd'g Officer assigned me to duty immediately, and I made an inspection of the Battery. I found things in bad shape, the garrison, especially the Artillery portion were worn down, the guns & mortars more or less disabled, the entire face traversed & severely cut up, and the enemy in speaking distance nearly of us. For the next two days it was very trying, hot, thirsty & hungry, hardly a moment out of danger. I looked death in the face, and never expected to leave the Battery alive. On Saturday about mid-day I was slightly wounded by a fragment of shell, which fortunately struck low my thigh & sword belt, or the wound in my stomach might have been fatal. The contact made me very sick and I vomited the little of food that was in my stomach. In a letter to my Mother a few days after, and which is now published in Dr. Johnston's book will be found quite a lengthy statement of these few days, and it will be only necessary to add a few incidents to make it complete. On Sunday morning (Sept 6th Anna's birthday) it was evident that our time was limited, the enemy steadily approaching with his sap and the bombardment heavier than ever. The infantry were sheltered in the bomb-proof and in the sand hills just in rear of

the Battery. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep the Artillery to their guns as the protection was very scant and they were worn out, and suffering for water, our supply having been cut off. Still they did their duty manfully. Word was sent to Gen Beauregard of the desperate condition of affairs, and he sent Col Harris his Chief Engineer to make a personal inspection, which this gallant old Officer thoroughly performed. Upon his recommendation orders were received just before sunset for the evacuation. In the mean time while on a visit to the extreme right or west flank to inspect the Artillery, there passed I received a severe blow on my left knee from a fragment of shell which knocked me down. On recovering I proceeded to return to Head Quarters, and as it was so hot and very dangerous I went through the main bomb-proof which also contained the Hospital. Here I met Dr. Wm B. Ravent, our Surgeon, who seeing my condition offered his assistance. He gave me a glass of brandy and what was to me the greatest treat a cup of pure water, which he had on hand beside in the sand for the use of the wounded. This was the first drink of water I had for near two days and I never shall forget it as long as I live. On reaching Head Quarters I found the orders had arrived, and I at once volunteered to command the rear-guard being up the rear. At Col Smith's request I prepared the plan for the evacuation, which this referred to in his report I do not find published. I took Lt Hazlett the Ordnance Officer and tried the fuses, finding they did not burn satisfactorily.

allow me
to-

try I reported to Col Kitt, and requested
 him to fire some resin which was in the
 main bomb-proof. He called a council
 of his principal officers, who discussed
 the matter, which was overruled upon
 the advice of Capt J. D. Lee the Engineer,
 as I was the junior officer not only in rank
 but in years all my pleading was in
 vain. I protested that it made no dif-
 ference to Gen Beauregard how the fort
 was blown up so it was blown up and
 in answer to the objection that the smoke
 would reveal to the enemy our intentions
 I promised not to set fire to the resin and
 straw unless I had received information
 of the embarkation of the last of the troops.
 All to no avail and I received position
 orders not to fire the resin and straw.
 Here was the mistake of my life, about
 11 o'clock that night Col Kitt turned
 over the command to me and left for
 Battery Gray. I was then in sole command
 and should have under the circumstances
 taken the responsibility upon myself,
 and set the fire as I had no hope of the
 fuse doing its work. Why I did not I can-
 not tell, except that I was very young
 and had been raised in a school
 where obedience to orders was looked
 upon as the first duty of the soldier. In
 looking back upon the matter and with
 the result before me, I think I would
 have been justifiable in disobeying Col
 Kitt's order. Had that fire been ignited
 the fort would have been blown to pieces -
 with great loss to the enemy in the trenches
 not one of the enemy would have dared
 to enter the fort, and if he did the means
 of extinguishing the fire was not at hand

as there was no water to be had, and the stars and comets would have burnt fiercely. However it is all over now tho' I regret it exceedingly. Gen. Gileson in his report says the guns had gone out before reaching the Magazine. After leaving Wajum I hurried to Cummings Point as fast as my disabled knee would permit me. The enemy had now intercepted some of our boats, and as I was left somewhat behind when I reached the landing I found all had embarked my comrades supposing I was aboard, I thus found myself alone, the sole living Confederate on the Island, I could not swim, I had no arms or coat nothing to show that I was an officer except my sash which was tied around my waist. My sword, coat & pistols had been given to Capt Pinckney to carry, when I gave out on the way. Thus I was in a deplorable situation, if I remained on the beach I was as likely to be killed by our own batteries as the enemy's, for I knew the instructions ^{was} for our batteries to open on the Island as soon as the evacuation was completed. The moon was just rising and I was about to turn and ~~start~~ go to the sand hills, thus try and find shelter until morning, when if not killed the only thing left for me to do was to surrender. just at that moment I saw a boat approaching along the shore going out to sea. I hailed it, and my voice was recognized, as the party in the boat were my late companions. Without stopping, as they were pursued, the boat was steered as near the shore as

possible and I was hauled in by one of the sailors, We steered out towards the bar for a while, to avoid the enemy's boats which were between us and Sumter and then came back into the harbor by the main channel north of Sumter. About daylight we reached the city near the N.E. R. R. Wharf, and I was carried to Mr Magyok's house at the corner of Chapel and Mynder St. by this time I could not walk as my knee was much swollen the water having made it very much more painful. After a breakfast of chicken and bread, washed down with some fine old Madeira, I got a buggy and went to report to Gen Ripley my arrival, as news had reached the city that I had been left wounded or dead on the Island. My presence was a great pleasure to Gen Ripley & Col Keitt & who I found with him. While giving an account of the evacuation Gen Ripley received an order to place Capt Lessem and myself under arrest for not blowing up the two forts. Gen Ripley and Col Keitt were much annoyed by this as they had heard my story and Col Keitt knew if I had been let alone Wagner would certainly have been blown up. They told me to wait in Gen R's office and write my report and they took the carriage and went immediately to Gen Beauregard's office and explained the whole matter. The result was that the order for our arrest was immediately countermanded and Gen Beauregard

was so satisfied with my efforts that he sent me a kind message - regretting my injuries, and ever after was a stout friend of mine. My company in the meantime had returned to Battery Beaming and on that evening I joined the company to find it had been under a heavy fire all day with the iron-clads and my first Lt Erwin killed. Some twenty of my men were captured the night of the evacuation in the boats after they left the Morris Island, and some had been wounded and killed there, among them my gallant orderly Serjt Snipes. The next morning the 5th the great naval battle was fought. Soon after the fight commenced, Peers Smith's Company was almost annihilated by an explosion in Fort Moultrie, and I was ordered to send one of my companies at Battery Beaming and to take its place. I sent Capt Burnett's company and this left my own weakened company as the sole garrison of the Battery. In a short while after they had gone a shell burst in a gun chamber wounding Lts Wardlaw & Macbeth, this left me as the only Commissioned Officer of the Battery, except the surgeon who was in the bombproof looking after the wounded. However I fought on during the day until the enemy was repulsed, and what was left of my company and myself were glad when night came and some rest could be had, which we had not had day or night since the 3rd when

We left for Morris Island. I remained at Battery Beauregard until about February, in the month of November and December, however, I was very ill with typhoid fever and was temporarily relieved of command until I was well enough to resume it. The enemy having shown a disposition to attack Sullivan's Island by the way of Long Island the garrison of Battery Marshall was increased the fort strengthened, and I was sent to command that important post. As a part of my duties I commanded scouting parties in boats which went as far as Bulls-bay. Thus it was that having taken a fancy to Bulls Island I bought it. I remained in command of Battery Marshall until the latter part of June 1864 when I got a leave of absence to go and see my mother who was a refugee in Spartanburg. This was the first leave of absence I had since the war commenced. I was in Spartanburg but twenty-four hours when a telegram from Gen Ripley ordered me to return and report to him immediately, this I did reaching Charleston at daylight the next day and went to Gen Ripley's Office where he soon came. Then I learned from him that the enemy had made an attack on Fort Johnson a few nights before, and a fleet of vessels and transport came off Secour's Island. He feared an attack upon Battery Marshall and ordered ^{me} to take his own boat and go there at once.

He also informs me that I would find a Company of Cavalry at Marshall awaiting my orders, I was to take them across to Long Island and established a line of pickets from Decees' Inlet to this end of Long Island in order that every movement of the enemy in that direction would be known to me and communicated to him. I lost no time and before dark had personally carried out his orders and returned to my command at Battery ~~Marshall~~ Marshall. I shall always remember his last words upon leaving his office "I don't want any surprise on Sullivan's Island like there was on Morris Island. I put very trust in you and I feel satisfied I will not be mistaken." He then ^{added} ~~added~~ to my surprise "How would you like to have command of Sumter?" I answered ^{that} it was the dearest wish of my heart. He then said "We will see" - I was not long to remain in command of Battery Marshall on July at about 4 P.M. I was ordered by signal to go to Sumter. The order simply said: "Capt Mitchell is killed, you will take command of Sumter. I need not tell you to hold it." I ordered my boat to meet me at the Ferry landing, and mounting my horse rode to Col. Phillips head quarters as commandant of the Island, showed him my orders, a duplicate of which he had received, and informed him that I was then on my way to Sumter, my boat waiting for me. He said he could not prevent my

going, but advised me not to run the risk in broad day light. I told him that I was aware of the risk, but that under the circumstances I thought it my duty to lose no time, as I was not aware of the condition of the Fort, and possibly my presence was immediately expected by the General in Command. After bidding good-bye to my friends who sent on the way I embarked in full day light for the Fort, and reached it just about sunset under a very heavy fire. One of my crew had his ear cut out of his hands, the boat was struck in several places, but not injured seriously. As I leaped ashore the first thing I saw was a coffin containing the dead body of my gallant predecessor; this was not an inspiring sight, in fact it was a warning of what I might expect my own fate to be. I found the Fort in command of Capt Hall 32^d Ga. Regt, who tho' my senior in rank and years at once turned over the command to me, notice having been telegraphed to the Fort that I had been assigned to the command and would come as soon as possible. I immediately telegraphed my arrival to Gen Ripley, and promised to make a written report by day light next morning. I at once held a conference with Capt Jno. Johnson the Engineer in charge & by his advice determined as soon as it was dark enough to permit us to do so unseen by the enemy, to make an inspection of the physical

condition of the Fort. In the mean time the various Officers of the Fort called on me and I was introduced to those who I did not know already, and received pleasant assurances from them all of cordial support in my important command. During the night, accompanied by Capt Johnson who carried a dark lantern, we visited every portion of the Fort, & made notes for my report. While on this tour of inspection we approached a scaffold behind the East face & Capt Johnson said, "this is strange a sentinel should be standing here." Upon examination, by the aid of the lantern, we found him some fifteen or twenty feet below on the parade ground cut in half by a shell, which had passed through his body. I only mention this to show the uncertainty of life, and how sudden a man was killed, even the Officer of the Guard did not know it until we reported it, and ordered the sentry's place re-filled by another soldier. Just before morning the inspection, so far as that night was concerned, was completed, and at daylight my report went up. The next day was a busy one, the garrison had to be mustered, I found it to consist of five companies about 300 men, the Engineer Corps about 45 or 50, consisting besides the Officers of many skilled mechanics with their assistants, and lastly about 200 negro laborers who worked under the direction of the Engineer force. I do not propose here to enter into a military history of

The defence of Sumter under my command, as the general account has been already written, much better than I could do, by Capt (now Res. D.) Geo Johnson. What I propose doing is to give such incidents as I think will be interesting to my family, and which would not appear in a formal military account. After mustering and inspecting the garrison I looked into the Commissary Department, found out the amount of rations and water on hand; then the Ordnance Department over supplies offensive and defensive. The materials on hand and what was required by the Engineer Department, and last but not least the damage being done by the bombardment which was going on steadily day & night. Our hospital was well supplied, the dead and wounded were sent to the city every night consequently we never had many wounded on our hands for any length of time, say from four to six hours. The best provisions were furnished us, whenever the weather would permit fresh bread, meat and water was sent to us every night notwithstanding the fire of the enemy, sometimes a boat would be lost, and on one occasion the Steamer Randolph, loaded with Engineer supplies was sunk at the Wharf and became a total wreck. Before the barracks were destroyed the water required by the garrison was collected from the sheds into three cisterns; the main one was located under the gorge wall, near where the

original "Lally pot" was. The others were under the west and north faces. The main one was always kept in reserve, never to be used except all communications were destroyed; the one under the north face was only used in great emergency; the one under the west face was for daily consumption, and was generally filled every night or so by the water boat from James Island. On one occasion owing to stormy weather the water boat did not come for several nights and the garrison was placed on short water rations, we always kept a reserve supply of Commisary stores on hand sufficient to last 90 days. The citizens supplied us with many luxuries, and every blockade runner sent us presents of ice, fruit, liquors &c when they reported their arrival, which they were required to do. On the whole then we were well supplied with the necessaries of life and in some respects the comforts but our quarters were close, damp and very uncomfortable, and the danger was constant, no one was safe outside of the bomb-proof, and as our duties required us to be constantly from one part of the fort to another the risk of life was very great. The garrison, as I have said consisted of five Companies, two of Artillery to man the four guns remaining in the North-East and North-West casemates and the mountain howitzers which were run up on the parapet every night; and three Companies of Infantry whose duties were

to man the parapet at night to resist an assault. We had a sub-marine cable connecting us with ^{viz} James Island, Charleston and an operator on duty all the time. I found it necessary to make many changes in the discipline of the Fort, this was at first hard to do, owing to the fact that the garrison was being continually changed, no troops serving longer than two weeks at a time, it having been found that they could not stand the fatigue any longer. Of course the Engineer Corps was permanent except the negro laborers who were relieved every ten days. The daily routine of military life was also changed. For instance Guard mounting was held at sun-set, when the sun-set gun was fired, the object being to have fresh men on duty for the night, that being the time when we were in danger from an assault. Besides the regular guards, one third of the garrison was required to be all night on the parapet; one third were stationed behind the parapet, and one third were allowed to remain in their quarters, but they were not only required to be dressed and under arms, but were expected to be awake. In other words night was turned into day, as they were allowed to sleep in their quarters during the day. The negro laborers were divided into reliefs, some working during the day at points not in view to the Enemy, the others repairing damages on the top and outside of the work under cover of the darkness. They were well fed having the same rations and

liquor as the soldiers - and I must say they did well. The permanent garrison consisting of myself, the Engineer Corps, my Staff Officers, including all the branches, such as Adjt. Aid, ~~Medical~~, Commissary and Ordnance Officers, never went to bed until daylight every morning. The surgeons always had more to do at night than during the day, as the men were more exposed during the night. I took breakfast at 12 o'clock, dinner at sunset, and supper at 12 midnight, this was my rule for seven long months, during which time I never took off my clothing at night, and seldom in the day except to take a bath and put on clean clothes. As soon as dark set in the Chief Engineer and myself made an inspection of the damage done during the day, and gave the necessary orders for the repairs. The garrison was then like a hive until morning, boats arriving with Engineer supplies, consisting of sand in bags, lumber &c; water boat, Commissary boat - these had to be discharged in addition to our repairs, sometimes a portion of the garrison were employed in these duties, the laborers being too busy if the damages had been exceptionally heavy. About 10 o'clock at night the post-boat arrived, bringing official correspondence and small packages, also ~~what~~ Officers who had been on leave during the day and Officers who were to relieve the surgeons and any other persons who had business at the fort. Upon the arrival of this boat if my duties permitted, I went to the

the

Office and made up my reports for the day, answered my letters and attended to all necessary Office work. The quartermaster boats, as soon as they were unloaded took the dead and wounded and started for the City, the post boat remained until just before day light, and took up my despatches, reports &c, also the wounded who had been hurt after the quartermaster's boats had left, and such Officers to whom leave for the day had been granted, and Officers who were relieved from duty. A very dangerous but important duty was in placing the obstructions on the parapets and slopes every night as soon as the darkness permitted, and removing them in the morning just at the last moment. These obstructions consisted of wooden "faisan" and a lot of wire entanglement which were fastened to iron rods ~~driven~~ driven into the loose debris of the parapets. Many men were killed and wounded in the discharge of this duty, and I found it necessary to give my personal attention to it night and morning. The carpenters and blacksmiths had to repair these obstructions every day, as they were more or less damaged every night. The Ordnance corps every night had to take up hand grenades & other missiles and place them at convenient places on the parapet, ready to be thrown down upon an assaulting force. of course they were removed to a place of safety at daylight. all these duties were accomplished under fire, and the Officers

was required to give their personal supervision to the work. I remember one morning a Company which had arrived ~~during~~ the night, on its first tour of duty at the fort, was detailed to take in the the obstructions from the gorge-wall. It was a splendid Company of Regulars from my own regiment and well officered, but knowing that they were "green" at the business I gave them my particular attention; the fire was very heavy and the danger great; they stood to it manfully ~~but~~ fortunately, but few casualties occurred. After the work was done the Captain said to me "Has this thing to be done every morning?" I said "Yes," and "Do you superintend it every morning?" "Yes, but I generally look after all the detachments, but as this was your first Experience I gave you my particular attention, the others knowing more about it than you and your men." Well said he "It is a wonder you have not been killed before this". On account of the heat and dampness the shutters to the port holes were left unplaced, until an alarm was sounded, when they were quickly placed in position by men specially detailed for that duty; sand bags when they piled up against them, and it would have been a difficult matter for an enemy to force his way in. In like manner the Iron door of the sally-port (now then at the North-west angle) was closed & sand bags piled against it, and as a further precaution, a small field howitzer was loaded with grape and

Looking

canisters and placed in the pas-
 sage leading ~~thence~~ ready to ~~take~~ the
 entrance if it should be forced. Every
 person in the garrison ~~was~~ was expec-
 ted to do his duty even the Officers ser-
 vants had their allotted duties in case
 of an assault. The way an alarm
 was announced was as follows. At
 each post on the parapet the sentry
 had command of an ordinary jin-
 gle bell, this bell was in the quarters
 and every bell connected by wire with
 every other bell in the fort. As soon as
 he perceived the approach of a sus-
 picious ~~hanging~~ craft or number of
 boats he fired his musket, and rang
 his bell, which in turn sounded
 every other bell in the fort. No questions
 were asked, no orders given, as the
 general orders were known to the
 entire garrison. Every man was ex-
 pected to be on the parapet, except the
 details to shut the port holes and rally
 post, which being done, they were to de-
 fend. My own post was at the South
 east angle, considered the easiest
 assailed, at which point the Officer
 of the day and my Staff Officers re-
 ported to me. The signal corps also
 reported to me to be in readiness to
 transmit any information I may might
 desire to send to the neighboring forts
 and batteries. The main signal was
 three rockets, which meant that I was
 assaulted and the forts and batteries
 were expected to check solid shot
 all around the fort to destroy the
 boats. In connection with this I recall
 to mind a visit paid me by Gen

Blanchard in October or November. He was on a special inspection tour ordered by the President. It was a beautiful calm night, and after taking him over the entire fort and showing him every thing we at last reached the South-East angle. He said he was very much pleased, but that in the present condition of the fort the main danger was from an assault. I said yes that I felt that there lay the danger, but I believed if I could get my garrison on the parapet in time I could defeat ten times my strength, and as soon as Sullivan's Island and James Island opened with their shot around me every boat in addition that came to attack me would certainly run the risk of being swamped. Then he said it seems to me it is a matter of "who gets on the parapet first" "Yes" I said, "Well then what are your preparations for getting your men up in time to meet the enemy when they land?" In answer to this question I simply pulled my jingle bell, by which I was standing. Instantly my bell answered in the fort, and in less time than I can relate it the entire garrison was on the parapet, the port-holes and sally-port secured, and every thing to the smallest detail ready to resist an attack. I then turned to the General and said I have answered your question in a practical manner. He was very much pleased, especially when my orderly came running up with my sword and pistol, I then explained

to him all our arrangements for an assault, and leaving the garrison in position showed him how the lower parts of the fort had been prepared, also the arrangements for handling the hand grenades &c. As soon as my appointment to the command of Sumter was known I was overwhelmed with letters of congratulations from friends in every direction, while making their congratulations they never failed to express the hope that my life would be spared, and many pious people volunteered to pray for me night and day. Among these valuable and highly appreciated letters came one from my old friend and preceptor at the Citadel, the Rev. P. F. Stevens, who had lately resigned his commission in the Army to follow what he considered his calling. In reply to his letter, after thanking him for its kind language, I invited him to pay me a visit and if agreeable to him to preach to the garrison. His minister, Tommy Skowledge had never paid the Fort a visit since the siege. In reply he said he would come with pleasure, and as he happened to be in Charleston at the time, arrangements were made by which he could spend Saturday night on Sullivan's Island and I would lend my own boat for him just before day on Sunday morning. Sure enough he arrived about day-break. I explained to him that it was my hour for sleep, and turned him over to the care of the Officer of the Day with instructions to show him around as much as possible

until breakfast time (12 o'clock) when I would then take charge of him. I had made arrangements for the service to be held soon after breakfast. I shall never forget the day, the scene and the sermon. We were in the midst of the great sixty days bombardment and the firing was exceedingly heavy, it seemed as if the Fort would actually tremble when the immense mortar shells would burst under the water in close proximity ^{to} the fort. It was one incessant roar, the wounded and killed were brought in to the hospital which adjoined my mess room next to the office and every thing tended to make a scene of the most impressive nature. Mr. Steins used the deck of the ship as his reading desk, and after reading the service as contained in the Episcopal Prayer Book he preached his sermon from the text contained in Romans Chapt. 5. verses 1 & 2. Never in the whole course of my life did I ever hear such a sermon, possibly the circumstances surrounding us might have added to his words, but they seemed inspired, and I have no doubt the occasion lent force to his thoughts and fire to his language. The soldiers crowded around and seemed to take a deep interest in the services. Myself am not ashamed to say that I could not restrain my tears. Naturally an able speaker he seemed to be at his best, and his vivid pictures and beautiful and convincing arguments were most lavishly given to us —

It was truly a very impressive occasion. After the services were over, I escorted him around and showed him as much as the heavy fire would permit, and at night sent him back safely under the cover of the darkness to Sullivan's Island. Some times amusing incidents would take place. I relate the following as an instance. One night a company of the 1st S.C. Regt of Regular Infantry came to take its tour of duty; the company was largely composed of Irishmen. It so happened that the fire the day previous had been very heavy and the garrison had to be called upon to help repair the damages. As this Company was fresh I ordered that they should be detailed. During the night the Ladies Relief Association of Charleston sent down some watermelons, and as this was not enough to go around the whole garrison I ordered that they should be distributed to the working parties on duty that night. At daylight these working parties were relieved and received their ration of whiskey and also received the watermelons. One of the officers of the company the next day overheard the following colloquy. "Jock Pat, how do you like soldiering in Sumter?" The reply came immediately, "By Jabus! Who wouldn't soldier in Sumter, with melons and whiskey?" It is needless to say that these "luxuries" were not obtainable at other positions in the harbor. The same officer who made this report, was a day or two afterwards very much troubled by

The following incident. The reserve supply of coffins were stored in the same Casemates which he and some other officers had their quarters. The pile of coffins was used as a sort of table and he happened to be sitting near it, and as some people will carelessly do, scribbled his name on one of them. He never regretted writing that particular coffin was used, even going so far as to urge the Quartermaster to use it, without regard to its size for the occupant. When it was used in a day or two he was much relieved, saying he had been afraid it might be used for himself. All the interior entrances to the Casemates that were left, the bombproofs, galleries &c, were provided with iron doors, with loop holes for musketry. The bombproofs also had loop holes. The idea of this was that in case the garrison was driven from the parapets they could take refuge in these covered places and with their rifles command the parade ground and the interior of the Fort; at the same time by concerted signals to the adjoining forts and batteries, they would pour into the interior of the Fort a shower of mortar shells thus rendering it impossible for the enemy to attain possession although even had been driven from the parapet, I did not then, nor do I now believe that with the garrison I was fortunate to command that the enemy could land enough men upon the beach to

Since we found the parapet, as long as
we could hold the parapet the more
men in boats they sent against us
the greater would be their discom-
fiture, besides our own fire they
would have been subjected to the
fire from Sullivan's Island and
James Island, whose guns were
trained very evening at sunset to
rocket shot around sunset.
These shots would have been harm-
less to us and very destructive to
the enemy. It should also be remem-
bered that no assault could be
made except at night, and that ~~we~~
made extraordinary preparations
every night to meet an attack, our
ammunition was abundant, and
if the courage of the garrison could
be relied on, of which I had no
fear, all would be well until day
light would compel their retreat,
Another great advantage I felt, was
that we knew our ground very
well of it, every man knew his post
and his duty when this. While the
enemy in darkness would approach
an unknown fortification in boats,
and as it would be almost im-
possible to secure complete cov-
er of action the least check would
add to the uncertainty of the posi-
tion, its obstructions and defenses and
in the end entail upon them un-
told confusion, demoralization and
great disaster. In fact with these
views, which I impressed upon the Officers
and the men to give them the same con-
fidence as I had, nothing would have

gave me so much satisfaction as
an assault for a successful
resistance and great merit high
honors and certain promotion.
During my time in command,
several times demonstrations were
made by boats, but they came to
nothing, and tho' we were prepa-
red for any emergency, yet do not
believe an assault during that time
was seriously contemplated by the
enemy, except the one proposed by
Gen Foster, but which never came
to anything. Almost every night the
picket boats of the enemy could be
seen by us between us and Morris
Island and also in the direction
of the Fleet, but there I think were
only an observation, trying to find
out the condition of the Fort and
what we were doing. Up to this
time every thing went along smoothly
at the Fort, it is true the damage was
great every day, but as the enemy shifted
his fire from one part of the Fort to
another we were enabled to repair
the damages almost as fast as they
were made, this was due in a
great measure to the gallant and
skilful Chief of Engineers, Capt
Geo. Johnson, his skill was fitly
supplemented by his coolness and
bravery, and his loss, the circumstan-
ces a further loss about to relate, was
at the time almost overwhelming to
me personally. From the time I had
taken command I had relied up-
on him; his knowledge of the Fort in
its various conditions, his long ex-

presence there, and his eminent
 engineering abilities ^{were} ~~was~~ a guaran-
 tee that ~~we~~ ^{we} could depend
 on ^{him} to sustain and support me
 in this trying responsibility, the
 command of the "Key of Charleston".
 When it was ~~no~~ longer an impor-
 tant defensive position, if in the
 possession of the Enemy the Port
 would be sealed, and no supplies
 could come in. On the night of July
 28, only eight days after I was in
 command, I lost his services. It was
 a calm, hot starlit night, the firing
 from mortars very heavy. The force
 was busy at work repairing dam-
 ages, especially on the gorge and
 east face. Just before day, after
 the quartermaster boats had gone
 and the post boat had just left
 with our reports, Capt Johnson and
 my self were in my office discussing
 the events of the day and other matters
 relating to the defense. I said to him
 that we were perfectly aware of the
 constant danger we were in, and
 that in case anything happened
 to me of course the General would
 appoint my successor, but in the
 event of his being disabled I had no
 doubt but my wishes and sugges-
 tions would have more or less
 weight at Head Quarters. Under these
 circumstances I wished to ask
 him who he would recommend
 as a proper person for me to sug-
 gest as his successor, and felt sure
 his recommendations upon my
 request would be duly considered.

He said he knew of no one who would be better qualified for the position than Lt Edwin J. White of the Engineer Corps, then on duty at Sullivan's Island, as he was not only a capable officer, but had served already in the Fort and was familiar with its original conditions and structure. Just about this time, when our conversation, which by the way, was more extended, had ceased my "Game Rooster Dick" commenced to crow. his perch was just opposite my office about ten feet distant. The circumstances which attended his being there were as follows. He was a favorite bird of mine, of the most pugnacious type, and had been named "Dick" after my former colonel, who was known in the Army of Northern Virginia as "Fighting Dick Anderson." When I was ordered to Sumter he was left at Battery Marshall, a day or two afterwards my servant "Frank" came over to the fort to bring my clothing and to resume his duties. Upon inquiry after affairs, he mentioned among other things, that the young officers of the Regt, amused themselves by taking "Dick" over the Island and fighting him daily. I at once ordered him on his return to bring the rooster to me. This was done and "Dick" was assigned his quarters. As I have said, the night was particularly calm and no sound could be heard in the harbor, except the report of the guns and the bursting of the shells. "Dick" continued crowing, as is

messab with fowls at that time in the morning, and it suddenly occurred to me that if he was on the parapet the enemy could hear him, I at once made known my intention to take him up and let him crow. He was perfectly tame, and taking him under my arm I proceeded towards the south east angle. Capt Johnson said he would go up by the circular stairway at the south west angle and inspect the work being done there, and along the gorge when he would join me. I reached the top of the parapet at the south east angle and placing "Dick" on the parapet he commenced to crow most vigorously. A few minutes afterwards the regular mortar shell was fired and exploded over the fort, not dreaming of what had happened I remained there, by this time some of the officers had joined me to enjoy the fun as we were satisfied, it was so calm, that the enemy could hear the crowing from Sumter's game-cock. In a few minutes an orderly rushed over to inform me that Capt Johnson was killed. I had not been uneasy about his absence as I had not parted with him more than ten or fifteen minutes, and naturally supposed he was detained by his duties, upon which I knew he was engaged. Being informed at the same time that he had been carried to the Hospital I hastened there to find him on the amputating table, undergoing ex-

amputation by the Surgeons. Tho' he was not conscious I was much relieved to learn that while severely wounded in the head by a fragment of the Mortar shell, it was not necessarily mortal, I at once ordered my own boat manned, and placed a mattress in the stern upon which I had him carefully laid, and ordered one of the Surgeons and an Officer to take him without delay to the city - where he could have the best of attention. The Surgeon was supplied with the necessary stimulants and every comfort that it was possible we furnished him. I afterwards learned that probably the only thing that saved his life was a thick hat made of palmetto leaves which he was wearing at the time. Under my instructions, my brave crew, who had been with me under many trying occasions, landed him safely in the city - fortunately it was not light enough for the enemy to see the boat depart from the Fort. I was now thrown on my own resources, and for a day or so was Engineer in Chief, as well as Commanding Officer. While the Assistant Engineers were zealous and brave they had never been placed upon their own responsibilities, had always followed instructions, but never created any new ideas. I at once telegraphed to Gen. Ripley that Capt Johnson had been wounded and sent to the city, but requested him not to have his successor appointed until I could communicate by letter

The following night I sent up a special dispatch, giving the circumstances of Capt Johnson being wounded and also stating in detail the conversation had with him in reference to his successor, and his recommendation which I heartily endorsed, as Lt White was well known to me and highly esteemed by me, adding at the same time that I had taken charge personally of the Engineer Corps and would be responsible for its proper management in the interim. There was some little delay in the appointment, not from any objection on the part of the Chief Engineer of the Department, but because Lt White could not leave Sullivan Island until his place there was filled. In the mean time I had charge in addition to my other duties. Upon the arrival of Lt White he assumed charge of the Engineers, and I desire here to express in most emphatic terms my high appreciation of his character and his abilities as an Engineer. He was brave, cool, intelligent and possessed great energy and perseverance in the discharge of his duties. His previous knowledge of the Fort was of great service to him as predicted by Capt Johnson. I never served with Capt Johnson again during the war, as after his recovery he was transferred to other duties. Since the war I have seen much of him and am glad to say my respect and esteem has augmented. We now pulled down to the bank

facts of the situation. There was no sign of diminution in the bombardment and the main question was first to repair the daily damage, and then if possible to make such improvements in the main strength of the fort, looking also to the comfort of the garrison in the approaching winter, as it was possible. These matters were urged at Head Quarters and generous supplies of material furnished so far as the circumstances would permit. One of our difficulties was the handling of the Engineer supplies upon their arrival upon our wharf of such limited space, and because to save them they had to be removed from sight before daylight. Up to this time the bags of sand, gabions and other materials of this kind had to be carried into the fort upon the shoulders of the men through the long and narrow passage ways, which hardly permitted the passage of two men at any one point. The lumber of all kinds had to be hoisted by ropes over the parapet at the North-west angle, and then transported to wherever it was needed by the men; this was not only very dangerous work, even under cover of night, but the fatigue was terrific! It was evident that some remedy must be found by which all this labor could be avoided, at least in part. Lt White suggested that we should dig a tunnel through the debris at a point

just opposite the sally-port at the North west angle, and then build a tram-way across the old parade ground to the Eastern face which was in great need of repairs, in fact in some places not more than two feet thick. I approved of the plan, but it was impossible to put it in operation at that time as the fire of the enemy was then concentrated on that particular angle, the object being to take it in reverse and by cutting away the debris and what remained of the wall at that point to expose our Wharf and thus prevent us from receiving supplies or reliefs. However all the material for shoring and casing of the tunnel was got in readiness, and sand in bags collected for a heavy traverse which was to be used to protect the outlet of the tunnel at the point it was to open upon the parade. As was expected by us the enemy after a few days changed the direction of his fire, and we at once commenced operations which were continued night and day until our work was completed. We were thus enabled by this plan to discharge the Engineer supplies in much less time and with much less labor deliver them at their destination. The tunnel was perfectly straight as the sticks of lumber 12" x 12" and 20 ft long admitted of no curves or angles. The bombardment still continued in all its fury, the heat in the casemates and bomb-proofs was ~~was~~ intense.

and the labor of repairs constant. In the midst of this trying ordeal a greater one was presented to me. a Mutiny. It happened in this way. As before stated one third of the garrison, in addition to the regular guard details, was always on the parapet, one third behind the parapet under temporary shelter and the other third in their quarters dressed and armed. I mean that this was the disposition from sunset to daylight. One morning about four o'clock in making my usual rounds, when I visited the quarters in the South West angle, then occupied by a company of the 32^d Georgia Regt. I found to my surprise that the third of the company who were entitled to be in their quarters were not dressed and armed as distinctly prescribed by orders, but were without clothing or arms & consequently could not be brought on the parapet in time to meet an assaulting force. I at once placed the Lieutenant in command under arrest and ordered that the non-commissioned officers and privates should be reported to me the next day for such punishment as I should deem proper. I went to bed as usual at daylight, and after breakfast had the non-commissioned officers and privates summoned before me. After a very careful and impartial investigation I determined that they should be punished for wilful disobedience.

dience of orders. In the mean time the Lieut had been sent under arrest to Head Quarters. The sentence was that each non-commissioned officer and private should be required to carry a 32 lb ball in a bag on his shoulder for two hours - and while doing so walk up and down the passage way opposite the Offices situated in the western casemate. They readily yielded to my decision and commenced to perform the task imposed upon them. A few minutes after, as I was engaged in my office, a disturbance occurred in the passage way in front and upon looking up I found several soldiers taking the bags containing the balls from the prisoners shoulders. I immediately rushed into the passage and seized the ring-leader and jolted him into the office, where he was placed under charge of the Adjutant, St Ogier, with a pistol at his head, the Adjutant being ordered to blow his brains out upon the slightest movement. I was enabled with the assistance of the few officers present to arrest two or three others, when the crowd of mutineers who were unarmed rushed up the stairs to get their guns and release their companions - This gave me a few minutes time, and I at once ordered all the iron doors to the various passages leading to other parts of the fort closed and locked, so as to cut off this particular Company, engaged in the mutiny,

from the rest of the garrison who might have sympathized with them just next to my Office was a company of Regulars, my own Regiment upon whom I could depend, I had also possession of the long gallery under the North face which communicated with another company of my own Regiment which was in charge of the North East Casemate battery; the balance of the garrison belonged to the 32^d Regt. and I naturally supposed they would side with the mutineers of their own Regiment. In all I had two small companies of regulars against three large companies of Volunteers. The precautions I had taken to fasten the doors, cut two of these companies off from the third, as under the terrible fire we were rendering they did not dare to come to the assistance of their friends from the outside. While they were up on the second tier casemates in which were their quarters, getting their rifles I was not idle, the mountain howitzer which guarded the Sally-port was charged with grape and canister, and whirled in to the passage which was now clear and through which they would have to advance to reach the prisoners in my office. A detail of the regular company had charge of the gun under command of Lt Frank H. Huger who happened to be the officer of the day. The bal-

ance of this company was in rear of the howitzer with their rifles. In less time than I can describe it the mutineers were seen descending the steps at the head of the passage, some forty determined and excited men. I was in the passage just opposite my office and a few feet in front of the howitzer. My orders were to Lt. Meyer that as soon as I stepped out of the passage I would give the order to fire, which he would continue to keep up so long as a man remained in the passage. Slowly, but with curses and imaledictions upon my head the mutineers descended the stairway, the crisis was approaching, nothing seemed possible to divert it. Just at this moment Capt. Geo. W. Lamar, who was the Commissary and Quartermaster of the post, and whose office was just out of the passage at the foot of the stairway, upon his own motion, rushed to the foot of the stairway and beseeched the men to pause; he appealed to them as brother Georgians to remember who they were and in what cause they were enlisted and under what circumstances they were surrounded; they were then he said in the post of honor, they were wrong. The orders of the Commanding Officer must be obeyed, and he had a right to enforce his orders. He made a most fervent appeal with the result that they wavered for

a moment, then turning from his patriotic appeal he called their attention to the preparations I had made for their reception, and finally said I feel assured that from what I know of Capt Sturgis not one man of you who enters that passage will leave it alive, he has been able to make his arrangements, and he is alive to the fact that either he or you must conquer. A pause, and some talk, and gradually they retired to their quarters. Without relaxing my preparations, and leaving every thing in readiness for instant defense, I determined at once to find out the temper and spirit of the other two companies, who were actually a majority of my garrison. Taking a guard of regulars with me I visited the eastern portion of the Fort, and found the two companies very much excited as vague rumors had reached them as to what was going on in the west side of the Fort. Upon consultation with the officers, who I found ~~loyal~~ faithful to me and to their duty, I had the men summoned in their quarters and explained to them the situation and the absolute necessity of discipline and obedience to orders. I explained to them that I fully appreciated that they were not hiring soldiers but were soldiers from entirely patriotic motives, but they could never succeed in obtaining the

ends they had in view unless they submitted to the authority and direction of their superior officers. I was ably seconded in my appeal by the different officers, among whom I wish to call special attention to the brave Captain Hall 3^d Ga, who I presume is long since dead, as he was at least fifty years old at that time. Finding that I had my force completely in hand I now determined to make an example which would be remembered and would secure for me no further trouble of the kind. I telegraphed to Head Quarters, asking that the Company should be relieved that night by another Company. I then sent the Officer of the day ^{them} up to their quarters and disarmed ^{them}. All this while, the prisoners who had been captured when in the office under a strong guard. The blacksmiths of the fort were then ordered to iron them which was done in the presence of their comrades, and as soon as night set in they were sent in my boat to the city. During the night the Company was relieved, and later that night Gen. Ripley and some of his staff paid ~~me~~ a visit, when I related to him the whole occurrence. He approved very highly of my conduct and spoke in high terms to each of the officers who I mentioned as having been conspicuous in their behavior in aiding me to suppress the revolt. Three of the ringleaders were afterwards tried by Court Martial and shot, the rest being pardoned at my request. I look upon this affair as probably the

most critical one in my life. Of course I could not tell what aid the numerous company would receive from their friends in the other two Companies, and while I was determined to maintain my authority and the discipline of the Garrison I feared it would have been at a bloody cost. Having made my preparations I intended to hold my post even at the sacrifice of every one who opposed me; I cheerfully say that if it had not have been for Capt. Hamer then would have been bloody work in that passage that afternoon, and as my boat was protected by the two Companies of regulars, and my assailants could only approach me through the narrow passage in my front I had no fear of the final result. In justice to the 32nd Co. I desire to say that it was as fine a body of men as I ever saw during the war - they were men of good social standing, most of them well educated and possessed of property - there was no discipline among them according to my views, this however was not the fault of Col. Harrison their Commander, who was a fine officer, but unfortunately at this time he was on detached duty, as he frequently was. Some of their Company Officers were first rate men and tried to do their duty and make the men do theirs, notably Capt Lewis the Commander of this very Company, but who unfortunately was absent at the time of the meeting, had he been

present I do not believe it would have occurred. After his return to his command they served frequently with me at Sumter and I had no further trouble with them. Such was the situation at the fort, under a heavy fire from the enemy, and the many responsibilities attending it, to have this internal trouble was a severe trial to me. The question was, "who was to command the fort?" and I determined to answer it in my favor, and it has always been a source of great satisfaction to me that it was answered, by prompt and decisive action, without the shedding of blood which for a while seemed impossible to avoid. Up to this time I had been very fortunate in not having received any hurt, it is true that one night shortly after I had taken command I was knocked down by a shower of brick-bats from the parapet, but I received no injury except a few bruises. About the latter part of August however I had a narrow escape. It was a Sunday, after breakfast I walked over to the North Eastern casemate, and was about to return to my office, when the lookout called that a shell was coming, I waited and after the explosion started again, the firing the heavy was steady and at such intervals that I thought I had time to cross the old parade and get under cover before the next shell, just as I got near the center of the parade the lookout gave warning again. I could not see as it was too far, and besides the men were looking out on

the parade from the bomb-proofs, and it would never do for the Commanding Officer to see, however prudent, I saw the shell strike the top of the main bomb-proof in the centre of the gorge wall, and bound up into the air. I stood immovable and fortunately pressed my elbows close to my side. The last thing I remember was seeing the shell burst when I came to myself I was laid out on the amputating table, with the surgeons and others around me. My left arm was apparently paralyzed, and my clothing having been cut away, examination was being made as to the extent of my injuries. In a short while it was found that no damage had been done except to the left arm. Upon investigation the surgeons concluded that a fragment of the shell had passed down my arm from the shoulder, scraping the skin until it reached the elbow, striking which it gave me such a fearful blow as to cause me to lose my senses. In a few minutes the arm was bled and for many days it was of no use to me, and had to be carried in a sling. I learned afterwards that the men saw me stand still, heard the report, and saw me knocked down amid a shower of dirt, bricks &c, On rushing out they found me senseless and carried me to the hospital. The surgeons gave it as their opinion that I must have been struck by a piece of shell, the convex part being next to my arm, as if the rough or concave part had of

been next to me, my arm would have been frightfully mangled and possibly the shell would have been diverted in its course so as to enter my body, which would have resulted in death. Under Providence the only thing saved me was the position I took holding my arms below to my body. I was much gratified to see the sympathy shown me and the anxiety expressed by the entire garrison as soon as it was known I was wounded. The telegraph operator, without orders, sent the news to Charleston, and in a few minutes telegrams from Head Quarters came, to learn the facts and my condition. I replied that while I was painfully hurt, there was no need for alarm as I would continue to do my duty. This did not satisfy them and a special surgeon was sent down that night to make an accurate report as to my injuries - which being favorable nothing more was done about it. The only result of this shock after the arm got well, was that my hearing was damaged in the left ear, which has gradually increased until I cannot hear in that ear now. The enemy was not satisfied with bombarding us from Morris Island and from the monitors, but they thought they could shake the parapets down by exploding gun-powder rafts under the walls and also destroy our pontoon wharf at the north west angle, which they could not reach except by mortar shells, which was by no means reliable. Consequently on the night of the 28th of August, one

of these rafts was prepared and towed to some point West of the Fort in the direction of Fort Johnson and on the ebb tide cast loose. The current set in the direction of the Fort and the chances were very good for the raft to strike the West face. About 10 or 11 P.M. the sentry on the South West angle gave the alarm and as usual the entire garrison rushed to the parapet. It was ~~dark~~ night, on reaching my post at the South East angle I waited a few minutes, and thought it was a false alarm, but soon an Officer from the West parapet came over and reported that it was not small boats but appeared to be one large one or possibly several small ones lashed together. I ordered him to return and open fire upon whatever it was with the Mountain Howitzers stationed on the West parapet. I thought that this was only a feint, and that the real attack would be from the East and South East - and therefore determined to remain where I was during that post the most important. Hardly had the Officer left me when an explosion occurred just off the West face. To us on the East side of the fort it appeared as if the whole West face was blown up, a mass of flame, smoke, mud &c rose up into the air above the height of the parapet, and for a moment or so completely hid that portion of the fort, not dreaming of a powder-raft I thought the explosion had taken place within the fort, which would

have been very disastrous to us; I was
time than I can tell it the smoke, mud
and water disappeared and to my joy
the west face seemed at that dis-
tance intact. Cautioning the men to
be extremely alert I ran over to the
west parapet, and found no dam-
age had been done except the men
and the walls were liberally spattered
with mud. The Officers explained
that they saw this ~~large~~ great flat
as it appeared to them slowly drifting
towards the fort and when a short
distance off the explosion took place,
nothing was ever seen of raft,
or anything else; the explosion was
premature as from ^{what} the officers reported
five minutes more and the raft
would have grounded on the beach or
struck the wharf. Another attempt was
made some time after but it was very
insignificant - The weary days and
nights dragged on without any thing oc-
curring out of the general state of affairs
until the afternoon of the 4th or 8th of
Sept, when as the sunset gun was fired
from the fort, the enemy suddenly ceased
their fire. For sixty days and sixty nights
the fire had been unremitting, sometimes
a little more rapid than at other times
but never ceasing. We could not un-
derstand how it was that there was
no firing that night, and consequently
expected an assault. Every thing was
put in readiness and with my great
coat and surrounded by the entire
garrison I watched all night on the par-
apet. No sign of the enemy, and the next
day the firing was not resumed. It

soon became apparent that they had given it up in despair, and thus ended the last and greatest of the bombardments to which the fort was subjected. It is true the enemy very soon and again paid their compliments to us, but nothing like a steady bombardment for any length of time was undertaken. We now had a breathing spell which was much desired and the Engineer in charge and myself projected some much needed improvements to which our attention could now be turned, the repairs being soon completed, our plans were submitted to Head Qrs, and approved, and our requisitions for materials filed. The most important work contemplated was strengthening the East face which was very weak, and constantly exposed to the shells of the Monitors. Our plan contemplated a heavy crib-work filled with sand to back this face, which was commenced at once; after this was completed a splendid bomb-proof running the entire length of the East face was backed up against the crib-work. My intention was that it could accommodate two hundred men; this was very much needed as the soldiers quarters up to this time were very scant and more rooms was necessary not only for the comfort but the health of the garrison. At the south end of this bomb-proof a room was cut off for my private quarters from which a special stairway was built to enable me to reach the parapet in a moment. This was the first time since I had been in command

that I had a place of any privacy, where I could wash and dress, or any place to sleep in that was not subject to constant interruption. It also gave me a place where I could read or write in some quiet. The enemy, as I have said, having ceased firing, our whole attention during the day was given to work inside the fort, at night outside work which was necessary was done. This outside work was at times considerable owing to the washing of the waves in stormy weather. Now was seen the benefit of our tunnel and the tramway. All the Engineer supplies were landed at night on the wharf and on the ~~beach~~ barge. At daylight this detail was relieved and another transported it by the tramway to the East face, thus clearing the way for the next night supplies. The carpenters & laborers all day were busy fitting and framing the citework and the big bomb-proof. It was a busy scene. The Chief Engineer like myself went to bed at daylight and rose at mid-day - his assistants worked in detail, so many hours off and on, as there was work in this Department going on every hour day and night - Day by day I saw myself growing stronger, and thus being comparatively little danger to reach the fort at night. I had frequent visits from my superior officers, who all expressed their satisfaction at the progress being made. Even under these circumstances life was in constant danger - without warning the enemy would send over a dozen shells in quick succession, especially at night. I presume for the purpose of annoying

our working parties and to interrupt the receipt of our supplies. I will give the following instance as an ~~example~~ example. One night I had an oyster supper in my mess-room which was next to the Adj't's Office. Just as we were about to go to supper, a young officer by the name of Thrull of the 32nd La came to the office where we were assembled, I saw him and asked him to join us at supper. He thanked me but said I have just received orders to take charge of a working party and have come for my orders. And begged to be excused. I said I was sorry, but I would have some oysters put up for him which he could get when he finished his work. He thanked me and went to his detail. We sat down to supper, I gave my servant orders to have some oysters for him when he returned. We had not finished our meal when I observed the ambulance corps bringing in some one to the Hospital which adjoined the Mess room to the south side as the office was on the north side. I went to the Hospital to know what was the matter and to my horror word was brought that Lt Thrull was killed. On reaching the Hospital I found that a fragment of shell had gone through his heart killing him instantly. I am sure it was not twenty minutes since my conversation with him. I deeply regretted his loss, having noticed his efficiency and cheerful discharge of his duty. I had frequently engaged him in conversation and found out that he was not only a good soldier but a Christian gentleman, and the only child of a widowed Mother upon whom he doted.

This man which killed and wounded
thirteen sailors who were awaiting under
St. Thomas's direction. It was a great shock to
us as he had made himself quite a favor-
ite, his courage and his modest earnest
purpose in the discharge of his ^{duty} endeared
him to all. These long nights were now
spent by the Officers in playing chess,
cards and various games, as all were
required to be awake. Reading at night
was out of the question the few good
lights we had being in the hospital
and the Adjutant's office where the
official papers were being prepared
ready to send off by day. I succeeded
in getting some books through Mr. B. B. B.
Miles from Congress, these were the printed
official reports from the War Department,
when ~~when~~ the Officers and men were not
in duty during the day, they generally
passed their time, after the night vigil,
either in sleep or conversation, a very
little reading was done. My permanent
staff officers at this time were Lt. H. G.
Agier Adjutant, Lt. Edwin J. White Chief
Engineer, Lt. Raif Egard and Jno. Houston
Assistant Engineers, Capt. Glass, Lamar
Commissary & Quartermaster, Lt. J. P. Miller
A.O.C., and Serph Milton Surgeon Ordnance
Officer. The surgeons were relieved every
ten days. In relation to the surgeons
I desire without disrespect to them gen-
erally, for they were as a general rule
faithful and attentive to give an in-
stance of my troubles. A day or so before
Capt. Johnson was wounded, I had made
a requisition for some fine whiskey or brandy
to be used in just such an emergency,
it was sent down, and I turned it over

DEATH OF GEN. HUGUENIN

Mayor Smyth announced the death of Gen. Huguenin, late superintendent of the city...

It becomes my sad duty officially to announce to the City Council the death of Gen. Thomas A. Huguenin, who for 30 years has served this city as superintendent of streets...

It is my privilege, however, as well as my duty, to speak of his long and faithful service as a city officer, and his unflinching devotion to the calls of duty.

Often when the hand of disease and suffering held him in its iron grasp, and when his frame was racked with pain, I have seen him at his post, constant in the discharge of the obligations of his office.

He bore the trials of a long and lingering illness with that calm fortitude which was so marked a characteristic of his nature. When the last summons came suddenly and without warning, he answered without a murmur, and died as quietly

and peacefully as a little child. A fitting end to a gallant life.

Alderman Gadsden responded to the words of the Mayor. He made a motion that a committee be appointed to draw up suitable testimonials to his memory. Alderman Davis seconded the motion. It was adopted, and Mayor Smyth appointed Messrs Gadsden, Davis and Holman as the special committee.

The committee on Health...

THOMAS A. HUGUENIN

(From the Columbia Evening News.) The News and Courier, in its Sunday issue, announced the passing away Saturday night last of that stout soldier and noble man, Gen. Thomas A. Huguenin, the last commander of Fort Sumter, and gave a becoming tribute to his memory...

A distinguished graduate of the South Carolina Military Academy, one of the bravest holders of the wall between the States, a loyal man, a public-spirited citizen, true to the State in every fibre of his being, Gen. Huguenin well deserves the eulogium that his record embodies. And well may his name be held in special honor in Charleston, whose harbor he so bravely guarded at Wagner and at Sumter, and whose interests he worked for in post-bellum days. He, who held Charleston's gateway to the sea with Ithiel and Mitchell and Elliott and Harleston and other kindred spirits, has entered the portals of the grave. Honor to his memory! Alas! His final favor may he sleep well near the historic harbor where

Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud, looms o'er the solemn deep.

Bill the... do... me... to... both... from... NO... The... us... they... Leg... pare... that... Hall... to the... West... proc... Tus... anti... from... ed on... Tom... "bos... that... deez... Hillen

GEN. T. A. HUGUENIN South Carolina Has Lost a Patriot and Distinguished Citizen.

(From the Watchman and Southern.)

The state lost a distinguished and patriotic citizen on Saturday when Gen. Thomas A. Huguenin, of Charleston, entered into rest and joined the great majority beyond the river, with his 50 years of his old comrades in arms have preceded him. Gen. Huguenin was a very distinguished and gallant soldier during the civil war, his most notable services being as commander of the garrison of defense in Fort Sparter. Since the war he has been prominent in the public affairs of Charleston and was honored and respected throughout the state. The ranks of the old guard grow thinner year by year, but it is only when the prominent figures are struck down that the fact is brought so forcibly to the public attention.

Gen. Huguenin was born November 18, 1830. Entered the South Carolina Military Academy in 1855, from which institution he graduated in 1856, as Cadet Adjutant, and at once assumed the duties of assistant professor in that institution. Entering the state's service in 1857, he served the Confederate cause with distinguished ability, receiving credit for his alma mater. His military record, as an officer of the Confederacy, and the conspicuous ability and valorous services rendered, as the commanding officer of Fort Sumter, has rendered him, with the cause so dear to all Southern soldiers and sailors, the admiration of his military opponents.

After the strife of civil war, and across the life, Huguenin retired from military life, but in the stirring times of '70, when men of experience were required and every true Carolinian re-

sponded, Gen. Huguenin was found taking an active leadership in the formation and maintenance of the rifle clubs, and his valuable services at that period are engraved in grateful remembrance in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

In April, 1864, in recognition of his services in times of war and peace and his well known ability, he was chosen as the commanding officer of the brigade, and served with fidelity as such until 1884, endeavoring himself to the entire command.

GEN. T. A. HUGUENIN.

This afternoon the mortal remains of Thomas A. Huguenin will be laid to rest. Around his grave will assemble the veterans who were his comrades in war and the young men who have been his pupils and followers in peace. He has earned distinguished honors as a soldier in conflict and in council.

He stood on the ramparts of Sumter when the fort was crumbling beneath his feet. He held his post in defence of Charleston to the last.

He has joined the great concourse of the comrades in the land of glory. There are not many left who fought by his side, but there are enough to tell of his valor and when they fall, there are younger voices to take up the tale and hand it down to history.

He will sleep in undisturbed tranquillity but his name is indelibly engraven in the records of his city and his state.

OUR ARTISTIC CITY HALL.

THURSDAY MORNING MARCH 25, 1897

from the... The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

Complete... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

The... of... The... of... The... of... The... of...

ter, quiet; choice steady; State dairy 10... Flour quiet and unchanged; No 3 spring wheat...

Chicago, February 27—P. M.—Cash quot... Flour quiet and unchanged; No 3 spring wheat...

St. Louis, February 27—P. M.—Flour... Flour quiet and unchanged; No 3 spring wheat...

NAVAL STORES. New York, February 27—P. M.—Rosin... Rosin firm and unchanged; sales 1,411...

COTTON SEED OIL. New York, February 27—P. M.—Cotton... Cotton seed oil quiet and steady; crude 20a20 1/2...

FREIGHTS. New York, February 27—P. M.—Freight... Freight to Liverpool: Market quiet and steady...

Shipping Notes. Charleston 25 C. February 25—Arrived... Steamship Seminoles, Beards, from Jacksonville...

THE FOOT GUARD AT HOME.

They Spread Abroad Intelligence of their Doughty Southern Experience.

The Governor of Connecticut and his escort have returned to their homes in the Nutmeg State, and the papers are filled with what they have to say of the South and of their trip through it. They are one and all loud in their expressions of appreciation of the kindness and courtesies shown them. The correspondent of the Courant says of the Charleston visit: "Charleston was reached early the next morning, the sky being still cloudless, as it had been since the start from home. At Charleston the train was met by Mayor Picken, accompanied by a delegation of city officials and citizens, and by the city battalion of the State militia, commanded by Brig. Gen. Anderson. Charleston's treatment of us was royal. The whole city seemed rejoiced to see us. Their hospitality was so evidently sincere, so hearty and so all pervading that we were almost made to feel that we were the obligers and they the obliged. It was perfectly delightful. The charm of the quaint old city, the cordial manners and soft voices of these Southern gentlemen, on every side the warm grasp of an outstretched hand, the semi-tropical air and the hundreds of half-clad negroes of all ages completed a picture which can never fade. We had a parade, of course, and in the afternoon a beautiful sail down the harbor to Forts Sumter and Moultrie. On board was old Gen. Huguenin, who took command of Fort Sumter when Major Anderson surrendered. As he sat on the deck and looked over at the Fort where the first gun of the war was fired, his very old eyes gazed on the pile of stones with an unconscious air of proprietorship. But this warrior bold doesn't talk of himself. He is far too modest and blushes like a school boy when the tongues of admiring friends tell in his presence of his exploits.

The same paper contains an interview with Major Hyde, in which that gallant officer says:

"The trip did much good and was worth more to the State of Connecticut than it cost. It brought a great many from this State into social relations with the people of Atlanta, Charleston and Richmond, and I have no doubt it gave us as well as from new ideas of the relations between the North and the South. We had a good deal of speech-making, generally of an informal kind, and the keynote of all was a desire to cultivate the more harmonious relations between the sections and a determination to do everything toward the prosperity of the country as a whole. My experience in this trip is that the Southern people as a whole have returned to the love of the old flag, and are anxious to work together with us for the advancement of the whole country."

When they arrived in Hartford the following resolution of thanks was adopted: "The Governor of Connecticut, his party, and the 1st Company, Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, represented by the respective contingents, hereby tender to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Georgia Railroad Company, their hearty thanks for courtesies rendered during a memorable excursion to the Atlanta Exposition, with delightful excursions to Charleston and Richmond, and contributions upon each road possessing the facilities which have allowed the journey to be made on a schedule of time that beats the record for a special train. And by the representatives of these roads, social attentions are felt, for it is their personal attention to the details that made the enjoyment so great. Some mention should also be made in this tribute of the excellent Pullman car service which has made travelling a luxury and has given the greatest appreciation possible to all the employees of both roads."

The Columbia in the News of Saturday says:

Visit of the Westerners to Charleston:

On the deck of an ocean steamer, surrounded by a crowd of Northern invaders, whose battle cry was "Love and Friendship," a gallant Confederate soldier stood this afternoon telling the story of how he held Fort Sumter against the Federals. He was a little old man, with a soldierly bearing. His mustache and imperial were snow white, but his eyes were undimmed by age, flashing with the fire of strife as he gazed over the old fort. His face shone with triumph as he quietly told how he had never been beaten, for he commanded Fort Sumter and evacuated it in 1865, when the Confederates no longer had any use for it. But when he had spoken of bitter war and all its attendant horrors he turned to the Northerners with a pleasant smile and said he was glad the day had come when the North came to the South bent on its capture by the power of love and friendship and brotherhood.

The brave old soldier was Gen. Thomas A. Huguenin, who, as a boy captain of 22, held Fort Sumter against the Northern forces on sea and land for seven months, and was the last one to leave its battle scarred walls. It was to the members of the Chicago Southern States Association that he told the story of the storm of shot and shell that swept over the fort, and how the mysterious "Swamp Angel," the Federal mortar buried in the mud six miles from Charleston, sent missiles of death far over his head into the city by the sea.

His kindly feeling toward the visitors from Chicago was but a sample of that of the whole City of Charleston. As soon as an especial train rolled into the city, the people were all there to greet the visitors.

The one man who stood out in the big crowd was Gen. Huguenin, the last Confederate commander of Fort Sumter, and he was proud and happy to greet the Northerners.

The 1st regiment boarded several steam-

WELCOMED IN CHARLESTON. CHICAGOANS VISIT SUMTER.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 11.—General Thomas A. Huguenin commanded the garrison at Fort Sumter when it was being bombarded in the days of war. Today he was the courteous guide of a party of 600 northerners, some of whom were his enemies in the old days and others his sons and daughters of those who fought on the union side. In both instances he was faithful. As a soldier he was never whipped and in the position of guide he captivated the people from the north by his kindness and patience with their mean ignorance of American history.

Those who wanted to hear the gallant old man were delightfully entertained. The general is one of the idols of the Charleston folk. He was but a boy when put in charge of the garrison at Sumter and he held it against some of the strongest bombardments ever known in any war, as many as nineteen boats having directed their guns on the fortification at one time. But the old man held out against them all and has lived long enough to tell of his personal triumph to the victors of the struggle.

to the hospital with instructions that it was not to be used except for some Officer who might be wounded. The liquor ordinarily furnished the fort being common corn whiskey. When I reached Capt Johnson one of the Asst. Surgeons was about to give him some Stimulant, I saw at a glance that it was corn whiskey and not what I had procured for such an event, I asked where was the other whiskey, and was informed that it had been all used, As soon as Capt Johnson was sent to the city I made an investigation, as I knew no Officer had been wounded since the whiskey had come. I found out that the Chief Surgeon and one of his assistants had used it, they were both placed under arrest and that night sent to the city, in the mean time I telegraphed for two others who came that night Nov 18th 1864 was my twenty-fifth birth day. We had a fine dinner and enjoyed ourselves as far as circumstances would permit. From now on to the close our lot was much more easy, it is true the labor of strengthening the fort continued day and night, but the danger was much less, and by the addition of the new bomb proof quarters were much more comfortable. For an account of the sinking of the "Petrels" by a Torpedo see an interview of mine published in the News & Courier, a copy of which is in my desk. We had several "flays of truce" for the exchange of prisoners, and

during their existence many visitors from the city, including some ladies, visited us, to see for themselves. Among the visitors was Gen. H. Pemberton who came in an official capacity by order of the Sec. of War. He spent a night and day with me. Fortunately there was no firing and I had an opportunity to show him the exact condition of the fort, and explain all our preparations to meet an assault. He expressed himself as very much pleased and was astonished at our strength and the work we had done under such disadvantages. About this time an amusing report was circulated in some of the Northern papers to the effect that the fort was gradually sinking and we had to resort to constant pumping. The facts were these; on account of the great loss of material which had been shovelled off the fort, and the wash of the waves, and the inability to supply this loss as rapidly as necessary from the city, we were compelled to dig up the parade ground and use this material on the parapet, consequently the parade ground was several feet below high-water mark. When it rained the parade became a basin which held a large quantity of brackish water, this would soon have a green taint over of it, and as it endangered the health of the garrison we were compelled to have details pump it continually. Of course no military man of any ability would believe any such rumor as the fort was built on a magnificent foundation. After the war my mother told me that when she was a girl running

on the beach on Sullivan's Island she used to see cays after cays of stone carried thither for the foundation and added "Little did I think then that a war of men would one day command that fort." Winter had set in and we suffered much from cold as it was almost impossible with our crippled transportation to furnish us with wood even to cook with, it is true our cooking did not amount to much as all our fresh bread was baked in the city, and when from any cause it did not reach us we fell back on 'hard-tack'. We had fresh beef three or four times during the week, and as the men did not remain long at a time they could do without vegetables. Of course those of us who were permanently in the fort used vegetables, which were freely supplied. I used to send my boat to Sullivan's Island once a week, and get my clean clothes, at the same time the crew was required to bring a load of oysters, which were placed in the water until wanted to be used. My friends in the country sent me boxes of country produce, and as I had good servants we lived very comfortably. Nothing of importance occurred that I remember until the order came for the final evacuation of the fort rendered necessary by the approach of the enemy under Gen Sherman in our rear. This was very hard to accept. The fort was stronger in better condition to resist a bombardment or an assault than ever before. The garrison was under perfect

discipline and would have brought
the fort to the last extremity, in
fact they were satisfied with the
idea that Sumter should never be
captured. The orders reached me on
the night of the 16th of Feby 1865
and without making them known
I made the necessary preparations.
The sick & laborers were sent off on
the night of the 16th and all spare
baggage together with the sick and
wounded. Among other things sent
off that night were the two flags
which had floated over the fort
during the great sixty day bombard-
ment, these flags together with my
personal effects were placed in charge
of my servant Frank, with instructions
to deliver them to Mrs. Mink, the wife
of my ADC, at Sumter S. C. which duty
he faithfully performed. The next
morning the 17th a new flag was rais-
ed, which was never fired upon, and
the garrison were informed that we
were ordered to evacuate the fort on
that night. At sunset the evening
gun was fired and all the prepara-
tions for an assault were made
as usual. About nine or ten o'clock
two small steamers came to the
fort and the troops were marched
by detachments aboard. When all
had been embarked except the gird
I personally with the Adj. and Chief
Engineer relieved them and ordered
them to embark. It was now near 12
o'clock, but singular to say the enemy
tho firing heavily on Sullivan Island
did not fire a single shot at us.

Under orders received no public property of any description was destroyed except some whiskey which I had emptied into the water for fear the men might get hold of it during the retreat and create a disturbance. My own library of valuable military works I burnt up in the fire-pan of my quarters, the official records were saved up in a pair of my drawers and carried along with us. After visiting every portion of the fort, with a heavy heart I reached the wharf, no one was left behind but many a heart clung to those sacred and battle-scarred ramparts. I cannot describe my emotions. I felt as if every tie held dear to me was about to be severed; the pride and glory of Sumter was there, and now in the gloom of darkness we were to abandon her, for whom every one of us would have shed the last drop of his blood. Oh! the irony of fate to give up that heroic spot without one last struggle in its defence. With a sad heart I walked upon the wharf and asked Lieut Swinton who was in charge of the boats if all were aboard, on his replying in the affirmative I assisted him in casting off the lines and was the last Confederate to leave grand old Sumter. It may well be imagined the grief that I was in. For over seven months I had held the command of the most honorable post in Charleston Harbor, the defense of which is ranked among the greatest

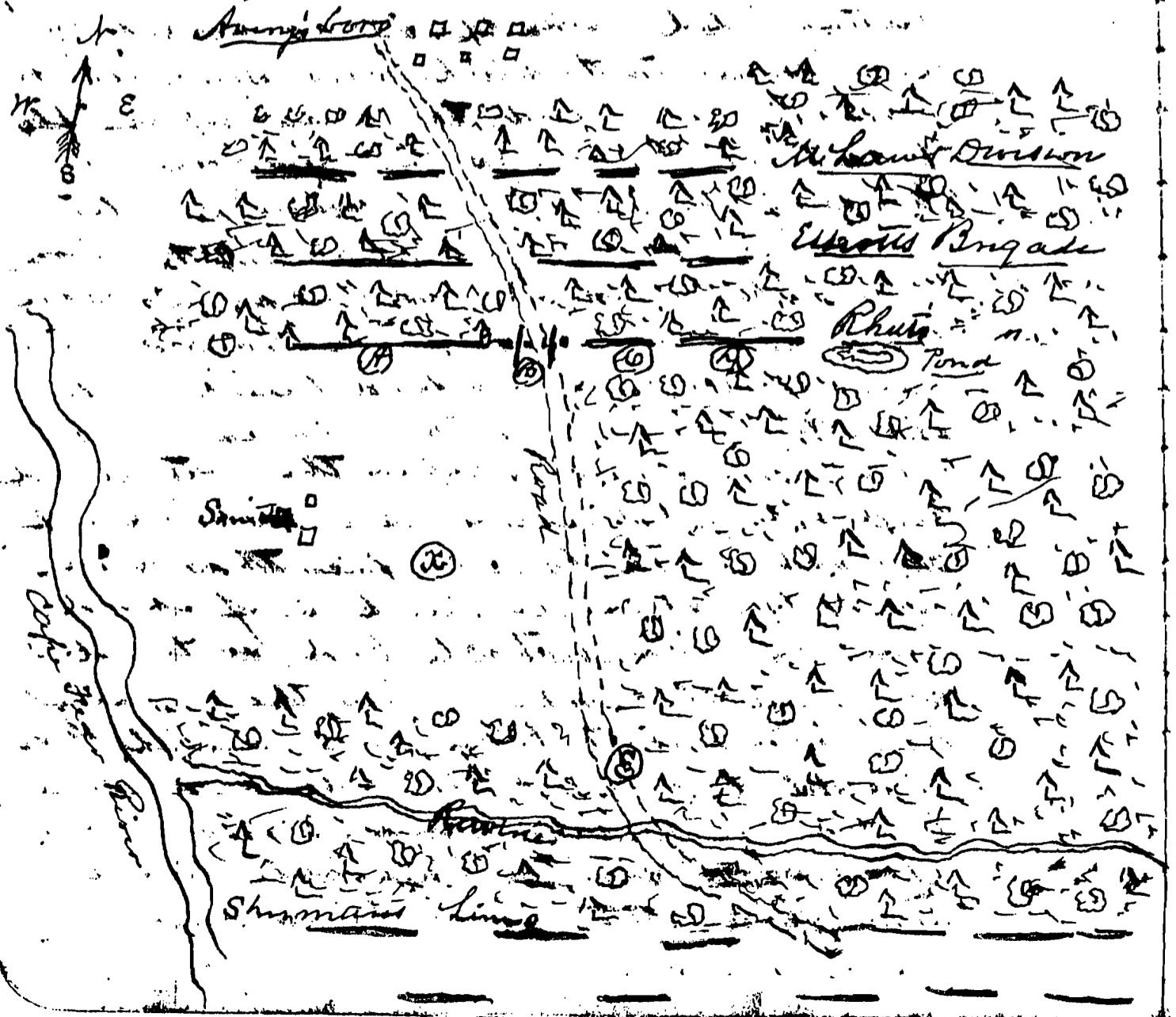
achievements in modern warfare. The appointment came to me without solicitation and very unexpectedly. I was a young man and a junior officer in my own grade, when I reached the fort the prospect was gloomy indeed, for sixty days I was subjected to a continuous bombardment, the fort was in the eyes of my superiors in a very precarious condition, and now after triumphing over all difficulties to be necessitated to give up that historic spot on account of outside causes was hard indeed. It was hard to do, but I bowed to the inevitable. Our orders were on leaving the fort to proceed to Strawberry Ferry on Cooper River, and the troops who would join this expeditionary command. One of the steamers succeeded in doing so, but the one I was in broke down & we had to make fast at a place called "Red Bank". I landed the men and after getting fire to the steamer, which was legitimate property, proceeded by land to Strawberry Ferry where I joined my Brigade. We waited there a day and Gen. Hardie's command being up we started on our march to the northward. The men in our Brigade suffered terribly from sore feet, having been in garrison duty for so long a time. Marching was very trying, especially as it was raining most of the time and the roads were more or less under water. At St. Stephens we took the railroad and went as far as Kingstree, and from there proceeded to Cheraw. When we got there our Brigade was placed in position north of the town, and the other troops were disposed of in other positions.

While the baggage &c was taken across the river on the bridge leading out of the town across the Pleu du. I had not been dry since we left Kingston, and the bad fare brought on a violent attack of dysentery. I was in camp suffering and feeling as if I could do nothing, when news was brought that the pickets of our Brigade were attacked by the enemy. I at once went to the front and joined my Company and fell back with them through the town and across the bridge. By the time we were safely across and the enemy had disordered our Cavalry across it was dark, and Major Adams of my Regiment was ordered to take six Companies back to the river bank and picket it during the night. In the mean time the bridge had been burnt by our people. My Company was one of the six ordered to go on picket. When we got in about 100 yds of the river Gen. M. C. Butler who had charge of the rear guard ordered Maj Adams to leave two Companies in the road, as a reserve, and to take the other four and post them on the river bank. As I was the senior Captain my Company was selected to remain in the reserve with the other one. In about an hour's time I saw some soldiers supporting an officer on horseback approaching from ~~the direction~~ of the river, and upon inquiry found out that it was Maj Adams who was wounded. Being the next officer in rank I turned over the command of my Company to my first Lieut, and went to the river and took command of the picket line. There we remained until daylight when we were with -

drawn by orders and rejoining our command continued the retreat towards the North Carolina line. All this time it was raining constantly, and I was suffering so severely from dysentery that I could hardly sit on my horse, I was then acting as Major of my regiment on account of Maj. Adams' wound who had been sent to the hospital in advance. Our march was through the most desolate looking country I ever saw, nothing but pine trees, and hardly a house to be seen. When we reached Fayetteville our Brigade was in the rear on the road we were marching, and halted outside of the limits of the town. The enemy were pressing very closely upon us, and some of our officers who rode out to a farm house to procure some milk, were captured. We had hardly halted before I received orders to take a portion of my regiment back, drive off the enemies pickets and take possession of a small stream upon which was located a mill on the side of the road. I did so and after the exchange of a few shots drove the enemy across the stream and took possession. This was my first experience in an infantry fight. My own horse was lame and I had borrowed a horse from the Quarter master, a most singular animal, of ~~very~~ great size, in fact a perfect elephant. It stood above the men in line, that I was a target for every sharp-shooter. I could not dismount, and fervently prayed that the old horse would either be killed or fall down and break its neck. I was fortunate enough to escape injury tho' I lay

pected it every moment; just across
the stream some of the Union Officers on
horse back were in observation, we
opened fire upon them when they quickly
retired. During the night we were re-
lieved and ordered to join the com-
mand this I succeeded in doing dur-
ing the forenoon. Our troops were de-
filing across the bridge, and I was
ordered to take four companies and
hold the bridge until all the infantry
and artillery had passed, when I would
be relieved by the Cavalry rear guard.
I did this and when the Cavalry arriv-
ed, which was about dark, after a
short skirmish in the streets of Fayette
ville, in which Gen. Hampton, as usual,
distinguished himself, I was ordered by
Gen. Hampton to withdraw my men to
join my command. This was impossible
that night, as my men were very
tired and a long way behind. After
marching a few miles I determined to bivou-
ac for the night. It was a cheerless place
the low ground was partly covered with
rain water, and we had to pick out
spots to lie down. With nothing to eat
we threw ourselves upon the wet ground
and exhausted as we were fell asleep
almost instantly, I confess that I en-
joyed the sleep as much as if I had
been on a comfortable bed, so tired I
was, and the next morning the very stiff
and wet I started on our march. For-
tunately for us our Brigade had been
waited on the high land a few miles
ahead of us, and we were able to get
some food. The march being resumed
we soon reached a place called Avery's

here. We were halted about a mile
 from the village and ordered to throw
 up breast works, as Gen. Hardee propo-
 sed to make an stand and check the ad-
 vance of the enemy. Our position was east
 of the Cape Fear River, our right resting
 on it, and our left extending across
 the road ~~to~~ on some dense woods.
 In our right front was a large field
 in which was located "the Smith" farm
 house and out buildings, surrounded
 by an orchard which was enclosed by
 the ordinary country fence. For the better
 understanding of the situation which was
 to be the scene of a desperate battle on
 the morrow I have prepared the following
 crude sketch.



Our force consisted of Hardee's Corps, composed of McLaw's veteran Division, and Taliaferro's Division composed of Rhett's Brigade of Regulars, and Elliott's Brigade of Volunteers. Taliaferro's Division were troops that had served up to the evacuation of Charleston in the forts guarding the harbor. Were mainly Artillerists, and had seen no service as Infantry, tho' they had been served in that arm of the service. Our Sherman's force, as stated by him were two legions and Kilpatrick's Cavalry. We also had some Cavalry. By reference to the sketch it will be seen that our forces were in three lines, McLaw in the rear, Elliott next, and Rhett occupied the front line. As before stated we were halted and ordered to throw up temporary breastworks. This was about 10 A.M. Some three companies of Rhett's command were sent forward as a skirmish line to hold the ravine in our front. It was raining all day tho' not hard, about 2 P.M. while engaged in building our breastwork I received an order from Col. Rhett to ride forward and take command of the Skirmish line, I protested against this to my Col, Butler, because I had performed this duty on every occasion since the retreat commenced, and I thought some one else from the Brigade should take his turn, while we were taking a courier rode up and informed us that the Skirmishers were being driven in and he came with orders for three more companies to

support them, I hesitated no longer
and rode forward carrying the three
comrades with me at the double quick.
On reaching the Southern boundary of
the Smith farm I found the Germans
had been driven from the line of the
ravine back to that point. Col. Rhet
explained the situation to me and
ordered me to retake the ravine and
hold it until further orders. I deployed
the three comrades I had brought up
to the right and left of the road, and
ordered the whole line forward. After
a brisk fire of about thirty minutes,
the enemy fell back and we took our
position along the ravine. I then rode
back to where Col. Rhet was in the
road reported that I had possession
of the ravine, and would hold it.
The enemy formed ^{up} a line just across the
ravine, and a desultory fire was kept
up until dark. After telling me to keep
him informed of events, he told me
that there was some cavalry on my
right to protect my right flank and
he would return to the main line &
ask to have some sent to support my
left. He rode off with his courier in
the direction of the Smith farm, and
when he reached the spot marked "X" he
met some fifteen or twenty cavalry men.
After a party he rode with them towards
my left flank. I presumed they were
a portion of the cavalry who he said
would be on my right. I left the road &
rode down my line and said that
every thing was right, and gave the
necessary orders. This occupied some
time, and upon my return to the road

which was about the center of my line, I was informed by a courier that Col. Rhet had been captured, I was greatly surprised. The men he met in the field were a party of the enemy who had worked their way around my right where our cavalry ought to have been; it is true that I noticed they had on blue overcoats, but as for that matter Wheeler's Cavalry who were supporting ^{us} had the same which they had captured. I relate this instance in justice to a brave man, now dead, who has been harshly criticised by his enemies, I have never attached any blame to him, as under the circumstances it might have happened to any one else. Just before dark Gen. Hardee and Taliaferro rode forward to where I was stationed, and after learning the situation gave me my orders. I was informed that I would be attacked early in the morning, but that I must hold my position as long as possible, and then fall back slowly upon the main line, contesting every foot of ground. The rain was still falling and having ridden up and down the line to see that all was right I returned to my position in the road. Night came and it was dreary enough. Soon after dark my orderly came up & brought me a tin can containing some corn bread and bacon. As the can had no top the contents were saturated with rain water, and tho' very hungry I was unable to eat, I ordered him to give it to Lt Macbeth who was on the line just to my left. On his return I made him

hold my horse and coiled myself up ^{on} a wagon trough which was by the side of the road, as I wanted to get some sleep. He was instructed to advance me upon the slightest disturbance. The night passed away quickly and I got a good sleep considering the circumstances. Just before day he called me, and I found that the rain had ceased. On the other side of the ravine the camp-fires of the enemy could be seen and we could hear the bands of music on our side. All was darkness and not a sound could be heard. I dismissed my courier and told him to go back to the line, but in case I was killed or wounded he must try and find my body. As soon as the light was sufficient the sentry in the road reported to me that he could see men coming around the bend in the road towards our line. Knowing that we had no friends in that direction I ordered him to fire upon them which he did. In a few minutes the fire became general along our whole front, and was continued for more than an hour. When it was reported to me that the enemy had overlapped my left and had turned that flank, I then gave orders for the line to retire as skirmishers, keeping up their fire. This was done in beautiful style for troops that had never been placed under such conditions. Slowly and deliberately they retired rank by rank, loading and firing all the time. The distance from my line and the main line was not

more than a quarter of a mile, but we kept them at bay for at least an hour, and to show how precisely these gallant soldiers held their ground that upon reaching the main line I found that many men, there had been killed, among them being the Lt. Col. of my Regiment. When Col. Rhett was captured the afternoon before, the command of the Brigade devolved upon Col. ^{Wm} Butler of my Regiment. Consequently upon arriving at our line, the Lt. Col. being killed, the senior Captain took command, it will be remembered that Mr. Adams was absent wounded. Our Brigade was formed as follows "A" 1st S. C., Regular Artillery, acting as infantry; B pieces of Le Gardien's battery ("B") in the road; "C" Lucas's Battalion of regulars, and "D" 1st S. C., Regular Infantry, the left of which rested on a pond of water circled with thick bushes. Hardly had we reached the line and the skirmishes had rejoined the respective companies, when the enemy in great force charged the line, they were repulsed with heavy loss, our little improvised breastworks being of great service in shutting our men. Again and again they returned to the charge but our regulars never flinched, and hurled them back. The enemy finding so stubborn a resistance prepared to flank us on our extreme left where I commanded, I sent for reinforcements and two companies of the 1st Artillery was sent me, these were stationed on my left beyond the pond.

In the mean time the enemy relaxed his efforts against my front and prepared to outflank us on the right where the 1st Artillery was stationed. After the preparations were completed a general charge upon our whole front was made the right was outflanked and my left was soon turned. We then were ordered to fall back upon the second line and help Elliott's Brigade hold it; to our surprise when we got there Elliott's Brigade was gone. We took possession of the line but succeeded in holding it but a short time, as in our weakened condition we had not enough men to hold the front and could not guard the flanks. The enemy drove us out of this line and we fell back in rear of McLaw's Division, where we were reformed and the Brigade, that is what was left of us, got in condition to be of some more service. By this time it was nearly night, and McLaw held his line until after night when the general retreat was resumed. Our little Brigade had held its ground from daylight until after one o'clock, but our losses were terrible. In my regiment out of twenty-five officers carried in I had but seven left including myself that night, the rest of the Brigade suffered just as severely. Lt Le Garden's section of artillery, had every man either killed or wounded, and both guns and caissons were so much disabled that they were left on the field, almost every horse belonging to the section was killed. All night long we continued

the retreat, but the enemy had been taught a lesson and they did not follow us - but turned to the right in the direction of Wilmington. About sunrise the next morning we halted and got food and were allowed to rest until near dark, when we were ordered to march to Bentonville to join Gen Joseph E. Johnson who intended to attack at that point. We marched until about midnight, when we halted, and bivouacked alongside of the road until day light and then resumed the march. By sunrise we could hear the artillery, and we were hurried on and crossing a bridge ~~mark~~ ed through the little village of Bentonville towards the battle field a few miles south. Worn down with our long march and the great strain of the battle of Haverboro, we were not the same troops of a few days previous. As we approached the battle field the wounded were brought by in great numbers, this showed what hot work was going on and tended to depress our men. On reaching a point in the road behind the lines an officer met us and we were ordered to file to the right and take position on the ~~extreme~~ right, the intention was to turn the enemy's left. This time Elliott's Brigade was in front and ours in line about 300 yds in his rear. I do not know whose fault it was but the attacking column was not put in far enough to our right, and instead of striking the enemy's train we were marched up against

a battery of six field pieces well supported by infantry. These were stationed in an open field, Elliotts Brigade led the charge and as they emerged from the woods and got into the field it was received by a storm of grape and canister together with the infantry fire. This Brigade broke in a few minutes and poured over our little brigade line an avalanche, threatening to carry us along with them. Our Brigade was halted under cover of the woods, and Gen Talliaferro ordered us to charge. We reached the field, but the fire was so severe and our numbers so small that we were unable to carry the battery. We fell back in the woods and lay down not a hundred yards from the field, the enemy did not pursue, but supposing us to be in retreat continued firing over us. A second charge was ordered with the like result, and we once more lay down expecting the enemy to follow us when we would get our revenge, this they did not do. Gen Hardee now rode up and after making a reconnoissance ordered us to move by the left flank and join our left to Gen Bates right when another charge of Bates and our Brigade would be made. By the time this was done it was near dark, but when the charge was ordered it was handsomely accomplished for about a half mile the enemy retreating in great haste to their main line. When we struck the main line we were unable to carry it as they must have outnumbered us five to one, and after a desperate attempt we were forced to relinquish

any further attack. Our Regiment was severely handled again, my entire color guard was killed, and I brought the regiment's colors out of its battle with my own hands, taking it out of the hands of Sergt Long, the color sergt, who was killed within less than a hundred yards of the enemy's line. After the battle of Averysboro on account of the lack of Officers, I had consolidated the ten companies in the regiment into five, giving one Officer to each two companies, the sixth Officer acted as Adjutant and I was the seventh. We took position for the night just in rear of the position from which the last charge was made. Up to this time we had heard nothing of Elliott's brigade since they broke in the beginning of the battle. I gathered the few Officers I had left, and disposed the men as well as I could in the darkness. I had nothing to eat since the morning of the day before, as my orderly had taken my horse to the rear (we were ordered to dismount) as we were going into action, and what little I had went with the orderly. My friend Capt King had a small piece of raw bacon and a piece of corn bread in his haversack, which he kindly shared with me, I think that raw bacon and corn bread were the sweetest morsels I ever remember to have eaten. About midnight Gen Elliott came along our line and stopped to chat with me, he was suffering from his wound received at the crater in front of Petersburg, and was very much de-

The Brigade was organized after
the vaccination of Charles in Philip Elliott
accuses to it, he had no time to get it in
shape was not responsible for its conduct.

pressed, I had known him ever since
I was a boy and he commiserated very
fully with me, he expressed great re-
gret and chagrin at the conduct of his
Brigade and said he had asked
for a sick leave on account of his
wound, and would leave for home in
the morning. On parting with him I gave
him a knife that was made in Fort
Sumter for me by the blacksmith, it
was rough, but very creditable for the
tools he had at his command, I never
saw him again. The next morning the
enemy made no demonstration in our
immediate front but the battle was re-
newed towards our left, About 3 or 4 P.M.
we were hastily summoned to support
our left near Bentonville, as the enemy
were endeavoring to turn our left flank
and get possession of the bridge, upon
our arrival, we found the enemy had
been completely repulsed, and we held
our position until the next day, when we
crossed the bridge and commenced our
retreat towards Raleigh, the enemy having
drawn off towards Wilming ton. I forgot
to mention that before being ordered to
support the left flank of the day before
my faithful orderly Jno. Beck, rode up
to our lines with an old gander and
about a half bushel of dried apples -
which he had succeeded ~~in~~
in capturing from a farm house. We dug
a hole in the ground, and using an
iron ramrod as a spit roasted the old
gander, and sealed our selves on gan-
der and apples - he was very tough but
under the circumstances we worried him
down as probably we would have done

any thing else in the shape of food. Our march proceeded until we reached a place called Smithfield, where Gen Johnson reorganized his command and had a large review, it was the largest I ever saw except one in the suburbs of Paris, in 1860. Our Brigade was assigned to Maj Gen Patton Anderson, under whose command we remained until the final surrender. From Smithfield we continued the retreat to Raleigh but when we got there we heard of the surrender of Gen Lee. The next day we marched on towards Greensboro. We were very much depressed, and desertions were frequent. When we got to the "Haw" river, we found the streams so high as to require the passage of our trains across the rail-road bridge. Our Brigade was in the rear of all the infantry and only the cavalry followed us and the enemy. Just before our arrival several teams had fallen over the bridge, which was a very high structure, and I was ordered to move the trains with my regiment by hand across the bridge, the animals were swum across. The rest of the Brigade went on, and I prepared for work, this was about 10 A. M. We worked steadily from this time until near daylight the next morning and succeeded in transporting McLaw's and Anderson's Divisions trains across the bridge. The rest of the army had crossed by another route, at daylight the

reorganized

Who came from the Eastern
Section of the State.

work was all done and I reported
to Gen Anderson, who kindly allowed
me to take charge of a freight train
and transport my wounded men
to join their command, then about
20 miles ahead of us, when we reach-
ed Greensboro, we were paroled and
started for our homes. The country was
filled with bush-wackers and
robbers, deserters from both armies
who attacked all un-armed persons,
we had some arms given us and
with two wagons to carry our sup-
plies the troops from our brigade
were placed under my charge to
carry them back home, I marched
in the direction of Chocoma, and when
I got there commenced to disband
them, the question then arose what was
I to do with the two wagons and eight
mules, I had no right to take them for
myself as I considered they were fur-
nished for the benefit of the entire par-
ty. How to divide them seemed a
question of great moment, when at
least 150 men had to be cared for,
Fortunately Col Cash, who lived in
the neighborhood, had succeeded in
hiding two twenty-five lb bags of
silver for Sherman's Army & told every
thing they could lay their hands on,
often taking things of no value to them
and thrown away the next day on
the march. Col Cash heard that
I wished to sell my teams, and came
to Chocoma and offered me the two
bags of silver, most of it in 25 cts pieces,
I accepted the offer, as I saw no other
solution, and divided the money out

among the command, every one sharing alike from the bandy officer to the humblest private. The next day we proceeded to make our way to Charleston dropping the men along as we came near their homes. We had much difficulty in crossing the Santee River, the water was very high and we had to swim our horses through parts of the swamp. When about 5 miles from the city we met the first pickets of the enemy, we showed our paroles and then escorted by a guard we were taken to the Provost Marshals Office in the old Frazer house at the lower end of King St, after registering our names we were dismissed and ordered to report twice a week. I had two horses of my own but no money to feed myself or them, I left them at a livery stable in Meeting St opposite the Artesian well, and went to my cousins Mrs Goodie's in Cannon St. She had recently died but her children took me in and shared the little they had with me. I sold my horses in a day or two, procured some citizens clothes and some provisions. I remained with them for about a month and then worked my way to Spartanburg where my mother and family were living. I spent the balance of the summer with them and in the fall returned to Charleston for the purpose of making arrangements for planting my place on Bulls Island. I borrowed some money from a Boston man and started work early in January with some white labor I got from

New York, these soon deserted me as my agent who hired them deceived them and they were very dissatisfied. This was quite a loss, as I did not succeed in getting any negroes to work until late in March. In the mean^{time} I had put the buildings in order and replaced some that had been burned by the enemy. My expenses were very heavy as the fields had all grown up in bushes, but I succeeded in planting a fair crop, and made a good yield. At that time cotton was selling at \$1.50 and upwards a pound, but imagine my feelings when I could get but 60¢ for mine owing to the poor quality of the seed, I do not blame the party from whom I bought as I am satisfied he was deceived himself, nevertheless it was a great loss to me, I could not pay back the money I had borrowed and the mortgage was fore closed. Under this circumstance I could not get any advances to continue planting, I had no money to pay for labor, and I was virtually ruined. The negroes left the Island, and I stayed there the greater part of the year by myself as a protection to my animals and buildings. The island was sold and it brought barely enough to pay the balance of the mortgage. I then moved over to my plantation on the mainland, and with some money I succeeded in raising by the sale of the small plants, then I owned on Beane, made another effort. All the buildings on my plantation "Beane" had been burnt and consequently I had to start from the

beginning, I had plenty of labor & had a fine crop, when the caterpillars came and ruined it; at that time the use of "Paris-green" was unknown. I was completely discouraged, so far as planting was concerned, and determined to take the few hundred dollars I had left and try cattle raising, which was very profitable at that time. Three years of the prime of my life had been spent, 66, 67, & 68, with hardly anything left. However I struggled on, in the hope of better times. My stock farm was fairly under way and things looking a little more encouraging I got married on the 11th of March 1869. To Miss Freeman a lady of 18 years who lived with her parents at Mount Pleasant her father having been dead a long time. This was a fortunate step for me, as I now had a definite object in view; previously, no one was dependant on me and I felt that it was a small matter whether I sunk or swam. My wife soon proved herself a help-mate to me, having been reared in the country, she was willing to live there, and was able and willing to turn her attention to domestic affairs. I also commenced surveying and this business helped to support me, in a short while I had all the business in this section of country embracing Christ Church, St James and St Thomas Parishes, I could have extended the business, but could not leave my wife alone in the country to go any great distance. On the 12th of March

1870 my eldest child was born and I named him Robert Piers, after my friend Dr. R. Piers Smith. He died Aug. 5th 1872 at Charleston. This was a terrible blow to us, and even to this day the pains us to think of him. During this summer I was employed as Asst Engineer in building the Enterprise Rail-road in Charleston. When I would be compelled to leave my stock farm to survey, my cattle were stolen by negroes, tho' I had a white man to look after them, consequently what I made by a survey was frequently offset by the loss in cattle. Again my residence in the country was so isolated, no schools, or society for my wife; the nearest doctor being 21 miles away, that I determined to sell out my stock and enter the truck farming business near Mount Pleasant. This I did to advantage and commenced to farm on Hobbs' farm adjoining Hilliardville, which I leased for 5 years. I was reasonably successful, and tho' constantly engaged my wife and myself lived comfortably on the farm all the year round, with hardly any sickness. When we went to the farm we had two sons and when we left four sons. For 1878 I was elected county Commissioner for Charleston County. Having made enough at farming to buy a home in Mount Pleasant and receiving a fair salary from my office I gave up my lease and ceased to be a farmer. In 1880 I was elected Supt. of Streets in Charleston which office I continued to hold for 14 years, when I was turned out by the Tillmanites who got in power. During this term of office

My business required me to live in the city, I therefore bought a house and have lived here ever since. In March of a month after I had lost my connection with the city government I received the appointment as Boarding Officer in the Custom House.

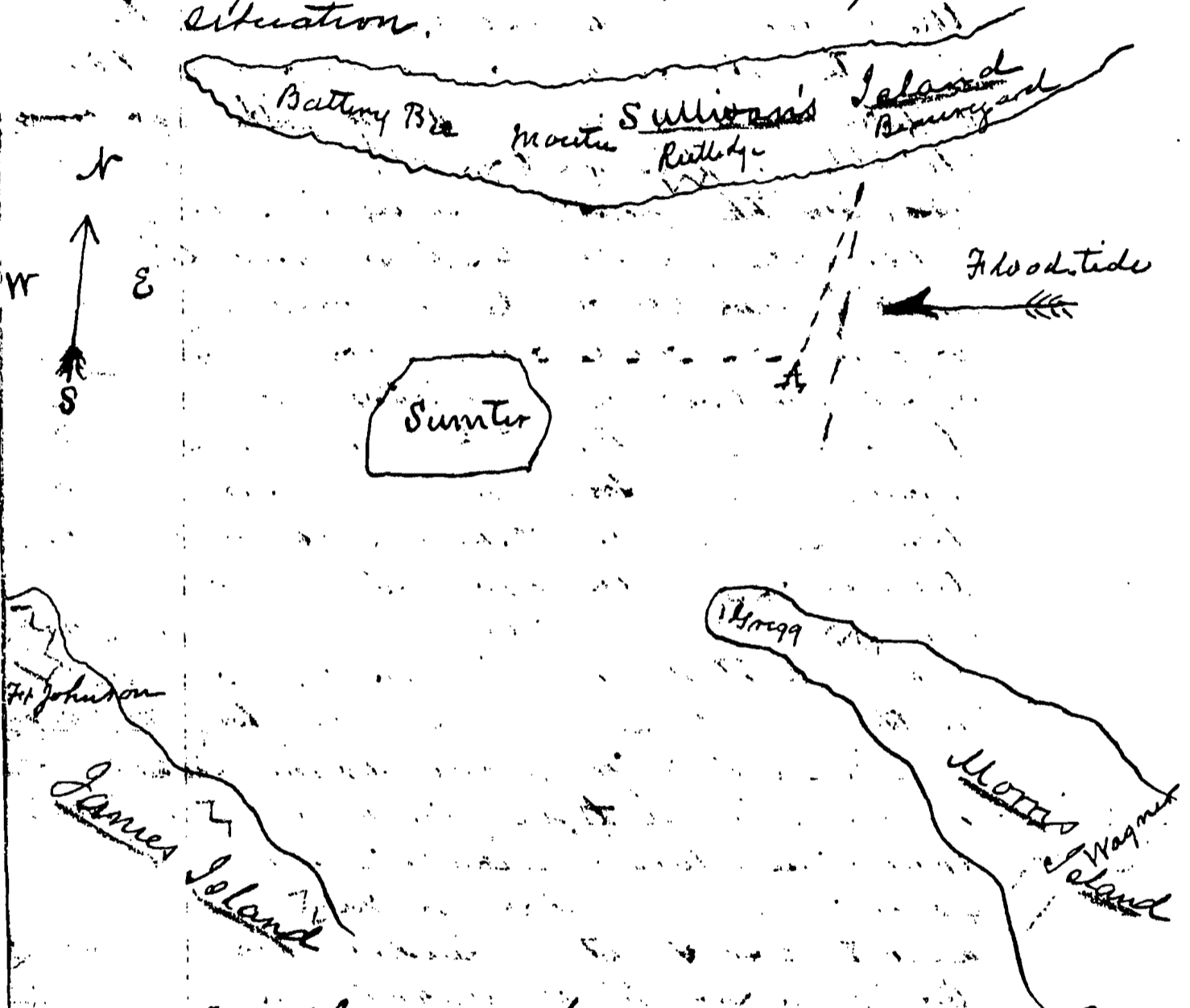
From the foregoing it will be readily seen that what is written is not for publication, but was written at the request of my family for their individual information. The narrative is an account of my personal life more than an official statement. However there are incidents mentioned which are of public interest and they may be considered of such importance hereafter as to warrant their publication. Of course after a lapse of so many years I could not enter into many details which may be interesting to my family, and therefore I have only given a general outline of my life, but in doing so I have not stated a single fact that I am not morally sure is correctly true. I have endeavored not to criticize my opponents, and have cheerfully given credit wherever it was due. In looking back upon my life I can now see where grave errors were made by me, but I don't think that I acted on all occasions according to the best information, at the time, in my possession. "To err is human" and then mistakes were but my share of the common

lot of humanity. From my infancy the germs of honor, truth and courage were instilled into my heart, by those who I loved and honored; these germs were carefully cultured and fostered by traditions and example, and as I grew to know their importance and feel their effect I soon found myself in that condition to desire nothing better than to leave behind me a fair name and a spotless record, & how well I succeeded in doing so time alone can give the verdict and charity with his broad mantle will cover up such shortcomings as resulted from the incompetency of the head and not the faults of the heart.

Many versions of the following perilous trip to Fort Sumter having been made I deem it proper to give the correct account, during the winter of 1864, while in command of Battery Beauregard on Sullivan's Island, I gave a dinner party to some of the officers of my Regiment, after dinner, among other subjects under discussion, the fact of the great danger to be encountered by any one who attempted to go to Sumter during the day time was freely commented upon, finally my friend Capt. Burnett ventured the remark that no boat could reach the Fort from Battery Beauregard during the day time, I said I thought it could be done, this hazardous one word led to another until finally Burnett said "I am willing to bet any amount". I agreed to the bet, and proposed to

make the attempt at once I sent for my Coxswain "Old Paddy Lee", many of my friends will no doubt recollect him if this account ever reaches them, and told him to launch my boat from the front beach as I was going to Simitar. He looked at me in astonishment, but simply said "Yes sir," and turned on his heel and proceeded to execute the order. Some of my brother Officers endeavored to persuade me not to run the risk, as there was nothing to be gained, and in all probability destruction awaited me. At that time however, there was no one dependent on me, I was full of daring and having accepted the wager I was determined not to back out no matter what were the consequences. The boat was reported ready and I proceeded to the beach. It was very rough, the wind blowing strong from the North-east and a strong flood tide. At one glance I saw that these two factors were in my favor, and I made up my mind how to act. I determined upon the following course to deceive the enemy as to my intentions as long as possible & then when they (my intentions, could no longer be concealed to take the chances of their artillery fire, and dash boldly for the Fort. At this moment while standing on the beach making my plans. Lt R. G. Dwight, volunteered to go with me, I stated the risk but he persisted and I consented. I determined to steer the boat myself & three fore dismissed one of the crew and ordered Paddy Lee to take the stroke oar.

All being ready I got into the boat and we shoved off. To give a better idea of my route that I had planned I give below a rude sketch of the locality, which will help to explain the situation.



My plan was to steer directly for Battery Gregg, as indicated by the dotted blue line, thus conveying the impression that I wished to communicate with the Federal authorities at that point and to gain that much on my way to Sumter, before taking a direct course for the fort. Of course I did not have a "flag of truce" as that could not be used without the authority of the Comd' General, and besides would have invalidated the wager. I hoped that

The enemy would think I was on a peace mission, and had forgotten the flag. I knew that the flood tide and east winds would constantly bear me towards the Fort as indicated in the dotted red line up to the point marked "A", but all the while I kept my boat directed ~~as~~ up on Greep, suppressing anxious to reach that point. The enemy evidently were deceived, as they left their batteries and assembled in numbers on the beach to receive my communication. This was exactly what I had hoped for, as every minute brought me that much nearer Sumter. By this time the shores of Sullivan's Island were lined with spectators, also the walls of Sumter, all wondering what was the object at which I was directed. On nearing the point marked "A" I said to my crew that the critical moment was at hand, and that while I had piloted them safely so far and would continue my efforts to land them safely, now was the time I had to depend on them, under no circumstances must they lose their self possession, and to stick to their oars no matter what happened. No one was to say a word but myself, and my orders were to be explicitly obeyed. On reaching the point marked "A" I said now men do your best and pull with a will. Wind and tide in our favor. Keep a stout heart and leave the rest to me. "Yis sir" old Paddy replied, and I suddenly changed my course for

Sumter. Up to this time the men had been pulling an easy stroke but now they gave way in earnest. The oars fairly buckled and the gallant boat fairly sped through the water. The enemy for a moment or so stood bewildered on the beach when all of a sudden they seemed to realize the situation, and with a wild cheer rushed for their guns. In the mean time my crew were bending to their work and we gained rapidly on the fort. A minute or so came the first gun which passed harmlessly over our heads. Then another and another in quick succession, but still we were not hit and my men took even greater courage and seemed to enjoy the sport, so much so, that I stood up in the stern and waved my cap. A few shots more, and when nearly under cover of the north face of the fort, a shell burst in the air about one hundred feet short of the boat, and one of the fragments flying forward struck the boat just under my seat and went through and through. In a second there came a rush of water the size of my arm, and the boat filled rapidly. I cried to the men to stand to their oars, all would be well, we had but a short distance to go, and the boat would only sink to the gunwales. That gallant crew never hesitated, not a stroke was lost, not a word was spoken every man seemed to know that the least mistake, an instant of delay under that in-

creasing fire, for now all the batteries that could bear upon us were opened, would be fatal for us. A few minutes more and amid a rain of shells and the cheers of our friends on Sumner and Sullivan's Islands we landed on the north beam of the fort, in about five feet of water, we jumped out and hauled the boat ashore, it thus was over the water, tho' by a narrow margin. Had I attempted the passage in a direct course from Battery Beauregard I believe we would have been sunk before going half the distance, but the course prevented them the enemy completely off this guard and the result was that my journey was half accomplished before they found what I was going on.

On another occasion while in command of the Fort on returning from the city, where I had gone on business, an oar was cut out of the hands of one of my crew, at no time, day or night was it safe to approach the fort. It is true I did not frequently come and go as business required, but I was fully aware of the danger and always felt grateful when the trip was made and safe.

"The Darlington Riot"

As much criticism, pro and con, has been indulged in regarding my action on this occasion, it may be as well for me to state the case from my standpoint. On the night in question I received a telegram from Gov. Tillman about 10.30 asking for troops

To go to Darlington, I at once summoned my staff and after consultation with them ordered the Captains of the command to meet me at my residence that night, which was not accomplished until about 2 a. m. They all reported that they could not say whether their commands could go, as it was hard for them to get leave from their employers, and all but one captain was personally opposed to going. I stated that in the mean time I had placed myself in communication with Mayor Dagan, who had informed me by telegraph that all trouble was over, the constables were gone and the citizens had returned to their homes. Under these circumstances I telegraphed the Gov. that I did not think the troops would go. The next morning about 7 a. m. Gen. Hailey arrived at my house, and I informed him that there was great reluctance on the part of the soldiers to go, and I had no means of compelling them to go as they were volunteers and not enlisted troops. I however invited him to meet my officers at 10 a. m. when I would be in condition to give him a more definite reply. At that meeting the officers reported unanimously that the men were not only unable to go but were unwilling to involve their hands in the blood of their fellow citizens, which was apparently the object of the Governor they should do. I telegraphed this condition of affairs to Gov. Fielman, and awaited his reply. About 2 p. m. I received an order from him by telegraph to send the

Brigade. This order I declined to issue, and notified him that the "Troops would not go". In the first place Gov Tillman never ordered me to go in person to Darlington, I was therefore unwilling to send my men, totally inexperienced in such a crisis, to take their chances in such a conflict against what odds I knew not. Again by this time reliable information had been received that the presence of troops would tend to aggravate matters, and the constables had escaped. This information was verified by the fact that when the troops from Columbia did reach Darlington all the constables had escaped and the citizens, upon the assurance of the County Officer that no violence would be offered them, received them and treated them in a hospitable manner, the bone of contention having been removed some twelve hours previously. There never was any necessity to send troops to Darlington, it was simply a political trick on the part of the Governor and his supporters.

ARMORY

OF THE

Washington Light Infantry Battalion.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

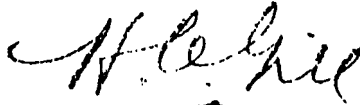


Charleston, S. C. 23d March, 1897

Dear Madam:-

I beg to hand you enclosed herewith copy of the preamble and resolution, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of the Washington Light Infantry, held on the evening of 22nd inst.

Very respectfully yours,



Secretary W. L. I. Battalion.

Mrs. Thomas A. Huguenin,

Rutledge Ave.,

Charleston, S. C.

Washington Light Infantry Battalion.

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SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

(COPY.)

Charleston, S. C. 33d March, 1897.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTION

Unanimously Adopted At The Regular Monthly Meeting Of The
WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY BATTALION,

Held March 22, 1897.

IN MEMORIAL.

GENERAL THOMAS A. HUGUENIN,

Born, Nov. 18, 1839, Died Feb. 27, 1897.

What means the tolling of St. Michael's bells, the closing of the public offices, the booming of the minute guns, the gathering of the entire community in solemn garb and mournful face in old St. Paul's? Is it that one of the ties of the past is broken; that death has visited our city and that a highly respected citizen and trusted public officer has departed? Yes and more! A hero of the lost Cause has gone to his final reward! The last Commandant of immortal Sumter has crossed the river and rests in the shade of the trees; yes, Magnolia's sod has been further hallowed with the remains of another noble patriot who has in War and in Peace received the "well done" of his countrymen.

Charleston has produced many gallant soldiers, men who in the hour of trial and in most trying emergencies have acted "sans peur et sans reproche," but none stands higher on the roll than Major THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, for as the last Commandant and for many years past the sole

OF THE

Washington Light Infantry Battalion.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.



(Page 2)

Charleston, S. C. 23d March, 1897.

surviving Commandant of invincible Fort Sumter, he was pre-eminently Charleston's hero of the Lost Cause.

While the Washington Light Infantry performed nobly and well its part in the defense of Fort Sumter, most of the present members of the Battalion knew Genl. Huguenin only as the Commander of the Fourth Brigade, S.C.V.T., and well do they remember his zeal, his intrepidity and the eminent services he rendered to the Brigade. A soldier by education, a Southron born in the saddle, we see him now as he rode at the head of the Brigade on his spirited charger, surrounded as he was by the halo of his past glory. It was indeed a living picture of an ideal Commander never to be forgotten.

Let us then record the fact that in the death of GENERAL THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, the survivors' roll of the Lost Cause has been deprived of one of its brightest lights; the State has parted with a noble patriot; the City has lost a most useful and respected citizen and the Washington Light Infantry mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished honorary members.

RESOLVED, That the deepest sympathy of this Battalion is tendered to his sorrowing family, and that a copy of these Minutes be forwarded to his widow.

Alex. W. Marshall,)
W. M. MUCKENFUSS,) Committee.
Julius E. Cogswell,)

From the Minutes

H. White Secretary W.L.I. Battalion.

NING, MARCH 2, 1897.

IN MEMORY OF A HERO.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF GEN THOMAS A. HUGUENIN.

A Vast Concourse of People Pay the Last Tribute of Respect to the Defender of Fort Sumter—Many Civic and Military Organizations Represented—A Salute of Eleven Guns Fired.

The weeping clouds yesterday afternoon were typical of the feelings of all Charleston. The city and State was called upon to mourn the death of a gallant son, who fought for years in a cause that was common to all the Southland.

Every man, woman and child in Charleston was Gen Thomas A. Huguenin's friend. They loved and honored him for what he had done, and when the time came to pay the last respect to his memory it was but natural for all classes to be present at the sad funeral rites of Fort Sumter's last commander.

The funeral services were held at St Paul's Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The weather was threatening and as the funeral procession was leaving the church for the cemetery a cold, drizzling rain began to fall. St Paul's has scarcely ever held a more sorrowful or larger congregation. Besides the city officials, the City Council, the following orders were present:

- Camp Sumter, United Confederate Veterans.
- The Huguenot Society.
- The Charleston Light Dragoons.
- The 4th brigade.
- Members of the Association of Graduates of the South Carolina Military Academy.
- Union Kilwinning Lodge, No. 4, A. F. M.
- The South Carolina Society.
- Second Battalion Infantry, 4th brigade.
- Sumter Guards.
- Washington Light Infantry.
- Charleston Lodge, Knights of Honor.
- The Citadel cadets and the cadets from the Porter Military Academy were marched in line to the church and occupied seats in the galleries.

Camp Sumter escorted the remains from the Huguenin residence in Rutledge avenue to the church and afterwards to the cemetery. The members of the camp wore their own colors and carried the last flag that floated over Fort Sumter while Gen Huguenin was in command. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:

- Seniors—Hon J. Adger Smyth, Col O. B. Gadsden, Mr William E. Holmes, the Hon George D. Bryan, Dr H. B. Horbeck, Col Zimmerman Davis, Capt James F. Redding, Col Asbury Coward, Gen G. Irvine Walker, Col Charles Inglesby, Dr R. A. Brodie, the Hon J. B. Burke.
- Juniors—Mr John S. Horbeck, Mr O. C. Fuller, Capt Harry Schachte, Mr E. T. Leggett, Major A. W. Marshall, Mr W. W. Elmore, Mr Thomas W. Hughes, Mr George H. Moffatt.

The Rev W. H. Campbell, pastor of St Paul's, assisted by the Rev John Johnson of St Philip's Church, read the Episcopal service. Afterwards the remains were carried to Magnolia Cemetery and interred in the family lot.

The old Lafayette Artillery Company was stationed on the Citadel green and as the procession passed, eleven guns, the brigade general's salute, were fired.

As a special mark of respect the bells of St Michael's Church were tolled from 1 until 6 o'clock. Across the street the flag on the City Hall was placed at half-mast. All of the city offices were closed.

REPORT FOR GEN HUGUENIN.

The Court of General Sessions Adjourned Until To-day. The Case Against Frank Williams Partially Heard.

The case of the State against Henry Williams, alias Frank Williams, was called on the Court of General Sessions yesterday morning. Several witnesses were examined and the case will probably be concluded to-day. Williams is being tried for the killing of James O'Rourke, which occurred about five years ago in this county. Mr George M. Trenholm is representing Williams. The Court appointed Messrs Green, Prieleau and Bissell to conduct the prosecution in the absence of Solicitor Torrey.

Just after the recess, during the Williams trial, the bells of St Michael tolled out the announcement that the funeral services of the late Gen Huguenin were being held. At this moment Mr Trenholm stopped the proceedings and made a motion to adjourn the Court of Gen Huguenin's funeral and moved that an adjournment be had until this morning out of respect to his memory.

Judge Witherspoon, in granting the motion, spoke of the very high qualities of the deceased, and paid a glowing tribute to his memory. He mentioned the fact that while the time of the Court was valuable, it was most fitting and proper to adjourn as a token of respect, and he would, therefore, grant the motion.

A recess was then taken until to-day. No bills were returned by the grand jury in twenty-two dispensary cases.

G, MARCH 1, 1897.

Funeral Notices.

HUGUENIN.—Died at his home in this city, on the evening of February 27, Thomas A. Huguenin, in the 68th year of his age.

The Relatives and Friends of Mr and Mrs THOMAS A. HUGUENIN are invited to attend the Funeral Services of the former, at St Paul's Church, this (Monday) afternoon, March 1, at 4 o'clock.

The Members of the Association of Graduates of the South Carolina Military Academy are invited to attend the Funeral Services of their late Fellow Member, Gen T. A. HUGUENIN, this afternoon at 4 o'clock, at St Paul's Church.

Gen Johnson Hagood, President.
O. J. BOND, Secretary.

UNION KILWINNING LODGE, No 4, A. F. M.—You are respectfully invited to attend the Funeral Services of your late Brother Life Member, Gen THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, at St Paul's Church, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

By order of W. M.
CHAS F. PANKNIN, P. M., Secretary.

SOUTH CAROLINA SOCIETY.—You are respectfully invited to attend the Funeral Services of your late Brother Member, Gen THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, at St Paul's Church, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

By direction of the Steward.
W. H. PORTER, Clerk.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, S. C. V. T., Charleston, S. C., February 28, 1897.

General Order No 2
The General commanding announces with sorrow the death of Brig Gen THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, which occurred at his residence, in this city, on the evening of February 27, 1897.

Gen Huguenin was born November 18, 1828. Entered the South Carolina Military Academy in 1845, from which institution he graduated in 1849, as Cadet Adjutant, and at once assumed the duties of Assistant Professor in that institution. Entering the State's service in 1861 he served the Confederate cause with distinguished ability, reflecting credit on his alma mater. His honorable record as an officer of the Confederacy, and the conspicuous ability and valorous service rendered as the commanding officer of Fort Sumter has identified him with the cause so dear to all Southern soldiers and called forth the admiration of his military opponents.

After the strife of civil war had ceased Gen Huguenin retired from military life, but in the stirring times of '76, when men of experience were required and every Virginian responded, Gen Huguenin was found taking an active leadership in the formation and maintenance of the rifle clubs, and his valuable services at that period are engrained in grateful remembrance in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

In April, 1861, in recognition of his services in times of war and peace, and his well known ability he was chosen as the commanding officer of this brigade, and served with fidelity as such until 1894, endeavoring himself to the officers and members of the entire command.

In view of his long connection with the brigade and the many sacrifices he had made in its behalf, and the deep interest he has always taken in its welfare, it is fitting that some mark of respect should be shown, and the Officers and Members of the Brigade are, therefore, invited to attend his Funeral Services, in citizens dress, at St Paul's Church, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

By Command of Gen Anderson.
WILSON G. HARVEY, Jr., Major and Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS 31 BATTALION INFANTRY, 4TH BRIGADE, S. C. V. T., Charleston, March 1, 1897.

This Battalion will attend, in citizens dress, the funeral services of Gen THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, at St Paul's Church, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

By command of Gen. ANTHONY
 WILSON C. HARVEY, Jr.
 Major and Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS 24 BATTALION IN-
 FANTRY, 10th BRIGADE, S. C. V. T.,
 Charleston, March 1, 1887.

This Battalion will attend, in citizen
 dress, the funeral services of the late
 Gen. THOMAS A. HUGUENIN, at St.
 Paul's Church, this day, at 4 o'clock.
 By order of Cambridge M. Trott, Major
 Commanding.

Official: JAMES ALLAN, Jr.,
 Lieutenant and Adjutant.

CAMP SUMTER, No. 250, U. C. V. The
 Members of the Camp are respectfully re-
 quested to assemble at the residence of
 their late Ex-Commandant, Gen. T. A.
 HUGUENIN, No. 217 Rutledge Avenue, at
 3.30 this afternoon, to join in the funeral
 services at St. Paul's Church. The Mem-
 bers of Camps Palmetto Guard and A.
 Burnet Park are fraternally invited to
 join in this last tribute of respect to their
 and undamaged comrade.

B. L. Brodie, Commandant,
 J. M. WARD, Adjutant.

QUARTERS SUMTER GUARDS,
 ESTON, MARCH 1, 1887. The
 will attend, in citizen dress,
 the services of our late comrade