

A sketch of the life of Thomas Abram Huguenin,  
written at the request of my family.

I was born November 18<sup>th</sup> 1839 at my grand father's plantation "Roseland" in the Parish of St. Luke Beaufort District S. C. My ancestors came to South Carolina with Count Purry in 1734 and settled at Purry'sburg near the Savannah River in what was then known as Granville Co. By reference to the book of the Secretary of State it will be seen that's were granted in that locality to various members of the family - Purry'sburg proved a very unhealthy location and in a few years it was virtually abandoned, the settlers going in all directions - One branch of the Huguenin family went to New York, and the descendants are now living there; letters have passed between some of them and ourselves. David Huguenin from whom I am descended moved to Georgia and there remained until near the close of the Revolutionary War when on account of the oppressions of the British he moved back to South Carolina and settled at "Point Comfort" on the Coosawhatchie River where lived until he died and was buried in the family graveyard in front ~~just north~~ of the residence just north of the avenue of live oaks which led up to the house. This graveyard is still in good preservation being surrounded by a substantial brick wall with an iron gate. This homestead is still in possession of the family being ~~the~~ the property of the children of my first cousin

always been very much interested in every thing  
connected with Napoleon - From there we went  
to Cologne and leisurely went to the Rhine  
stopping all along as fancy prompted us  
finally reaching Baden Baden where we  
stayed some little while. From there we  
visited the lakes and other interesting places  
in Switzland. Our intention had been to go  
to Italy, but at Geneva we received letters  
telling of the exciting political campaign  
in progress at home, and the great uncertain-  
ty of events, all of which induced us to return  
to Paris. We remained there for some time  
until finally letters were received which  
advised our return home things being so  
uncertain that the question of receiving our  
remittances became an important one - As  
I was still a minor of course, I had to do  
what my Mother said, who however  
promised that if things turned alright  
I could return and complete my studies.  
This was a sore disappointment, but  
there was no help for it, and I sailed  
from Havre for New York, and reached  
Charleston in Oct. Every thing and every body  
was at fever heat in view of the Presidential  
Election which was to take place in Nov.  
and when it was found out that Lincoln  
was elected the South particularly this  
state, was wrought up to the highest  
pitch - Militia men were organized, the  
various Military companies began drilling,  
and as I had a Military training I was

soon engaged mightily in drilling the various new Companies being organized in Charleston. The legislature met and called the famous Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1860. On that day I was in Georgetown S.C. When I had gone to attend as groomsmen at the wedding of my friend Mr. Heriot I spent a week there about enjoying myself and returned to Charleston, I applied to the Sec. of War Gen Jamison, for a commission 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 passing invitation there. There I was assured that my Military Education would insure me speedy promotion. Armed with strong letters of recommendation 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 me my Commission as 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut of the 1<sup>st</sup> S. C. Regular Infantry. This Regiment was simply on paper at the time, recruiting officers having been sent out from Baltimore to New Orleans to enlist soldiers I was sent to Charleston S.C. and opened an office there, I was soon recalled however and ordered to report to Brig Gen R.

M. C. Dumovant 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 until the latter, when  
 at my request was relieved and ordered to  
 duty with my Regiment, then being organized  
 on Sullivan's Island. I was assigned to  
 Co. H. Capt W<sup>m</sup> 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. S. Anderson,  
 Lt. Col. Barnard & Bee and Maj. Jno. Dumovant.  
 They were all stationed far in the west and  
 took them some time to resign, have their  
~~res~~ resignations accepted, and travel over  
 a long journey to reach us - However in time  
 Col Anderson and Maj Dumovant arrived  
 but little or any time was done to  
 organize the Regt. all the Captains and 1st  
 and 2d Lieut. were of the same date of  
 commission and there was constant  
 confusion in regard to ranks, I regret to say  
 that our Col. 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 over land 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 Co. It was my misfortune to loose  
 a Captancy, Out of six vacant Capt. I drew  
 the 4<sup>th</sup> position which entitled me to be  
 the senior 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. of the Regt. This was  
 a great disappointment, as I felt myself  
 much superior to the 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 Co. 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  
 Charleston Lt. Col. Bee appointed me Adj<sup>t</sup>  
 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 soldier I ever saw and  
 who knew his profession from the ~~lowest~~  
 detail up to the most important. With  
 Col Bee as my Comd<sup>y</sup> 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 with he was th

most genial gentleman I ever met, and not withstanding 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 Repley the result of the action so far as our battery was concerned. Maj Repley 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~~ Virginia or Col Anderson succeeded him in command of Charleston and as I have stated Lt. Col. Bee had command of ~~Charleston~~ the Regt, which was now fully organized being brought up to a full state of discipline, daily Co. and Regt drills, Parades & Guard Mountings soon brought things to a great state of proficiency, and we had a magnificent Regt - some time during the latter part of May Col Bee was ordered to Richmond, He turned the command over to Maj Dumontant, 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 Gen Bee, who with him - as it was known he was appointed a Brig. Gen. & ordered to report to Gen J. E. Johnson in the Valley. He wrote me offering me a position on his staff which I accepted and 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 Peck Smith and asked why I had not joined him. Smith told him I was waiting for orders - which by the way 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 Summerrant was promoted Col. Capt Butler was made Lt Col & Capt Dimkins was made Major of the Regt. I succeeded Capt Butler as Capt. of Co. "A." and Lt W. Davis succeeded Dimkins as Capt of Co. "B" the balance of the summer we remained on Bull Run 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 Inlet with my company. Capt Adams with his company garrisoned the Battery at South Edisto the balance of the Regt was quartered at Edingsville as a support to the two flanks, This was my first independent command, the youngest Capt 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 and night I studied my profession and was and was not tired of 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 ~~was~~ 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 "Bobony Bay") until after the fall of Hilton Head, when our Regt. was ordered to Charleston. In two days and a night I dismounted all the guns and placed them with all the ammunition (except the loaded shells) on board a Steamer and with my Company started for Sullivan's Island. The Regt. was here stationed for a time My Co. making a part of the garrison of Fort Moultrie. Six Co. of the Regt. towards Spring (1862) were sent to "Church flats" near Rantowles, The balance of my Co. included remained at Fort Moultrie under command of Lt. Col. Butler In April 1862<sup>[3]</sup> the attack of the Ironsides & Monitors 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 Orderly Sgt of my Co. No 6 Snipes an 8 inch columbiad, and broke to pieces as it struck the ~~breasting~~ leading Monitor, the action soon became general and in a few minutes the flag staff of Moultre 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 risks 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 very much elated by our success. Forts Sumner and Moultre 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. I remained at Moultre until the Spring of 1863 det. Col. Butler having become Col. of the Regt. was placed in command of all the Artillery on the Island and I was for the greater part of the time in command of Fort Moultre. 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 at Sullivan's Island it was not just that the most important garrison Fort Moultrie should be commanded by one of the junior capt., it was forgotten however to assign this reason until many months had elapsed, and until personal relations among many of the Regt. officers had become very much strained. Much ill feeling having been by the official treatment of our late Col. Sumner, my personal friend, who cause I espoused most warmly. However I made no complaint and assumed charge of my new post, with cheerfulness and with 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<sup>d</sup> I received orders to take my Co. to Morris Island for duty, at dark we were embarked and about midnight reached Battery Gregg. Here I received orders to send half of my ~~Co.~~<sup>Co.</sup> to Wagner and with the balance to take command of Gregg. Early next morning I was relieved command and ordered to Wagner and

assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery of the whole island - of course I was very gratified I was young and longed for an opportunity to distinguish myself, and here seemed to me the occasion - I reached Wagner 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 a bad shape, the garrison, especially the Artillery portions of wood were down, the guns & mortars more or less disabled, the entire face was cut up, and the enemy in speaking distance so 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 on my thick work 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 <sup>mother</sup> father a few days afterwards, and which is now published in Dr. Johnston's book will be found quite a long statement of these few days, and it will be only necessary to add a few incidents to make it complete. On Saturday morning (Sept 6<sup>th</sup> Anna's birthday) it was evident that our time was limited and the bombardment heavier than ever the

infantry were sheltered in the bomb-proof  
 and in the sand hills just in the rear  
 of the Battery. It was with the greatest  
 difficulty I could keep the Artillery  
 to their guns as the protection was  
 very scant & they were worn out, and  
 suffering for water, our supply having  
 been cut off. Still they did their duty  
 manfully - Ford was sent to Gen ~~Hood~~  
 Beauregard of the desperate condition of  
 affairs, and he sent Col. Starnis his  
 Chief Engineer to make a personal  
 inspection, which the gallant old  
 soldier 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 posted 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 Qrs. and as it was  
 shorter and less dangerous I went  
 through the main bomb-proof which also  
 contained the Hospital; here I met Dr <sup>Wm</sup>  
 Rowell our Surgeon, who seeing my  
 condition offered his assistance. He gave  
 me a glass of brandy and what was to  
 me the greatest cup of pure water which  
 he had on hand buried in the sand  
 for the use of the wounded. This was  
 the first drink of water I had had  
 to for two days and I never shall forget

it as long as I live. On reaching Stead Qu. I found the orders had arrived, and I at once volunteered to command the rear guard & bring up the rear. At Col Keith's request I prepared the plan for the evacuation, which tho' referred to in his report I do not find published. I took Lt. Mazyck the ordnance officer and tried the fuses, finding they did not burn satisfactory, I reported to Col Keith and requested him to allow me to fire some rosin which was in the main bomb proof. He called a council of his principal officers, who discussed the matter, which was overruled by the advice of Capt F. 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 difference to Gen Beauregard how the fort was blown up as it was blown up and in answer to was that the smoke would reveal to the enemy our intention I promised not set fire to the rosin and straw until I had received information of the embarkation of the last of the troops all to no avail and I received positive orders not to fire the rosin and straw. Here was the mistake of my life, about 11 o'clock that night Col. Keith turned over the command to me and left for Battery Greg. I was then in sole command and should have under the

circumstances I took 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" were 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 Keith's order. Had that fire been lighted 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 straw & rubbish would have burnt furiously. However it is all over now tho' I regret it exceedingly, Gen Gilmore in his report says the fuse had gone out before reaching the Magazine. After leaving Wagner Battery 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 some what 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 nor coat nothing to show that I was an officer except my sash which was tied around my waist, My sword, coat &

pistol had been given to Capt Pinkney to carry, when I had gone out on the way. Thus I was in ~~a~~ 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 were 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 go to the sand hills, there 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~~ <sup>saw</sup> a boat approaching along the shore going out to sea. I hailed it, and my voice was recognized, as the party in the boat was 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 steered out towards the bar for a little 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 day light we reached the city near the W. E. R. R. wharf, and I was carried to Mr. Mayfield's house at the corner of Chapel and Alexander 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 burq q y

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 Stiech who I found with him. While giving an account of the evacuation Gen Ripley received an order to place Capt. Resene and myself under arrest for not blowing up the two forts. Gen Ripley & Col Stiech were much annoyed by this as they had heard my story and Col Stiech 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 was after was a stout friend of mine. My company in the mean time had returned to Battery Beauregard and that evening I joined the Company to find it had been under a heavy fire all day with the iron-clads and my first lieutenant killed. Some 20 of my men were captured the night of the evacuation in the boats after they left Morris Island, and some had been wounded & killed there, among them my gallant orderly Sergt Snipes. The next morning the 5<sup>th</sup> the great naval battle.



was fought, soon after the fight  
 commenced. Paul Smith's Company was  
 almost annihilated by an explosion in  
 Fort Moultrie, and I was ordered to send  
 one of my Companies at Battery Beauregard  
 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 and Macbeth, this left  
 me as the only Commissioned officer of  
 the Battery, except who was in the  
 bomb-proof 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 no had day  
 or night since the 3<sup>d</sup> when we left for  
 Morris Island. I remained at Battery  
 Beauregard until about Feb. in the  
 months of Nov. & Dec., 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  
 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 duty I commanded  
 a number of gunboats in boats which went

as far as "Bulls-bay" - There it was that having taken a fancy to Buell's 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 then a refugee in Spartanburg. This was the first leave of absence I had since the war commenced, I was in Spartanburg but 24 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. There 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 were off Sevier's Island. He feared and attacked upon me to take his own boat and go there at once. He also informed me that I would find a company of cavalry at Marshall awaiting my orders. I was to take them across the Long Island and establish a line of pickets from Sevier's Inlet to this end of Long Island in order that every move 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.

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 every trust in you and I feel satisfied I will not be mistaken", He then added much to my surprise, "How would like to have command Sumter?" I assured him it was the dearest wish of my life - 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 ~~S~~ 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. Rhett's headquarters 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 Gen. in Comd., after bidding good-bye to my friends who I met 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 men had  
 his ear cut out of his hands. The fort 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 to be in  
 command of Capt Hall 32<sup>d</sup> Georgia Regt  
 who though my senior in rank and years  
 at once turned over the command to me,  
 notice having been telegraphed to ~~me~~  
 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 had conference  
 with Capt Jno. Johnson the engineer in  
 charge & by his advice determined as  
 soon as possible, 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 commands.  
 During the night ~~as soon~~ 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 ladder, we found ~~from~~ him  
 some 15 or 20 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, as  
 far as that night was concerned, was  
 completed and at daylight my report  
 went up. The next day was busy one. The  
 garrison had to be mustered. I found it  
 to consist of five companies about 300 men!  
 The Engineer corps about 40 or 50 consisting  
 besides the officers of many skilled  
 mechanics with their assistants and  
 lastly about 200 negro labourers 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 as already been written, much  
 better than I could do, by Capt. (now  
 Rev. Dr.) Jos. 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 account of rations and water on hand: Then the Ordnance department our supplies offensive and defensive, the material on hand and what were required by the Engineer Department, and last but not least the danger 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 hand 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 & water was sent to us every night not withstanding the fire of the enemy, some time a boat would be lost, and <sup>on</sup> 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 shaft into three cisterns; the main one ~~was~~ located under the gorge wall, near where the