

THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1963

VOLUME 64

NUMBER 4



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THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CHARLESTON, S. C.

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MIDDLETON CORRESPONDENCE, 1861-1865

Edited by ISABELLA MIDDLETON LELAND

(Continued from July)

Harriott Middleton to Susan Middleton, Columbia

Flat Rock Oct. 4th

. . . There was another horse theft in the neighbourhood last night. Cousin Mattie lost her horses and a mule. It is said that several men were engaged in it. Some stoned away several very fierce dogs that she keeps, whilst the others carried off the horses. Our turn must come soon, and it worries us, for our daily bread depends on them. We have to send for food, to send to the mill, and bring horse feed, in the cart. How we should make out I cannot conceive. Two soldiers were seen near the stable twice the same night, and were making very suspicious inquiries of one of Mr. Baring's negroes. And there is nothing to be done. It is said that the magistrates are afraid of taking any measures to prevent the robberies, for fear that their own will be taken, and hitherto only the horses of the Low country people have been taken. I suppose I have mentioned how many people have lost theirs. About ten days ago there was a great excitement in the neighbourhood. A raid was feared, and the story goes that Mrs. Cuthbert bought a pair of mules to escape with, and packed up all her valuables so as to go off at a moment's warning! She then seated herself by the roadside and wept! Mrs. Trenholm passed by in her carriage, and stopped to inquire the cause of distress. "Oh said she, in her cheerful kindly manner—it has not come to weeping yet," and she took her in and carried her to drive, which somewhat reassured her. Jones, the notorious Union man, who is said to have been within the Yankee lines, and to have made arrangements for a raid here, to destroy secessionist property, has been arrested and carried to Richmond in irons . . .

Susan to Harriott, Flat Rock

Columbia—Monday [Oct. 5]

. . . The three torpedo-boats are again ready for action, and to go out the first dark night—there has been too much moonlight lately for them to venture. I am getting a little more faith in them since hearing that Dr. Ravenel has had a hand in the undertaking. He is so clever, and yet not impractical and visionary. . . .

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The girls, tell Alice, continue to abuse Columbia, find the evenings "terribly long," and have not yet ceased talking of Capt. This, and Col. That, and Lieut. the Other—"Nothing to wear" is wanted [*sic*], but I see two blockade dresses have lately been brought out for church, both ugly. Livy informed us the other day that Mrs. Blanton Duncan, who is the rich fashionable woman of this place, had just got a box from Paris, which cost thousands, "and," she added with a touch of sadness in the tone, "Flounces are worn below the knee." Mrs. Ripley's daughter is hourly expected, having been heard from in Maryland—and she has sent home trunks of beautiful things through the blockade, which no doubt the children will have a sight of, so I will send Alice an account of the latest fashions, if she cares to hear about them. Very few people can afford to buy anything now, prices are so preposterous—the Prestons mourning bonnets cost 150 dollars apiece! *Poor* people will have to take to sack cloth and ashes when their relations die—bombazine is \$40 a yard. . . .

[Oct. 10/12]

. . . Dr. Palmer also told us much that was interesting about New Orleans. The Federals think the City is disarmed, but Mr. Greenwood says there are at least 20,000 bayonets concealed, and as many men who at the spring of a rattle would appear armed in the streets. Their organization is perfect, altho no one can tell how it is effected, for no ten of them have ever met together at one time or place, lest suspicion should be excited. Several times since the Yankee occupation the place could have been retaken without difficulty, but it was useless to make the attempt, as, without a fleet or the forts below, it could scarcely have been held long. He told us too of a stout lady he had met in the West, who had given him an account of her escape from New Orleans in a hogs-head! She was barreled up about twenty-four hours, with holes bored in the heading to give her air, and had provided herself with a hatchet to cut her way out in case of extremity! . . .

Were you not glad to hear that Lt. Glassel and Sullivan⁷⁸ were safe—we found it out by reading the enemy's signal. They said "a daring attack" had been made by four men—two of whom they had on board the "Ironsides" as prisoners. Mr. Read had an account of the exploit from the engineer himself, who is anxious to try it again, and says it is not true that they hit the vessel too far aft, where there was 20 feet

⁷⁸ On Oct. 5, the C.S.S. *David*, after exploding a torpedo against the *Ironsides*, was nearly swamped, its boilers extinguished. Glassel and Sullivan abandoned ship but were picked up by the enemy. J. Thomas Scharf, *History of the Confederate Navy* (N. Y., 1887), 758-759.

of solid timber. He insists that they struck her just in the right place, near the engine-room, the mistake was in having the torpedo too high, so that it exploded against the *side* rather than the *bottom* of the ship, and the force was spent in throwing up that column of water which put out their own fire. Every day we hear "the torpedo-boat is to go out tonight"—and now there is a report that the "Ironsides" is much lower in the water than hitherto, and that she is trying to get off. The "David" is not injured, and makes 14 knots an hour. The diving-boat, too, is again ready, and hopes to accomplish something soon. She is "commanded" by Lieut. Payne, who was nearly drowned in her when she sank.

Monday [Oct. 19, 1863]

. . . The "Ironsides" is believed to have been really damaged—but you see eight more men have been drowned in the diving-boat.⁷⁹ They were experimenting with her. Went down safely and rose under a vessel in the harbour—tapped on her bottom to show they were there—but, the next time they dive[d], something went wrong, and she filled. . . .

I am glad your horses have been spared, here the quarter-master is pressing them! A requisition has been made on the State for 2500 for the Western Army. Columbia has to furnish 350—and as yet only 100 have been found. Our's have been called for—but we may not be obliged to give them up. We should willingly dispense with them as *carriage* horses—but the plantation-business and carting up could hardly go on without them. . . .

Harriott to Susan, Columbia

Flat Rock—Oct. 22nd

. . . We are expecting Frank here every day. He has got a thirty days leave, to attend to Isabella's affairs for her. They require immediate attention, and she is very much relieved at being able to put them in his hands, and not to have to think or decide. Things so hard upon a woman. I suppose he will only stay a day or two, but it will be pleasant to see him, particularly if he is going to Virginia. . . .

⁷⁹ The submarine sank on the morning of Oct. 15 with all its crew: Horace L. Hunley, Robert Brookbanks, Joseph Patterson, Thomas W. Park, Charles McHugh, Henry Beard, John Marshall, Charles Sprague. Their bodies were recovered and buried in King's Circle, Magnolia Cemetery, on Nov. 9. Information supplied by Rear Admiral R. Bentham Simons, USN (Ret.).

Susan to Harriott, Flat Rock

Columbia Monday

[Nov. 9]

. . . You have of course observed that the "Ironsides" has not fired at all since she was struck by the torpedo. The escaped prisoner, belonging to the "Chicora," declares that all her guns have been taken out, and that they are afraid to go to sea in her, as one of her compartments is full of water. The "David" is to go out again the first favourable night—many people think those four men ought to have the reward promised for the destruction of the "Ironsides"⁸⁰—and there is a plan for at least making up a handsome sum for them. . . .

. . . peace seems very far off—in spite of all the President's hopeful words. I am told many who were opposed to him were "converted" during his visit—he seems to have made a most agreeable impression. "Uncle Alfred," who dined twice in company with him, was delighted with his manner and conversation. He seems to have dropped down into the very bosom of his enemies. Lunching with Ripley, escorted by Barnwell and Alfred Rhett, living in the house with Burnet, and riding in the same carriage with Beauregard. Mrs. Proctor is "sure Gustave was making faces at him all the time"—but every one else is sure "Gustave" was doing nothing of the kind. . . .

Columbia Monday

(Nov. 23/24)

. . . I was interrupted this morning by a visit from Mrs. Waties—who brought us a letter she has just got from Mrs. de Siboury. We read it in fits of laughter—she describes the fashions! All is changed since the days of peace when we thought the modes extravagant. The head-dress now most in vogue is "two mice, two rats, and a cat!" Don't suppose, however, that these animals are actually worn—it is only that the front and *middle* hair is arranged in four rolls or puffs resembling the first—while the back is put over a comb called a cataract—whence the abbreviation *cat*! Mrs. de S. sends a photograph of her cousin to show the *hat* of the season—a black velvet concern of the pork-pie pattern with a striking ornament in front. What we used to call "feathers" are no longer worn—the entire wing of a pigeon, just as it is cut from the bird, is the rage at present. It is dried, the joint covered with oiled silk, and the whole pressed out flat with a hot iron, or by a heavy weight—and when expanded, as if the bird was in the act of flying, it is put just over the

⁸⁰ John Fraser and Co. had offered \$100,000 for the destruction of the U.S.S. *New Ironsides*.

forehead! "Stylish" people wear an entire bird, either red or yellow!! Does it not sound as if the wearers were barbarians? Newport has been "splendid" this summer, and New York is just like Paris! Alice may be amused by this account. I am still young and worldly enough to hear it with interest. *If* you have any dresses to make up—round waists are no longer worn—but "acute" points back and front—very small sleeves, almost circular, and everything elaborately trimmed. The simplest dress now at the North costs fifty dollars—for the making. Suits all of one colour are the favourites—and black much worn—bonnets are heart-shaped. How interesting it all is! . . .

Columbia Monday
[Nov. 30]

. . . Maria wrote us an account of *her* shelling, which was more serious than anything Livy and Emma experienced. She was passing Euston's when a shell burst within twenty or thirty yards of her, filling her eyes with sand. She secured a piece of it to keep as a memento, and made her way safely home, and is the object of Emma's intensest envy. I hear hardly any ladies remain in Charleston. Even the W..... have left, and are settled for the winter at Dean Hall—the matrons at Cooper River being somewhat uneasy at such a "fast" accession to the neighbourhood. . . .

Columbia—Monday
[Dec. 7/8]

. . . Poor dear old Charleston! I hear the desolation in the lower part of the town is appalling. Lately the shells have done a good deal of damage, altho' the papers properly make no reference to it. Twice they have come very near St. Michael's spire—the City Hall, Court House, Guard House have all been struck—several of the Banks too—and I hear of Mr. Cleland Huger's, Mr. Ed. Barnwell's, Gov. Allston's, Mr. DeSaussure's, and Dr. Ogier's among the private houses. The Allstons' pretty bow room is said to be *smashed*—and at the Ogiers a servant had his arm broken. Old Mr. DeSaussure declared nothing would induce him to leave his house, but, when a shell burst in his yard, Mrs. DeSaussure took to her bed—and he at length consented to move. . . .

. . . what a shame that young Wells brought you no letters. I suppose he was afraid to let it be known he was coming. They say he is not to have a commission, which I was glad to hear, but has entered Hampton's Cavalry as a private. The more I think of his coming the less I admire it, altho' it does seem ungenerous to say so. It seems to me that if I had the misfortune to be born and bred in New York, and still had the opin-

ions and feelings I have now, I should long since have fled my country—as having taken a wrong, dishonourable course, and as being utterly disgraced, but expatriating oneself is one thing—fighting against one's country another. Cousin Lizzie thinks this young man may be only a 'cute Yankee, who means to live at the South and fearing the difficulties there will be after the War, has taken time by the forelock. Mr. Alfred Huger says he is "mad"—it occurs to me he may have been crossed in love! One thing I have often observed—nearly all the Yankees who are "warm Southerners" are either very poor, or weak-chested. I know of several Northern women whose *lungs* have had much more than their *hearts* to do with their marrying Southern men. . . .

Harriott to Susan, Columbia

Flat Rock Dec. 11th

. . . Cousin Izard tells us of the desolation in Charleston and the damage done by the walls. Did you hear the story of a fragment of shell carrying off part of Mr. Ed. Barnwell's nose? Some gentleman on hearing it said, "I wish it had been his tongue!" Not knowing Mr. Barnwell, I do not feel the force of the speech. . . .

Susan to Harriott, Flat Rock

Columbia—Monday
Dec. 14

. . . Papa brought us the explanation of the fire at Sumter. Poor, poor Edward Frost! he was opening a barrel of whiskey for the troops—the candle was held too near—the whiskey exploded, and he was blown to atoms—nothing could be found of him afterwards. The fire destroyed some of the woodwork of the Fort—stores, powder, and all the small-arms. If the enemy had made an assault, the men would have had nothing to defend themselves with but brickbats. As soon as the fire was out, Elliott ordered the band to the rampart, and had "Dixie" played, upon which the Yankees began to cheer them. . . .

Harriott to Susan, Columbia

Flat Rock—Dec. 21st

. . . I quite alarmed the house hold last night. There was a series of most mysterious noises in the house—wood falling down, steps walking about, the doors violently shaken. We keep all the inside doors open at night as Alice sleeps alone at the further end of the house. My room is

on the entry near the outside doors, so I had the full benefit of the violent shaking. I stood it for a long time, but when I heard the doors being tried alternately, and the falling of the umbrella which stood in the corner, I rushed into Mama's room and declared some person must be there. She rang the bell violently, and soon Isabella and a servant came rushing to our assistance. They searched every where and could find nothing, and Isabella vowed it was a rat and my imagination! So I began to think it must be, but this morning revealed a large cat, seated on the fender in the dining room. I fancy cats were the origin of ghosts, for any thing more mysterious and alarming than the sounds I cannot imagine. Alice too heard the sounds, and the falling wood, which shook her bed, but supposed it was *only* some one under the house stealing wood, and quietly went to sleep again. . . .

Flat Rock Christmas Day

. . . I wonder if you feel the intense love which I do for that low country, weather, atmosphere, and I was going to say "scenery," but the word sounds misplaced. The very thought of that low lying, dimly colored landscape, sometimes flooded with sunshine, sometimes veiled in haze, stirs my heart and thoughts in a way that only one or two other ideas in the world can produce. The keenest hopes and joys of life, its most sacred feelings, the memories of our dead have become a part of it. I often think of Henry's faintly whispered last request "Lay me in Magnolia." It is such a comfort to think of our dear ones lying there so peacefully, away from the dangers of the shelling. I suppose you heard of the shell in St. Michael's churchyard—supposed to have gone through the coffin of a daughter of Mr. Wagner's, very close to the Rutledge and Pinckney graves. . . .

Susan to Harriott, Flat Rock

Columbia Monday
(Dec. 28)

. . . You will see by the paper that we have had John Morgan in our midst—the only person who found him out in Columbia was a "Mrs. Shark," who snapped him up immediately, asked him to tea, and pronounced him the next morning "a very elegant man," but we heard a little more of him from old Mr. and Mrs. Hanckel, who met him in the cars. They had started to drive from Greenville to this place, but, "happily," as Dr. Hanckel said, when they got to Union, their carriage broke down. They had hardly got into the cars, when some one said:

"Do you know, they say Gen. Morgan is on this train?" "Indeed," said Dr. Hanckel, "I would give a great deal to have the pleasure of seeing him." Whereupon a gentleman a little way off immediately rose and said: "In that case, Sir, allow me to present myself—I am Gen. Morgan." Mr. Hanckel said for a moment he thought some one might be only quizzing him—the man had such roguish eyes, and such a mischievous look about his mouth—but he was soon convinced it was really Morgan who was talking to him, no one else could have given such an account of his imprisonment and escape. He really *was* shaved—his hair being now only an eighth of an inch long—and he had been confined in a cell 6 feet by 3—without sight of sun or moon. He had nothing to do with the tunneling part of the escape—that was managed by the others, who were on the ground floor of the Prison, but he contrived to change places with his brother at the last moment. They worked their way through two walls, each six feet thick—and then had to climb over one 30 feet high. He said he got up on this *easily* enough—but, on descending he found outside a number of pickets. Luckily they were all asleep—so he got off safely. And he added what surprised me greatly—that they had received no assistance whatever from friends outside the prison. He has gone to see his wife, and then goes to Richmond.⁸¹ Mr. Hanckel says if he should describe him in a word, he would call him "the impersonation of pleasantness." . . .

(To be continued)

"THE FIRST TWO VOLUNTEERS"

In a letter of condolence to William A. Martin upon the death of his brother Robert, Johnson Hagood, writing from Barnwell, 24 October 1874, states:

It may interest you to hear that he and I fancied, I think correctly, that we were the first two volunteers for the War of Secession. South Carolina was the first state to levy troops and our Regt as its official title indicates was the first S. Ca Regt raised specially for the impending conflict. It so happened, from our official position (The Regt was raised from my old Militia Brigade) that we had, and embraced, the opportunity of first signing as private volunteers the enlistment roles. It was a conceit which pleased us then and afterward to think we were the first recruits for the War. We could lay no claim however to being the first in the field. Our regt was raised the 27 Dec 1860. In the meanwhile other organizations in So Carolina and elsewhere perhaps had preceded us.

—From the Aiken-Martin Papers, on deposit in this Society.

⁸¹ For Morgan's reception in Richmond, see Chesnut, *Diary from Dixie*, 353.

HAMMOND, HUGHES, AND CONNORS FAMILY RECORDS

Contributed by PERRY B. BENNETT HOUGH *

SAMUEL BURFORD HAMMOND BIBLE ¹

Marriages

Martha Hammond was married to Thomas Ballard April 25th 1822.
Leroy Hammond was married to Nancey Gooch 13th September 1822.
Phillip T. Hammond was married to Delilah Thorn November 23rd 1825.
Francis Hammond was married to _____y Brewer, March 31st 18....
Edwin M. Hammond was married to Molsey Coil Sept. 19th 1834.
Rawleigh Hammond was married to Sarah Baskins Nov the 20 1836.
John Hammond was married to Ann Edmonson Nov. the 21 1837.
Saml N. Hammond was married to Eliza Linvell March 27th 1838.
Saml N. Hammond was married to Martha Meacham formalely Martha
Boyd August 17th 1841.

Births

Saml B. Hammond was Born October 19th, 1782.
Nancey Hammond his wife was Born November 17th, 1778.
Phillip T. Hammond their son was Born April 3, 1800.
Leroy Hammond Their son was Born Decbr 4th 1801.
Martha Hammond their Daughter was Born April 4th 1804.
Francis Hammond their son was Born December 11th, 1806.
Rawleigh Hammond their son was Born April 24th, 1808.
John Hammond their son was Born March 13th 1810.
Edwin M. Hammond their son was Born June 22nd, 1813.
Saml Nancey Hammond their son was Born June 2d, 1815.
George Wesley Hammond their son was Born November 27th, 1817.
Hiram T. Ballard son of Thos & Martha Ballard was born 19 of January
1830.
Rebeckah Ballard Daughter of Thos & Martha Ballard was born 19 of
January 1835.
Henry G. Hammond son of Leroys was Born May 22d, 1824.
Mary Susannah Daughter of Martha Ballard was Born July 6th, 1824.
Saml D. Ballard son of Martha Ballard was Born 19th October 1827.
Margaret Misurey Daughter of Leroy Hammond was Born 10th April
1829.

* Mrs. Ben C. Hough, 410 Chesterfield Ave., Lancaster, S. C., Secretary of the Lancaster County Historical Commission.

¹ Copied from photostats of the original in the possession of Mrs. H. J. Westenhaver, 155 Woodfield Drive, Auburn, Ala.