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CONTENTS

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, NORTH AND SOUTH: THE DIARY OF SAMUEL CATAWBA LOWRY

Edited by VAUGHN CAMP, JR. *

Aside from a few poems and prose works written by him, little is known of the life of Samuel Cosmo Lowry, other than his Diary, a portion of which is reproduced here. Even his gravestone does not bear the date of his birth, but evidence shows it was in early 1846, or very late in 1845.

Lowry, nicknamed "Catawba", was the second son of Dr. James McClure Lowry and Susanna Miller Lowry, of Yorkville, S. C. He was baptised in 1852 and probably received his education at the Yorkville Military Academy.

When the Civil War erupted he was 16 and enlisted in a hometown volunteer company commanded by his Godfather. After service around Charleston in 1861-62, the company was sent north to Virginia to meet the invasion threats of the Union armies. Young Lowry was wounded during the Second Battle of Manassas and then discharged from the service because of his age.

His parents sent him to the State Military Institute at Columbia, but he was soon ousted for attempting to form a company of volunteers among the cadet corps. He reenlisted in another South Carolina regiment, which saw service on Sullivan's Island and in Virginia in the Battle of Howlett's Farm and the trenches around Petersburg. Lowry was promoted to Second Lieutenant.

After recording in his diary: "go back to the ditches tonight," S. C. Lowry was killed at the Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864, age "nineteen and a half." His body servant, Noah Avery, managed to recover the corpse and return it for burial in Yorkville.

I will now proceed to give, as well as I can recollect from memory, the different incidents that occurred to myself and Regiment during my connection with the Southern Army, a period of 12 months.

* Dr. Camp is a retired college professor now living in Miami, Florida. The original Diary is in the possession of Gen. Sumter L. Lowry, Chief of the Lowry-Avery Clan, of Tampa, Florida. The first section of the Diary is given here, based on a typescript prepared by Gen. Lowry several years ago. The complete text (1861-1864) is deposited with the Society.

live in his home with her widowed sister. Despite her protests that James' bad luck had left her with little to bring for her support, her family persisted and finally persuaded her to make the trip. Leaving her small affairs in the hands of Ann Elmsly and Ann's son Peter, she arrived in Norfolk in May, 1798, and was soon reunited with her sister and family. In the years that followed she travelled to visit her brother and other relatives in Franklin and Nash Counties, North Carolina. Mary died in Surry County in 1804. Her estate of about £465, much of it in Bank of England stock, was liquidated by Peter Elmsly in London and sent to Crafford who, as executor, distributed the bequests among the numerous children of Mary's nieces and nephews.[34]

[34] Mary Cary to Crafford, Nov. 24, 1796, Jan. 6, and May 19, 1798, Crafford, May 1, 1797, and Ann Elmsly to Mary Cary, Sept. 17 and Dec. 8, 1798, and Feb. 24, 1799, Cary Papers. Mary's will, written in 1800, and the settlement of her estate are in Surry County Wills, Virginia State Library, Richmond, Books 1 and 2.

QUERY

Alfred B. Rhode, 401 Cape Cod Drive, Corpus Christi, Tx 78412 desires information on ancestry of David Rhode, born ca. 1810 in Colleton-Orangeburg Counties, had brothers Daniel C. and Charles D., sisters Ann J. and Rennie. Others? Moved to Rankin Co., Miss., in 1820s and to Lavaca Co., Texas in 1850s. Married Margaret Regene Easterling. Children born Miss.: Elizabeth A. M. 1838, Thomas C 1842, Daniel W. 1844, Martha L. 1847, Celia J. 1849 and Oscar D. 1851.

MEMORIALS

In memory of:	*Contributed by:*
Dr. Joseph Ioor Waring	Thomas R. Waring Edgar K. Thompson

My Company left Yorkville on the 27th day of November, 1861, and proceeded from there by railroad to Camp of Instruction at Columbia, on the College Greens. The Company to which I belonged was called The Carolina Rifles, commanded at that time by my Uncle, Capt. William B. Wilson,—having for Lieutenants 1st Lieut. J. W. Avery, another Uncle of my own, 2nd Lieut. D. L. Logan, 2nd Lieut. R. H. Whisonant. Our company consisted of 100 men, from York District, all as stout and hardy a set of men as ever left the peaceful firesides of home to meet the foul oppressor. I was only entering lacking two months of my 17th year, having obtained the consent of my parents, after worrying them out begging them, and having two uncles in the company.

As I left off, we proceeded to the Camp College Green at Columbia, South Carolina, where we remained for a week drilling. I having been for two years a pupil at the Kings Mountain Military Academy, and being well drilled I was kept busily employed in assisting to drill the Company. This being our first camping ground, and being then something new, we had our fun, sitting around the camp fires, cracking jokes, and telling tales.

After staying here a week we moved out of Columbia to Camp Hampton, 5 miles distance, on the plantation of the now celebrated Brig. Gen. Wade Hampton. We encamped on an open old field formerly a race course. We pitched our tents amidst the rain, which was then pouring down in torrents, getting a thorough wetting, but we soon pitched our tents, and building some cheerful fires, we soon got dry and comfortable. While staying at this, one of our most pleasing Camps, I spent my time most agreably, playing our camp games, living on boxes from home, filled with substantial food, such as meat and bread, which we ate with unusual appetites, cooked on our camp fires.

I may as well here name my mess mates and the faithful servants who attended us through all our hardships. My mess mates were, the Captain and three Lieutenants, W. H. Moore and W. B. Byers, Capt. Wilson's servant, and head cook was named Dick, Lieut. Avery's was named Noah, a stout built Mulatto, full of fun, and as faithful as the day is long. My boy was called Horace. He was about 40 years of age, and one of the best and most faithful of negroes, who I afterwards had the lamentable misfortune to lose by a disease, concocted in camp. So you see, we were well waited on. These boys added a great deal to our amusement by telling their wonderful tales, and singing songs around the camp fires at night.

To return. The spot on which we were encamped was bordered on one side by large ponds, known as Hampton Ponds. In these ponds

I sometime went duck hunting, finding plenty of the feathered tribe, but they were extremely wild. One day, having better luck than usual, I succeeded in killing two very large Duck O Mallards, over which we had a royal feast, prepared by the skillful hands of our cooks. My uncle and myself went out several times to hunt them, and sometimes with success. I fished some in these ponds, but it was too late in the year and consequently I failed to catch any.

While at this camp we spent our time mostly drilling, and performing the various duties of camp. It was here also that our Regiment was organized, officers elected, etc. The following officers were elected: Ex-Governor John H. Means, Colonel, who afterwards proved his right to this and higher honors by his evident ability, by the valor he displayed, by the confidence of his Regiment, and at last by his glorious death on the heroic plains of Manassas. Fitz W. McMaster, Lieut. Colonel. Never was man better fitted for office than the heroic and chivalrous McMaster. I do not overrate his powers in thus describing him. Suffice it to say, time will prove. Julius Mills was elected Major. A man in every way worthy of the office, being an excellent officer and high toned gentleman. Our Regiment thus organized, we now received orders to move to Charleston, which we did after a stay of two weeks at Camp Hampton.

Our route and next camp I will now describe. Having received our orders and a train of cars standing in readiness for us, we got aboard about six o'clock one morning, in box cars with plank seats, which, by the by was very good. We travelled over the well known track all day, until about one o'clock at night, being delayed by having to wait on other trains to pass us, the cars were very crowded and warm, we knocked off several side planks to admit the air, sometimes riding on top of the cars, which is very dangerous, but is not thought of. We arrived in Charleston about one o'clock at night, and landed at the depot, where a substantial supper of bread and coffee awaited us, of which I did not partake very heartily. After supper some of the men slept in the depot, others in the cars, I went back to my car and picking out the softest plank I could find, lay down, and was soon wrapt in the arms of Morphius. The next day we disembarked our baggage, shouldered our knapsacks, marched through the city and crossing the Ashley river, by bridge, encamped immediately on the other side, that is on the right bank. This camp was christened Camp Lee. We remained here nearly a month, passing our time with the daily routine of camp duty, and occasional visits to the city. Sometime I would hunt

squirrels, of which I found plenty, but it being the proper season for fishing, and fishing in salt water being something new to me, I spent a great deal of my time fishing, but my luck here hardly ever exceeded anything else than catching any amount of crabs, a sport I took great delight in at first, but of which I soon grew tired, especially as I could never bring myself to eat them or oysters, of which we had plenty, nor any other thing of the kind, although my two uncles gloried in them. I went out several times rowing in row boats on the river, and sometimes trying a sail boat. In one of which myself and Uncle one day trying our skill in managing a boat with sails, run aground, and stuck fast until we hired some negroes to pull us out. But I soon learned to row a boat very well. It was at this camp that measles and mumps broke out among us, and for a time laid up nearly the whole Regiment, some dying from the effects of them. I fortunately had had the measles, but not the mumps. A great many were sent home on furlough to get well, and our Regiment was for a time thinly reduced. It was about this time also that one of my cousins came down and joined the Company, and who was with us as long as I stayed, and is still a member—William Dunovant, being about my age, we were nearly always together.

From this camp I went home on a short visit, and while I stayed at home the mumps, which I had several chances to catch, came out on me, though very slightly, and I soon got perfectly well, and after staying at home about 3 weeks I started back to Camp, but while I had been away the Regiment had been ordered away from Camp Lee and had moved to Johns Island and camped at a plantation on the Island, and named the camp Craft, from its owner. They stayed here only a few days and moved lower down on the Island to Camp Craft No. 2. Our company was sent out on picket to Rockville, but nothing as I understand of importance occurred. The Regiment afterwards moved to Curtis Plantation, and named this camp, one at which we remained a long time, Camp Pillow. It was here that I joined the Regiment, and came up with my company. We were encamped here for about two months, and numerous little instances, marches, pickets, forages, etc. occurred here, which I will relate in turn as they occurred.

Our camp was in an open old field, the largest I've seen on the Island, very level and excellent for drilling. We spent our time in various ways, walking over the island, viewing the different beautiful residences and the umbrageous scenery of a lowland swamp, fishing in the creeks, hunting, playing ball, and hunting something to eat. The first two days or so we spent in fixing up our camp, making rude benches

and tables, putting straw in our tents to sleep on. After getting fixed up I began to wander about the Island, in the swamps, looking at the various kinds of vegetation on the lookout for some animal worth shooting with my pistol which I generally carried with me, and hunting for magnolias and such things as I knew would be prized at home, some of which I sent home. I went about to several of the nearest houses, deserted by their owners on account of the Yankee's proximity. In several of these houses there was a great deal of furniture, some of it costly, such as beds, bureaus, sofas and sometimes pianos, &c. of which a great deal had been destroyed by some ruthless hand, a great many old books and such things as was needed in camp, when we found them we did not scruple to take. We spent a great deal of our time in camp making litttle rings out of cow and deer horn and beef bones, some of these were very beautiful, and of superiour workmanship. I went out several times on little fishing excursions with my uncle Avery, but generally failed to catch anything else but crabs and eels, but I saw some negroes that understood the art bringing up buckets full of fish & crabs and shrimps. I took great interest in going out in little boats with these boys and watching them fishing. We lived mostly on sweet potatoes, of which any quantity could be found, of superior quality. I went out with the wagons several times after them, getting the wagons loaded and then looking about the garden and premises for something further in the eating line, such as a stray sheep, and very often we went out cow hunting, that is, some of us would be sent to the Island to kill beeves for the Regiment, plenty of which were to be found stray and almost wild on the Island. One day W. Dunovant, myself and several others were sent out to kill them. We went about 4 miles from camp over on Wadmalaw Island. We soon came across a small drove, and encircling them fired into them, each one of us dropping one. Then came the work skinning them. I assure you it is no fun for we tugged and worked for an hour or so, but we soon got used to such work, and was generally glad to get a chance to skin them, in anticipation of a good meal. Very often we were sent out foraging on the different plantations and islands round us, sometimes bringing fodder and hay for the horses, sometimes potatoes for ourselves. I was always very glad to go on these expeditions, as I got a view of the country, and generally got something extra to eat for my own mess, such as a sheep, duck, &c. Besides these, in some manner pleasant employment, we very often had to go on expeditions just the contrary. After we had stayed on the island a short time, we were put to work building a road across the marsh and then a bridge over

the Stono River, at Church Flats, to the mainland. A detail of men from each company was sent every day to work on them. Our times came 'round pretty often, and we would have to either cut wood or brush or dig up dirt, or some other hard labor, this was very tedious and a very dirty work. We were continually in the mud, and on some of these expeditions we would sometimes come across a bee hive, or a stray sheep, or some other thing. One day I got a large Muscovy Duck which I represented as being wild.

As these were our every day employments, so we had our fun at night, when not on guard. We had an over plus of fiddlers in the Regiment and every night a ring was soon formed and a nimble negro in the middle, we had dancing, far superior to the cramped steps of a fashionable ball. But when the guard turn comes, then our merriment stops for awhile, and the stern duty of a soldier, tramping his lonely path, thinking of the dear ones at home, usurps for awhile the jovial mood. As he walks along his lonely post, liable at any moment to be ushered into the presence of an offended God, by the hand of an unseen foe, listening to the mad howl of the wolf, the hoarse croak of the frog and the shrill cry of the never tiring whipporwill, his comrades wrapt in a slumber so coveted by him. Tis then he thinks of war, and its horrors, of duty and its rewards, of disgrace and its consequences, and then the loved forms of dear ones at home, flits across his mind. He views them in his imagination, sitting before the glowing fire of a peaceful home, talking of him so long absent, and then it is that sweet recollections of the past present themselves, to sooth as it were, his troubled feelings. But hark: the fierce cry of the sentinel's halt again awakens him to a sense of duty, and such duty as a struggling country demands of her sons, fighting the battles of freedom.

But to return. I will now notice our first picket, and give facts as near as I remember. Our Company was ordered by the Colonel to go on picket to Rockville on the outskirts of Wadmalaw Island, in perfect sight of the enemy's gunboats, about half mile distance in the Edisto River, and in sight of their camp fires on Edisto Island. Accordingly we left Camp provided with a week's rations, a blanket strapped to each one's back, and shouldering our muskets, struck the march for Rockville, 15 miles distance. We marched by fours, and about three in the evening reached a house two miles from Rockville, and took up quarters for the company in the house, pretty weary and tired. The first night was not mine to stand guard, which was very fortunate for me as I was somewhat fatigued. We slept soundly that night, and ris-

ing next morning, felt considerably refreshed. Clubbing together we soon formed little parties, going about on the Island, some in search of something to eat, some for simple curiosity, and others for books and camp plunder, &c. The coming night was the night for picket, and the company fell in and marched down to Rockville, marching along behind the hedges and fences to keep out of sight of the Yankee lookouts, to whom we did not wish our whereabouts to be known. Just as we got in the vicinity of Rockville a very heavy rain shower came on, drenching us to the skin. We marched on through the beautiful little village, one of the prettiest that I have ever seen, and we took up quarters in one of the largest houses, and after stationing pickets on the banks of the river to watch for boats, we lay down on the floor and was soon sound asleep. Nothing of importance occurred that night. The next night was my turn for picket, and when it arrived my Captain took me down to the river banks, stationed me there, and ordered me to watch for boats and if I seen any to fire on it, and retreat to the house. I took my post, with a blanket around me to keep off the shrill, cold sea wind, and I stood and watched the rolling expanse of waters before me until I was tired out. About midnight I got so sleepy that I could hardly keep my eyes open, and every now and then would drop off in a gentle snooze, and would be awakened by the loud blowing of the porpoise in the river, or the constant dash of the waves on the shore. I thought it the longest night ever human mortal experienced, and I fervently wished a boat with Yankees would come along, that I might fire into her, but none came. The Captain brought me a chair about midnight; I sat down in it, trying my best to keep awake until morning, but would occasionally drop off into little snoozes. But, joy divine, I at last saw the bright light of day begin to dawn, and nights dark mantle was withdrawn. Then I was relieved after standing post the whole night, from dark until daylight, then leaving a picket in the place, we marched the company back to our temporary quarters. When I got back to the house the first thing I did was as Dick, the cook, said, to eat a pound and a half of bacon, with bread in proportion, and then for sleep, but strange to say, I could not sleep, but was running about all day with the boys, sometime sailing on the tide in a leaky boat, and again catching crabs and gathering oysters. That evening Lieut. Logan came down to us, who had been home on sick furlough, and brought us orders to repair to camps instantly as the Regiment had received marching orders. Accordingly, we withdrew the pickets and took up line of march for camp. I was no little fatigued in this march, but kept

up as well as any, as I always made it a point never to break down as long as one leg would follow the other, but I had stood guard the preceding night, not sleeping any of any consequence, for 48 hours, and was necessarily tired. When we got to camp all was quiet as ever, the marching orders having been countermanded. So we were once more back into our old camps, and I tell you what, I did some tall sleeping that night. The next morning I got up considerably refreshed, and for several days we lolled about the camps, playing ball, fishing, drilling &c. One day I went up to one of the large swamps, close by us, taking my gun, and killed a small alligator, of which there was a great plenty, but could not get him out of the water. Also, a great many cranes were all around us, and finding some of their nests, I climbed up to them and got the eggs, over which I had a superb feast when I got back to camp. My faithful old servant Horace attended me in these marches, ever careful to procure my comfort as he best could, carrying me little extra bites of something to eat, always having my dinner, and cooked at the proper time. We did not have very many expeditions while at this camp, besides two or three other trips to Rockville, Bears Bluff, and of little consequence, and several forages and false alarms, caused sometimes by the sentinels firing at imaginary enemies, or discharging their guns by accident or carelessness.

I went on several forages. I went on a forage once on Kiawah Island, right on the sea coast with A. McElwee and the Major and Commissary Captain, W. B. Metts, of the Regiment. I rode in a little wagon with the former mentioned gentleman. The distance was about 25 miles. We passed on to Seabrooks plantation, where a few days before the Stono Scouts had a brisk skirmish with the Yankees. The marks of the combat were distinctly to be seen on the trees and surrounding houses, which were perforated with balls. Here we crossed the river by bridge; over on Seabrooks Island, we struck across the island and soon arrived at the other side, and crossed another stream on a very delapidated bridge, over to Kiawah Island. From here we had a distinct view of the sand hills on the ocean beach. As we got on the Island we struck in to a little road, just wide enough for the wagons to pass through, with a jungle on each side of palmettoes and other low country vegetation so thick that you cannot see five steps into it, to let alone penetrating it. We proceeded, and at length arrived at one of the two plantations on the Island, being only two familys inhabiting it. Passing through this we went on to the next plantation at the extreme verge of the island, where we found several negroes, the

only persons on the island, from whom we bought all the chickens and eggs they had, and several young lambs, with which we loaded our wagons, and then Capt. Metts lending me his horse, I with the rest of the party, two excepted, rode down to the beach to see the ocean. Accordingly we rode down there and rode along the beach for three miles or so, occasionally dismounting to pick up some pretty shell, any quantity of which were scattered around us. I filled my pockets, it being in some respects new to me. We rode on until our guide, Capt. Walpole, discovered a footprint freshly made in the sand, and knowing it to be our enemies, with the true instinct of a scout, grew cautious, and we turned into a little path and rode on until we reached the main road conducted by our guide, without whom we would have been certain to have got lost. We soon caught up with the wagon and proceeded to camp without accident, arriving about nine at night. When, after unloading the wagon, we retired to our tents and arose next morning considerably refreshed in mind and body.

We remained on Johns Island some 3 weeks longer, making our stay about two months in this camp. Nothing of any consequence occurring except the reorganization, in which the Regiment enlisted for the war, all over 35 years of age and under 18 being exempt after 90 days after 12 months. This caused a decided change in the Regiment. Some new officers were elected and others retiring home being exempt. R. S. Means was elected Major, vice, Major Mills. The Colonel and Lieut. Colonel were reelected. Capt. Wilson being exempt by his age, went home, though greatly against the wish of the company, to which he had endeared himself by many kind acts, and our 1st Lieut. J. W. Avery was elected Captain by the unanimous vote of the company. Lieut. Logan was elected 1st Lieutenant and our 3rd Lieut. also leaving us, R. H. Whisonant, two vacancies were left, 2nd Lieutenant and Brevit 2nd, to which places E. T. Moore and W. Moore were respectfully elected. So we had an entire reorganization and it was the same in most of the companies of the Regiment.

I will now speak for myself. Being under 18 I could not get the consent of my parents to enlist for the war, so my turn was 12 months and 90 days, having then some 8 months service before me. I forgot to state that it was here that my old Servant, Horace, took sick, and getting worse I sent him home, where the poor fellow died about two weeks after this. My father and brother, also my cousin Leon Massey paid us a visit, bringing to me another servant called Jesse, a likely young fellow of about twenty, who afterwards stuck to me thru thick and thin, and of whom I never had cause to complain. We remained

on the Island a good while afterwards, lying still in camp, living on low bush black berries, any quantity of which were all around us, and of which we had delicious pies prepared by our skilful cooks. When receiving marching orders we took up line of march and crossing the causeway and bridge that we had completed at Church Flats after a very hot and dusty march of 15 miles, encamped at Rantowles Station on the Charleston and Savannah railroad, in a very pleasant place. This we named Camp Simons No. 1. Here pitching our tents we soon rested from our hot and fatiguing march. We had only remained in this camp a short time, employing out time fishing and drilling, when we were summoned back to Church Flats to oppose a gunboat or so that was said to be advancing up the river, but which proved to be one of those common false alarms, to which we were always subject, and which were constantly occurring. However, we were detained here for several days without tents, but crowded in little huts so close that we hardly had room to turn round, and I generally prefered the open air if not raining and slept out of doors. One night my cousin and myself spread our blankets under a large oak, and were soon sound asleep. About midnight a very heavy rain storm came up and pattering in our faces we were soon awakened, and my cousin arising after it began to come down pretty hard, ran into the house, but I, with singular foolishness, drew blanket and oil cloth over my head and sat there, taking the rain which poured down in irresistible torrents, and at length it began to run under me. Then I jumped up in my stocking feet and ran through mud and water to the house, leaving shoes which, for a wonder, I had pulled off, and gun, and acountrements; next morning my shoes were full of water, and I had some difficulty in drying them. My gun and acoutrements were not hurt. I spent about as much of my time while here in the river bathing, where I first learned to swim. After staying here two or three days we returned to camp, seven miles distant, where we arrived in a short time. We made one or two other marches from this camp to Church Flats on false alarms with similar results. We remained at this camp only about two weeks, when the camp was removed from this place lower down on the railroad, to the little village of Ravenel, about 10 miles distant, in a very healthy and pleasant situation, right by the side of the railroad. This camp was named Camp Simon No. 2, where we remained until our removal to Virginia. But from this camp we took on several hard marches and expeditions, which I will relate in turn.

The first expedition was to Pocotaligo, from there to Port Royal Ferry. We were lying quietly in camp, nothing to do but sleep, eat,

drill and run about the country, when a courier came dashing up to the headquarters bringing information of the Yankees landing at Port Royal Ferry and marching towards Pocotaligo to cut the railroad, said to be several thousand strong, with orders for us to repair immediately to Pocotaligo to resist the advance. I happened to be on guard at the time in camp and was in a state of mental excitement, bordering on to madness for fear I would be left in camp and would not get to go, but I soon get a substitute to stand guard in my place and let me go. Pocotaligo was 50 miles distant, but a train of cars soon being ready for us we went like the wind and soon arrived there about sunset in the evening. As we landed the cavalry pickets came up saying the enemy were retreating, after being driven back by our small body of cavalry in a spirited skirmish, with some loss on both sides and several Yankee prisoners. Nevertheless, we immediately started in pursuit. The enemy had been within a mile of Pocotaligo when they retreated. We marched very fast without stoping to rest once until about ten at night and had marched some ten or twelve miles without seeing the enemy. Taking up line of march again after a short rest we went some three miles further, when seeing no hope of overtaking the enemy we were ordered to halt and stop for the night at a large mansion. But our imaginations were not to stop here. Our company and Capt. Culps of our regiment were ordered to proceed to a bridge with a detachment of the Beaufort Artillery; also to defend the bridge, and if possible to intercept the march of the enemy, and defend our rear from a night attack. Accordingly, feeling the full force of the old proverb, there is no rest for the weary, we again started for the bridge, said to be 3 miles distant, but we, by the route we went, soon found it out to be nearer 6 than 3. We marched along in silence, not allowed to speak aloud, suffering greatly from want of water, nothing was to be heard but our own dull, heavy tramp. The command of our officers, the hoot of the owl, the cry of the whippoorwill, and the black darkness of the night, all conspired to effect each one of us with thrilling interest, every moment expecting to see a body of Yankees oppose us; but none appeared. It may be as well to state here the whole detachment was under the command of Capt. Avery of my company and to no one could the trust have been better given. He was in every way qualified to carry out the enterprise, as he is to carry out any that can be given to him. He was nobly aided by the other officers also. We advanced very cautiously, constantly keeping an advance guard in front and rear guard behind. Just at this time an incident occurred which served to increase the interest of us all. Capt Avery caught a horse standing in

the middle of the road, riderless, but with saddle, bridle and sword of the owner buckled to him. We did not know what to make of it. Was it the horse of an enemy, who by our close pursuit had been compelled to abandon it, and if so, were not more about, and such like idle surmises, but the mystery was cleared up the following day as I will show you in time. We grew more cautious after this, but marched on until at last we arrived at the bridge over a small river about two o'clock at night, fatigued, sleepy and hungry. Here upon the edge of the marsh we halted and, after stationing guards on the bridge and in our rear, tumbled down on our arms and were soon sound asleep with our blanket over us. When we arose in the morning we were wet with dew, but, building fires we soon got dry and searching our haversacks for something to eat, which we found very scarce, and as the day went were soon out entirely. About nine o'clock in the morning we took up line of march and crossed the bridge, intending to form a junction with the regiment at the cross roads. We pursued our route and arrived at the cross roads and there we found a key to the mystery of the horse. On the side of the road, in a little ditch, lay the dead body of Dr. Godard a member of the Rutledge mounted riflemen, shot thru and thru by the enemy who had waylaid him and shot him from the bushes by the wayside and that was his horse that we had caught. Here we joined the regiment and fell into our place and pushed on to Port Royal in pursuit, which was five miles distant, but were too late. We arrived at the ferry just in time to give the enemy a parting salute with our canon causing them to scamper out of the way in double quick time. The enemy were driven back but no fight of any consequence had taken place. We were woefully fatigued, hungry and sore, but it would not do for us to stay there, and we were ordered to return. We commenced the march about ten o'clock in the morning and hour after hour we trod along the sandy road under a burning sun, with sore feet and mouths dry with thirst, sometimes I pulled off my shoes, and took it barefooted, but the hot sand compelled me to put them on again. We still persevered, some broke down, but at length the long looked for railroad came in sight. I have often thought this one of the hardest marches I ever took, being about 48 miles, with hardly any rest, under a burning sun. At Pocotaligo a train of cars carried us back to camp Simons where we soon rested from all our toils.

We remained in camp about two weeks before we took up another march, and this march was back to Johns Island. A courier came dashing suddenly into camp, bringing news that the enemy had landed in

strong force on Johns Island, and that the gunboats were advancing up the Stono River. The Long Roll was sounded, 3 days rations were gotten ready, and in an hours time we were on the march. We soon arrived at Church Flats on the Stono, and took up quarters on the banks of the river, while Col. Dunovants Regiment of Regulars was sent over on the Island to oppose the advance and serve as a vanguard for us. We remained at Church Flats until about four in the evening, when a Courier came up at full speed saying that the enemy were still advancing and that Donovants whole Regiment had been cut off by the Yankees and were all prisoners. This caused great excitement. Everything was got ready, not doubting that we would have a tough struggle. Orders were given and we took up line of march for the Yankees. We marched on until about 10 at night, when we reached our old Camp Pillow. Here we stopped for the night. The enemy were said to be in two miles of us. We were certain of having a hot fight on the morrow, but slept soundly after the fatigue of the march. In the morning we marched down to the forks of the road where the Yankees were supposed to be, but we were mistaken. They were still further off and when we arrived at the cross roads we received orders to halt and await the arrival and orders of Brig. Gen. Evans, commanding the whole forces, and whom I think was rather tardy in all his proceedings, and through whose mismanagement a splendid opportunity was lost for if he had been with us that morning we could have advanced against the enemy and no doubt have driven them off the island with loss, but they soon began to fall back again and when Gen. Evans arrived the enemy had retreated into the neighborhood of Seabrooks Island. On the arrival of Gen. Evans we were ordered to retire to a house a short distance back and spend the night, leaving a picket at the cross roads. Nothing of importance occurred that night, this was the second night on the Island. The following day we spent lolling about our temporary quarters, listening to the various reports, brought in from the picket lines in front by our cavalry. About 4 p. m. a heavy thunder storm came on. The clouds were perfectly black, and seemed to be a forerunner of the sad mistake which occurred that evening. It had been raining all the previous night. The roads were very wet, but every now and then reports would again reach us that the enemy were advancing. About this time our pickets stationed at the cross roads sent in a man saying that a body of Yankees both infantry and cavalry were upon them and that they were in great danger of being cut off and for us to hasten to their relief. In five minutes we were ready and on the

way to the picket lines two miles distant. Our picket numbered about 30 men, all cavalry. We had gotten in about half mile of the line when a sad calamity, or rather, mistake, befell us. Just as we turned an angle in the road what was our surprise on seeing a body of horsemen immediately in front of us, at about ten paces, going, or rather, coming, at horse neck speed towards us. We had barely time to part to the sides of the road to save ourselves from being run over by these flying horsemen. We supposed them to be Yankees, but as the foremost neared us we saw them to be our pickets. The foremost man as he approached shouted out, "The enemy are right behind us," but it so happened that our men had got divided into two squads on account of some horses being faster than others and we took the first squad to be our pickets and the hindmost ones to be the enemy in pursuit, for all of them were going so fast no distinction could be made, and we were very naturally mistaken. As the last squad, which we took to be Yankees, came up our first two companies fired into them dropping men, horses, &c. in our confused melee. Rain was pouring down and we were soaking wet, and the fact of a great many of the guns not firing saved several lives. It was bad enough. The cavalry likewise mistook us for the enemy and fired their pistols at us as they passed. Two Lieuts. in the Regiment and one Private was wounded. I was standing right by one of the Lieuts. when he received his wound which was slight. I had just fired at the cavalry as they passed and was reloading when I heard the command given to form line of battle on the other side of the road. I immediately rammed home my bullet and ran across the road jumping over the dead and wounded lying in the road and took my place in line. The Yankees on hearing our fire immediately stopped their pursuit, wheeled, fired into us and left as fast as possible. But we still supposed that a large body of Yankee infantry were in front of us and we immediately deployed on one side of the road, and forming line of battle advanced, wading through the marsh sometime up to our hips, getting a thorough wetting. In the meanwhile torrents of rain poured down in all its fury, and such thunders as I never before heard. However, after reloading we kept steadily forward in line of battle. Having thrown out Capt. Hill's company as skirmishes in our front, all of a sudden the skirmishes fired into what they supposed to be a company of Yankee Infantry who immediately skedaddled. Proving to be cavalry, leaving one horse killed. The night was very dark and with difficulty we could see our hands before our faces. Nothing more of the enemy was seen and we returned to learn of our

unfortunate mistake in firing into our own men, but which was to be blamed entirely on our cavalry pickets. We had only returned a short time and were drying our clothes before large fires when our company was ordered out on picket to repair to the cross roads and remain as guard for the rest of the night. We immediately left, and arriving at the cross roads pickets were stationed, and the utmost silence maintained. I was placed at one of the stations with two others, and remained standing the rest of the night, shivering with cold, but the bright Goddess of morn at length succeed in raising the dark mantle of night and ushered in a bright sunny day. We were now relieved by Capt John Witherspoons company and returned to quarters to rest and eat, and lay about all day, nothing occurring to excite interest. At dusk the regiment was again formed and marched down to the cross roads, but at dark Gen. Evans arrived and ordered us to leave the Island, and our whole force, excepting the cavalry, left, consisting of Dunovants Regulars, 16th regiment, and ours, the 17th. We got to Church Flats at about nine at night, tired and sleepy, having stayed on the Island a week. The following day we repaired to Camp Simons for a short rest, for it was not long before we were again on the march, our route and also our purpose this time was different from that which we hitherto pursued and something more exciting, for we had hitherto acted only on the defensive, but now we assumed an offensive position. An attack was planned on the enemy on Edisto Island to be led by Col. Stevens of the Holcombe Legion, an able and excellent officer. We soon received orders, and with little preparation were on the march. First we went to Adams Run, the headquarters of Gen. Evans, about 12 miles distance from our camp. Here we met up with one or two other Regiments bound on the same expedition. In truth, our force was very small, being only the Holcombe Legion, 17th Regiment, Nelsons Battallion, and some other separate commands of artillery and cavalry. A small force to undertake to drive 10,000 Yankees off of an Island so well fortified and defended. When we arrived at Adams Run we halted and spent the night out in the streets.

The next day, by daylight we were on the march for Edisto. We walked all day under a scorching sun, suffering from thirst and fatigue. We at length arrived at Pinebury the place of crossing over to Jehossee Island, at about sunset, having only one large flat [boat] to cross the whole body, we were a long time getting over. Our Regiment did not get over until about nine at night, when we took a small embankment for a path, thrown up just between the rice dams and the river, only

a yard wide, with very tall grass growing on each side of it. It needed only one misstep to either side to precipitate us into the river on one side or the rice dam on the other, but luckily for us the moon was shining brightly. We kept up this narrow path for about 2 miles, following the course of the river until at length we reached a road leading to Ex Gov. Aikens plantation, and following it, soon reached his wealthy farm. It ought to be called a village as I never saw so great a number of negro houses together to be owned by one man and on the whole so well fixed. We stopped here to rest, it was then about 12 o'clock at night. When we had hardly gotten seated on the ground when a courier came dashing through our ranks at headlong speed saying that the enemy was endeavoring to cut us off with their gunboats by sailing up the river, and were prepared to receive us on the Island, having been informed by some treacherous negro of our intentions, and as only half of our forces were yet over on Jehossee orders were given for us to retreat. We immediately marched back, leaving a picket behind, and taking the same route by the narrow path proceeded very slow and did not reach the ferry until about two o'clock and were then compelled to stand in this narrow path for three hours and a half before we could cross. The tide having fallen and we were compelled to wade thigh deep in mud and water before we could reach the flat, but we got over safe at last just as the gray tint of morn began to appear on the Eastern Horizon. Having walked the whole night and the day previous we were pretty well wearied, and took a good rest at Pinebury, and about ten a. m. started for camp which we reached the following day. Our march being all for nothing as it turned out to be. This was the last march of any consequence that we took on the coast. True, we made another trip to Pocotaligo once in the case of an alarm, but it proved to be false, and we returned. Our next experience now came to possess more the appearance of stern reality, and instead of false alarms we came to sturdy blows, and close contest with a powerful enemy. We received the orders to repair to the Old Dominion, the land of fights, and were soon on the way.

SECRETARY OF STATE JAMES F. BYRNES, AN INITIAL BRITISH EVALUATION

JAMES L. GORMLY *

James Francis Byrnes, lawyer, legislator, Supreme Court Justice, Director of the War Mobilization Board, Secretary of State, and Governor of South Carolina was born on May 2, 1879, to the widow Elizabeth E. Byrnes. An Horatio Alger career, Jimmy Byrnes rose from near penniless beginnings to the highest levels of public service. Self-educated beyond the age of fourteen, he entered politics in 1910. The turning point of his career came in 1932, when as a newly elected Senator he joined the forces of Franklin D. Roosevelt as an economic expert and adviser. When Roosevelt became president, the junior Senator from South Carolina became an unofficial member of the "Brain Trust." By the time Byrnes left the Roosevelt Administration in April of 1945, he had served as the Senate Democratic Party Whip, Supreme Court Justice, twice leading contender for the Vice Presidency, and "Assistant President" (Director of War Mobilization).[1]

The retirement was brief. Almost immediately upon taking office President Harry S. Truman telephoned the berieved Roosevelts at Hyde Park to ask: "Can you find Jimmy Byrnes for me?" Jonathan Daniels replied curtly, "Spartanburg"; and Truman sent an army plane to bring Byrnes to Washington.[2] By July, Byrnes was Truman's Secretary of State. As Secretary of State, Byrnes negotiated the signing of the peace treaties with Italy, Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary; began the process that would eventually create West Germany; and contributed to the development of the Cold War. In January of 1947, Byrnes returned to private life and the practice of law.

Once more the retirement was brief. Angered by President Truman's domestic policies in 1948 and 1949, Byrnes unleashed a series of public attacks on the Fair Deal. Truman responded characteristically: "Since your Washington and Lee speech I'm sure I know how Caesar felt when he said 'Et tu Brute.'" Caustically, Byrnes replied: I am no

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[1] For Byrnes' own account of his career see: *All In One Lifetime* (New York, 1958).

[2] Transcript, Jonathan Daniels Oral History Project for the Harry S. Truman Library, 29-30, Jonathan Daniels Papers, Carton 16, University of North Carolina Library, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.