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## ELIZABETH JAMISON'S TALE OF THE WAR

EDITED BY DAVID J. RUTLEDGE\*

When Elizabeth Jamison wrote her "Tale of the War" in the mid 1880s, she lived in Charleston, South Carolina, in a small apartment at 15 Chapel Street. At age seventy, perhaps she inscribed these words so that her children and grandchildren would have a memoir of her experiences, or perhaps she intended it for publication. When she put the manuscript away, it would remain forgotten for over one hundred years — to be discovered not in South Carolina, but in Baltimore, Maryland, in the attic of one of her descendants.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's tale is not unusual; her experiences were mirrored in thousands of lives all over the South. Hers is a story that began with privilege and ended in poverty. She does, however, give an uncommon view of the Civil War; her voice is that of a woman on the home front who gave her sons and husband to the war, who managed large plantations in their absence, and who inherited a new world after the conflagration was over.

The world to which Elizabeth Anne Carmichael Rumph was born on February 15, 1814, was dramatically different from the world of her later years. She was the only daughter of David Rumph (1778-1835), a descendant of Swiss Germans who settled the region around Orangeburg, South Carolina, and Elizabeth Carmichael (1786-1847). Elizabeth, along with her older brother David J. Rumph (1811-1872), grew up on a plantation near St. Matthew's, South Carolina.<sup>2</sup>

At the age of eighteen, Elizabeth married her first cousin, David Flavel Jamison (1810-1864), the son of prominent physician Dr. Van de Vastine Jamison (1765-1835).<sup>3</sup> Shortly after the marriage, D. F. Jamison built a home in Orangeburg on the corner of Russell Street and Railroad Ave.<sup>4</sup>

Elizabeth's husband had received his early education from Platt Springs Academy and entered the sophomore class of South Carolina College when

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<sup>1</sup>The editor wishes to thank Mrs. Thomas W. Jamison III, Westminster, Maryland, who gave him the original manuscript. It is currently at the South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, SC. It is published here in its original form except for bracketed notations.

<sup>2</sup>David Rumph Family Bible, Orangeburg Archives, Orangeburg, SC.

<sup>3</sup>"Memoir of Dr. Van de Vastine Jamison," South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, SC, hereafter cited as SCL.

<sup>4</sup>Plats located in the Jamison Collection, Orangeburg Archives.

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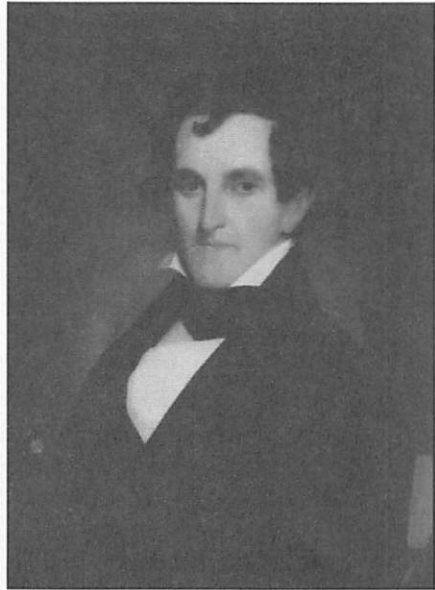
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Elizabeth Anne Carmichael Rumph Jamison, portrait by William H. Scarborough, ca. 1845. Illustration from a private collection.



Brig. Gen. David Flavel Jamison, portrait by William H. Scarborough, ca. 1845. Illustration from a private collection.

he was sixteen.<sup>5</sup> Unfortunately, young Jamison was expelled from the institution during his senior year for “seceding from the commons”—an act that he would repeat later in life on a much larger scale. After disgracing his family thus, he could do only one thing — study law — and he passed the South Carolina Bar in 1831.<sup>6</sup>

By 1835 the first of Elizabeth’s thirteen children had been born, and the Jamisons had inherited her father’s plantation, Turkey Hill, which was located a few miles from their home in Orangeburg. Elizabeth attended to the domestic needs of the family by preparing meals, making clothing, and overseeing a staff of house servants. Her husband spent his mornings tutoring the Jamison children. At midday he would ride out to the plantation on horseback to oversee the work and would return at night to resume his social activities.<sup>7</sup>

Jamison lavished attention on his children’s education; he owned a library of over twelve hundred volumes on subjects ranging from literature

<sup>5</sup>*Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864; John Peyre Thomas, *The History of the South Carolina Military Academy* (Charleston: Walker, Evans and Cogswell, Co., 1893), 166-175.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup>*Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864.

to history. Fluent in French and Latin, he taught these languages to his sons and daughters. His eldest daughter Caroline later would write of her father:

You ask how my father appeared to me from a daughter's standpoint. You may not know, but my father educated me from my tenth year. I was his companion until my marriage in my eighteenth year. My girlhood was spent almost entirely in his library. I cared but little for the outside world, so content was I with my dear father's society. As I look back to those years so blessed, my father appears to my mature judgment (as he did then,) as the embodiment of all that is lovely in men, a devoted husband, a wise and tender parent, a kind master, always courteous to others, regardful ever of the feelings of inferiors. I have rarely met anyone resembling him. I have loved to recall his perfect devotion to and trust in me.<sup>8</sup>

D. F. Jamison's duties often carried him away from the family — leaving Elizabeth to manage in his absence. In his youth he became attached to the cavalry arm of the local militia, where he quickly rose to the rank of brigadier general, a post which he held for many years. Of his military abilities, a contemporary would later write: "He rode his horse and handled his sabre like one born to the saddle. His bearing was military, and he looked the man designed for command."<sup>9</sup>

Jamison also was elected to the South Carolina House of Representatives. In 1842, while chairman of the military committee, he introduced the bill that established the Citadel and served on its board of visitors from that time until his death.<sup>10</sup>

Of his scholarly pursuits, Jamison published several articles in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, *The Southern and Western Magazine*, and *The Magnolia* under the pseudonym "J." These articles ranged in subject from a scriptural defense of slavery to reviews on architecture and literature.<sup>11</sup> He

<sup>8</sup>Thomas, *The History of the South Carolina Military Academy*, 173.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, 169.

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup>Jamison's articles include: "The Penitentiary Question in So. Ca." *Southern Quarterly Review* N.S. Vol. II, No. IV (Nov. 1850), 357; "British and American Slavery," *Southern Quarterly Review* N.S. Vol VIII, No. XVI (Oct. 1853), 369; "My Novel' by Bulwar," *Southern Quarterly Review* N.S. Vol. IX, No. XVII (Jan. 1854), 17; "General History of Civilization," *Southern Quarterly Review* Vol. III, No. V (Jan. 1843), 1; "General History of Civilization," *Southern Quarterly Review* Vol. III, No. VI (July 1843), 157; "Lamartin's Histoire des Girondins," *Southern Quarterly Review* Vol. XVI, No. XXXI (Oct. 1849), 53; "The National Anniversary," *Southern Quarterly*

**Elizabeth Anne Carmichael Rumph Jamison**  
(1814-1888)-Author, "Mrs. Carmichael's  
Tale of the War"

**David Flavel Jamison**  
(1810-1864)-Brigadier  
general, South Carolina  
Militia; president of the  
SC Secession  
Convention

**David Rumph Jamison**

(1834-1908)-Lieutenant, staff of Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins, CSA

**Caroline Harper Jamison**

(1837-1902)-Married Micah Jenkins (1835-1864), brigadier general,  
CSA

**John Wilson Jamison**

(1839-1886)-Captain, staff of Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins, CSA

**William Harper Jamison**

(1841-1887)-Sergeant, Co. B., Twenty-fifth SC Infantry, CSA

**Mary Dwight Jamison**

(1847-1904)

**Elizabeth Jamison**

(1849-1930)

**Sallie Preston Jamison**

(1850-1894)

**Thomas Worth Jamison**

(1852-1924)

**Clara F. Jamison**

(1857-1942)

Note: Elizabeth Jamison had four other children who died at an early age; Mary Elizabeth Jamison (1845), Robert Van de Vastine Jamison (1843-56), Flavel Jamison (1851-52), and Flavel De Lessline Jamison (1855-56). E.O. Jamison, *Jamison's In America* (Boston: The Rumford Press, 1901), 82-85, 526.

published a two-volume work on French history entitled *The Life and Times of Bertrand de Guesclin*. Published in Charleston and in Great Britain, it ran the blockade of Charleston harbor twice. It was beautifully printed and remains one of but a few books containing a Confederate States of America printing mark.<sup>12</sup>

While D.F. Jamison's star rose, Elizabeth remained at home. A devoted Christian, she was a founding member of the Orangeburg Presbyterian Church.<sup>13</sup> In contrast, her husband never joined that congregation and commented dryly on one worship service he attended:

To compensate for years of puritanical affection, and eschewing of the devil and all his works, we frolicked throughout the holidays; had pleasant dancing parties every night for a week, to the great horror of Hanscombe Legare, who on the successive Sundays anathematized all fiddles, triangles, and tamarinds, ... that were ever invented and denounced all skipping, turns or dancing as inventions of the evil one. But as every man, woman, and child of his congregation or audience were implicated more or less in the offence, his logic was unheeded and his discourses were more amusing than edifying.<sup>14</sup>

By the 1850s the older Jamison children had entered college and had

*Review N.S.* Vol II, No. III (Sept. 1850), 170; "Raymond Lully," *The Magnolia, or the Southern Appalachian N.S.* Vol. I, No. 4 (Oct. 1842), 10; "Slavery," *Southern and Western Magazine and Review* Vol. II, No. 1 (July 1845), 2; "Annual Address before the State Agricultural Society of South Carolina," delivered in Columbia, November 12, 1856, Clemson University Library, Clemson, SC. See also, *Harper's Weekly*, February 2, 1861.

<sup>12</sup>David F. Jamison, *The Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin* (Charleston: John Russell, 1864). Jamison created his own lexicon of old French as none was available. Additionally, he traveled to France to research his work in 1859. For contemporaneous reviews of the work see *Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864; *Charleston Courier*, February 6, 1864; *Charleston Mercury*, February 4, 1864; June 25, 1864; *The Southern Presbyterian Review* Vol. XVI, No. 4 (March 1866), 376-384. The work was later translated into French: D. F. Jamison, *Bertrand du Guesclin et Son Epoque* (Paris: J. Rothschild, 1866). An advertisement for the book is in *Charleston Courier*, September 19, 1864.

<sup>13</sup>Frank B. Estes, *History of Orangeburg Presbyterian Church, 1835-1935* (Orangeburg: Privately Printed, 1935), 1. Elizabeth is listed as among those being present on May 2, 1835, when the church was organized.

<sup>14</sup>D. F. Jamison to George Frederick Holmes, January 28, 1847, G.F. Holmes Letter Book, Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collection Library, Duke University, Durham, NC, hereafter cited as RBMSCL.

begun to marry. The eldest son, David Rumph Jamison (1835-1906), was graduated from the Citadel in 1854 and, like his father, practiced law in Orangeburg.<sup>15</sup> Caroline Harper Jamison (1837-1902) attended a finishing school in Orangeburg and at the age of seventeen married Micah Jenkins (1835-64). Jenkins, at the age of twenty, founded the Yorkville Military Academy in the upstate. Another son, John Wilson Jamison, studied in France in 1859 and began teaching French and mathematics at Yorkville the next year.<sup>16</sup>

In 1859 the Jamisons sold Turkey Hill and moved from Orangeburg to the rural Barnwell District. There they settled on Burwood plantation, adjacent to Woodlands, the home of their friend William Gilmore Simms, and began construction on a large plantation house.<sup>17</sup>

By 1860 the clouds of secession gathered over South Carolina. When Abraham Lincoln was elected president, South Carolina was the first state to react. A convention of the people of South Carolina met in Columbia in December of that year and elected D.F. Jamison as its president. Adjourning to Charleston, the Secession Convention, with Jamison at its helm, declared South Carolina an independent nation on December 20, 1860.<sup>18</sup>

In the early months of 1861, D.F. Jamison served as secretary of war of the Palmetto Republic. In that capacity he prepared the fortifications of Charleston harbor and served on the Executive Committee, which ran the affairs of state. Giving a speech to the members of the convention in April 1861, Jamison proclaimed:

This revolution, so far, has been bloodless. What a glorious consummation it would have been! What a triumph of civilization and Christianity, if the great principles involved in this movement could have been successfully achieved, without shedding a single drop of human blood! But now it seems to be otherwise. While I am yet speaking, a hostile

<sup>15</sup>Thomas, *The History of the South Carolina Military Academy*, 263.

<sup>16</sup>*Yorkville Enquirer*, May 3, 1860, and May 17, 1860.

<sup>17</sup>Deeds indicate that Jamison paid about twelve thousand dollars for his plantation. Book MM, 199-222 (November 10, 1859) and Book NN, 62 (January 20, 1861), Barnwell County Courthouse, Barnwell, South Carolina. See also, *Charleston Mercury*, January 19, 1860, which announced their move.

<sup>18</sup>The *Harper's Weekly*, February 2, 1861, describes the event and has a short biography and a woodcut of Gen. Jamison. See also, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, February 9, 1861.

fleet is said to be approaching our shores, and before the coming night closes over us, the sands of Morris Island may be stained with the best blood of our people. May God show the right!"<sup>19</sup>

While D.F. Jamison reached the zenith of his military and political career, Elizabeth remained contentedly at her rural home. While D.F. Jamison and men like him sowed the winds of war, it would be Elizabeth, her children, and her children's children who would reap the whirlwind. In the end, her husband's words proved to be prophetic — the sands of a great many battlefields would indeed be stained with the best blood of a great number of people.

### MRS. CARMICHAEL'S TALE OF THE WAR<sup>20</sup>

My "Tale of the War" is simply a plain statement of facts that came under my own observation or happened to one of my family so near me that I know all to be true.

It is with the commencement of our late war that I begin my tale of some of the anxieties and sufferings that came to myself my family and some of my friends during the four years of our unhappy struggle.

A few months after our State seceded my husband was attached to Gen. Beauregard's Staff. For some time after that I had the consolation of occasionally seeing him. My husband and my oldest son were in Charleston at the bombardment of Fort Sumter.<sup>21</sup> I and my daughters were not far from

<sup>19</sup>John A. May and Joan Reynolds Faunt, *South Carolina Secedes* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1960), 44.

<sup>20</sup>Mrs. Carmichael is the name that Elizabeth Jamison used in the original manuscript. Carmichael was her mother's maiden name. David Rumph Family Bible, Orangeburg Archives.

<sup>21</sup>David Flavel Jamison (1810-1864) was presiding judge for the Military Court of Beauregard's Corp. The term "Beauregard's Corps" in reality was applied to the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. *Charleston Mercury*, September 16, 1864; December 8, 1864. David Rumph Jamison (1834-1908) was present at the Battle of Fort Sumter in 1861. At the outbreak of the war, he volunteered for service and entered the First South Carolina Infantry Regiment (Hagood's), as a private. Later, he was promoted to lieutenant and served on the staff of Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins until Jenkin's death in 1864. Jamison then served on the staff of Brig. Gen. John Bratton until Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House in 1865. D. R. Jamison, *Compiled Service Records, First Infantry Regiment (Hagood's), South Carolina, and Confederate General and Staff Officers, War Department Collection*



the Edisto and the waters of that river transmitted the sound of each gun as it was fired to us.<sup>22</sup> That was our first experience in the war. We, of course were very anxious the next day to hear the result and to know what had occurred on that eventful night. We did not know for some days that our friends had not been in danger then at all. Then followed volunteering. My son-in-law and my oldest son were amongst the first volunteers.<sup>23</sup> Then came forming companies, and the election of officers — then the hurrying off of the volunteer companies to Virginia. The making ready and waiting for the battles to come off was tiresome indeed, but had to be borne weary as it was.

The following summer we waited in much suspense for what we then knew must come, war in all its horrors. We who had to stay at home and wait for news from the army had many times heavy hearts. But there was much for the mothers and mistresses on our southern plantations to do. And, it was astonishing how much was accomplished too. They learned to manufacture homespun. Some of them made it nice and pretty. I had a warping bars and a loom made, and took lessons in weaving from a neighbor that I might learn one of our women to weave cloth for the use of the plantation. It took a great many yards of cloth for the domestic use of our homes as they were then. Cheerfully, the mistress attended to it all. I must say our negroes generally behaved beautifully during those years, and were true to us and to our children for a long time.<sup>24</sup>

But soon battles became heavier and weary waiting almost intolerable followed. My son-in-law and my two oldest sons were in Virginia. For a few months, my third son attended to his father's business at home, then he too

of Confederate Records, Record Group 109, NA, M267, roll 122, and M331, roll 139, hereafter cited as compiled service records, NA, with unit, state, or staff, and microfilm roll number. Jamison Family Collection, Orangeburg Archives. For D. F. Jamison's account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter see D. F. Jamison to Caroline Jenkins, April 14, 1861, Jenkins Papers, SCL. D.F. Jamison's papers covering his tenure as secretary of war are located at Washington and Lee University.

<sup>22</sup>Burwood, the Jamison plantation, was located on the South Edisto River in the Barnwell District, South Carolina. Deed Book MM, 199-200, Barnwell County Court House.

<sup>23</sup>Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins (1835-1864) was the son-in-law of Elizabeth Jamison. He married Jamison's eldest daughter, Caroline Harper Jamison (1837-1902), in 1856. John Peyre Thomas, *The Career and Character of General Micah Jenkins, C.S.A.* (Columbia: The State Company, 1903), 24.

<sup>24</sup>The Jamisons had thirteen "house servants" and seventy-four "field hands." Of this number three were carpenters and one was a blacksmith. D. F. Jamison Estate Records, Book J, 390, 391, 393, 394; Journal C, 473, Barnwell County Courthouse.

went off to the army, and I was left at home with my four young daughters and a younger son.<sup>25</sup> In '62 the fighting around Richmond was terrible, and hard was it to wait to hear the results of those battles. Many friends were struck down. Amongst the wounded was my second son who was shot in the chest as he was carrying orders across the field.<sup>26</sup> The shot passed across his chest touched his windpipe and one lung and lodged in his right shoulder blade from which place it was extracted the next day. An act of kindness from one who was only slightly acquainted with him I have always thought saved my son's life. When shot, he has told me, he felt a numbness and on looking down, his chest was covered with blood. Feeling weak, he thought he had best try to dismount rather than fall. He made the effort to get off but fell. [A]nother shot struck the horse he had been riding, which looked at his prostrate master a moment then galloped off. My son was then removed from the field and placed leaning against a tree. [A]t that moment the ball in his shoulder was struck and gave him intense pain for hours. The man whose act of kindness no doubt saved his life came by when the fighting ceased (my son's shoes and socks had been taken) this kindhearted man took off his own warm socks and shoes, put them on J[ohn]'s cold bare feet, placed himself back of J[ohn] and supported him during that long weary night of suffering. Had he been laid prostrate he must have suffocated from the bleeding wound so near his throat.<sup>27</sup> His father went on to nurse him, and for weeks he hovered between life and death, and when at length he was brought home, so changed and feeble it

<sup>25</sup>William Harper Jamison (1841-1887) served as a sergeant in Company B, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Infantry Regiment. He enlisted on February 24, 1862. William Harper Jamison, Compiled Service Records, NA, Twenty-fifth Infantry Regt., South Carolina, M267, roll 346. The children remaining at home were: Sallie Preston Jamison (1845-1894); Mary Dwight Jamison (1847-1904); Elizabeth Jamison (1849-1930); Thomas Worth Jamison (1852-1924); and Clara F. Jamison (1857-1942). Jamison Family Collection, Orangeburg Archives.

<sup>26</sup>Capt. John Wilson Jamison (1839-1886) was appointed aide-de-camp for his brother-in-law Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins on August 11, 1862. He was wounded shortly thereafter on June 30, 1862, at the Battle of Frayser's Farm. He returned to active duty, but his position was "vacated" upon the death of Jenkins in 1864. He then was reassigned to Co. I, Third South Carolina Cavalry Regiment. Because of his war wounds, he was listed as disabled in December 1864. J. W. Jamison, Compiled Service Records, NA, Third Cavalry Regt., South Carolina, M267, roll 19, and staff, M331, roll 139.

<sup>27</sup>Captain Jamison related to his nephew, Robert F. Jenkins, his own account of this event as follows: "After my terrible wound and my horse killed under me, I was suffocating with blood welling out of my mouth. In charging over me one of the men seeing my condition, picked me up and lent me against a tree, and I was left with the dead and dying. A camp follower, one of the ghouls of the battlefields, was robbing

was almost hard to recognize him myself, and now, after twenty years, he is still often a great sufferer.<sup>28</sup>

Those were times sadly to be remembered, so full were they of anxiety for those who were going through those bloody battles. Almost daily we heard of the fall of relatives or friends. All this time, my third son had been on James Island guarding and trying to wait quietly. At length he was gratified by being in the battle of Secessionville. But his time was to come after awhile.

During these years and in the absence of masters, our colored people worked very much as usual, (a refutation in itself of the northern charges of overwork and unkindness) and made pretty fair crops.<sup>29</sup> We planted sugar cane and sorghum, and made syrup as most of our neighbors did. Some of them were successful in making very good sugar. The prices and scarcity of wearing apparel and groceries had become so great, that my husband sent some cotton bales through the blockading fleet to Nassau and had the cotton exchanged for groceries and dry goods. Our stockings, socks, and gloves, we knitted from homespun cotton yarn. The cotton got through safely and we received the goods in return. At length it became difficult to get salt. My husband and several of our neighbors agreed to send men with wagons mules boilers and all necessary articles for boiling salt from our salt water streams, but too far up in the country to be surprised by the enemy, and had a good quantity of the salt water boiled down into very good salt. After several weeks of fun, they returned home with each wagon laden with the salt.

During this time, the battles were more and more bloody. We heard constantly of friends who were killed, of others being wounded, and great and anxious fears filled the hearts of those at home. Many had to seek refuge in the northern parts of the State. Time passed on. The scene of war was in Tennessee. My son-in-law [Micah Jenkins] and my two oldest sons [David and John] were sent from Virginia through North and South Carolina to join in the battles that were expected to come off in Tennessee during the coming winter. They reached their destination in time for the battle of Chichamauga.<sup>30</sup>

the dead. I drew my pistol, intending to shoot him, but when he got to me I was too weak to lift my pistol up. He took the pistol out of my hand, and my watch, and robbed me." *Charleston News and Courier*, October 16, 1935.

<sup>28</sup>Jamison arrived to attend to his son before July 8, 1862. Micah Jenkins to Caroline Jenkins, July 8, 1862, Micah Jenkins Papers, RBMSCL.

<sup>29</sup>According to the estate records of D. F. Jamison contained in the Barnwell County Courthouse, the Jamisons had 87 slaves. D. F. Jamison Estate Records, Book J, 390, 391, 393, and 394; Journal C, 473, Barnwell County Courthouse.

<sup>30</sup>Jenkin's brigade arrived at Chickamauga too late to participate in the battle. Natalie Jenkins Bond and Osmun Latrobe Coward, eds., *The South Carolinians: Colonel Asbury Coward's Memoirs* (New York: Vantage Press, 1968), 84.

From the date of their departure arose and continued the frightful anxieties of mothers wives and sisters. Desirous of news, yet fearful of its import, only a full reliance on the tender mercy of God could sustain the soul and calm the mind in times of peril such as those. It was about mid-winter that my son, who had returned to his duties too soon after his wound, was taken with a severe cough, and was sent home where he had to remain for some weeks.<sup>31</sup> By the time he was able to return, the army had got almost through to Virginia again. My son-in-law had been wounded again and again, though not seriously injured.<sup>32</sup> He was struck in his breast, the ball was turned from some cause, passed across to his arm and was extracted near his elbow.<sup>33</sup> Chance played some curious freaks in the manner in which he was so often struck in battle. In the first battle of Bull Run, his stirrup was struck off his foot.<sup>34</sup> In another fight he was struck on his knee by a spent ball, but not seriously hurt. At Chichamauga, a piece of shell cut into the bridge of his nose - an eighth of an inch more sight would have been destroyed. At the battle of the Wilderness, the ball penetrated his brain and a true hearted man, a real christian soldier, a loving husband and father was taken to the "many mansions," where no doubt this warm hearted one now waits to welcome the loved ones he had to leave here to struggle through many weary years. He passed away May 6, 1864.<sup>35</sup>

That summer was full of anxious fears for the future. General Sherman was making his way into Georgia through Tennessee. The South had much hope in General Johnston as a Commander, but when he was removed from Atlanta, all hearts seemed to give way.

<sup>31</sup>Jamison was granted ninety days leave for the benefit of his health on December 19, 1862.

<sup>32</sup>Jenkins wrote of another incident during the Battle of Frayser's Farm: "My sword shot off with a grape, broken again by a ball, the sword knot cut by a ball, my saddle cloth cut by a ball, my horse shot under me twice, my overcoat, tied behind my saddle, cut in a dozen places with a shell, [and] I, hit upon the shoulder with a grape and upon the breast with a shell, am here to praise and bless him." Micah Jenkins to Caroline Jenkins, July 3, 1862, in Thomas, *The Career and Character of General Micah Jenkins*, 17.

<sup>33</sup>This occurred at the Battle of Second Manassas. See, Thomas, *The Career and Character of General Micah Jenkins*.

<sup>34</sup>Jenkins himself described how narrowly he escaped being wounded, saying, "Three men fell within five feet of me and a bullet knocked the stirrup from my foot." Micah Jenkins to Caroline Jenkins, July, 22, 1861, Micah Jenkins papers, SCL.

<sup>35</sup>For a detailed account of the life of Micah Jenkins see, James J. Baldwin III, *The Struck Eagle* (Shippensburg, Pa.: White Mane Publishing Co., 1996). *Charleston Courier*, May 17, 1864.



**Brig. Gen. David Flavel Jamison, Elizabeth Jamison's husband, as he appeared in Confederate uniform shortly before his death in 1864. Illustration courtesy of the South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina.**

In August, my husband was sent to Tallahassee where he had to stay some weeks.<sup>36</sup> In that time a fatal fever was prevailing to a great extent. On his return he came home for one day. The day he returned to his duties in Charleston he was taken sick with a fever similar to that in Tallahassee, and in ten days he too was gone.<sup>37</sup> I did not know of his illness until it was all over.<sup>38</sup>

Previous to these sad events, my third son [William] had been in Virginia for some months. After a time he was in the trenches around Petersburg for weeks. It was a very hot summer, and he had at last to go to the hospital with a violent attack of fever, and there he lay a long time too ill to let us know where he was.<sup>39</sup> But at length he was found by a friend, a minister of the Presbyterian church and intimately acquainted with us all.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>36</sup>The territory for Jamison's judicial duties as presiding judge for Beauregard's Corps included Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina. *Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864.

<sup>37</sup>Jamison contracted yellow fever. Thomas, *The History of the South Carolina Military Academy*, 173; *Charleston News and Courier*, September 1, 1931, (describing his life and his death); *Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864. One macabre tale concerning Jamison's body relates that when Sherman invaded South Carolina, he announced that if found, the body of D. F. Jamison would be exhumed and burned upon a pyre with ex-slaves, Yankees, and the family being forced to watch. This would serve as retribution for Jamison's prominence as president of the South Carolina Secession Convention. To undermine Sherman's plans, Jamison's daughter Caroline, with the help of a servant, exhumed the body and buried it in a nearby swamp until the war ended. It was later returned to the Presbyterian Cemetery in Orangeburg where the grave remained unmarked until 1898. Statement of John Wilson Jamison, in the possession of John A. Jamison, Fredericksburg, VA.

<sup>38</sup>Jamison died on September 14, 1864, in Charleston. His body was transported to Orangeburg, South Carolina, by rail where it was interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery. William Gilmore Simms served as one of his pallbearers. *Charleston Mercury*, September 15, 1864; *Charleston Courier*, September 16, 1864; *Charleston Courier*, September 15, 1864; *Charleston Courier*, September 26, 1864; *Charleston Mercury*, December 8, 1864.

<sup>39</sup>William Jamison's compiled service records reveal that he was absent from his unit from June 29, 1863, until February 3, 1864, due to sickness. Compiled Service Records, NA, Co. B., Twenty-fifth Infantry Regt., South Carolina, M267, roll 346.

<sup>40</sup>This person was probably Benjamin Morgan Palmer, a noted Presbyterian minister who conducted the wedding ceremony of Micah Jenkins and Caroline Jamison. Palmer was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Columbia and counseled troops in the Army of Northern Virginia. The Reverend Benjamin M. Palmer to Caroline Jenkins, May 25, 1864, in Thomas, *The Career and Character of General Micah Jenkins*, 22; John M. Wells, *Presbyterian Worthies* (Richmond: Presbyterian Committee on Publication, 1936), 140-180.

This friend, feeling sure he could not recover where he then was, got him sent on home.<sup>41</sup> For some weeks he was very sick indeed, but returned to his company by the time his furlough expired.

The northern army came nearer and nearer almost weekly. I was aroused from sleep one night by many steps apparently of men coming up the steps of the front piazza. Of course I thought the Yankees had come in reality for a few moments, but soon I heard goats bleating, and knew some one had left a gate open and those animals had walked in.<sup>42</sup> It was a very great relief. We had these sort of frights very often about that time, but every time our men were very willing to come to our relief and always endeavored to find out the cause of our fright.

Another time as I was waiting for a girl to come in, as she usually slept in my daughters' room. I always locked the house at that time myself. I heard her talking at the well which was near the house. I leaned out of the window and said I wished her to come in as I was suffering with my head and wished to go to bed. She came in on the piazza and said "A man is under the house and won't come out." I stept [sic] on the piazza and said "Come out or go away whoever you are." There was no answer and I thought he was one of our own young negro men who was trying to frighten this girl. As I was locking the back door a large white man came from under the house and looked in the side lights at me. I walked upstairs and straight on to the piazza, and called to a woman whose house was just out of the yard, and asked her to tell the men at quarters to surround the house which they did almost as I spoke. Of course he had time to get to the woods just back of the yard. The men looked carefully but found no one. Next morning one of our men told me a Yankee soldier had come to his house in the night and told him to get our carriage horses for him. He told this man the horses were locked up, and he had nothing to do with them.

The enemy had come over the Savannah river burning houses and destroying stock. The day we were told about sunset that they were near, only a few miles off. A family who lived very near us sent a message to go with them into the fork of the Edisto [River] as they knew a gentleman living there would let us go into a large empty gin house he had there as well as other houses that he had. We packed up some valuables and clothing took horses and mules wagons and carriage and joined our friends at their gate.

<sup>41</sup>According to family correspondence, William was still quite sick in December 1863. D.F. Jamison wrote: "I regret to say that William's health improves very slowly. Since he has been with me here, he has had return of chills and fevers about every 9 to 14 days." D. F. Jamison to Caroline Jenkins, December 14, 1863, Jenkins Collection, SCL.

<sup>42</sup>The Jamison estate records indicate that in 1864, the family owned a herd of eight goats. D. F. Jamison Estate Records, Book J, 390, 391, 393 and 394; Journal C, 473, Barnwell County Courthouse.

We left our home near midnight. Some of our men got lightwood torches and walked before and some behind the cavalcade. We had a beautiful little colt and its mother along and they kept up a constant whinnying to each other, enlivening the way. We crossed the South Edisto a little while before day, and then waited for the morning light, preferring trying not to intrude so early on our unsuspecting neighbours. When we did make our appearance they were not a little surprised at seeing us, but would not hear of our going into any house but the one they were in, and we must wait until the two gentleman should go out and ascertain the truth of the report we had heard of. During the day we often looked in the direction of our homes, for smoke, as our houses were large. We knew we must see smoke. We saw nothing of that, though. In the course of a few hours our kind hostess had a beautiful dinner for us and all our servants. Then the gentlemen returned and told us it was a false alarm and we might safely go back to our homes, which we did, arriving there at night fall.

The autumn of '64 passed in constant anxiety. At length my son came home troubled with his wound and a cough. Very soon we knew there was truth in the report that the enemy had got as far as Pocotaligo and we felt we must leave our dear home in reality.<sup>43</sup> Had I known then what I knew afterwards, I would have stayed at home and let them burn, if they would. Now that the enemy were so near as Pocotaligo, the men were frequently on our place, as our servants very often told us so. We accepted an invitation from a relative of my husband to go up the country and stay with his family.<sup>44</sup> We took provisions of different kinds, also our mules and horses, for our friend had lost some of his by the very high freshet of that winter, known since as the Sherman freshet, as it came on as he was passing through the State.<sup>45</sup> After burning Columbia General Sherman seemed inclined to go on to Charlotte in North Carolina.<sup>46</sup> Perhaps the constant rains, that kept the roads so boggy and the rivers so high, might have induced him to cut across into the eastern portion of South Carolina. Before Columbia was given to the flames, my home and that of my oldest son too were ashes.<sup>47</sup> I had one

<sup>43</sup>Sherman left Pocotaligo on February 1, 1864.

<sup>44</sup>Undoubtedly, this person was Isaac Delessline Wilson of Society Hill, South Carolina. He was D. F. Jamison's second cousin.

<sup>45</sup>I. D. Wilson had lost the animals. In 1865 Simms wrote: "Six of my mules I propose, as the enemy demonstrates, to send over to Col. I. D. Wilson, at Society Hill who has offered to work them and feed them." William Gilmore Simms to William Gilmore Simms, Jr., January 16, 1865, in *The Letters of William Gilmore Simms*, Vol. IV (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press 1956), 481.

<sup>46</sup>Columbia was burned on February 17, 1865.

<sup>47</sup>David Rumph Jamison owned the adjoining plantation next to Burwood Orangeburg *Southron*, March 14, 1860. Completed in 1861 shortly before D.F. Jamison's death, Burwood plantation had fourteen rooms. Innis L. Jenkins, "A Sketch of General David F. Jamison," Master's Thesis, University of South Carolina, 1927, 37.



hundred and thirty (130) bales of cotton, and a gin house packed with seed cotton — all were burned, but it matters not now that everything was gone, except a few of the servants' houses in your yard, and most of the negro quarters were left standing.<sup>48</sup> My son's home shared the same fate.

I was anxious to flank the enemy by going through Marion to a ferry I knew had been over the Congaree river, but was told the flat was burnt. A lady friend who was with us wished to go into Marlboro to a place of hers, and we tried to do so. We crossed the Pee Dee at Society Hill and spent a night in a house in the swamp near the river. Our men were all around too, trying to get on into North Carolina. The river was very high and still rising rapidly. The weather was very cold. We slept on blankets and comforts spread on the floor. There were fifteen of us, and some of our male friends, who hearing where we were, joined our party. The next afternoon, hearing the enemy were crossing the river, we left that house and in wagons started for the place of our friend who was with us. As night came on, it began to rain, and was very dark. I was a stranger in that part of the country.

We came to a large house a little back from the road. Our friend said "Here is Uncle S[amuel's].<sup>49</sup> Let's give them a call." And we did go to their door. That gentleman's daughter (whose husband had, only a short time before been killed in battle in Virginia) insisted we should get out and stay with them.<sup>50</sup> We did conclude to stay that night. But when morning came men wagons mules and horses all were gone, and it was some weeks before we could get back over the Pee Dee river.<sup>51</sup> The old gentleman and his kind

<sup>48</sup>The Jamison estate records indicate that in 1864 the family had 15,000 pounds of cotton worth approximately \$1,500. D. F. Jamison Estate Records, Book J, 390, 391, 393 and 394; Journal C, 473, Barnwell County Courthouse.

<sup>49</sup>This person is Samuel Sparks (March 21, 1787-September 19, 1878). Sparks was a large planter who owned plantations in Marlboro County, South Carolina. One was located at Mineral Springs, and the other, Mandeville, was located in the Welsh Neck. Elizabeth probably was referring to Mandeville, which was the Sparks's winter residence. See, Chalmers G. Davidson, *The Last Foray — The South Carolina Planters of 1860: A Sociological Study* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1971), 213-14; See also, J. A. W. Thomas, *A History of Marlboro County: with Traditions and Sketches of Numerous Families* (Atlanta: Foote and Davies, 1897), 34.

<sup>50</sup>Susanna Mandeville Sparks (1834-1915) was Samuel Sparks's daughter. *Ibid.* Lawrence Massillon Keitt (1824-1864) was the husband of Susanna Sparks Keitt. Keitt served in the United States Congress and was a member of the South Carolina Secession Convention. He was appointed colonel of the Twentieth South Carolina Infantry Regiment in 1862, and was killed at Cold Harbor in 1864. Faunt and May, *South Carolina Secedes*, 168-69.

<sup>51</sup>During the early spring the Pee Dee River rises until it is almost unfordable. During these freshets, the water covers low-lying areas, cutting off Society Hill from Marlboro County.

hearted wife and daughter made all welcome that came to their house, and by dinner time they had a long table to fill.<sup>52</sup> All assembled around the bountifully loaded table. Several of our soldiers were there, and amongst them was my son (who had come in from his company on sick leave being still troubled from his wound) and the son of the old man at whose house we were staying.<sup>53</sup> Some females with their children were there too, near neighbours, who were afraid to stay alone at their homes. We were about to take up knife and fork, when in bounded a negro man calling out "The road black with the Yankee da jus coming down the hill." Everyone ran for the piazza, and sure enough the hill was covered with moving creatures that we all thought were men and horses. Our men were standing waiting for their horses. Kindhearted Mrs. L[awrence Keitt] came to where my son and I were standing together, and was just opening his overcoat pocket to drop in it a nice lunch when he turned quickly, bid me good-bye, and was gone.<sup>54</sup> The lunch fell on the floor. They were all gone. We then turned to look up the hill for the "Yankees." The creatures had come closer, close enough now for us to see. They were sheep and hogs being driven to a more secure place in the swamp.<sup>55</sup> It made us all laugh, but it was not a matter to laugh over long. We had no appetites for our dinner, for if we had just laughed we could not eat for our hearts were too anxious about our friends to feel hunger. We had heard the enemy took some little boys the size of my youngest son and carried them off and turned them loose in the swamp. Fearing they might take off my little son I had let him go into the woods with a wounded friend who had to go in a buggy, not being able to mount a horse.

We could not go to bed that night, but sat together or reclined on lounges, as we could not feel safe to take other nest. After breakfast the morning after our gentlemen friends had left us so unceremoniously, we all walked out on the piazza and were saying to each other how glad we would be to hear some news as to where the Yankees were, when two men on horseback and two others walking before them, turned in the front gate. The two on horses stopt [sic] a little at the gate. The men walked to the inner gate of the yard where we were standing. They were near neighbors.

Mrs. [Keitt] asked "What news of the Yankees?"

One man replied "Those two men are Yankees. We are prisoners."  
Just then both men rode up to us.

<sup>52</sup>Ann Harry Sparks (June 22, 1793 -November 13, 1870) was Samuel Sparks's second wife. Thomas, *A History of Marlboro County*, 34.

<sup>53</sup>The son referred to is John Jamison. Captain Alexander D. Sparks (1825-1895) was Sparks's son. Thomas, *A History of Marlboro County*, 34.

<sup>54</sup>Elizabeth Jamison writes "L" ostensibly, so that Mrs. Keitt will not be easily identified. "Lawrence" was Mrs. Keitt's husband's Christian name.

<sup>55</sup>Thomas Worth Jamison, Elizabeth's youngest son was twelve in 1865. Jamison Family Collection, Orangeburg Archives.

One said "Good morning ladies. What do you think of your cause now?"

Mrs. [Keitt] answered "General Lee will tell you, when you reach North Carolina."

"General Lee has surrendered" this soldier said.

There was an exclamation of disbelief.

He said again, "It is so and President Lincoln has been assassinated."

We could not believe it all. But alas, it was only too true.<sup>56</sup>

Just then men came pouring in from every quarter ransacking every nook and corner in house, yard, and garden. They found out from the colored people where everything was: what they did not want they destroyed. The house was crowded for hours.

In my restless anxiety I walked on the piazza. A soldier was on a large white horse at the gate. The man was very drunk. Our kind hearted old host was near the gate. That horse was a fine young animal he had raised.

The soldier called "Come here old man, and put my foot in the stirrup."

The gentleman bowed, and quietly said "I will do no such thing, sir."

His wife came out just then too.

The man said to her "Give me some whiskey."

She answered "I have no whiskey and if I had I would not give it to you."

He said "If you do not give me whiskey I will burn your house."

Again she answered "I have no whiskey."

When he tried to get off to carry out his threat he could not so he sat still.

At this juncture a large squad rode in, several hundred, all drunk, all with bottles. They had found some old liquors that were near, from the low country, sent to that neighborhood for safe-keeping. The first set had sacked well but they were sober. The sober ones had our dinner brought in and sat down and ate it. While they were at dinner three others went down into the cellar where they found a jug containing whiskey as they thought from its looks. One came back for a tumbler directly. All three came in hurriedly walked to Mr. S[parks] and asked what was in that jug.

He said, "It is camphine.<sup>57</sup> We have it for burning in lamps. It is distilled from turpentine."

The man asked "Will it kill me?"

Mr. S[parks] "I don't know. As I said we burn it, never drink it."

<sup>56</sup>Sherman's foragers reached nearby Society Hill, South Carolina, as early as March 30, 1865. Mason Smith and Daniel F. Huger, eds., *Mason Smith Family Letters: 1860-1868* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1950), 84-85.

<sup>57</sup>"Camphine" is a purified oil of turpentine made by distilling the oil over quicklime to free it from resin.

Soldier, "Do you think if I go back to camp and take a dose of oil it will save me?"

Mr. S[parks], "I don't know, it may or it may not. That is what you get for prowling away where that you have no business to go."

We ladies glanced at each other rather amused than sympathetic. He said he drank a tumbler full without stopping, so sure was he that it was whiskey. We heard no more of him.

Before those men all left, a Capt. Guthrie rode into the yard, and handed a set of rubies to the younger lady of the house. He had taken it from one of his men. She thanked him, and asked how she should keep it. He said "Put it on." No one attempted to take it again. Two men remained until after night they said to guard the house. But we knew they were waiting to see if my son and the young Capt. S[parks]. would not come in. Just as those men were going out of the lower gate, my son rode in. One man said [""] Here is Capt. Norris now." Instantly my son determined to personate [sic] Capt. Norris. It was a clear but not a bright night. My son was riding a white horse. Capt. Norris was about my son's size and he also rode a white horse. My son demanded of them roughly, what they were doing there? They told him they were guarding the house. He then ordered them to go immediately to camp. They told him they did not know the way. They were to go to Bennettsville. My son gave directions to Bennettsville, told them where to turn off from the road and what other turns to take. But [he] had never been there himself. He then came to the house — the men rode off for camp.

I was in the hall and said, "[John] those men have been waiting for you for hours. My son I fear they will come back."

He said "Yes, I met them at the gate, and they took me for their Capt. Norris. Mother, can I lie down a little? I am very tired, and suffering very much."

I said to him "[C]ome upstairs and rest on my bed."

He said "No, not upstairs." He said he had been a prisoner, to probably the same company for some hours.

The kind old gentleman came to us and directed him to an out house filled with cotton seed, but asked him to come in and eat first, but he said he was too much fatigued. He had been taken prisoner by the Capt. Guthrie who had that morning returned the set of rubies to Mrs. [Keitt]. My son and Capt. S[parks] had been together and had hid their horses in a thicket in the swamp.<sup>58</sup> Capt. Norris was the man who had ordered by my house burnt.

<sup>58</sup>Alexander Sparks served in Company E of the Nineteenth South Carolina Cavalry Battalion. He also served in Company L, Twentieth South Carolina Infantry Regiment. Compiled Service Records, NA, Nineteenth Batt. Cavalry, South Carolina, M267, roll 53; Twentieth Infantry Regt., South Carolina, M267, roll 316.

I asked him if it was burnt? [A]nd he said the house of a widow lady was burnt. He patted my little daughter on her head as she ran carelessly about. Before my son went to the cotton seed house, he told me he and Capt. S[parks] were walking through a newly ploughed field when they saw some of the enemy, who called ordering them to come to them. J[ohn] did not know the country around or the field. The other who did know only slipt [sic] into a ditch and was hid. J[ohn] had to walk to the fence, and over the ploughed ground and leant against the fence.

He was then questioned "Why do you walk so slow?"

["Can't help it. [A]m just recovering from a severe wound am at home on sick leave.["

["Where is your Physician's Certificate?["

He produced it. The Captain read it and told him to come over the fence. He did so. He had on horseman's boots and spurs. The men took his spurs and were about taking his boots off when he appealed to the Captain, who ordered them to let him alone.

The Captain then asked "[W]here is the man who was with him when they first saw them?"

J[ohn] said "He lives in this neighborhood and is far off in that swamp by this time. I am a stranger here or you would not have caught me."

Captain said "Well, come on to camp."

[B]ut said J[ohn] "I can't keep up with you."

Captain ordered a horse to be given him. They gave him an old mule, and offered him a drink, which he took moderately as he was tired and they had a plenty of that "old liquor" and he saw a probable chance of getting away as they became more and more under the influence of their brandy. They offered their bottles frequently to him and rode on faster, calling, "Come on Johnnie Reb." They came to a turn in the road, and "Johnnie Reb" rode off briskly far into the thick swamp tied the mule securely and got his own horse and came back to me. From all this it will be understood my son had a slim chance of getting off again should he be taken a second time. This conversation was overheard by a servant who immediately sent off and informed where he was.

Several hours later I and the wife of Capt. S[parks] were in a room near the back door. She putting her baby to sleep, I sitting on a pallet on the floor by my little daughter who was sleeping quietly. My other daughters and one cousin of theirs were sleeping on beds in the room. The night was dark but clear. We heard a rushing sound, as it came nearer, we knew more than a dozen men on horses were coming at full speed. They came right through the yard and for the cotton seed house. [where Capt. Jamison was spending the night] Mrs. S[parks] exclaimed, "Capt. J[amison], they are after him." I went out on the back piazza but could only hear horses running. At last that sound ceased. I listened for a pistol shot, feeling sure they would shoot

him, but heard nothing more. How could I know they had not used something worse than a pistol shot? I went into the house at last and sat by my little child 'til day.<sup>59</sup> We heard no news all the next day. Is a wonder my head was almost white after that night of agony? All this time I had heard nothing of my little son. The next night Capt. S[parks] came in. He promised he would try to find my son the next day. They all did come in on the next afternoon. My son had heard them coming for him just in time to untie his horse and mount him, took a path that carried him into a corner between two fences. They saw and pursued him. As he was just about to abandon his horse, they turned off on another path and left him. But what a relief it was when they all came in, my little son and all!

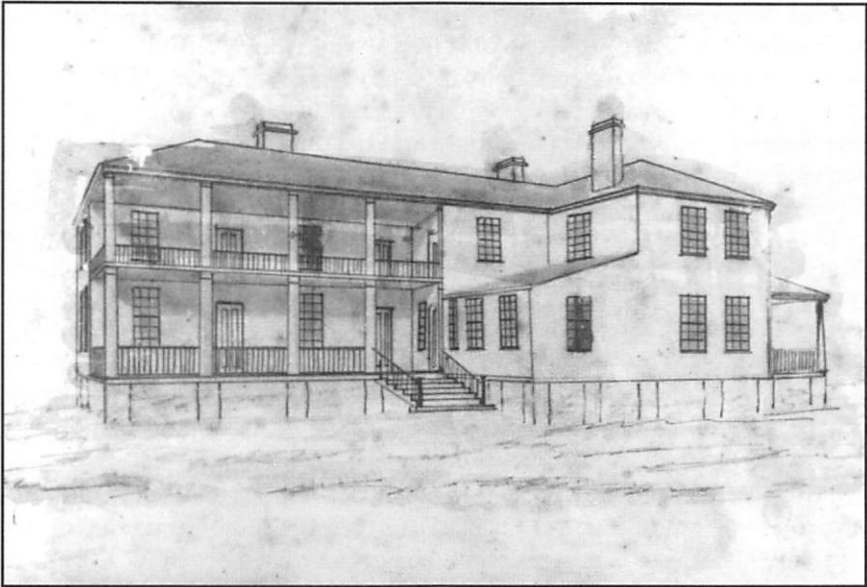
The northern army had gone into North Carolina. My oldest son [David] was in Virginia with Gen. Lee's army.<sup>60</sup> My third son [William] was in North Carolina in those battles that were fought in that State. I heard nothing of him for a long time. I was very often walking on the road in the hope of hearing of my sons through men who were returning to their families and homes. I inquired of them for news from my two sons. At length, a man gave me a slip of paper—only a line or two from my third son, saying he was well. Then several months passed without any more news of either son. My brother too, had been taken prisoner not very far from Society Hill, although the enemy had surrendered, they carried him north and kept him prisoner until the next fall.<sup>61</sup> He was then released to return to his home.

In April '65 we began to make preparations to get back to our dear old home. We heard that the bridges over the Wateree at Camden, and the Congaree near Columbia were both burnt, but there were flats at those rivers. We had one wagon left. My son J[ohn] had saved his horse. [A] friend's servant rode off on one of our carriage horses when our gentleman friends had to leave us to hide in the swamp. That servant had brought the horse back to us. One mule came back to the horses she knew, and a mule

<sup>59</sup>Clara F. Jamison was six at the time. Jamison Family Collection, Orangeburg Archives.

<sup>60</sup>David Rumph Jamison surrendered with Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, as a member of the same brigade that Brig. Gen. Micah Jenkins had commanded prior to his death. Bond and Coward, eds., *The South Carolinians*, 169-170.

<sup>61</sup>David Jamison Rumph (1811-1872) served as colonel of the Fifteenth South Carolina Militia Regiment. He changed his surname from Rumph to Rumff because he was tired of being the butt of jokes. Compiled Service Records, NA, Fifteenth Militia Regt., South Carolina, M267, roll 392. Louise Frederick Hays, *The Rumph and Frederick Families* (Atlanta: J. T. Hancock, 1942), 62.



**Burwood plantation, Elizabeth Jamison's home, which Union soldiers burned in 1865. Illustration courtesy of the author.**

belonging to a near neighbor who lived near our old home came to us also and we thought our friend would like to get his mule.<sup>62</sup> So, took the mule to his owner, as his others were all taken off, he was glad to get that one.

A relative of my husband, and a kind friend of us, as he proved himself to be, lent us a wagon and a half grown colored boy to drive, hired a white man to go with us, and return with his wagon.<sup>63</sup> This kind friend gave us cooked food and everything necessary for ourselves, and servants. [W]e had three with us beside the boy he sent. Also food for our animals. I can never forget the kindness and sympathy of that friend. The night after we left his house we camped at Lynches creek. My son, the white man and servants wrapped their overcoats around them, and lay by a large lightwood fire. [O]ccasionally one would get up and lay on more wood. My daughters slept well in the wagon. I alone could not get comfortable enough to sleep.

<sup>62</sup>In 1864, prior to this event, the Jamisons owned eight mules, two horses, one mare, and three wagons. D. F. Jamison Estate Records, Book J, 390, 391, 393 and 394; Journal C, 473, Barnwell County Courthouse.

<sup>63</sup>Isaac D. Wilson (1810-1889) was probably this kind friend. He was the second cousin of D. F. Jamison. His children, Isaac D. Wilson, Jr., married Sallie Preston Jamison and Elizabeth Caroline Wilson married William Harper Jamison, daughter and son of Elizabeth Jamison. May and Faunt, *South Carolina Secedes*, 227-28.

At last, I took a large blanket wrapt [sic] it around me went to the fire and lay my head on a large root of a pine tree for my pillow. My little son came to me. I covered him with the blanket, then we were all quiet until day. The blanket was as wet with dew as if it had rained heavily on us. The servants got us breakfast (they all could cook) and fed our animals, and we started for Camden. We were traveling the road the Yankees had taken from Columbia. Burnt houses, burnt fences and the skeleton of a horse were often passed. A cow or any domestic animal were scarce in truth. We reached Camden in time to cross the Wateree river before night. Such a crossing as it was! It was so near being a perpendicular bank to get up after crossing, as it was possible for it to be. There were a good many Confederate soldiers, who were returning home at the ferry, and negroes in any number. All turned and kindly helped get our wagons up. I don't see how we could have got up that river bank but for their assistance. We camped about a mile from the river. The roads were very heavy and the hills very high. One other night we were on the road, the fourth day, we dined in poor burnt up Columbia at a colored woman's house. She had been one of our house servants. Her husband's mother was a free woman, so her son was freeborn. Both mother and son were real good people and the one who had been one of our servants was a great favorite with us all. My son rode on to let her know we were coming. She got us as good a dinner as could be had there then. I asked her if she could get anything with Confederate money. She said she could get provisions and homespun. I then gave her some of that, for I had no other. One of the daughters went on with us. She, the mother went to the river to see us cross the Congaree river which was very little better than the crossing at the Wateree.

We arrived at our home on the 30th of May, 1865. That morning in passing through a town on our way, we met my oldest son. We had not heard of him before, since the surrender. He too was on his way home. It was very sad to see our beautiful home gone, only the chimneys and the underpinning left.<sup>64</sup> Palings and fences all burnt. We had a good orchard, and it was, well, it was well that it was a good fruit year, for at times, that summer, there was little else to eat. As everything that could be destroyed on the place was gone. Everything that I tried to save by sending it off was found and destroyed by our prying visitors whether at home or abroad, except a few articles I had intrusted [sic] to our hostess in Columbia. As soon

<sup>64</sup>Writing some fifty years later, William Gilmore Simms, Jr. described the ruins of Burwood in the following poetic manner: "General Jamison had built an elegant home upon his splendid plantation . . . and in Sherman's devastating march, house, stable, barns and hundreds of bales of cotton all perished, and where the happy household stood, the stars looked down on roofless walls." *The State*, December 18, 1910.



as the railroad was repaired she sent what she had been able to save down to me. The coloured people were no longer disposed to work. Some of ours were on the place, though many had left, and wandered about us if to show their independence, though in rags and often in want of food. One woman with eight children wanted me to take her and her family for her services. That was impossible as it was sufficiently difficult to find food for my own children. Col. Beecher and his coloured troops were stationed some six miles above and some ten miles below us. They were constantly about trying to excite those who would otherwise have been quiet, to insubordination. Murders and other outrages were committed, but no inquiries were made.

Often firearms were fired across our yard at nights. I and my daughters occupied a house in the yard, and my sons slept in another near by — two houses of some of our former house servants that had escaped the burning. My son told me never to open our door in the night for either calling or knocking, unless one of them spoke to me.

Several families not far off who were not disturbed by the northern raiders and had saved their provisions very kindly sent us food in the shape of corn, bacon and other provisions, for we were entirely destitute of all such things. One old lady friend sent some hens and other poultry to give us a start in that line. As soon as it was possible my sons commenced building a log cabin of four rooms. A neighbor told my sons he had sank some rafts in the Edisto river during the war, when he could no longer get them into Charleston. The rafts were near our landing, and he gave them to us. My sons dived for the lumber day after day, and managed to get boards in that way to floor our rooms. They even put a piazza to our cabin. My oldest son put in a log cabin also, and thus we lived and toiled on hoping for better times.

### POSTSCRIPT

Better times were not to come to the Jamison family. In 1866 William Gilmore Simms wrote the following of Elizabeth and her family's plight: "She has lost every thing [sic], and with some ten children, now lives in a log house through which the winds and rains make their way."<sup>65</sup>

In 1869 a Charleston factor claimed that prior to the war, D. F. Jamison had owed him \$800.00. Although before his death Jamison had told his wife that he owed nothing, she could not prove that she had satisfied this claim

<sup>65</sup>William Gilmore Simms to Everett Augustus Duychinck, February 20, 1866, in *The Letters of William Gilmore Simms*, Vol. IV (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1956), 539.

as Sherman's men destroyed all receipts. As a result, Burwood was partitioned and sold for \$1200.00.<sup>66</sup> Simms remarked of this event as follows: "The Jamison Estate is to be sold for debt! Eheu! It will be divided into tracts of some 3 to 500 acres and each and will be sold low, just at this juncture. Another year, it will bring five times as much."<sup>67</sup>

Elizabeth, evicted from her plantation, was forced to rely upon the charity of others as the following letter, which Elizabeth wrote to Simms, suggests:

Mr. Elsey has just sent me word to haul my things as soon as possible tomorrow morning. As you so kindly said you would haul them for me, I send Mikey over at once to let you know.<sup>68</sup> If it is not convenient for you to get a driver, I can get one here, and send over early in the morning for your wagon and team. I do dislike to give so much trouble to you and feel much indebted to you.<sup>69</sup>

After the loss of Burwood, Elizabeth's younger children went to live with various members of the family. In contrast to the family's practice during the antebellum years, none received a higher education.<sup>70</sup> Elizabeth eventually moved to Summerville, South Carolina, to live with her son John and daughter Caroline. In 1874, she wrote her son: "John the girls have not a dollar in the wide world neither have I anything to give them to pay that tax. . . . If the charge must be paid, what are we to do for the girls have only their poor clothes that they work for — everything has been sold from us."<sup>71</sup> The amount of money, which caused Elizabeth such concern, was \$17.14. Her children fared little better. David, her eldest son, lost his only child in 1871 and moved to Florida to grow oranges. After a disastrous frost, he returned to South Carolina bankrupt. When he died in 1908, he was buried in an unmarked grave near to those of his parents.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>66</sup>Jenkins, "A Sketch of General David F. Jamison," Master's Thesis, 1927, 36; Deeds showing the transfer of land in Deed Book YY, 107-116, Barnwell County Courthouse.

<sup>67</sup>William Gilmore Simms to William Hawkins Ferris, Nov. 16, 1869. *The Letters of William Gilmore Simms*, Vol. V, 267.

<sup>68</sup>Micah Jenkins, Jr., (1857-1912) who was Elizabeth's grandson.

<sup>69</sup>Elizabeth C. Jamison to William Gilmore Simms, December 17, 1869, William H. Ferris Collection, Columbia University Library.

<sup>70</sup>U.S., Bureau of the Census, *Ninth Census of the United States, 1870: Population*, 1: 272, Middle Township, South Carolina, showing that none of the Jamison children attended school the previous year.

<sup>71</sup>Elizabeth C. Jamison to John W. Jamison, Dec. 20, 1874, original in the possession of Albert L. Jamison, Boerne, Texas.

<sup>72</sup>David R. Jamison to David F. Jamison, August 4, 1899, original in the possession of Albert L. Jamison, Boerne, TX; Thomas, *Historical Sketch of the South Carolina*

Caroline Jenkins, her eldest daughter, was a twenty-seven-year-old widow when the war ended, and faced the daunting task of raising four small boys with practically no income. Utilizing the superior education her father had given her, she tutored young girls and operated boarding houses in Charleston and Summerville. Each of her four sons was educated in Yorkville at the Kings Mountain Military School; two were graduated from West Point. In early February 1902 Caroline completed a visit to her youngest son John, who was serving as an instructor at the United States Military Academy. On her way home to Charleston to visit her grandson, she was stricken with an illness and died alone in Washington, DC. Her body was taken to Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston, where she was buried in an unmarked grave next to her husband, General Micah Jenkins. She was sixty-four years old, and although considered a great beauty in her day, had never remarried.

John and William, Elizabeth's other two sons who fought during the war, also faced a world which no longer had a place for them. Both married and had several children. John taught school in Camden, while William tried farming in Society Hill, South Carolina. Both died before their mother, in their middle forties. Both left small children to be raised by their widows.<sup>73</sup> In Elizabeth's personal Bible is a somber reminder of John — an envelope with a withered ivy leaf. On the flap Elizabeth wrote: "This leaf came off the wreath that was on my son John's chest, his sister brought it to me."<sup>74</sup>

D.F. Jamison's fate was to be largely forgotten by a state to which he devoted much of his life, and he would rest in an unmarked grave for over thirty-five years. Finally, in 1897, a group of friends raised enough money to erect a small monument of South Carolina granite over his grave.<sup>75</sup> On this stone they wrote the following tribute:

General David Flavel Jamison  
 Soldier, Statesman, Scholar  
 Erected By His Friends  
 Born in Orange Parish, December 14, 1810  
 Died in Charleston, September 14, 1864  
 President of the Secession Convention

*Military Academy*, 263; Jamison Family Collection, Orangeburg Archives; Orangeburg *Times and Democrat*, January 31, 1908.

<sup>73</sup>Statements of John A. Jamison, Fredericksburg, VA, grandson of William H. Jamison, and Albert L. Jamison, Boerne, TX., grandson of John W. Jamison. *South Carolina Historical Magazine* 67 (January 1966), 42.

<sup>74</sup>Elizabeth Jamison's Bible is in the possession of David J. Rutledge, Spartanburg, SC.

<sup>75</sup>The attempt to erect a monument took many years. See, Orangeburg *Times*,

Elizabeth would survive her husband by many years. As she slipped into old age, she moved to Charleston. Aided by her daughter Bessie, she lived in poverty in a succession of progressively smaller apartments. Although Elizabeth Jamison was stripped of all that she had been born to expect (wealth, social standing, and security), she refused to become bitter or embroiled in self-pity. Her spirit is perhaps best exemplified by the following letter she wrote to her daughter Caroline near the close of her life:

My Dear Daughter:

I am very much troubled that you feel so weak and feel so badly. Dear daughter, God has taken care of us all and especially has He taken care of Bessie and me in all our trials, sickness, poverty and too much else to enumerate year after year. You know He has promised to take care of the fatherless and the widow "Leave your fatherless children I will preserve them alive, and let your widows trust in me." Bessie bears up wonderfully - better far better in all her great pain than I do.<sup>76</sup> Did He not know these are the very trials we need. He would not send us so much of sorrow. He sees the end - we only the present. Try to think my own precious child that He only sends what He knows is for our eternal good. Don't you know that pride must be pretty well killed out of me? Many ladies have been very kind and thoughtful of us. I am thankful - you can imagine that I am. Often has cooked food been sent to us.... All have been very kind to us. Mrs. Jenkins is very pleasant and nice and often sends us delicacies we cannot even think of. . . . Dear daughter don't give up to troubles, try for the sake of the boys to be cheerful and pray to bear up under all that our God thinks it best to send on you. . . .<sup>77</sup>

Elizabeth Jamison died after a long illness on December 11, 1888, her wedding anniversary. She was buried next to her husband in the Old Presbyterian Churchyard in Orangeburg, South Carolina. On her tombstone she is remembered as the "Wife of David F. Jamison." Perhaps, her "Tale of the War" and her spirit serve as her most lasting memorials.

April 24, 1872; *Charleston News and Courier*, November 15, 1892; *Orangeburg Times and Democrat*, September 1, 1897; September 25, 1897; October 20, 1897. See also *Orangeburg Observer* July 19, 1935.

<sup>76</sup>"Bessie" is Elizabeth Jamison, the daughter of David and Elizabeth Jamison.

<sup>77</sup>Elizabeth Jamison to Caroline Jenkins, May 31, 1885, John Jenkins papers, SCL.



Elizabeth Jamison as she appeared about the time that she wrote her tale of the war (ca. 1880). Courtesy of Mrs. Thomas W. Jamison III, Westminster, Maryland.

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**THEODORE GAILLARD THOMAS, M.D.  
A SOUTH CAROLINIAN'S CONTRIBUTION  
TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN MEDICINE**

W. CURTIS WORTHINGTON\*

**THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN GYNECOLOGY'S EMERGENCE AS A** specialty in the second half of the nineteenth century is characterized by the interaction of numerous enthusiastic, innovative, and forward thinking medical practitioners from across the United States.<sup>1</sup> The accomplishments of J. Marion Sims, however, have overshadowed the contributions of many others who shaped the new discipline.<sup>2</sup> While in no way detracting from Sims's pioneering role as the "Father of American Gynecology," a greater acknowledgement of what others did to develop the specialty is in order. Among those who might be cited are Fordyce Barker, first president of the American Gynecological Society, and Sims's early colleagues at the New York Women's Hospital: Thomas Addis Emmet, Edmund Randolph Peaslee, and Theodore Gaillard Thomas. Of this group, Thomas may be the most important, not so much for his specific technical contributions as for his leadership position and influence on the medical, surgical, social, and humanitarian aspects of gynecological practice. His impact was much greater than has heretofore been recognized. This study is drawn heavily from his own writings, his accomplishments, and the opinions of his colleagues. It explores the origins of Thomas's personal, cultural, and intellectual characteristics as well as his role in American gynecology in the second half of the nineteenth century.

Theodore Gaillard Thomas, M.D., was a South Carolina native who lived almost a third of his life in South Carolina. He received his basic professional education in South Carolina, contributed to antebellum

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<sup>1</sup>James B. Ricci, *One Hundred Years of Gynecology* (Philadelphia: The Blakeston Co., 1945); Harold Speert, *Obstetrics and Gynecology in America: A History* (Chicago: The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, 1980); Deborah K. McGregor, *Sexual Surgery and the Origins of Gynecology: J. Marion Sims, His Hospital, and His Patients* (New York and London: Garland Publishing Co, 1989); Houston S. Everett and E. Stewart Taylor, "The History of the American Gynecological Society and the Scientific Contributions of Its Fellows," *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* 126 (1976), 908-918.

<sup>2</sup>J. Marion Sims, *The Story of My Life*, edited by H. Marion Sims (New York: D. Appleton Century and Company, 1855); Seale Harris, *Women's Surgeon: The Life Story of J. Marion Sims* (New York: The McMillan Company, 1950).