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—(Opposite page 111)—
HENRY HODSON (1811)

Sketches
AND
Reminiscences

BY JOSHUA HILARY HUDSON, LL.D.

COLUMBIA, S. C.
THE STATE COMPANY
1903



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ХИЛари Худсон
1993

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PREFACE.

This book is published neither for profit nor for fame, but from a sense of duty to my family and kindred I have resolved to leave behind me in a shape easy of preservation some record of my ancestry and myself, feeling sensibly the lack of duty in this regard on the part of those who have gone before me. The right-thinking men and women of the State are at this day troubled with sore regret that so little of record has been left of their ancestors, and great efforts are being made to gather information concerning them. Some will call these sketches the work of foolishness and vanity. To such I will say that it is a sad thing for the State and her citizens that for two hundred years there have lived and died so few of her sons obnoxious to a like charge. Besides what is said of myself in these sketches, much is narrated which concerns others, and which is, or ought to be, of interest. Be this as it may, it is a satisfaction and comfort to me to know that I have placed in their reach these facts.

I have inserted here the description of the Battle of the Crater, by Capt. B. L. Beaty, of Company K, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, S. C. V. Infantry, because I regard it as good as any I have read, if not the very best. Considering the number engaged, the space on which the battle was fought, its appalling opening, and the number slain and captured, it was the bloodiest battle of the war, and from first to last, Captain Beatty, of Horry, was a gallant participant, and the men of Horry were among the bravest of the brave on that memorable day.

J. H. HUDSON.

August, 1903.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY OF THE HUDSON FAMILY

I.

1. About A. D. 1750 there came to Amherst County, Va., Joshua Hudson, emigrating probably from Culpepper, who took up a grant or patent of land on Turkey Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge, lying perpendicular to the main chain, and inferior in altitude.

His sons were Joshua, Rush, Reuben and John.

His daughters were Dicey, who married Moses Wright; Susan (called Sukey), who married Mr. Bolling; Polly, who married Mr. Arbuckle, and moved to Tennessee.

2. Joshua, son of Joshua, had the following children, viz.: Bennett, Edmund and Parnelia. Mr. Sidney M. Dawson of Amherst, now 90 years old, married a daughter of Bennett Hudson, and from him I have learned the genealogy here given.

3. Rush had the following children, viz.: John, Rush, George, Lucy and Francis.

5. John's children not known.

The mother of Moses Wright, who married Dicey Hudson, was a Whitehead. Most of these families lived near Turkey Mountain and Piney River, in Amherst, Va.

II.

John Hudson, one of the sons of Rush, and grandson of the first Joshua, got into a duel in Amherst, and supposing he had killed his antagonist, fled the county and went to Orange or Louisa County, and there married Mary Dedman, of Prussian parents, a short, round-faced, pretty girl. After this he returned to Amherst, and settled on the Blue Ridge mountains, and was hence called "Mountain" John, for distinction from other relatives by the name of John Hudson, the names of Joshua, Rush, John, George and William being common in all branches of the family in Amherst and Culpepper.

"Mountain" John Hudson had the following children, viz.: Joshua, Rush, Dabney, John, George, William, Samuel, Nancy, who

married Reuben Cash and settled in Rockbridge; Lucy, who married George Campbell; Francis, who married Lawson Campbell, and Mary, who married Henry Campbell, the three last settling in Amherst, where many of their descendants still live. Joshua Cash and sister, Elizabeth McCrory, children of Nancy, are very old (eighty-five years), live in Nelson County, Montebello being the postoffice of Joshua. Of Lucy's children I know of two living—one, the Rev. Thomas Jefferson Campbell, lives near Gaffney City, S. C.; another, Joshua Campbell, lives in Amherst, postoffice Lowesville, Va. The Cash family is numerous in Amherst, Rockbridge and Nelson, and the Campbells still more so. It is worthy of mention that McCormick, the inventor of the reaper of that name, married a daughter of Nancy Cash, so says Cousin T. J. Campbell. McCormick was a blacksmith in Rockbridge, Va., where he married Aunt Nancy's daughter.

Of the sons of "Mountain" John Hudson, four came to South Carolina, viz.: Joshua, Dabney, Rush and John, and settled in the districts (counties) of York and Chester. Joshua married Polly Hopkins, and had by her the following children: John, William, George, James, Rufus, Jane, Mary Ellen, Henrietta and Emma. William died of yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., 1854.

John, George and James Rufus moved to Arkansas, as did Henrietta, who married Mr. Matthews.

Jane married Frank Walker. Mary Ellen married Dr. William Walker. Emma married, first, Mr. Nichols; second, Falkner, and third, Captain Currie, and lives in Florida.

John Hudson, son of "Mountain" John, died in York, unmarried.

Rush, another son, married Mrs. Polly Wylie, of Chester, a widow with one child, Sarah. By this widow he had the following children: George, John Rush, Samuel, Mary Ellen, Francis, Parnelia and Catharine. The family moved to Arkansas prior to 1849, and settled on Red River, and I have lost sight of them.

Dabney, son of "Mountain" John, learned the tailor's trade in Yorkville under his uncle, William Dedman, who had preceded him to South Carolina. Before he was twenty-one years old he married Narcissa, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Cook. Of this family of Benjamin Cook, there were four children, Hilary, Ripley, Narcissa and Eliza, Hilary I never knew, but remember Uncle Ripley and Aunt Eliza. Hilary and Ripley removed to Georgia, settling near

Columbus, Ripley subsequently going to the northwest. Hilary reared a family near Columbus, but I have no knowledge of them. Eliza lived and died in York, having married, first, Mr. Tomlinson, and second, Mr. Steadman. Her children by Tomlinson, Thaddeus and Sally, went to Texas. One daughter by Steadman married Mr. Palmer, a locomotive engineer, who lives in Charlotte, N. C.

The children of my father, Dabney Hudson, and mother, Narcissa, were eight in number, viz.: John, Joshua, Rush, Mary, who married George Latimer; Sarah, who married Andrew J. Allbright; Eliza, who died in infancy; Maria, who married, first, Jerry Blackman, second, Mr. Sealy; and Cornelia, who married Elijah Blackman. Mary died in Chester, leaving two sons, William and James, surviving her. Sarah died in Texas, leaving three sons surviving her, Graham, Walter and George. Maria died in Georgia, leaving surviving her, two sons, Richard and Taylor, and two daughters, Fany and Mary.

Cornelia has quite a large family in Georgia. John lives in Missouri, having two sons, John and Francis. Brother Rush married Miss Sue Letson. He entered the Confederate army as a private in the company of Capt. J. W. Carlisle, of Spartanburg, who tells me that he was a good soldier. His wife and six children survive him and are all doing well.

The writer, Joshua, the only one of the name living in South Carolina, is now sixty-five years old, and has four daughters living out of a family of fourteen children, having buried six sons and four daughters.

The sons of Joshua Hudson, of Turkey Mountain, were soldiers of the Revolutionary War, Rush, great-grandfather of the writer, being of the command of Gen. Daniel Morgan, hero of the Cowpens.

At Amherst Courthouse Reuben is recorded as a pensioner.

DEDMAN FAMILY.

Nancy M. Dedman, first daughter of William and Elizabeth Dedman, was born August 6, 1815.

Sylvanus Dedman, first son of the same, was born April 14, 1817.

William, second son, was born October 18, 1819.

Robert, third son, was born November 19, 1821.

Bagby, fourth son, was born ———.

Elizabeth, third daughter, was born ———.

DEATHS.

Elizabeth, died August 21, 1824.

Nancy M. died November 9, 1824.

Eliza M. died August 4, 1826.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dedman died March 27, 1828.

Bagby Dedman died July 5, 1829.

Dr. William Dedman died February 14, 1831.

This family record was accidentally discovered at the residence of Cousin Jane Walker very recently by a member of the family, and kindly sent to me, but somewhat mutilated in the column of births.

I spoke of it to the Rev. T. J. Campbell last week, who informed me that my father learned the tailor's trade under his uncle, William Dedman, in Yorkville, S. C., and that William Dedman got the title of doctor because he was a Thomsonian. When a boy in Chester, I knew Sylvanus Dedman quite well. He was also a tailor and worked for Uncle Rush Hudson, as did also T. J. Campbell.

William Dedman and family moved from York to the State of North Carolina, and I have no trace of them, nor do I know what became of Sylvanus. My father died when I was four years old, and at the age of seventeen the fortunes of life called me away from my mother. She knew little of my father's ancestry and, like too many men, I have reached old age without an effort to gather up the record, most of which rests in tradition. Less than two years ago I began inquiry, and but for the longevity of the people of Amherst County, Va., my research would have been fruitless. To find men and women ninety years old, and of sound mind and memory in that region, is quite an easy matter, for they are numerous.

In boyhood and youth I personally knew my uncles, Joshua and Rush, and all their families, and also my cousins, T. J. Campbell, William Campbell and Samuel Campbell, and Sylvanus Dedman; but no others of my father's relatives until my recent visits to Amherst, October, 1896, and August, 1897, where I met Mr. Sidney M. Dawson, his daughter, Mrs. John Williams and family, and Cousin Thomas J. Hudson, son of Uncle William Hudson. Of my mother's ancestry I know nothing beyond Grandfather Ben Cook and wife, Sarah.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSHUA H. HUDSON.

I was born in the present town (then village) of Chester, in the State of South Carolina, on the 29th day of January, A. D. 1832.

My father, Dabney Hudson, was born in Amherst County, Va., December 17, 1801, and came to South Carolina when a youth. He first settled in Yorkville, where he learned the tailor's trade with his uncle, William Dedman, who was also from Virginia, and afterwards removed to North Carolina, my father remaining in South Carolina. On the 9th day of July, 1822, Dabney Hudson married Narcissa Cook, the eldest daughter of Benjamin Cook and Sarah, his wife, both natives of York. Mother was born October 26, 1800. After his marriage, Dabney Hudson removed to Lancaster and there opened a tailor shop. Here he and wife lived several years, and then removed to Chester. In Lancaster, their first child, Mary, was born. In Chester, Dabney opened shop in copartnership with his brother, Rush, who had come from Virginia to join him. Another brother, Joshua, also came from Virginia and began life as a house carpenter in Yorkville. He married a Miss Mary Hopkins, and became also a farmer as well as a house carpenter.

During his life in Chester, Dabney had seven children born to him, to wit: Sarah, John, Eliza, Maria, Joshua, Rush and Cornelia. Of these, Eliza died in early childhood, but Mary and the others lived to reach years of maturity and reared families, the members of which are now very much scattered, some living in Georgia, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and South Carolina.

During the last few years of his life, Dabney Hudson was the keeper of the jail in Chester, and continued industriously to follow his trade.

He was small of stature, but handsome and manly. He was of a kind, genial and social disposition and, unfortunately, as is too often the case with men of such temperament, became addicted to drink, which shortened his life and kept him poor. He died greatly lamented by his family, relatives and many friends, on the 7th day of May, 1836, leaving a widow and seven children surviving, the eldest being twelve years of age, and the youngest but eight months. It is rarely that the mother with her seven orphans is left in more destitute circumstances. She was permitted by the kind-hearted Sheriff Cabeen

to reside in and keep the jail until the end of that year, and all the duties of a jailor she discharged faithfully and well.

But the duties of the office could not continue to be performed by a woman, and she was forced to seek shelter elsewhere, and how would this be found? She was without money or means, and with seven helpless children clinging to her skirts. Fortunately my father had many friends, though poor, and my mother was a devout member of the Baptist church, a sincere Christian, and a woman of character and intelligence. Such a woman will never be without sympathizing friends. Fortunately for her and her little ones, they lived in a community noted then and now for charity to the poor, the needy and worthy. She was urged to scatter her children among relatives, or to bind them out to various trades and callings, or to send them to the poor house. Such suggestions she declined and resolved to keep the little ones with her so long as a shelter and a morsel of bread could be had.

John Rosborough, Esq., called by everybody "Uncle Johnny," was then clerk of the courts of General Sessions and Common Pleas for the District of Chester, under the life tenure system, so that he held the office until his death, many years after this time. He had on his premises a small two-room house standing on or near the present courthouse lot on the east of it. He generously gave my mother this small house free of rent for the year 1837, and longer if necessary.

Into it she gladly moved with a heart of gratitude to Mr. Rosborough, but how now to clothe and feed herself and helpless family was a serious problem. No one but a courageous, Christian woman could or would have undertaken this apparently hopeless task. But she went to work like a brave woman and noble mother. As the wife of a tailor, she had learned to pad a coat collar and to make a pair of coarse pants. To the calling of her husband she resolved to betake herself, and began by padding coat collars at 25 cents each. The present generation must understand that the collars of coats were then much larger than now, and were padded and stitched thoroughly, and with care and neatness.

The tailors of the village were kind enough to send her all their spare work of this kind, for they were friends of my father and deeply sympathized with my widowed mother. From the padding of collars she advanced to the making of pantaloons, coats and vests,

the garments being first cut out by a tailor. During this, her first year in the small house so kindly furnished her by Mr. Rosborough, she allowed her two eldest children to be taken by a relative to Yorkville and sent to school. My eldest brother, John, my third sister, Maria, and I were, as poor scholars, sent to school to the village teacher, Miss Ann Foster, who taught school nearby my mother's in a house subsequently and for many years owned and occupied as a dwelling by Dr. A. P. Wylie. It still stands in the town, but has been remodeled. My mother appreciated the value to her children of education, and availed herself of every opportunity to send her children to school, but they were from necessity entered as poor scholars under the laws of the State providing for the education of such. Blessed be her memory for her wise forecast in this respect, and for her toils and sacrifices to confer this blessing upon her children.

Her devotion to her children, her great industry and marked piety made for her friends, and they united in a move to secure for her a home. Maj. John Kennedy donated to her during life a half acre of land, the same now owned by Mr. Coogler, on Depot street, and upon which he has his store and dwelling.

Upon this vacant lot a few charitable citizens erected a log cabin and covered it with three-foot oak boards, but failed to build a chimney.

Into this, in the spring of 1839, my mother was compelled to move, and for a place for cooking, her boys, then mere children, erected in the back yard a small bush arbor, and gathering a few rocks and stones, luckily abundant, constructed a fireplace, perhaps two feet high.

The logs of the house were not closely fitted, and some of the cracks were large enough for chickens, cats and small dogs to enter.

During the first summer our suffering was not great, but upon the coming of winter it began and became acute as the severity of the winter came upon us. How to live in such a house without chimney and so open was a severe problem. The resources of a brave Christian woman are endless and wonderful. We had one good kitchen or baking oven, and this was brought into the house and set in the middle of the floor. Around it were hung on a rude frame of poles the few bed quilts of the scanty household, thus forming a hollow square, the oven in the center. In this oven was built a fire of oak chips, and the smoke allowed to escape as best it could through

the board roof, there being no loft or ceiling overhead. Within this hollow square sat the family, my mother and two eldest sisters busily plying the needle, and the little ones chatting, studying books and keeping but partially warm. How my mother's heart kept warm and her spirits nerved, and how we managed to live through such trials, poverty and want, I cannot now conceive. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. He is husband to the widow and father to the fatherless, and He preserved us and brought us through.

For several summers and winters the family continued thus to live and, by the blessing of God, to enjoy health.

My two eldest sisters became in girlhood tailoresses with my mother. My eldest brother, John, was bound by articles as an apprentice to Daniel Carrol, Esq., to learn the tailor's trade, and the younger children, Maria, Joshua, Rush and Cornelia, were steadily kept at school, first, as I remarked, to Miss Ann Foster, and after her marriage to Mr. Kirven Gilmore, we went to her successor, Mr. Wylie Jones, who taught in a small building which afterwards became a part of the carriage shop of Mr. C. Holst. Mr. Jones was succeeded by Mr. Sealy as schoolmaster in the same building, assisted by Mr. McDaniel. So far the schools had been mixed, male and female attending together, until a male academy was built on the hill in West Chester, to the rear of the residence of Mr. Thomas McLure as it then was, and a female school was opened on York street in the home afterwards owned by Richard Kennedy, Esq., and now owned by Mr. Harvey Smith, I believe. By dint of hard work and severe economy, my mother was able to get a chimney to her log cabin, and to get the cracks closed in the usual way by daubing with clay, and we all felt comfortable and rich. After the lapse of a few years, her eldest son, John, had the cabin weatherboarded, and a small log kitchen built in the back yard. As a next great improvement, he also had a board shed built to the rear side of the house. It took many years to effect all this, years of poverty, privation and suffering; but my mother's heart and resolution never failed her, although her health became seriously impaired under the heavy strain of constant toil with the needle and deep anxiety for her children.

MY EDUCATION.

Mother never relaxed her efforts to keep her children at school, especially the younger ones, sister Maria, I, brother Rush and sister

Cornelia. Necessity forced her to keep the two eldest girls, Mary and Sarah, at the needle, and to bind the eldest son, John, as apprentice to the tailor's trade.

These were all steady, willing workers, and to these the younger children owe a debt of lasting gratitude.

The four younger children were kept in school as poor scholars, i. e., on the greatly inadequate free school fund, and my mother and sisters made up the deficiency by sewing for the teachers. Under the law she could have avoided this tax upon her labor and strength; but of law she and her children knew nothing, and besides she preferred to do the work and feel partially independent.

I was very fond of my books and learned rapidly, as much so as any of my fellow pupils. After the erection of the male academy on the hill, a nice single-story brick building, the teachers to whom I went were: Mr. Sherrill, Mr. Shelton, Mr. Davies, Mr. Sealy again, and Mr. Bansimer, a German, each teaching one or more years, according to acceptability or choice. Under the latter teacher I began and made progress in the study of Latin and Greek, algebra and geometry. He was a fine scholar and most thorough instructor, but very cross and irritable, which rendered him unpopular with pupils and parents. For the benefit of his instruction, however, I cheerfully bore patiently with his ill temper and made rapid progress in all my studies. As his career as a teacher in Chester drew to a close I had reached my sixteenth year, and my mother and sisters having to work so hard to clothe me and keep me in books, I felt that the time had arrived for me to try to support myself.

Up to this time, Chester had no newspaper, and a Mr. Bridwell came to establish one. Following the advice of that talented lawyer, C. D. Melton, Esq., I obtained employment as an office boy with Mr. Bridwell, with a view to become a printer. I labored very hard in helping him to clean up and place the machinery and type of his office in position. For a short time I was a printer "devil," but I soon discovered that my employer was intellectually a very weak man, and one from whom I would probably learn little, and leaving him, I returned to my mother as an unemployed boy. Disdaining to be idle, I sought and obtained work with Mr. James Parish, the cabinetmaker. I gave signs of promise at this trade, and after working with him several months, he called upon my mother to bind me to him as an apprentice, saying that he would teach me the trade upon no

other terms. Her experience with the apprenticeship of her first son not being entirely pleasant, she had resolved not to bind out another child, and so informed Mr. Parish. He insisted upon his terms, but she firmly declined, and thus ended my career as a cabinetmaker. I was thus once more an idle boy, but very impatient to get to work. My brother John had by this time opened a tailor shop in copartnership with Mr. Farley, and into this I went to work, though with reluctance, because I had an aversion to the life of a tailor, sitting cross-legged on a hard bench in a stooping position, steadily stitching with a needle. But to me it seemed this or nothing, and at it I went, and was learning well when Mr. Samuel McAlilley, coming in this office in the late fall of 1848, saw me on the bench. He had at more than one school examination tested my knowledge of mathematics, and of Latin and Greek. So seeing me on the tailor's bench, he, in his usual abrupt style, asked me why I was not at school. I informed him that my mother was no longer able to send me to school, and that I was compelled to work for a living. He told me that he desired to send his two boys to school, but the distance was a little too far for them to walk alone, and that if I would come out and live with him and take his little boys with me daily to school and take good care of them he would board me and send me to school for one year at his expense.

I thanked him and gladly accepted his proposition on condition that my mother would approve it. This she gladly did.

Accordingly, when January, 1849, came, I went out to Mr. McAlilley's, a distance of a mile from town, to take up my abode with him. I found him engaged in killing hogs, and their number was great. He was sitting near the fire, reading a newspaper, whilst the hands were busy around him with the work of killing and dressing hogs. I approached timidly, but he did not seem to notice me. I walked around the fire and passed very near him. Still he read on. At last I spoke to him. In a very brusque tone he desired to know my business. I reminded him of his proposition, and informed him that I had come to take charge of his boys and go to school. He replied that he had concluded to defer for a year sending his boys to school. My heart sank as he ceased further to notice me and resumed his reading. However, as I turned sadly to walk away, he said to me: "Go home and go to school for a year, and I will pay the bill." I thanked him and, returning home, told my mother what had hap-

pened. She gladly consented for me to enter the academy again. The school was in charge of Mr. Giles J. Patterson, a recent graduate of the South Carolina College.

I found that my old classmate, Thomas McLure Jr., was preparing to go to the same college at the end of that year. I was placed in a class with him in all his studies, and resolved to keep apace with him and prepare myself to enter college, but without the faintest hope of ever having the opportunity to do so. We studied very diligently and gave our excellent teacher great satisfaction. Often did Tom and I talk of what a great place college must be, and often did we express our mutual regrets that I could not go with him.

Robert Jordan, a Chester boy and school fellow of ours, was already there. During the summer vacation he came home, and talked much with us of college and college life. This increased my desire to go, but there was not a shadow of hope for one so poor as I.

The second session came and was drawing to a close. The time was approaching when Tom McLure, glorious fellow and boon companion, was to leave me—he to go to college, and I, poor fellow, was to remain at home, and do, I knew not what.

On a Sabbath day, while sitting in the Baptist Church, my mind wandered from the sermon and brooded over my sad lot in not being able to go to college. The thought flashed over my mind that perhaps some friend might help me. In casting about, I fixed my mind on Richard Kennedy, Esq., as a kind man, and one able to help, if willing. I instantly resolved to go to his home immediately after service, lay my desires before him and petition for help. I kept the resolve to myself, and, on leaving the church, went directly to his residence, the one now occupied and owned by Mr. Harvey Smith. Luckily I found him alone, and in five minutes had his promise to lend me money. Never in my life was I more surprised and delighted. On informing my mother and sisters, they wept for joy, and when on Monday morning I told friend Tom of my strangely good luck, he fairly shouted with gladness.

Henceforth we redoubled our efforts to be well prepared, and in due season were informed by our instructor that we were ready. He had been promptly informed of my strange fortune and shared our delight.

My dear mothers and sisters worked hard but joyfully to get me a trunk and some clothes fit to wear to college. That trunk,

purchased of Mr. Leonard Harris, chief clerk of Thomas McLure Sr. I still have in a good state of preservation after the lapse of forty-five years.

At that time the merchants of Chester and of all other towns of the State north of Columbia sent their cotton in wagons to Columbia, and going along with them, sold the cotton and brought back merchandise in the wagons, the merchants often preceding the wagons in buggies or gigs. It so happened that Mr. James Graham, a merchant of Chester, was going down in a buggy at the same time that Thomas McLure Sr., was to carry his son Tom to college. Mr. Graham kindly consented to carry myself and trunk with him. This saved me the expense of a ride in the stage coach, and made it doubly pleasant, as I and friend Tom rode in one buggy, and the two merchants in the other.

I had with me one hundred dollars in bank bills, this being half of what I had borrowed from Mr. Kennedy, he and I deeming it prudent that he had better retain the other half until I should need it. Two hundred dollars was all I asked him to lend me, I, through ignorance, deeming this a very large amount of money, and amply sufficient to carry me through. Had I asked for more I am sure he would have loaned it. But,

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,”

and I believe it was Providential that I then knew so little of the expenses of a collegiate education, as the sequel will show.

The journey was to me more than pleasant, and full of wonders, for I had never before been beyond the borders of Chester District, and not often over three or four miles from the village. The outer world was to me wonderful, and the city of Columbia seemed then greater in my eyes than Chicago and the Columbian Exposition seemed in 1893.

Soon after arriving and stopping at Hunt's Hotel, I met the Rev. John Douglas, then recently of Chester. He and his noble wife had been special friends of my mother and family. He was amazed when, in answer to his inquiry, I told him that I was there to enter college. He inquired about my pecuniary means; I informed him of my great financial arrangements. He frightened me by informing me that so small a sum was totally inadequate. He then kindly offered to de-

fray my necessary college expenses from beginning to end, and ask no repayment, provided I should win the first honor, but he made it a condition precedent that I should join the Clariosophic Society. When he was a student of the college, many years before, Chester was Clariosophic, i. e., all college boys from Chester District joined that society. But for some years previous to 1849 Chester had become Euphradian, and all my fellow students from Chester and York were going to join the Euphradian Society. They told me that I must do the same, or I would be called a renegade and be despised. I so told Mr. Douglas, but he tried to open my eyes to my real situation and to refute such silly arguments. Douglas Harrison, a former school-mate of mine in Chester, but then a student of mature years in college, exerted a powerful influence over me. He insisted that Mr. Douglas was unreasonable in his conditions, and that I could get through college by the help of the Euphradian Society.

I was thus prevailed on to reject Mr. Douglas' generous proposition, and to imperil my chances of an education, but a kind Providence watched over me and decreed it otherwise.

Strange it was that I had not the slightest misgiving as to my ability to pass a successful examination, although I was in fact not so thoroughly prepared as to be beyond danger. My self-confidence was of service to me, and I passed easily on all branches, and entered the Sophomore class with many others, making a class of over sixty.

Friend Tom was equally successful, as were J. Lucius Gaston and J. Brown Gaston, all of Chester, and Samuel W. Melton, of York.

We all secured rooms above the old chapel, I and Melton in one room, the two Gastons in another, and David H. Porter, of Alabama, with John Neely (then of Columbia, but a native of Chester), the third room, all on the same floor, and the place was called by the boys "Egypt."

My friend Douglas Harrison, a student of small means, had permission from the faculty to board himself in his room, which was much cheaper than to board at the commons, called Steward's Hall. Knowing now the inadequacy of my own means, I, at his suggestion, applied to the president for the like privilege. This great man, the Hon. William C. Preston, as well as his worthy wife, was kind-hearted and sympathized with needy students striving for an education. I found him and wife alone in his library after tea, and laid my situation and circumstances before them. With great regret he was

constrained by the late orders of the trustees to refuse the application, but cheered me by many kind expressions and good advice.

I went away sorrowing, but undaunted in my resolution to study. So successful was I in my labors that at the end of the first session I ranked first in my class. And now came the unexpected, as illustrating the old saying that "It is a bad wind that blows nobody good." Before the close of the first session, owing to some misunderstanding between Professor Brumby, instructor in chemistry, and the junior, then the largest class in college, numbering over seventy, the whole class rebelled against their professor. Of course they were in the wrong, but all efforts of the faculty and trustees to convince them failing, the entire class was expelled. The night following this order witnessed a riotous scene in the campus. The expelled students got on a spree, and, assembling near the monument, saturated over seventy copies of Draper's Chemistry with camphine, and piling them up, made a huge bonfire, around which they indulged in dance and song. All the college gathered to witness the scene, until the venerable Preston arrived and dispersed the boisterous assembly.

Among those expelled was Thomas Bauskett, a son of an eminent lawyer of Edgefield, a warm personal friend of Mr. Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston were childless, and usually had as inmates of their home two college boys, sons of special friends. The two thus favored at that time were John Wharton, of Texas, and Thomas Bauskett, of South Carolina, the first then in his senior year, and the last in his junior, and he being expelled, Wharton was left alone as company for the president and wife. On the next day I was summoned to the president's house and went with trepidation, fearing that I was to be disciplined for witnessing the riot and hallooing just a little, but participating no further. As I entered his library, where sat the venerable president with his wife and a few friends, to my dismay the venerable man lowered his heavy brows and gave me a piercing look from beneath with his deep blue eyes. Abruptly he said: "Well, sir, I suppose you know why you are sent for?" I answered in the negative. He then said: "Have you a clear conscience as to the disgraceful proceedings of last night?" Although greatly alarmed, I answered with emphasis: "I have, sir."

He then relaxed his stern brow, and in the most pleasant manner conceivable reminded me of the application I had at the beginning made for permission to board myself in my room, as Harrison was

doing, and how often he and Mrs. Preston had regretted the necessity of refusing me. He then told me of their custom of keeping two students in their house, and having lost Bauskett, they desired me to come and take his place. Mrs. Preston joined her husband most cheerfully in this generous offer, which I with thankfulness and gratitude accepted. Providentially I was thus given a most delightful home, in which I enjoyed advantages too great to be estimated. This gave me relief from the expenses of the Commons or Steward's Hall, and thus my two hundred dollars carried me to the beginning of the next year, when another most fortunate event insured my collegiate education, without which, so far as I could then, or can now see, my career as a student would have been cut short. The Manning scholarship became vacant.

Governor John L. Manning, of Clarendon, had established a scholarship by depositing in the banks of the State of South Carolina five thousand dollars, the annual interest of which, at 7 per cent., should be devoted to defraying the educational expenses of a worthy poor student, with the condition that, proficiency in learning being equal, an applicant from Sumter (of which Clarendon was a parish) should have the preference.

Luckily for me, there was no applicant from Sumter, and only one other from my class. The faculty, controlled by the standard of proficiency, awarded the place to me, as I had maintained the highest stand in the class from the beginning.

Having thus the annual sum of three hundred and fifty dollars to draw on through the president of the college for my support, I was enabled to prosecute my studies free from further anxiety.

It is needless to say that I worked cheerfully and with a will. In spite of earnest competition by other classmates, I graduated in December, A. D. 1852, with the first honor in a class of nearly fifty laborious students, most of whom were older than I, and possessed of superior early advantages. In the class were such talented young men as David H. Porter, J. Lucius Gaston, S. W. Melton, LeRoy F. Youmans, Waddy T. Means, J. Brown Gaston, Peter L. Griffin and others of like talent too numerous to mention. To win the first place in such a class was an honor to be proud of.

How happy was I on my return home to receive the blessing of my dear mother! But I could not remain with her long, as the battle of life was before me, and required to be stubbornly fought.

Before, however, I speak of my subsequent career in life I must recur to my pecuniary resources in college, and supply important omissions.

During my first vacation, I got a singing class of fifteen or twenty of the young people of Chester, and gave lessons in vocal music, and realized forty or fifty dollars from the labor. This was in the summer of 1850. During the vacation of 1851 I assisted my preceptor, Giles J. Patterson, in teaching his large school in the Chester Male Academy, and realized fifty dollars from this source. During the vacation of 1852 I was called to Spartanburg by the Rev. John McCullough to take charge of his private school of twenty-five boys. Here I worked laboriously for three months, and received one hundred dollars and my board for my labor. It will thus appear that my vacations were not periods of rest and recreation, as they should have been, and that I did not break down in mind and body under this incessant strain is surprising, and proves that I was blessed with a strong constitution.

MY SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

Having graduated, I found myself penniless, and under the necessity of seeking without delay some occupation which would bring me immediate remuneration. I could not begin the study of law or medicine for want of means. I therefore resolved to teach school. A classmate and fast friend, W. W. Irby, of Marlboro, hearing of my purpose, and knowing my circumstances, one evening prior to the delivery of the graduating speeches, as we walked up to the American Hotel, called my attention to the academy in Bennettsville and an advertisement for a teacher. I at once resolved to apply, and he cheerfully offered to aid me in securing the place. At once I fortified myself with strong testimonials from the entire faculty, and forwarded these with my application. I was also introduced by Dr. Thornwell, who was then president of the college, to Charles A. Thornwell, Esq., his brother, who was a member of the Legislature from Marlboro, a prominent lawyer of the Bennettsville bar, and one of the board of trustees of the Bennettsville Academy. Having sent forward my application, as soon as I delivered my commencement oration and received my diploma, I hastened home, which we could then reach by the Charlotte and Columbia railroad. In the course of two weeks I received notice of my

election as principal of the academy at Bennettsville, the term to begin early in January. To reach that town, so distant from Chester, I had to borrow money. My old friend, Mr. James Graham, of Chester, who first carried me to Columbia to enter college, kindly loaned me twenty-five dollars with which to reach Bennettsville. I went by rail to Columbia, spent a night there, after supper at the hotel strolled down to the campus alone, and as I gazed around at the campus and buildings, tears involuntarily ran down my cheeks as the associations of the place and the thoughts of the broken ties of love and friendship came upon me. I almost wished I was a student once more. On the morrow I traveled by rail to Kingville, and thence to Florence, then existing only in name, as the only structure was a pine board shed, and all else a pine forest, this being January 7, 1853. I there took stage and on the evening of the 8th reached Society Hill, having passed through Darlington village. On the morning of the 9th January, 1853, my landlady, Mrs. Douglas, put me in charge of her son, John, a youth, who carried me in a buggy to Bennettsville, which we reached a little after midday. There was an immense crowd of people in the public square, and upon a gallows sat a white man to be hanged for murdering his slave. I was lodged at Mr. Phillip Miller's hotel. I met my friend, W. W. Irby, who introduced me to some of the trustees and citizens, among them an acquaintance of my boyhood, Dr. J. Beatty Jennings, whom I was rejoiced to meet again.

In a few days I took charge of the academy with a large number of pupils, and began at once to labor with great zeal as an instructor. Life in the schoolroom and village I found pleasant, and omitting details, I merely remark that at the end of the year I found the trustees and patrons satisfied, and I was reelected for another year. During the vacation of December, 1853, I visited my mother and friends of Chester, and with great pride and satisfaction repaid Mr. Richard Kennedy the two hundred dollars he had loaned me, and to Mr. Graham I paid the twenty-five dollars borrowed of him, neither one being willing to accept interest, and bought of Mr. Jordan Bennet a double-case silver watch for forty-five dollars cash, which watch, after the lapse of more than forty years, I am still wearing, a good timepiece yet, and the only one I have ever owned.

On the 4th day of May, 1854, I married Mary, the eldest daughter of my landlord, Mr. Phillip Miller, a beautiful girl of sixteen years, I being twenty-two years old.

On the 1st day of January, A. D. 1855, we began housekeeping. Like an imprudent young man, I purchased a more expensive house than I was able to pay for, and furnished it too liberally. For four years I labored to pay for the premises, but failing to do so, I got rid of it, and purchased and moved into a smaller house, a wiser but poorer man, with a rapidly increasing family.

Having taught school four years, I was solicited to continue another year, and the school tendered me again, but the labor was very irksome and I was becoming very tired of the arduous duties of the pedagogue. So I declined the offer, and resolved to study law. I visited my mother in December, 1856, and brought her to Bennettsville to live with me. On the 1st of January, 1857, I opened for the first time in my life a law book and began the study in earnest, reading in my own private study day and night. It is to me a wonder that my health was not destroyed by the strain, for in four months I had read and reviewed the entire prescribed course of study, and also the series of "Cramming," consisting of a manuscript book of questions and answers. In May, 1857, I started to Columbia to stand my examination. A great freshet was in the Pee Dee at the time, and John B. Irby, Esq., sent one of his stout slaves in a canoe with myself and trunk. By dint of paddling and wading and pulling, this negro conveyed me over four miles of water through woods, fields and swamps, until we reached the Cheraw bridge. He then shouldered my trunk and we ran over half a mile to the depot, and I got on the rear platform of the car as the train moved off, the negro throwing my trunk on at the same time.

Providentially I reached Columbia in time for the examination, and was so fortunate as to be admitted to practice in the courts of law of the State.

On my return home I began the study of the equity course, and was admitted to that branch of practice in the following December, thus having read and reviewed both courses successfully in one year, a task which I would not advise anyone to undertake. Necessity alone drove me thus to over-exert myself. From January, 1848, to January, 1858, I had been compelled, without rest or recreation, to over-exert myself in mental labor, and during the last four years of that period I had on my hands the care and anxiety of supporting a wife and children. In 1858, I ran for the Legislature, and had, perhaps, the misfortune to be elected. However, in serving a term I

profited from my experience, gaining knowledge much needed, and which could not have been acquired otherwise. I declined to seek another term and devoted myself assiduously to my profession, being convinced that seeking and holding an office merely of honor and trust is injurious to a young lawyer dependent entirely upon his practice for a livelihood.

In 1857 my income was one hundred dollars, half of this being in corn. By securing the appointment of magistrate, I made with that and my practice three hundred dollars in 1858, and in 1859 about four hundred and fifty dollars. In 1860 my income increased to six hundred dollars, and then came the Confederate war, finding me largely in debt. I entered the army as a private soldier in the company commanded by Capt. J. A. W. Thomas, of the Twenty-first Regiment, S. C. V., commanded by Col. Robert F. Graham, and stationed at Georgetown. After exercising much in drilling, I received from Adjt.-Gen. States Rights Gist, of Gen. Ripley's staff, the appointment of drillmaster, with the monthly pay of thirty dollars, I being the only one not a graduate or student of the Citadel Academy to whom such an appointment was given. The pay of a private soldier was eleven dollars a month, so that the office of drillmaster, with the monthly pay of thirty dollars, was a blessing to me, who had at home a wife and four small children to support, our eldest, a fine boy, having died in January, 1857.

Having shown myself to be an efficient drillmaster, I next received the appointment of adjutant of the Ninth Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. A. D. Smith, and stationed on Waccamaw Neck, near Murray's Inlet. Here we remained until April, 1862, when we were transferred to Charleston and went into camp at Magnolia. A general reorganization of the Confederate army was ordered in May, 1862, and enlistments for the war required. At this reorganization of the Ninth Battalion I was elected major. From here we were transferred to Secessionville, and on the 16th day of June were in the heat of that desperate battle, and did our full share in achieving the victory. This was our first experience in battle, and the officers and soldiers behaved in a praiseworthy manner. After this we remained at Secessionville, on James Island, watching the superior force of the enemy, and occasionally skirmishing, but encountering no general engagement. In September we were ordered to Church Flats, where we formed a part of the brigade of Gen. Johnson Hagood. Our

duty here was to guard the coast against the invasions of the Federals, who, however, gave us very little trouble. During the winter of 1862, our battalion of seven companies had consolidated with it the battalion of three companies under command of Maj. S. D. M. Byrd, stationed at McClellandsville, on the Santee. These reported to us at Church Flats, and by virtue of this consolidation the regiment thus formed was called the Twenty-sixth S. C. V., and I was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and Lieut.-Col. A. D. Smith was made colonel.

Under the army regulations, if a smaller battaion is consolidated with a larger, so as to make a regiment, the major of the larger battalion will outrank the major of the smaller, regardless of dates of commission, and will be entitled to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment, and hence my promotion over Major Byrd, we having seven companies and he only three.

We remained at Church Flats in comparative idleness and comfort until April, 1863, when we were ordered to Mississippi, and incorporated into the brigade of Gen. N. G. Evans. We were in the Jackson campaign, including the nine days' siege of that city. After retreating from there, the brigade was ordered back to South Carolina, arriving in August, and participated in the defense of Charleston until March, 1864. We were then sent to North Carolina and joined Hoke's Division in the march to Newbern, from which place we were sent by forced marches to protect Petersburg, and on the 20th May fought Gen. B. F. Butler between the Appomattox and James River at Clay's Farm or Warebottom Church. We continued to hold the Federal forces in check on this line of defense until the 16th June, when, to meet Grant's flank movement, Gen. Bushrod Johnson's division, of which our brigade formed part, was hastily thrown across the Appomattox and in front of Petersburg. We had severe fighting with Grant's forces on the 17th and 18th June, and from that day to the end we were defending Petersburg, and were under constant fire until March 1, 1865. We suffered severely at the battle of the "Crater," many of our brigade being killed and overwhelmed by the springing of the mine beneath us, and many perishing in the desperate hand-to-hand struggle to recover our lines. On March 1, 1865, our division was moved out of the trenches, and sent into camp at Burgess Mill, near the Boydtown Plank road. On the 25th we were ordered back to Petersburg, and on the morn-

ing of the 26th March fought the battle of Fort Steadman in conjunction with Gordon's Corps.

Returning to Burgess Mill on the night of the 26th, we, on the 28th, had at that point a severe engagement with Sheridan's flanking column, under General Chamberlain, of Maine. On the next day we moved up to Five Forks, and thence on the 31st to the vicinity of Dinwiddie Courthouse, all the while checking Sheridan's efforts to reach the South Side Railroad, our only source of supplies. On April 1, 1865, we fell back to Five Forks, where in the afternoon our force of eight thousand worn-out, half-clad troops under General Pickett were attacked by the whole of Sheridan's well equipped army of twenty-five thousand fresh troops, outflanked, cut to pieces and routed.

Here it was, April 1, 1865, that I received my only serious wound, being shot through the body just below the left lung at close quarters by a minie ball. I was carried from the battlefield to Ford's Station, on the South Side Railroad, and there left as if to die. I fell, a wounded prisoner, into the hands of the enemy on April 2, and lay upon my mattress on the floor of the house of Mr. Pegram, the station agent, without medical attention for six weeks, by which time, by the blessing of Providence, I was sufficiently recovered to be paroled and begin my journey homeward.

To narrate the circumstances of my being wounded, how I was carried from the battlefield, how I lay for six weeks dressing my wound only with a wet rag, my recovery, my parole by General Chamberlain, of Maine, my difficult journey home over railroads torn up and rebuilt—first to Burkesville, thence to Danville, thence to Greensboro, where I lay for three days in hospital, thence by interrupted railroad rides to Charlotte, N. C.; how I providentially met my colonel, A. D. Smith, with a conveyance and was brought by him to Marlboro, and from his father's home was brought by Mr. Robert Hamer to Bennettsville, and was thus presented to my family and friends, who received me as one risen from the dead, for all reports concurred in stating that I was killed on the battlefield; I say, to give the details of all this would consume much space, and read like a romance.

Suffice it to say that I reached home about the middle of May very much enfeebled, but practically out of danger from my severe wound.

My wife, believing me to be dead, had left our humble home, and taken shelter with her widowed mother. All seemed ruin, desolation and despair.

Bennettsville had been the camping ground of Sherman's army, and the county of Marlboro had been devastated by that ruthless band of marauders. This simple statement is sufficient to give an idea of the desolation left behind. We returned to our little two-room cottage without food, raiment or bedding. My profession seemed to be of no value to me, as the laws were silent and the courts closed.

I at once opened a private school for boys, and by laboring in this half the day, and giving advice in my office in the afternoon, began to get a little money and bread. The first meat I got was by taking it most gladly as a fee for writing contracts between farmers and their laborers, under the prescribed regulations of the Freedman's Bureau.

Such was my employment during the summer and fall of 1865, and in this way we got food and clothing. Under the provisional government the courts were opened in the fall and winter of that year.

On the 1st of January, 1866, I formed a copartnership with Samuel J. Townsend, Esq. and the courts being now open, business began to flow in steadily, and good fees to be paid. This copartnership continued until his untimely death on the 20th day of May, 1870, during which time I had paid off an ante-bellum debt of two thousand dollars, and otherwise improved my circumstances pecuniarily. It taxed the energies of both of us to keep us with our increasing business, and after his death I had to call in to my help, as copartners, two young attorneys, H. H. Newton, Esq., and J. Knox Livingston, Esq. After a year or two Mr. Livingston formed a copartnership with Messrs. Townsend and Covington, and Mr. Newton continued with me several years longer. On the 14th February, 1878, I was elected to the office of judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit, as successor to the Hon. C. P. Townsend, who had held the office since 1873.

To the duties of this office I devoted my time most laboriously, until after sixteen years service I was succeeded by the Hon. Richard Watts, of Laurens, owing to the tide in politics by which Governor Tillman and his faction came into power. My career as a

circuit judge of South Carolina began February 14, 1878, and ended February 14, 1894. The manner in which I discharged my duties in this exalted and responsible office is known to all the people, especially to the bar of the State. It does not become me to speak of it. I will say, however, that during this long period I never missed a court, nor was I ever behind the hour appointed for its opening, and during the entire time I was never prevented by illness or other causes from holding court for the full day's work but once, at Mount Pleasant, when I fell ill. I will further state that I began my official career with the firm conviction that it is the duty of a judge to decide cases and render judgment promptly. Justice delayed is justice denied. Hence I never carried a case home with me to labor on during vacation, but invariably decided them in term time and in open court. A fully argued case I never pocketed, but decided all such during term time. The observance of this rule forced me to labor hard and late at night writing decrees, and endangered my health, but I adhered to it. Of course many of my decrees were perfunctory, and did myself injustice. But I was willing to sacrifice myself to promote the ends of justice, and to dispatch business.

My aim was ever to know no master but the law, and to be scrupulously loyal to this my only master.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the black and the white, were weighed in the same scales, and measured by the same rule.

In my domestic relations, I have earnestly endeavored to discharge the duties of husband and father. Our afflictions have been great, in having lost ten of our fourteen children—six sons and four daughters—so that we have no surviving son, but four living daughters, three married and one single. My wife has borne her heavy affliction with Christian patience and fortitude, and I have tried to follow her example.

Our worldly possessions are small, consisting of a comfortable home and a small piece of land near the town with some insignificant improvements on it, but yielding almost no income. Of surplus money we have none, and I am forced to resume my practice of law, with what success the future alone can determine.

I wish to remark that my memory of my childhood and early life is very distinct, and all the foregoing has been hastily written entirely from memory, and from no records or memoranda. I was but a little

over four years old when my father died, but I have a distinct recollection of him from the time I was two years old, and can relate many occurrences from then until his death with which he was connected, and have a most vivid recollection of his last illness, his death and funeral.

For the encouragement of poor boys desirous of acquiring an education, I wish to say that for a year or two before going to college I had to study much at night, but my mother could not furnish me with a light. She and her daughters had to sew late at night by the light of a single tallow candle; but they could not supply me with this luxury, so I was forced to improvise a light for myself and it was done in this wise: I saved all the bacon gravy each day to be had from the scrapings of the dinner plates, and this I put into an old tin plate. I placed in this a twisted cotton rag or string, leaving one end to project over the edge of the plate. When night came I took this plate and my books into the rude log kitchen. Placing it on the edge of the pine board dining table, I lighted the end of this crude wick, and drawing up my chair studied by this dim light until a late hour at night. If it was cold weather I drew around me a quilt to keep me partially warm, for entire physical comfort was impossible, and not expected. Under these difficulties I prepared myself for college, using mostly borrowed books, my mother being unable to buy books for me.

To study ancient history, I used the copies of Goldsmith's Greece and Rome, borrowed from the Sunday school library, and these I studied at home without a teacher to guide me. How true it is that "Where there is a will, there is a way."

JOSHUA HILARY HUDSON.

Bennettsville, S. C., Sept. 9, 1897.

The foregoing sketch was written early in January, A. D. 1894, and in 1897 was printed in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution to my family, kindred, and a few friends.

Since that time I have been engaged in the practice of my profession, by which, through the special kindness of a few friends, I have managed to support myself and family.

I have been occasionally called upon to hold, in different parts of the State, special terms of the Circuit Court. This labor to me has been pleasant and agreeable, owing to the uniform kindness and

courtesy of the members of the bar in the several counties to which I have been called.

By the blessing of God, my health has been good all my life, and so continues in my old age, now past three score and ten years.

I was brought up in the faith of the Baptist Church by a good mother, who for fifty years was a devout worshipper in the Baptist Church in Chester. I should have joined the church in the days of my youth, but procrastinated, hesitated and delayed until A. D. 1890. The Church has honored me more than I have deserved, for twice I was chosen to preside over the Convention of the Baptist Churches of the State, an office which should be filled only by men of unquestioned piety and purity of character. Believing this, I declined to be again chosen.

Financially my life has been a failure, as it has been in many respects, owing to a thriftless disposition and a want of firmness, promptness and decision. I lack the capacity to perceive, appreciate, seize and rise to the level of the occasion. No one can succeed in life who does not readily perceive, and have the nerve to seize, the occasion.

In June, A. D. 1903, the trustees and faculty of my alma mater, the South Carolina College, conferred upon me the degree of LL. D., an honor beyond my deserts, but for which I feel grateful.

I will soon pass off the stage of life, to join in the other world my faithful wife, who died on the 2d day of December, A. D. 1902, after a companionship of nearly forty-nine years, and our departed children. I greatly regret that I have not been more active and zealous in striving to do good to my fellowmen, and in laboring to uplift the young of my acquaintance, but the demands of my profession have been so heavy, and the battle of life so hard, that it has seemed to me to leave no time to look after the young men of the land and lend them a helping hand, at least by advice and encouragement. Looking back now, I see clearly how I might have done much in this good work and sacred duty which was left undone.

Fellowmen of knowledge and means, permit me to exhort you, one and all, to strive to aid and to lead aright the young men of the land, for by so doing you will enjoy an approving conscience and in after days these young men will bless your memory.

August, 1903.

J. H. HUDSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH S. C. INFANTRY.

Sketch of the Regiment by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Hudson, A. D. 1885.

In the fall of 1861 Gen. W. W. Harlee, of Marion, brigadier of the State militia, at the request of prominent citizens and with the sanction of Governor Pickens, undertook to raise a force for the defense of that part of the State watered by the Great Pee Dee river and its tributaries. Volunteers were called for, and an encampment located at Centenary Campground, in the present county of Marion. A considerable force of infantry, with a fair complement of cavalry and artillery, was here collected and organized into companies, battalions and regiments; and the whole styled the Pee Dee Legion.

In the winter of 1861-62 these troops were moved from Centenary and concentrated at and near Georgetown, S. C. A battalion of seven companies, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbitt, was stationed at Camp Lookout, on the Waccamaw Neck. On his staff were Dr. L. C. Hasell, surgeon, Captain Wright, commissary, and Maj. Thomas Holmes, quartermaster.

Having organized his legion, General Harlee promptly tendered his services and legion to President Davis. But being Lieutenant-Governor of the State, a member of the executive council and also of the State Convention, he was urged by President Davis and by the civil authorities of the State to continue in civil service, where he had already proved himself indispensable. To this advice he yielded, although his taste and inclination were in the military line. Early in 1862 the troops composing the Pee Dee Legion were, under Act of Congress and at the call of the President, mustered into Confederate service as volunteers for one year, not as a legion under their favorite brigadier-general, W. W. Harlee, but as distinct commands destined to wide separation and varied experience. Under the reorganization thus rendered necessary Capt. Alexander D. Smith, of Marlboro, was chosen lieutenant-colonel of the battalion of seven companies commanded as State troops by Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbitt; Capt. R. D. F. Rollins, of Darlington, was chosen major; Joshua H. Hudson, a private in the company of J. A. W. Thomas,

Twenty-first South Carolina Volunteers, was appointed adjutant; Dr. Louis C. Hasell, surgeon, and Samuel J. Townsend, of Marlboro, quartermaster. Thus reorganized, the battalion was mustered into Confederate service for one year at Camp Lookout, Waccamaw Neck, in March, 1862. We were then ordered to Charleston, S. C., and there placed in camp at Magnolia Cemetery.

The Act of Congress called the Conscrip Act was enacted in April or early in May, 1862. By this act all soldiers between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years already in service for a shorter period were required to be mustered in for the whole period of the war, and all within the prescribed age not in service were called in.

Under this Act our battalion, stationed at Magnolia, was re-organized and a reelection of officers resulted in the choice of A. D. Smith, lieutenant-colonel, and J. H. Hudson, major; Dr. Louis C. Hasell was appointed surgeon; John A. McRae, quartermaster; Benjamin F. Miller, a lieutenant of a Chesterfield company, adjutant, and F. W. Emanuel, of Marlboro, sergeant-major.

Late in May, 1862, the Federals began landing troops on James Island with a view of approaching the city of Charleston from that direction.

Smith's Battalion was ordered to Secessionville, an important point on James Island, defended by a battery and short line of earthworks across the narrow tongue of land by which it was approached from the coast side. This battery was small and crude, and mounted with one long rifled cannon, one Columbian and one mortar, and manned by two companies of Lamar's Artillery, supported by Smith's Battalion and the Seventh Battalion of infantry, under command of Lieut.-Col. P. C. Gaillard, of Charleston, the two being in camp at Secessionville, two hundred to three hundred yards to the rear.

One company of Smith's Battalion was absent at Mount Pleasant on detached duty, but two companies of the Twenty-second S. C. V., shortly before June 16, 1862, were sent over and stationed with Colonel Lamar's Artillery in the earthworks.

For several weeks these infantry commands of Gaillard and Smith did vigilant picket duty by day and night in the direction of Legare's and Grimball's residences, where the Federals were posted in force, whilst other troops watched and skirmished with the enemy on other parts of the island.

On the 10th of June there occurred in sight of us on the margin of the woods next to Grimball's a spirited engagement between a Georgia regiment and the Federals, but with no decisive result except to ascertain that a strong force lay on the banks of the Stono, at Grimball's.

Having established a strong land battery about a mile in our front and to the left, the enemy unmasked about the 14th of June and commenced shelling Secessionville. On Sunday, the 15th, all the guns of this battery opened upon the works at Secessionville, and throughout the day the battery and the exposed camp of infantry were subjected to an incessant cannonade, but with nominal loss. At night the firing ceased and the harassed Confederates sank to rest, little dreaming of the bloody conflict of the coming morn.

At early dawn on Monday, June 16th, the Federal General Benham surprised our garrison by a sudden and furious assault with an overwhelming force. The surprised pickets had barely time to reach the fort in advance of the assailants. But the gallant Lamar, with his artillerists, the two companies of the Twenty-second S. C. V., and the picket guard of the Seventh and Ninth Battalions, heroically met the first onset of the enemy with a withering fire of grape, canister and small arms, and held them in check until the battalions of Smith and Gaillard could rush to their assistance, which was done in a surprisingly short time.

The enemy were then repeatedly repulsed with great slaughter, many being slain on the parapet and at the cannon's mouth.

Baffled in this direct assault, General Benham attempted to capture our works by a flank movement, and to accomplish this, dispatched General Williams with a strong force to strike our lines on the right. Fortunately a marsh on this flank covered us, so that he could not approach nearer than one hundred yards of us, but, nevertheless, a destructive fire was poured into us from a position at short range, completely enfilading our battery and lines. The infantry at once moved from and out of the lines, and facing the foe, returned the fire across the marsh. At this juncture the Louisiana Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McHenry, crossed the long bridge leading to Secessionville at the double-quick, and speedily aligning themselves along the marsh confronting Williams, opened upon his forces a fire so deadly as soon to put him to flight, which event was also hastened by the appearance of other troops

under the command of Generals Hagood and Evans, which in turn threatened him in the flank and rear. Williams' command suffered severely, and with difficulty escaped capture.

This battle of Secessionville was a fierce and bloody struggle, and the conduct of all the Confederate troops in this (to most of them) their first encounter with the enemy, was highly creditable.

The gallant Lamar was severely wounded in the neck, but kept his post until the victory was won. He died shortly afterwards in the city of Charleston from the effects of the wound, aggravated by fever.

The Federals soon thereafter evacuated the island, and during our stay nothing noteworthy occurred, our time being occupied in training the soldiers and picketing the island. Here John A. McRae, quartermaster, becoming ill, resigned, and Capt. W. L. J. Reid, of Cheraw, was appointed in his stead, and Commissary W. B. Hancock, desiring to attach himself to a cavalry company, resigned and was transferred. The duties of this office were for a season discharged by Captain Reid.

About the last of August we were ordered to report to Brigadier-General Hagood at Adams Run, and were by him stationed at Church Flats, about three miles from Rantowles Station, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Here we remained in camp, doing picket duty and keeping watch over the movements of the enemy's vessels on the coast, until the spring of 1863.

Whilst in camp at Church Flats, in the fall of 1862, the battalion of Maj. S. D. M. Byrd, composed of three companies and stationed at McClellanville, was consolidated with Smith's Battalion of seven companies, and thus was formed the Twenty-sixth Regiment, S. C. V., C. S. A. infantry.

Lieut.-Col. A. D. Smith was promoted to the office of colonel, and Maj. J. H. Hudson to the office of lieutenant-colonel, it being a regulation of the army that upon the consolidation of two commands the officer of the larger will be promoted over one of equal rank in the smaller.

Capt. C. D. Rowell, of Marion, being the senior captain, was promoted to the office of major upon the resignation of Major Byrd.

Capt. T. E. Dudley was appointed commissary, being at that time on duty as a private in Virginia in the Eighth S. C. V.

Dr. Girardeau at Church Flats acted as assistant surgeon to Dr. Hasell, but upon the consolidation, he was assigned to duty in Fort Moultrie, and Dr. John Y. DuPre, assistant surgeon, serving with Byrd's Battalion, became assistant surgeon of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V.

In May, 1863, this regiment was assigned to duty under Brig.-Gen. N. G. Evans and ordered to join the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss.

We arrived there about the last of May and went into camp. About the 2d or 3d day of July General Johnston began his march to relieve Vicksburg, where for about two months General Pemberton had been closely, by land and by water, besieged by General Grant with a vastly superior force.

On the 5th July we arrived in two miles of the Big Black River and encamped at a place called Birdsong's farm, knowing nothing of the fall of Vicksburg on the day before. On the evening of the 6th we received orders to be ready at dawn next morning to move in fighting trim, the object being, as we were informed, to cross the Big Black River and descend upon Grant's rear. No news as yet had been received of Pemberton's surrender. Accordingly before day rations were cooked and all things put in readiness for the march before day on the morning of the 7th, when news reached the troops of the surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July.

Great was our grief and surprise, and as we turned to retire to Jackson we were astonished to hear, down in the valley of the Big Black, our skirmishers engaged with the pickets of General Sherman, who had been dispatched by General Grant, after the fall of Vicksburg, to intercept General Johnston's army.

The latter promptly fell back on Jackson, and so skilfully eluded Sherman as to arrive by a forced march in Jackson an entire day and night in advance of Sherman. This was fortunate, as the weather was excessively hot and a great many of our men fell by the wayside from sheer exhaustion. By eluding and gaining a day's march on the enemy, General Johnston's fallen stragglers had time to recover and to come in ahead of Sherman's army.

The army of General Johnston consisted of the divisions of Breckenridge, Walker, Loring and French, the latter being our division commander.

On the morning of the 9th General Sherman arrived, drove in our pickets, established his lines at short range and at once laid siege to the capital of Mississippi. Our lines ran in a semi-circle, resting at each extremity on the Pearl river which ran through the outskirts of the city.

During the nine days of the siege repeated assaults were made on our lines at various points, but all were repulsed with much loss to the enemy and little to the besieged. The position of General Johnston was easy to be flanked by crossing the Pearl River above or below, and this Sherman was preparing to do, when on the morning of the tenth day he awoke to find that during the previous night General Johnston had quietly withdrawn his entire force, with baggage complete, across Pearl River. Sherman followed as far as Brandon, twenty miles from Jackson, when, finding his wily opponent preparing to give him battle he prudently retired to Jackson and thence to Vicksburg, and the campaign being virtually over the main body of Johnston's army was recalled eastward.

The brigade of Gen. N. G. Evans was ordered back to South Carolina. Tarrying a few days at Savannah, Ga., it arrived at Charleston about the last of July, and took post at Mount Pleasant. Here we remained doing picket duty on Sullivans Island and on the land back of Mount Pleasant until November A. D. 1863, when we were placed in winter quarters in the city of Charleston, and whilst there were engaged chiefly in garrison duty. It should have been stated that whilst in Mississippi we lost the services of our efficient commissary, Captain Dudley, the office of regimental commissary having by act of Congress been blended with that of quartermaster.

About the last of March, 1864, we were ordered to Virginia, under the command of Brigadier-General Walker, bearing the sobriquet of "Liveoak" from the gallant fight he gave the Federals at a point of oaks near Pacotaligo. He was assigned to the command of our brigade instead of General Evans, who, while hastening the departure of his brigade, was thrown from a buggy to the cobblestones of the streets of Charleston and severely injured.

Reaching Wilmington, N. C., we were halted and placed in camp for a few days. Thence we proceeded to Weldon, N. C., and were again placed in camp for several days, whence we were ordered back by way of Goldsboro to Kinston, on the Neuse River. Here we were placed in camp to form a part of the command of Major-General

Hoke, who, after capturing Plymouth, N. C., was organizing an expedition against Newbern. On the second or third day we reached the enemy's lines, drove in his outposts and were preparing to storm his works, when an urgent dispatch from General Beauregard recalled General Hoke and command from Newbern, and ordered him to Petersburg, Va. Gen. B. F. Butler with a heavy force had cut the railroad between that city and Richmond and was sorely pressing the inadequate force under Beauregard. A part of Hoke's division reached Petersburg as early as May 10, 1864, but for the want of transportation the brigade of "Liveoak" Walker did not arrive until the evening of the 17th, the day after the battle of Drury's Bluff, in which General Butler was badly beaten and driven back toward Bermuda Hundreds. This victory, though signal, was not so complete as the plan of General Beauregard promised, owing to the fact that Major-General Whitting failed to come up from the side of Petersburg and Swift Creek in time to strike the enemy in the flank and rear. Had this movement been promptly executed as General Beauregard had ordered and expected it to be, in all probability the greater part of Butler's force would have been killed or captured.

Remaining in Petersburg until the night of the 19th of May, we were moved across the Appomattox River and on to Clay's farm or Warebottom Church. Shortly after daylight we were thrown against the enemy on the morning of May 20th, and throughout the day were actively engaged in skirmishing and fighting, at times with great severity and loss.

Among the slain of our regiment was Capt. W. W. Davis, of Marlboro, a brave and efficient officer.

The result of the day's work was that General Beauregard pushed Butler back on Bermuda Hundreds, where he was effectually "bottled up," in the language of General Grant; nor was that redoubtable chief enabled to uncork the bottle so long as the siege of Richmond and Petersburg lasted. In this action our gallant and much-loved Brigadier-General Walker, in the denseness of the woods, while striving to rearrange his line of battle, unawares rode upon a group of Federals in ambush, and fell into their hands, riddled with bullets. He recovered with the loss of a leg and still survives.

He was succeeded in command by Gen. Stephen Elliott, the hero of Fort Sumter, who for distinguished gallantry was promoted

from the rank of major of artillery to the rank of brigadier-general, and was assigned to the command of Walker's Brigade.

In the trenches at Bermuda Hundreds we remained sharpshooting and skirmishing with the foe until the night of June 15, 1864, when we were marched as part of Bushrod Johnson's division to the advance posts around Petersburg to aid in checking the flank movement of General Grant. Our arrival was not a moment too soon, as the vanguard of his army had already arrived and was with difficulty held in check by a small force of regular troops aided by the home-guard of Petersburg.

On the afternoon of the 16th of June this meager force repelled repeated assaults of Grant's army and captured many prisoners. During that night the enemy quietly massed his troops, and by dawn on the morning of the 17th made a sudden and vigorous dash against a part of the Confederate lines, which were weak at every point from scarcity of men, and made a breach in a part of Bushrod Johnson's trenches.

At this juncture General Elliott's Brigade, which had been employed during the night in erecting a rear line of breastworks, was ordered up and thrown into line along a wheat field and hedgerow in rear of that part of our works just captured.

During the whole of the day we were subjected to a severe artillery fire and to the fire of sharpshooters, but held our ground and erected a second line of low earthworks. Late in the evening the Twenty-third Regiment, S. C. V., Colonel Benbow, was dispatched to the left to aid Wise's Brigade in retaking a lost angle of the works, and suffered severely in the struggle.

After night the Confederates quietly withdrew to an inner line of entrenchments only partially erected, but which were designed to be the permanent breastworks around Petersburg, the advance lines being clearly too long to be successfully manned by Lee's army, so greatly inferior to Grant's in numbers.

On the morning of June 18, 1864, Grant moved boldly up with a powerful force, and began assaulting this inner line of works with heavy columns and with audacious assurance. But the army of General Lee was fairly up, and the enemy was signally repulsed at every point, as well where our troops had shelter as where no dirt had yet been thrown up. Among the losses of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V. on the evening of the 17th was Lieut. W. S. Newton, of Horry.

With the 18th of June began the investment and siege of Petersburg, which is memorable in its character and did not terminate until the evacuation on the 2d of April, 1865. During this period of nearly ten months the besieged were by day and night unremittingly subjected to the enemy's rifles and the destructive effect of shot and shell. Ceaseless vigilance, constant fighting, arduous toil and wasting exposure to the vicissitudes of climate, Lee's greatly wasted army encountered from beginning to end of this protracted siege, and nobly did the old chieftain's veterans endure these trials and prove themselves equal to every emergency.

A noted event in the history of the siege was the springing of a mine by the enemy on the morning of July 30, 1864, and the sanguinary conflict which ensued, called the Battle of the Crater. It fell to the lot of Elliott's Brigade to occupy that part of our lines for several weeks before the explosion, and for several months after. We lay to the right and left of the battery under which the Federals ran the mine, the Twenty-third Regiment, S. C. V., being on the right and the other regiments on the left, the Eighteenth and Twenty-second being nearest—the Twenty-second, I believe, lay partly to the left. By reason of position that regiment and the Eighteenth were partly overwhelmed in the upheaval and had many officers and men thus sadly to perish. The Seventeenth and Twenty-sixth Regiments escaped this horrid species of death, but lost heavily in the bloody battle that ensued, the bloodiest, perhaps, of the war. Did propriety in this sketch permit a detailed account of the struggle and scenes of carnage there enacted, it would be difficult to describe the Battle of the Crater. Speaking of my own regiment, it is sufficient to say that it bore a conspicuous part in this fight, and very justly is entitled to a full share of the glory of the victory.

While gallantly leading his regiment in a charge to recover our lines at and adjacent to the Crater, Col. A. D. Smith was wounded in the shoulder and Maj. C. S. Land in the face, but they courageously kept the field until the enemy was driven out. Among the killed was Captain Wheeler, of Clarendon. The casualties among officers and men appear fully on the company's rolls, and in mentioning only those that occur to me now I am conscious of the very partial nature of the list. On the 18th of June previous Captain Wheeler had lost the services of one of his lieutenants, W. J. Sturgeon, severely wounded whilst establishing a picket line after dark in close proximity to the enemy.

On the day before the Battle of the Crater Lieut. W. J. Taylor, of Horry, was killed whilst laboring after dark on an earthwork in the rear of the Crater.

On the memorable morning of July 30th our gallant brigadier, Stephen Elliott, was seriously wounded near Colonel Smith and Major Land in the charge spoken of, and was disabled thereafter from active duty. Col. W. H. Wallace, of the Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, was assigned to the command of the brigade, and in the fall of 1864 was commissioned brigadier-general.

It would be foreign to the purposes of this sketch to attempt to recount in detail the services of our regiment and the brigade during this famous siege. It was an unbroken fight from June 17, 1864, to the 2d day of April, A. D. 1865, and with the history thereof from the beginning to the end the exploits of the brigade are identified up to the first week in March, 1865, when we were relieved from duty in the trenches by the wasted corps of General Early, and placed in camp in the woods on our right on Hatcher's Run near Burgess' Mill.

On the 25th of March we were ordered back to Petersburg, making the march at night. At dawn of day on the morning of the 26th, we were, in conjunction with Gordon's Corps, thrown against the Federal lines at Fort Steadman not far from the Iron Bridge. The fort, with a considerable length of the lines on either side, and many prisoners, was captured, the surprise being complete. This ground was held until 10 o'clock a. m., against every effort to recover it, amidst a concentric fire of the enemy from his numerous batteries and volleys of small arms from projecting angles in the works to the right and left of the captured trenches. Unable from want of men to push the aggressive movement further towards City Point and our position becoming critical from the heavy massing of Federals in our front and on each flank, we were, about 10 o'clock a. m. withdrawn, but not in time to prevent the capture of many Confederates. The Twenty-sixth lost in killed and captured a good many soldiers and several officers; among the latter Capt. H. L. Buck was captured while gallantly bearing the regimental flag in advance of Fort Steadman and beyond the captured lines. The color-bearer, Samuel J. Reid, had been knocked down by the explosion of a shell and the colors were taken by Captain Buck. This was not the flag we usually carried into battle, it being preserved

with great care, because of the esteem in which we held it as a present from the ladies of Charleston. After its capture, the old tattered and blood-stained battle-flag was resumed and carried till the surrender at Appomattox. Lieutenant Hall of Company D was also captured at Fort Steadman. Colonel McMaster of the Seventeenth was here captured, and perhaps others of the Twenty-sixth and other regiments, but I can't undertake to name them.

We were at once ordered back to Burgess' Mill, where the brigade arrived before day on the morning of the 27th March. On the 28th we were moved out upon the Boydton plank road to meet the flank movement of Sheridan which had now taken definite shape towards the South Side Railroad. Here at the "Sawdust Pile," so well known to our army as the scene of several severe cavalry encounters, the division of Bushrod Johnson, consisting of the brigades of Wise, Gracie and Wallace, met the infantry of General Sheridan, and a fierce battle ensued with no decisive result, the troops encamping in sight of each other on the battlefield. The night was dark and the rain poured in torrents.

By dawn next morning it was discovered that the enemy had retired from our front and was moving in the direction of Dinwiddie Courthouse. We followed moving on the inner parallel line toward Five Forks, skirmishing as we marched in the drenching rain. At Five Forks we encamped for the night and moved next day in the direction of Dinwiddie.

On the 30th and 31st March our cavalry had heavy skirmishes with the cavalry of Sheridan, and on the afternoon of the 31st General Pickett, who was in command of all the forces sent out to check Sheridan, moved his infantry up to within two miles of Dinwiddie, where the enemy lay encamped, twenty-five thousand strong. Pickett's available force of all arms was less than eight thousand men.

During the night of the 31st it was discovered that our camp was in dangerous proximity to the enemy, and, in fact, partly within the circuit of his camp fires which glowed in many directions around us. From so critical position we were silently withdrawn before day on the morning of April 1, 1865, and retired on Five Forks, closely pressed for a while by the Federals, whom, however, we eluded after the first few miles of the march. At noon we reached the Five Forks and proceeded to prepare a hasty dinner; but before

this was accomplished we were called to arms and hurriedly formed line of battle along the road perpendicular to that on which Sheridan was approaching. In great haste a rude breastwork of earth and bushes was thrown up, but presently the enemy arrived, and forthwith began a bold and furious attack along our entire front, and simultaneously began a flank movement on Pickett's left, which received no check, perhaps for want of a sufficient force. The fight was stubborn, but an hour before sunset, Pickett's left was completely turned, and in great disorder doubled up on the center, whilst the entire front was pressed back by superior numbers of the enemy. The result was a complete rout, with great loss in killed, wounded and captured. The remnant of his command which escaped by the right flank retreated in great confusion in direction of the South Side Railroad. In this unfortunate engagement the loss of the Twenty-sixth South Carolina Volunteers in killed, wounded and captured was very heavy, and such was the fate of every portion of Pickett's command on that day. Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson was severely wounded, being shot through the left side by a minie ball. After being carried as far as Fords Station, on the South Side Railroad, he fell into the hands of the enemy on the morning of April 2, 1865. Having recovered sufficiently to travel, he was, about the middle of May, paroled by General Chamberlain, of Maine.

Captain Bostick, commanding an Horry company, was shot through the head whilst gallantly fighting at close quarters and instantly killed. I doubtless should mention other casualties, but I write entirely from memory, and none others among the officers are now remembered by me.

After the fall of Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson the command of the regiment devolved on Maj. C. S. Land, Col. A. D. Smith being at this time at home on leave of absence and prevented from reaching his command by the movements of Sherman in South Carolina and North Carolina.

The effect of this battle, so disastrous to Pickett, caused on the following day of April 2, 1865, the evacuation of both Richmond and Petersburg, and General Lee began his retreat. The disorganized remnant of Pickett's forces joined him as best they could at intervals on the march. Throughout that arduous retreat by day and by night, his depleted army was subjected to incessant fighting and skirmishing with a foe overwhelmingly superior in numbers and

intoxicated with victory. At last on the 9th of April, at Appomattox Courthouse, yielding only to overwhelming numbers, the grand old hero, Robert E. Lee, upon honorable terms surrendered his little band of battle-scarred veterans to General Grant.

During this retreat of seven days the Twenty-sixth S. C. V., under the command of Maj. C. S. Land, bore faithfully and well their share in fighting and in the arduous duties of the soldier, under the trying circumstances of that week. We went into the fight at Fort Steadman, on the 26th of March, at least five hundred strong. On the 9th of April only about sixty, rank and file, were surrendered and paroled.

The regiment was composed of two companies from Chesterfield, one from Marlboro, one from Darlington, one from Marion, one from Williamsburg, one from Clarendon and three from Horry. In all the active duties of the soldier, in camp, on the march and in battle, the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V. displayed great courage, patient endurance of toil and unswerving fidelity to duty.

This sketch is written entirely from memory, and without a memorandum or document to refer to. I may be in error as to dates in some instances, but am certainly in the main correct. I have made no mention of the names of soldiers killed and wounded, and fear that I have failed to name many casualties among the officers, depending as I have upon memory alone after the lapse of more than twenty years from the beginning of our military career. I find, however, that I have omitted several well-remembered circumstances which I had intended to mention in their proper connection.

At the Battle of the Crater, Capt. John A. Evans, of Chesterfield, was captured. He was the senior captain of the regiment. After this event, Maj. C. D. Rowell resigning, Capt. C. S. Land, of Williamsburg, and now of Clarendon, was for distinguished services and gallantry on the field promoted to the office of major. In the fall of 1864 Capt. D. W. Carter was killed by a shell from the enemy's lines. In the heat of the battle on the Boydton plank road, March 28, 1865, Lieut. J. C. Tomlinson, of Captain Wheeler's company, was killed by a grapeshot. Lieutenant King, of Chesterfield, was wounded in the arm and shoulder at the Battle of Fort Steadman. In front of the lines at Newbern in May, 1864, the first shell from the enemy's gunboats killed and wounded twenty soldiers

of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V.—five killed, seven severely and eight slightly wounded. But, as this sketch is intended to accompany the rolls of the companies, and of the field and staff on file in the archives of the State, all omissions and inaccuracies will be supplied and corrected by the accuracies of those rolls.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

*By B. L. Beaty, Captain Company K, Twenty-Sixth Regiment,
S. C. V., at Meeting of Horry County Confederate Soldiers'
Association at Conway, July 3, 1903.*

Comrades, it has been assigned me to give you some account of the "Battle of the Crater," which I will endeavor to do, supplementing information from personal knowledge by that drawn from other sources, which I deem necessary to a proper and intelligent understanding of the whole matter.

The uniform failure of the assaults of our enemies upon our lines around Petersburg had caused them to come to the conclusion that they could only succeed after a breach had been made in our works. For this purpose a subterranean gallery for a mine was run under one of our earthworks or forts, situated at the angle of the Confederate works around Petersburg, Va., known as the Elliott's Salient. The site of the "Crater" is east of the Jerusalem plank road, about one-half mile southeast of Cemetery Hill, where Blandford Cemetery was located—a short distance beyond the city limits of Petersburg.

The Federal General Burnside, who conducted this operation against us, thus described the work: "The main gallery, extending to a point under the Confederate line, was 522 feet long. From the inner end of this main gallery extended side galleries for forty feet in each direction. At the outer end and middle of these side galleries, short galleries were run and chambers or magazines were made to contain the explosives. This was first intended to consist of 1,200 or 1,400 pounds of powder in each of the eight magazines, to be connected by a trough half filled with powder. It was afterwards decided to put only 320 kegs of powder, containing 1,000 pounds, in each of the eight magazines, making a charge of 8,000 pounds."

We knew the enemy was undermining our line at this point and had endeavored to countermine and blow up the workmen, but failed for want of proper tools to do the work. Our brigade had been stationed on this part of our line, or near to it, almost if not ever

since it was established, when we fell back on the 18th of June after so stubbornly resisting Grant's army when he moved to the south side of the James River, christening also with the blood of our men this new line in resisting several heavy assaults of the enemy before we had completed our breastworks, and holding them in check until General Lee could come to our relief. Our regiment, the Twenty-sixth S. C., was then fighting to the right of the hill where Pegram's Battery was stationed. The earthworks in which this battery was located was afterward blown up, forming the Crater. On the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, Saturday, the brigade of Gen. Stephen Elliott, composed of the Twenty-sixth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third S. C. Regiments of infantry, occupied the line about the Elliott Salient, the regiments being located from left to right, as here named, with Ransom's North Carolina Brigade joined to the Twenty-sixth S. C. Regiment on the left and Wise's Virginia Brigade joined to the Twenty-third S. C. Regiment on the right. Our line at this point was very close to those of the enemy—only 130 yards by actual measurement afterward made. To drown any noise made by their miners, they kept up a constant firing day and night, our men being equally vigilant, not allowing one of them to expose himself without receiving our fire. Many deaths and narrow escapes occurred here. So accurate became the aim from practice, that to hold up one's hat on a ramrod was to have several holes through it very quickly. This constant watching and exertion day and night was very exhausting, so much so that the infantry and artillery stationed here had to do duty by reliefs in the battery and breastworks immediately adjoining. Our regiment, the Twenty-sixth S. C., had not long been relieved from duty in the fort by the Eighteenth S. C. Regiment. We were occupying the line on the left of the brigade.

The enemy's plan of attack was for the colored division of the Ninth, Burnside's Corps, to make the advance. The location of our fort was pointed out to them and the part they were to perform was given to their officers in detail, as was the work of the other troops. The Thirtieth U. S. Regiment, colored troops, was to advance immediately after the explosion as rapidly as possible to the Crater, turn to the left, sweep down our line of breastworks and hold the farthest point gained. Another regiment was selected to do the same on the right. This would make a fair opening for their troops

following to make a bee line for our battery on Cemetery Hill, which was understood to be the key to this part of our line and to command the city. For several days their troops were drilled in just the movements they were expected to go through with when the explosion should occur. Time after time did they go through the imaginary advance, turn to the left and advance along the line of our breastworks. Every officer and private knew his place and what he was expected to do. Without a single command, the part assigned to each could have been carried out. But the night before, the plan was changed and white troops sent in without knowing apparently what to do, while the colored division was not ordered forward until full two hours had elapsed and then had no definite idea what was expected of them. The intention was to spring the mine at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, but the fuse twice failed to ignite the powder. For the grand assault on our lines the enemy had massed 65,000 men. It was well planned, and if carried out without the confusion resulting from their change of plans at the last moment must have proven very disastrous to us, indeed. The explosion, which occurred at 4:45 a. m., by the records, overwhelmed Pegram's Battery of four guns and all the men on duty with them, the whole of the Eighteenth S. C. Regiment, with very few exceptions. Companies A and — were entirely destroyed—not a man left of them; three companies of the Twenty-second and part of Company A of the Seventeenth Regiment. These all were in that part of the line that was blown up or immediately adjoining it. For a short time immediately following the explosion, great consternation prevailed among our men close to the "Crater." Some being awakened from sleep, others taken completely by surprise, were filled with consternation at the terrible calamity and awful destruction caused by this, to them, new and powerful mode of warfare. Some, partly stunned, others who had been partly buried or tossed about by the explosion, came rushing down the line covered with earth and wild with fright. But this condition did not last long. Within ten or fifteen minutes our men recovered from their panic, the few left on the Eighteenth Regiment falling in line with the Seventeenth, and these with the Twenty-sixth, were ready and began the fight almost as soon as the enemy made their appearance in the Crater, for so demoralizing was the effect of the explosion upon them that it was fully ten minutes before they came over their breastworks and made a rush for

our lines. At the same time two guns of Wright's Battery to our left and rear began its work of death, sweeping with grape and canister the open space on the hill between our lines and those of the enemy, over which they had to pass, also enfilading the Crater. This battery, being on an eminence above the elevation of the Crater, could fire over our line, which it did with remarkable accuracy and effect in the destruction of the enemy all through the fight to its close, throwing during this time between 500 and 600 shell and canister. Immediately following the explosion, the enemy opened fire upon our lines as well as upon the city of Petersburg, with all of their cannon in range of these points, hurling shot and shell heavily and furiously upon us, burning several houses in the city, tearing up the earth-works and ground all around us and our artillery, and with the heavy infantry fire killing and wounding many of our men. The roar of the guns, the bursting of shell and rattle of musketry was deafening, yet the men of Elliott's Brigade bravely manned the works up to the borders of the Crater, leaving no front for the entrance of the enemy except such as had been made vacant by the upheaval of the earth. The fire of Wright's Battery with the musketry from our brigade and other troops along the line within reach, checked the advance of the enemy from their lines. So great, however, had been the number thrown by the enemy into this breach that the Crater could not contain the masses that rushed into it, without apparent organization in one immense crowd. The advance of the enemy being checked as stated, the fire of Wright's Battery and that of our men was directed principally upon the masses of the enemy in our lines. General Elliott now, about 6 o'clock, with Colonel Smith, followed by his regiment, the Twenty-sixth S. C., marched up the line of breastworks under a very severe enfilading fire from the enemy, to within fifty or seventy-five yards of the Crater, filed the regiment out of the entrenchments to the rear into the open field in full and complete exposure to the masses of the enemy in the portion of our lines, captured by them, as well as those in their own lines, who redoubled their fire on us, until it was a terrific hailstorm of death. So severe and destructive was this fire that we did not wait for the entire regiment followed by the Seventeenth, which was ordered to form with us for the purpose of driving the enemy from our lines, but so fast were our men being killed that as soon as five or nine companies were formed we charged upon them. It was indeed a forlorn hope. Our

men were literally mowed down, loosing largely in officers and men, General Elliott being among the first to fall within thirty yards of the Crater, and was carried from the field badly wounded. In this charge the few of us making it, pushed clear up to the Crater and one or two going inside were made prisoners. Company K being on the left of the line in this charge, struck a little to the left of the Crater where it joined on to the trenches, and after our line had been repulsed with terrible slaughter, found ourselves in the traverses, close up to the Crater, between our men and the enemy. Though but few of us left, we held our position, loading and firing into the masses of the enemy in our immediate front, by elevating our guns over our heads, as there was a constant stream of death-dealing missiles passing over our heads from front and rear of us, from friend and foe.

The command of the brigade now devolved upon Colonel McMaster, of the Seventeenth Regiment, who states that, seeing the rashness and hopelessness of the efforts to dislodge such a large number of the enemy, counting fourteen to sixteen of their regimental flags in our front, in our lines, and they so well protected from our fire by the position which they occupied in our breastwork in rear of the Crater and the Crater itself, while our men were so few and exposed from head to heels, countermanded the order. Fearing that the enemy massed so heavily in our works would rush down the hill and get in the rear of our lines and push on across the fields to the city of Petersburg, only about a mile away, ordered Colonel Smith to take all of his regiment he could gather, immediately go down the ditch to where General Elliott's headquarters were, go up the ravine extending somewhat parallel with and in rear of our lines, and form in line, lie down and resist every effort of the enemy to advance, believing that the fate of Petersburg, as well perhaps as our entire line of defense, depended upon filling up the gap in rear of the Crater, and holding the enemy in check in this direction.

The Twenty-sixth Regiment being very much reduced by the heavy loss sustained in the charge just made with the other fighting of the morning, three companies of the Seventeenth Regiment were detached to go with it, altogether numbering not over three to four hundred men. The remainder of the Seventeenth, with the remaining few of the Eighteenth, were spread out along the line of our breastworks until they struck Ransom's North Carolina Brigade on the left, and fought the enemy from behind the traverses.

So heavy and close was the fighting here that about all of the two companies on the right were killed, wounded or captured. Though so few, they held their lines until driven by the charge of a negro brigade, about 8 o'clock, who thus captured about 100 yards of our lines. From the time the firing began ten or fifteen minutes after the explosion, until the final recapture of our line, the infantry fire north or left of the Crater was unceasing, and did great execution. The fighting on the right or south of the Crater, I can give only a small account of, as we were cut off therefrom.

The enemy threw into our lines three white divisions, "Ledlies," "Potters" and "Wilcox," of the Ninth Corps, excepting about four regiments, making 6,000 men. To this add 4,400 colored troops and we have 10,400 men, and this without counting a brigade of Turner's division of the Eighteenth Corps, which took possession of about 100 yards of our line north of the Crater. One report of the enemy puts the number at 10,000 to 12,000 men that crossed over into our lines. The Ninth and Eighteenth Corps made the charge, the Fifth in reserve. They filled our line to overflowing for about 100 yards on each side of the Crater. They became so packed therein that it was difficult to move about, and made repeated efforts to move out, form line of battle in rear of our lines they had captured, and charge through to Cemetery Hill and the city. The first effort was broken up by our men firing into their backs from our line of breastworks immediately adjoining the Crater, before the Twenty-sixth and part of the Seventeenth were ordered to close and hold the vacant gap in rear of the Crater. While we occupied the latter position in the ravine to the rear, we were continually firing into the enemy crowded into our line and receiving their fire in addition to that of many of their batteries of artillery being drawn upon us by the fire of our mortars and cannon near and in line with us, which was killing and wounding our men continually. Their officers repeatedly and continuously endeavored to have their men leave the Crater, where they were so packed and being slaughtered so terribly, and move out in accordance with original plan of attack, but whenever they began to do so the men of the Twenty-sixth and Seventeenth Regiments rising up from the depression or ravine where they lay would pour in their fire so rapidly with that of our artillery that they would waver, break and rush back to cover in the line of captured breastworks and Crater. There was a line of

breastworks running immediately in rear of the salient occupied by Pegram's Battery. This rear line was not completely destroyed by the explosion and it was back to this rear line, in the open field, they would attempt to form their lines of battle. Every effort made by the enemy thus to advance was foiled and broken up. The balance of the South Carolina Brigade, aided by Ransom's on the left and Wise on the right, hemmed them in to within about 100 yards on each side of the Crater, while our cannon and mortar hurled and rained shot, shell and canister upon this seething mass of humanity. Their commanding officers continuing to rush their men into the Crater, with the intention to form and charge to the right and left and double up our line, hold as far as captured and then with the balance of the 65,000 men massed for the occasion, push on through, take and hold Cemetery Hill, break up our line of defense, capture the city. For four hours, from about 5 a. m. or before, until about 9 o'clock, we fought them foot by foot, from the line of our breastworks and the ravine in rear of the Crater, succeeding in confining them to and adjoining the breach in our line made by the springing of the mine, when Mahone came to our assistance. It must have been only a question of time how long the artillery and the few men we had, and they becoming more and more reduced by death and wounds, could keep up the unequal contest. It must have eventually resulted in the enemy finally rushing over us.

Let us now see what the enemy says about the foregoing part of this battle. One of them says: "I arrived in rear of the First Division just as the mine was sprung. It was a magnificent spectacle as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriage and timbers, and spreading out like an immense cloud as it reached its attitude. So close was the Union line that it appeared the mass would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Though not much was lost by this, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass off."

Another gives the following as an eye witness: "I felt a trembling of the earth, and a dull roar was heard. I looked to the front and saw a huge column of dirt, dust, smoke and flame of fire, apparently 200 feet high, which on reaching its highest point curled over like a plume and then came down with a dull thud to the earth. While

in the air I could see in the column of fire and smoke the bodies of men, arms, legs, pieces of timber, and a gun carriage. I felt very weak and pale, the faces of my comrades never looked more blanched, while the troops in front of us broke back and became intermingled with those in their rear. They were soon rallied, but it seemed to me fully ten minutes before I saw the advance go over our earth-works toward the enemy. In meantime our forts all along the line opened out with every gun; they were almost immediately answered by the Confederate. The solid shot and shell howled and shrieked over our heads, and balls could be seen ricocheting along the front line of our works from an enfilade fire on our right front. Men were dropping here and there, the wounded began to come back, soon the order came for us to go forward. I think it must have been a half hour after the explosion before we got over our work. The musketry was crashing in our front and the air seemed to be full of missiles." The first of the enemy charging up to the Crater found an enormous hole in the ground about thirty feet deep, sixty feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways—some up to their neck, others to their waist, and some with only their feet, legs or hands protruding from the earth. The scene struck every one dumb with astonishment as they arrived at the crest of the Crater and looked into this black hole of death and destruction. In the meantime the second line came charging up and upon the first and the second became inextricably mixed in their desire to look into the hole. Their officers, however, yelled to them to move forward and the men did so, jumping, sliding and trembling into the hole, over the debris of material and dead and dying men and huge blocks of solid clay, up to the other side of the Crater they climbed, and while a detachment stopped to place two of the dismounted guns in position to fire on the Confederates, a portion of the leading brigade passed over the crest and attempted to form. It was at this period they found they were being killed by musket shots from the rear fired by the Confederates who still occupied the traverses and entrenchments to the right and left of the Crater. This coming so unexpectedly caused the forming line to fall back into the Crater. The earth thrown up by the explosion formed a crest on the front of the Crater perhaps twelve feet high, and they had to pass over this to get into or out of the Crater from or to their lines. The enemy continued to throw forward their troops into our lines."

Their account continued states: "The Crater was full of men. They were lying all around and every point that could give shelter to a man was occupied. The fire of the Confederates had been exceedingly warm. The men literally came falling over into the Crater on their hands and knees; they were so thick in there that a man could not walk. The intention was for the Ninth Corps to penetrate the Confederate lines, double them up to the right and left, when my corps, the Eighth (Ord's) was to pass out and cover the right flank of the assaulting column, but the Confederates still held possession of their line up to within 100 yards of the Crater when I arrived, which surprised me. I asked one or two officers if an attempt had been made to move on Cemetery Hill. They said the attempt had been made and failed. They were exposed to the terrific fire of the Confederates which was then growing warm and warmer and was a very severe fire."

This was between 7 and 8 o'clock. In describing the charge made by our brigade led by General Elliott, they state: "There was a charge made by a small body of troops, probably about 400."

Some of them reached the outer rim of the Crater and were taken in by us. How far did the enemy advance towards Cemetery Hill during the four hours of their occupation of our lines before the charge of General Malone? was asked several witnesses in the official investigation made into this matter by the Federal government. General Griffin in his testimony in answer to the question, Did your command go beyond the Crater? answered it did. How far? I should judge about 200 yards, more or less. Colonel Thomas in answer to these questions, said I did. I should say between 300 and 400 yards. The question was then asked, Did you get beyond the enemy's lines? I did, sir; I lead a charge which was not successful; the moment I reached the First Brigade I started out the Thirty-first colored regiment which was in front, but it lost its three ranking officers in getting into position and did not go out well. The next witness, Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, in answer to the question, How far did you get towards Cemetery Hill? answered, "Not exceeding fifty yards; we were driven back." "By what?" "I should judge by 200 to 400 men—infantry—which rose up from a little ravine and charged us." Colonel Bates says, "The surroundings were such that a line of battle could not be formed. All I could do was to order our advance to the front, which order was obeyed by my regiment and

such other portions of other regiments as were near us. We reached the open plain beyond the line of breastworks. How far we went I do not know, for a volley from our front and right (just the position the men of the Twenty-sixth and Seventeenth occupied) disabled about one-half of the officers and one-third of the privates."

A little before 9 o'clock, while we were holding the enemy in check, confining him to as small portion of our lines as possible and doing all in our power to make it as hot for him as we could, General Mahone came to our assistance with his men. "Arriving on the ground," General Mahone says, "I saw the Confederate works filled to overflowing with Federal troops, and counting eleven regimental flags, estimated the Federal force in possession as at least 3,000 men. The situation was an extremely grave one."

One of his men says, "As we approached the ravine from which the charge was made I saw the works north of the Crater filled with thousands of the enemy. I counted twenty-one flags flying from the Crater and these works."

The first that arrived were Mahone's old brigade of Virginians. These came up out of the covered way, cautiously approaching the ravine where we lay, forming on the right of the Twenty-sixth, and three companies of the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment. At the openings where the enemy could see them, they were ordered to run quickly, by one at a time, to conceal their approach and lessen the danger of being shot. Soon the line of battle was formed.

General Mahone ordered the men to fix bayonets and lay down, and when we charged to oblique sharply to the right, so as to strike well up the line and into the Crater, and to reserve our fire until we reached the ditch, then give them one volley and use the bayonets. At this point, while waiting for the Georgia Brigade to get in position on the right, one of Mahone's men says, "The battle flags seemed as thick as corn stalks in a row and the whole face of the earth, including the ditch which our men formerly occupied, fairly teemed with the enemy." Wright's Georgia Brigade had not got into position when many of the enemy began jumping in line. Suddenly we heard a shout, as if the enemy was about to charge us. We could delay no longer. It was life or death with us. "Charge!" rang out along the line, which we did with a yell, with bayonets fixed, arms at a trail, reserving our fire. It was a glorious sight to see that line of veterans with their tattered uniforms, as it swept across the open field,

in the face of a tremendous fire, that was thinning its ranks at every step and every man appreciating the vital importance of getting to the works and closing with the enemy as quickly as possible. The charge was possibly as splendid as any of which history had made record. The line of battle beginning on the left consisted of the Sixty-first, Forty-ninth and Twenty-fifth N. C. Regiments; Twenty-sixth and part of the Seventeenth S. C. Regiments, all under Colonel Smith; of the Twenty-sixth, Mahone's old brigade, of Virginia; the Twelfth, Sixth, Forty-second, Sixty-first and one and a half regiments of the Georgia Brigade. We captured the line equal to our front, viz.: Three-fourths of the line around the rear of Crater and all that part of entrenchments on the left of it, occupied by the enemy. Many of them, white and black, abandoning the breach, fled to their lines under a terrific flank fire from our infantry and artillery. But the works were not ours; the Crater itself was held by a large number of the enemy, not yet ready to surrender; also some fifty yards of our works south or right of it was in their possession. We were also suffering very severely from an enfilading fire poured from the Crater that projected far to the rear of our line, as well as from their main line of battle in their works. To drive out these in our lines, at 10 o'clock, about an hour after the first charge, Wright's Brigade, of Georgia, was ordered forward from the ravine from which the previous charge was made.

But such was the severity of the fire from the enemy they were forced to oblique to the left and take shelter, partly in the works previously captured by us. When this charge was about to be made, our men were all ordered to fire on the enemy as rapidly as possible; to keep their heads down, which was obeyed with a will, as there were many captured guns lying around which were used in addition to our own. About 11 o'clock the Georgia brigade was called to make another attempt to carry the works about the Crater and south of it, but this, like the first, was unsuccessful. It was agreed between Gen. Bushrod Johnson and General Mahone that a combined assault should be made at 1 o'clock, Johnson from the south or left and Mahone from the north or right, from the rear in the Crater. In meantime the fight was continued with terrible effect on both sides, and fears were entertained that the enemy might from a reinforced effort regain the breach in our line.

Col. J. C. Haskell, always hunting a place where he could strike the enemy with telling effect, brought up two mortars to a ditch within a few yards of the Crater, and was quickly pitching shell after shell over among the crowded masses of the enemy in this terrible pit. While this deadly work of the mortars was going on our sharpshooters sent back to the pit dead or wounded every man who exposed himself or attempted to get away back to their lines. Bayoneted muskets of the dead were also hurled like javelins into the pit upon the enemy, who would send them back upon us. The hour of 1 o'clock having arrived, the combined movement before mentioned was made and our line restored. The enemy in the pit, finding they could not escape, surrendered.

Saturday night 55 negroes and 178 whites of the enemy were buried in the Crater. Sunday a flag of truce was sent in with a request to bury the dead. On Monday morning from 5 to 9 o'clock they buried 700 of their men who had been killed on the hill between their line and ours. Only twelve of our men were found here, probably thrown there by the explosion.

In the charge at 9 o'clock Sergt. Eli Mincy, of my company—K, of the Twenty-sixth S. C. Regiment—was struck on the arm by a ball, which deadened it so that he had to drop his gun. He had not gone far before the same accident occurred to the other arm. He, however, kept up with the line, seized a gun from the ground on arriving at the Crater, and did manful work with it. Another, Steve Lewis, was knocked down in the charge by a shell striking the ground just in front of our line and exploding, covering Lewis up with the earth thrown up by it. However, he recovered himself so far as to get on his feet and hands, and on his "all fours" kept up with the line for some distance, when he righted himself and went into the fight with good execution. Another, Lewis Gerrald, was attacked by a powerful negro soldier with his bayonet, and in his lunge the bayonet passed through Gerrald's hat. Gerrald, however, killed his antagonist and came out of the fight unhurt. A captain of a Virginia company fell, pierced with eleven bayonet wounds. A tall, athletic, strong Confederate, after discharging his gun, killed five of the enemy with bayonet and the butt of gun. Another had a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with a Federal officer, he with his bayonet, and the officer with his sword. The Confederate finally plunged his bayonet through the body of the officer, who made a cut at him afterward

with his sword. At the close of the fight one battle flag, by actual count, was found to have had seventy-five shots pass through it, while nine had struck the staff. A Virginia soldier saw a mere youth, a soldier of Elliott's South Carolina Brigade, leaning with his back against the breastworks with a large negro soldier standing over him, endeavoring to send his bayonet through his body. The youth had hold of the bayonet and was resisting with all his might. The Virginian made for them, lunged at the negro, but from some cause missed and struck the negro on the hip bone with his bayonet. He immediately turned and seized the gun of his antagonist and tried to disarm him. While they were scuffling over the gun a Federal lieutenant, a white man, placed a cocked pistol to the face of the Virginian and ordered him to surrender; other Confederates coming up, the Virginian refused, when the lieutenant pulled trigger, but the pistol snapped. As quick as thought he again cocked it and putting it to the face of the Virginian pulled trigger and it fired, but they were so close that it was knocked up by his arm and missed him. Before the lieutenant could get ready for another shot, a Confederate had pierced him through with his bayonet. Just at this time the youth picked up a heavy army pistol and with the butt end gave the negro a blow on the forehead which knocked him down and killed him. Let us see a little of what was going on on the enemy's side. A Federal lieutenant who was driven from our lines into the Crater by our charge says: "With a dozen of my company I went down the traverse to the Crater. We were the last to reach it, and the rifles of the Union soldiers were flashing in our faces, when we jumped down in there and the Johnnies were not twenty yards behind us. A full line around the crest of the Crater was loading and firing as fast as they could and the men were dropping thick and fast, most of them shot through the head. Every man shot rolled down the steep sides to the bottom, and in places they were piled three and four deep. The cries of the wounded, pressed down under the dead, were piteous in the extreme. An enfilading fire was coming through the traverse down which we had retreated, and General Bartlett ordered the colored soldiers to build a breastwork across it. Doing so being slow work with earth, they were told to fill it up with the dead, and a large number of Union soldiers, white and black, were piled into the trench. The day was fearfully hot, canteens were empty, and the wounded crying for water. The

artillery on Cemetery Hill and Wright's Battery kept up a constant fire of grape and kept the dirt flying about us. A mortar battery also got our range so that their shells fell directly among us and cut the men down most cruelly. Many of the men now tried to make our lines, but to do so they had to run up a slope in full view of the enemy that now surrounded us on three sides and nearly every man who attempted it fell back riddled with bullets." In an account by a member of the New York Artillery, it was stated that when the negroes charged into our lines, "some of the white soldiers declared they would never follow 'niggers' or be caught in their company, and started back to their lines, but were promptly driven forward again. Then the colored troops broke and scattered and pandemonium began. The bravest lost heart and men who mistrusted the negro vented their feeling freely. Some colored men who came into the Crater found a worse fate than death on the charge. The whites believed the Confederates would give no quarter to negroes or whites taken with them, so that to be shut up with blacks in the Crater was equal to a doom of death. It has been positively asserted that white men bayoneted blacks who fell back into the Crater, in order to preserve the whites from Confederate vengeance. Men boasted in my presence that blacks had been thus disposed of, particularly when the Confederates came up. A few Indians of the First Michigan Sharpshooters did splendid work. Some of them were mortally wounded, and drawing their blouses over their faces, chanted their death song and died—four of them in one group. An attempt was made to dig a trench through the side of the Crater, towards the Union lines, but the Rebs. got the range of that hole and plugged the bullets into it so thick and fast no one would work in it." Here their account ends. There is one more incident I wish to give. There was one very happy man on the field that afternoon. His clothes were saturated with red mud made of red dirt and sweat. He was bareheaded and his hair was matted with the same red mud, and his face was covered with it, except here and there were streaks washed clean by perspiration. But his eyes showed happiness to their very bottom. He was one of Elliott's Brigade, and had been buried close by the side of the Crater, had been stunned by the concussion and when he came to himself he had been buried, but how or when he knew not. He could move a little, and he saw near him a crack through which daylight came and had

finally worked his way out with his hands and nails. He had emerged from what he feared would be his grave and was happy.

Our loss by the explosion was 256 officers and men of the Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Seventeenth Regiments, and two officers and twenty-two men of Pegram's Battery. The Twenty-second Regiment lost Colonel Flemming, Adjutant Quattlebaum and 116 men. General Mahone in his orders of congratulations to his command stated, "That with an effective force of less than 3,000 men, and with a casualty list of 598, we have killed 700, wounded over 3,000, and captured 1,101 prisoners, 1,916 stands of small arms and 19 stands of colors." This, however, did not cover the enemy's loss. From a memorandum written by me at the time I take the following: "The space of their works and ours for 200 to 300 yards was covered with their dead crossed and piled two and three deep in some places. From this part of the field 700 of the enemy's dead were buried, while 300 or 400 were also buried in the Crater, and for 100 yards or more our entrenchments to the north or left of the Crater was so full of their dead you could not find a place for your feet to go on the ground, with the innumerable little ditches running out to the rear of our line piled with their slain, while many were hanging partly over our breastworks, killed as they were attempting to climb over and get back to their lines. Our loss in the charge led by General Elliott early in the morning was nine killed and forty wounded and missing, of the missing there were only two or three. This makes of killed and wounded one in every seven to eight men. Among the wounded were General Elliott, shot through the body, and Colonel Smith, slightly in the shoulder. Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Hays killed. In the day's fighting the enemy's loss was 5,640, including 1,200 prisoners, one brigadier-general killed and one captured. Twelve hundred men will cover the entire Confederate loss. The loss in the Twenty-sixth S. C. Regiment was 16 killed, 41 wounded and 21 captured, a total of 78. In Company K of Twenty-sixth Regiment were killed three, viz.: Lieut. W. J. Taylor, Elias Tyler and Solomon Gerald; wounded four, Lieut. John H. Williamson, in foot severely; Sergt. E. A. Mincy, both arms slightly; E. Harrelson, side severely; Steve S. Lewis, in hand and by shell; captured two, J. H. Gerrock and A. C. Small—a loss in killed and wounded of one to every six."

The enemy admitted a loss of 5,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, including 1,101 prisoners, among them two brigade commanders and 21 stands of colors. During the flag of truce, a colonel of a negro brigade stated "that he carried in 2,200 men and brought out 800." The reports of the enemy also state that they fired during this action 3,833 shot and shell, making seventy-five tons of metal hurled at us, by eighty-one cannons and mortars; while one of their officers says: "I have always claimed that this was one of the most desperate, bloody and fearful battles for the number engaged in the fight of any in the war."

B. L. BEATY.

July 3, 1903.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Of J. H. Hudson, Lieutenant-Colonel Twenty-Sixth Regiment, S. C. V., Near the Close of the War.

The Twenty-sixth Regiment, S. C. V., of which I had the honor of being lieutenant-colonel, formed a part of the brigade of Gen. Johnson Hagood while stationed at Church Flats, below Charleston, during the winter of 1862-'63. Early in May, 1863, we were assigned to the brigade of Gen. N. G. Evans and ordered to Jackson, Miss. After the siege and evacuation of Jackson, we were ordered back to Charleston, where we arrived late in July, and were stationed at Mount Pleasant, in full view of the siege of Battery Wagener and all the operations in and around the harbor of Charleston. In November we were stationed in the city of Charleston and formed a part of its garrison until March, 1864, when we were ordered to Virginia. Owing to an injury received by General Evans in a fall from his horse on the stone pavement in the streets of Charleston, he could not accompany his brigade, and General Walker, known as "Live Oak" Walker, was assigned to its command and went with us. At Weldon the brigade was stopped and sent down to Kinston, on the Neuse River, to join General Hoke in his expedition against Newbern. Arriving at Newbern early in May, preparations were made for the assault on the town, and operations were begun, when we were peremptorily ordered to Petersburg, Va., then seriously threatened by the army under Gen. B. F. Butler. A part of General Hoke's division arrived in time to assist in rescuing from the Federals the line of railroad leading to Richmond. Walker's Brigade, however, did not reach Petersburg, for want of transportation, until the evening of the 17th May, and found the city rejoicing over the victory of Beauregard over Butler at Drury's Bluff on the day before, but freely criticising the failure of General Whiting to move upon the left and rear of the Federal army by way of Swift Creek, as he had been ordered to do by General Beauregard, which movement, if promptly executed, would have resulted disastrously to the Federal army. Remaining in Petersburg until the night of the 19th May, we were moved up to Clay's Farm, in front of Bermuda Hun-

dreds, where on the 20th May we were engaged all day with the forces of General Butler, and on that day General Beauregard completed the work of "bottling up" General Butler's army at Bermuda Hundreds. In the afternoon of May 20th, the gallant General Walker, whilst aligning his brigade in the woods, rode into a Federal ambush, and fell into their hands severely wounded by their close fire. From May 20th until the 15th June the two armies confronted each other, but without a general engagement. On the night of the 15th June, the division of Bushrod Johnson, of which our brigade formed a part, was moved hastily to Petersburg to aid in checking the advance of General Grant.

On the 16th, 17th and 18th the Confederates fought desperately against superior numbers, and as if by a miracle, held at bay the army of Grant until General Lee arrived with a part of his veterans. The lines Beauregard had established in the face of enormous odds were held and maintained from June 18, 1864, to April 2, 1865, a period of nearly ten months. The history of the siege and defense of Richmond and Petersburg during these ten months, if truthfully written, would read like a romance, perhaps unsurpassed in the annals of modern warfare. Not a day, or night, not even an hour of day or night, passed except under fire of the artillery or small arms or both artillery and small arms of our persistent foe. The thin line of Confederates, thirty-five miles or more in length, presented to the world a spectacle of marvelous courage and fortitude in the face of vastly superior numbers. But I have not time or space for even an outline of the unbroken battle of ten months, nor for a description of its most bloody tragedy, the Battle of the Crater.

During this memorable siege our brigade was commanded by Gen. Steven Elliott until the Battle of the Crater, in which he was severely wounded, and thenceforth it was commanded by W. H. Wallace, colonel of the Eighteenth S. C. V., who was commissioned brigadier after the disabling of General Elliott was definitely ascertained to be permanent. To the besieged the toils, privations, hardships, dangers and severity of the winter of 1864-'65 were trying in the extreme. A volume might be written descriptive of the siege of Richmond and Petersburg, and the behavior of the garrison throughout, which, stripped of all embellishment, would justly be classed with the marvelous and heroic.

The first week of March, 1865, the division of Bushrod Johnson was relieved of duty in the trenches around Petersburg, where it had served faithfully and continuously from June 16, 1864, and the corps of General Early moved in to take its place.

We went into camp in the woods at Burgess Mill on the extreme right of the line and comparatively remote from the foe. The change was hailed with delight by the weary soldiers, who little dreamed of the severe work in store for us so near at hand; for we were not aware of the formidable flank movement of the army of General Grant then about to begin with the forces under General Sheridan in the van. General Lee, however, was aware of it, and to create a diversion, and if possible to break through the Federal lines and strike Grant's base of supplies at City Point, he planned an assault on their entrenchments at Hair's Hill before dawn on the morning of the 26th March. Accordingly, on the night of the 25th, our division broke camp at Burgess Mill and marched back to Petersburg where at dawn on the morning of the 26th, in conjunction with the corps of General Gordon, we assaulted and easily captured Fort Steadman on Hair's Hill and the lines to the right and left to a considerable distance, taking a goodly number of prisoners who were surprised.

But to advance further with our small force was discovered to be impossible, and after holding the captured ground until about 11 o'clock a. m. we were withdrawn in time to escape slaughter or capture by the overwhelming force massing against us.

That night Johnson's division returned to camp at Burgess Mill. On the 28th March, Sheridan's advance forces, aiming to reach and destroy the South Side Railroad, struck us at the sawdust pile on the Boydton plank road, near our camp. A stubborn fight ensued between our three brigades, Gracie's Alabama, Wise's Virginia and Wallace's South Carolina on the one hand and two divisions of Federals on the other. We made the attack by single brigades in the woods on their superior force, but with only partial success, the opposing forces camping within easy range of small arms.

On the following morning by break of day we moved along the White Oak road parallel to the march of the Federals and skirmishing with them all day. On the night of the 28th, and during the day of the 29th the rain was very heavy and we suffered much discomfort. On the night of the 30th we went into camp at Five Forks,

the enemy having moved off in the direction of Dinwiddie Courthouse, along which march they were much harassed by our cavalry on the 30th and 31st March. On the last day of March our infantry consisting of only 7,000 men under General Pickett moved in the direction of Dinwiddie Courthouse, where Sheridan with his 25,000 fresh and well equipped troops lay in camp. Late in the afternoon a severe cavalry engagement occurred in that vicinity with the advantage on the side of the Confederates.

At night we encamped in the woods within two miles of Dinwiddie Courthouse, but it being discovered that we were within the Federal lines and practically surrounded by portions of their troops, no fires were allowed and silence enjoined. Before day we began a retrograde movement towards Five Forks, pursued by the enemy. About noon we reached our camp of the night before at the Forks, and at once began to prepare dinner, being very tired and hungry. Before we had finished the meal we were hastily called to arms and thrown into line along the main road of the Forks; Wise's Brigade covering the Five Forks, Wallace and Ransom on the left and Gracie to the right. By the time we had cut bushes and with bayonets and pans had thrown up dirt knee high, the Federals ran upon us in force. The fighting was close and severe. By the middle of the afternoon Sheridan's 25,000 men were up, and greatly overlapped us on the left, when we were completely flanked. Warren's entire corps was thrown on the left flank of Pickett's meager force, and the onset had to be met by the thin brigades of Ransom and Wallace which were attacked in front and flank simultaneously in an open stand-up fight, for we had scarcely the semblance of protection in front and none whatever on the flank. The fighting was fierce and bloody until we were completely overlapped by superior numbers and stood as it were between the blades of scissors, the enemy being within twenty steps of our front and rear. Just before this extremity arrived a tragic incident occurred. For several days it was known that spies and scouts of the enemy had been among us afoot and mounted, but none had been caught. In the rear of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V. was a thicket of old-field pines behind which were our ambulances and ordnance wagons. Through this thicket a soldier with a Federal overcoat dashed up to us on horseback. Some one cried out, "Shoot the Federal spy." Instantly a half dozen bullets pierced his body, and he fell from his horse dead. It was then discovered that he was

General Ransom's young adjutant, Ghee or McGhee, who had been but recently married. His fate was never definitely known to his people or his general until I narrated it to General Ransom in 1896. But the enemy had doubled upon us, and the route began in an effort to retreat by the right flank, where there was the only possible chance to escape the storm of bullets pelting us in front and rear.

Lieutenant-Colonel Culp, of the Seventeenth, and I, of the Twenty-sixth S. C. V., had stood our ground until it was almost too late to escape, but we began to retreat by the right flank, and were uncovering the Five Forks when Gen. Matt Ransom dashed up on a fine bay horse, hat in hand, and called for volunteers to return and beat back the foe. We had then retreated less than one hundred yards from our original position. I responded and gave the order to countermarch. I supposed the regiment had obeyed, but owing to the confusion and panic not more than the two companies of the right followed me into the place of peril and confusion. The ambulances and ordnance wagons had been driven from shelter and stood deserted by drivers near the line then being occupied by the enemy, who likewise filled the pine thicket, the dead and wounded lay thick upon the ground, the bullets were flying and shells bursting in every direction. Into this pandemonium we rushed and regained our position in the lines, but only to become targets for the close cross-fire of the Federals massed in front and rear at twenty paces distant. I was shot down, as were many others, and the route of Pickett's entire command became general, a few escaping, but most being captured, and the way to the South Side Railroad was open to Sheridan.

I have thus attempted to give a brief narrative of the battle of the afternoon of April 1, 1865, at the Five Forks proper, where less than 8,000 foot-sore, ragged and half-starved Confederates for four hours in the open held at bay 25,000 well-clad, well-fed Federal troops, and gave way and fled only after more than half the force had been killed, wounded and captured. The route of the survivors was complete, and night and the woods and impassible roads alone enabled any to escape.

The able and gallant Federal corps commander, Warren, incurred the displeasure of General Sheridan for not destroying or capturing Pickett's entire force, and he was relieved of his command, which was given to General Gibbon. Could the verdict of the Confederates have been rendered Warren would have been vindi-

cated, for in our judgment his corps was never better handled, and never fought better; Warren by a court of inquiry was after the war fully vindicated. This disastrous battle led to the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg on the night of April 2d, the retreat of Lee's skeleton of an army and his surrender at Appomattox, Sunday, April 9, 1865.

I will relate my experience after being wounded. The wound I received was from a minie ball at the distance of fifteen steps, the ball passing through my left side below the lungs, and just missing the entrails. It knocked me down. In a moment two of the ambulance corps, one of them being the Seventeenth S. C. V., from Chester, S. C., ran and hastily threw me on a stretcher, and running, shoved me and stretcher into our ambulance, standing without a driver within twenty steps of the enemy and in the line of the cross-fire. I remonstrated with them, but all in vain, and in a twinkling they were gone. As apprehended, the bullets were passing through the covering of the ambulance, and in desperation I raised up, slid from the ambulance in face of the battle line of the enemy twenty steps off, crawled under the vehicle and horses and toddled off through the small pines, every one of which was being scraped with bullets, and how I escaped being riddled Providence alone knows. Having hobbled off one hundred yards, I fell down in great pain exhausted. Passing pellmell rushed the routed Confederates, when Lieutenant Kennedy and two of his men, of Company F, Twenty-sixth S. C. V., from Horry, saw and picked me up, telling me to run. I cried out, "I cannot walk, much less run; carry me away; I do not wish to die and be buried here." Replying that the enemy is upon us, they ran on, leaving me under fire. Rendered desperate, I regained my feet and trotted on through the pines. I had gone about one hundred yards when Gen. Matt Ransom (mounted on a bay horse, one having been shot under him at the Five Forks), followed by an orderly, came dashing by. I shouted to him my condition and begged him to save me from capture. He cried out to his orderly to dismount and give me his horse. On his dismounting I laid hold the mane of the tallest of black horses, and bare back, no saddle nor blanket, I begged him to help me on. With an oath, he cried to me to mount or turn the horse loose for him. He did not know me and was excusably alarmed. Making a desperate effort I climbed astride and the black went in pursuit of the bay, I giving him the rein and holding to the mane.

At the distance of three hundred yards, having passed beyond the line of fire, I came to two ambulances standing on the road that leads towards Ford's Station on the South Side Railroad. Dropping from the horse, I attempted to get in the rearmost vehicle, when the driver objected and raised his whip to strike me. At that moment, some one, I know not who, cried out, "Let him in; that is Colonel Hudson, Twenty-sixth S. C. V., wounded." He at once lowered his whip, and I crawled in the rear end of the ambulance. In justice to this driver I will say that I had on a dingy, thread-bare fatigue suit, and the stars on the collar of my jacket were scarcely visible in their dark rusted state. The same must be said in explanation of the rude words of General Ransom's orderly.

I threw myself on my back in the ambulance and begged the driver to move on. He said he would do so as soon as the one in front moved, telling me that in it was Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram, of the artillery, who was shot through the lower part of the left lung, and could not speak. I began to regret abandoning the black horse, for I knew we were pursued by the enemy. However, in a few minutes the ambulances moved off. This was about sunset, and it was seven miles to Ford's Station. I lay flat on my back in great pain and fully believing my wound to be mortal. I could hear the noise and confusion of the route all along the road, and from the driver's talk could get some idea of the panic of the retreat and the condition of the execrable road. Twice the ambulances stuck fast in the mire and were on the eve of being abandoned, and I believe would have been but for the wounded officer in each. By the aid of the artillery horses as they passed us the vehicles were extricated from the mire, and we reached Ford's Station at midnight, having made seven miles in six hours. The driver of the ambulance in which I rode was a soldier from Louisiana and a noble fellow. At Ford's Station I was lifted from the ambulance by Dr. Girardeau, chaplain, and others, and laid on a mattress in the house of Mr. Pegram, the depot agent, while Colonel Pegram was laid upon the bed in the same room. Surgeon Dick, of Sumter, gave me a dose of morphine and left with me some more in a paper, with instructions not to take any of it unless my pain demanded it. The effect of the medicine soon put me to sleep, and my surprise was great next morning when I awoke to find myself alive. I at once inquired for Colonel Pegram and was told that he was dead and buried in the yard. This was unpleasant news to me, as our wounds were alike, save that my lungs escaped,

but I fully believed my intestines were cut. In an hour a private cavalryman from North Carolina was brought in and laid on the bed on which Pegram died, wounded precisely as I was, except that the ball did not pass through and out of the body. He suffered much, and asked me if I had anything to ease pain. I told him I had morphine under my mattress. He begged me to bring him a dose. I informed him that I could not rise up or turn over, whereupon he got down from his bed, came to me, took some of the morphine, returned to his bed, and soon asked me to get some one to come and adjust his pillow, as he was in great pain. I tapped on the floor with my knife; Mrs. Pegram came in; I told her of the soldier's request. She went to arrange his pillow, gave a look of alarm, saying he was dying. I expressed my surprise, telling her that he had just left my bedside after taking a dose of morphine, but she threw up her hands, exclaiming, "My God! he is dead!" and so he was. Of course I feared that my turn would come next, as these two with wounds similar to mine had died. But night came, I slept, and awoke next morning again rejoicing to find myself alive.

Early on the 3d day of April, Spear's cavalry, the advance guard of Grant's army, arrived, and dispersed the last of Pickett's stragglers. They scoured the premises and sacked the house of all vestige of food. An assistant surgeon came in, examined my wound and told me I would soon die of peritonitis. In spite of the fright this gave me, I slept some that night and again found myself alive next morning, but Grant's main army was passing by in pursuit of Lee's remnant of a once proud victorious band. The tramp of infantry and cavalry and rumbling of artillery was incessant and seemed never-ending. I could hear all but see nothing as I lay on the floor, feeling deeply anxious for the coming fate of our brave boys. About noon General Grant and staff and several of his corps commanders came into the room where I lay, to rest and lunch. Of these General Grant was most plainly dressed, and bore a weather-beaten appearance and care-worn look. The others were more gaily dressed, and more garrulous. General Grant was calm, quiet and reticent. After taking a seat he inquired my name, rank and nature and circumstances of my wound, and then asked me if he could do anything for me. I asked for a surgeon to examine my wound. He promptly had one called, who came in and made the examination, inquiring particularly as to the time, place and circumstances of the wounding. I informed him, and anxiously awaited his judgment. His appearance

and manner pleased me, and a feeling of great relief came to me when he informed me that I had made a narrow escape, and that if well cared for I would recover. He then told General Grant that I must not be moved; that it might be fatal to send me to a hospital with other wounded. General Grant replied that he would see that I was not moved. The surgeon then directed me to do nothing for the wound but to keep a wet cloth across my left side so as to cover both orifices of the wound, and left me. General Grant then kindly asked if he could do anything else for me, to which I replied that I knew of nothing else, and thanked him for his kindness. He smoked a cigar while sitting in the room, but not till he learned from me that it would not annoy me.

I never saw a happier looking military family than were the other officers in the room, and they plied me with numerous questions about the Confederate army. General Gibbon sat by me, and learning that I was a native of Chester, S. C., informed me that he was a native of Charlotte, N. C., and knew men of Chester, while I knew men of Charlotte. We talked much of our mutual acquaintances, and several of the gay company wished me to drink of the fine liquor in their full canteens. I longed for it, but had the will to decline with regret, fearing its effect upon my wound.

General Grant asked me but few questions, and among them he asked if I thought General Lee ready to surrender. My answer was, "General Grant, our army is thinned to a skeleton and worn down. General Lee cannot resist much longer your vastly superior force, but when he surrenders or is captured, you will get only a fragment of this skeleton. I know that a number of his soldiers will make their way South as best they can in spite of your army and will not surrender. Their faces are turned homeward; they will stand by General Lee as long as there is hope, but when despair comes, they will take to the woods, homeward bound, and will never surrender."

He seemed thoughtful, and asked no more. He was, during the hour he remained with me, the most calm, quiet and modest man of his rank I ever beheld.

As the Federal army passed on, the corps of pioneers and laborers changed the gauge of the South Side road to conform to the City Point Railroad, and so rapidly as almost to keep abreast of the army. At each depot a garrison of a company, or part thereof, was left on guard. By the small garrison thus left at Ford's Station, the

family of Mr. Pegram, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and servant, were fed, as was I and any other wounded soldier who happened to be brought in, and they were brought in daily, but as rapidly were hauled off to hospital or prison, I alone being left undisturbed, although the garrison was changed every week or ten days. The coming and going of the captured and wounded continued for at least two weeks, and at times the floor of my room was covered with soldiers wounded variously, and not a few like unto myself, but I at last was left alone with Mr. Pegram and family, and received uniformly kind treatment at the hands of Federal officers and soldiers. I think the kindest, most sympathetic and tender-hearted human being that ever slept by my bed and administered to my wants was a freckled-faced private Federal soldier who, in the first week of my suffering, nursed me a day and night; and the sweetest food I ever swallowed was the beef tea he made for me in his tin cup. A surgeon examined my wound about once in ten days, but no change of dressing was prescribed.

During the fifth week of my prostration my greatest torture came in the form of *bed pains*, and through ignorance I narrowly escaped death from morphine. I knew not what quantity to take, and in my torture took all I could hold between thumb and forefinger. But for my suffering, this would probably have killed me, as a surgeon afterwards told me of my narrow escape, and urged me to take no more.

At the end of six weeks I was able to walk a little, and was paroled by General Chamberlain, of Maine, as he happened to pass that way. With this parole I took the train (box car) and managed to get as far south as Greensboro, N. C., where, owing to increasing pain, I went into hospital. On the third day, learning by accident that I was lodging within fifty yards of three tents of smallpox patients, my pain left me, and I fled to the depot, where I took the first train coming south towards Charlotte, N. C., where, after walking several miles over a break* in the road ten miles beyond Charlotte, in company with other returning soldiers, I arrived about 10 o'clock of a fair May morning. My aim was to get to my mother's home in Chester, and wait for a chance to reach Bennettsville, when thereafter the railroads would be repaired.

Here a Confederate soldier and road companion, Praither by name, from Laurens, S. C., left me on some loose cotton in the demolished railroad round-house, and went in search of a meal. In

due time he returned with a promise from a good lady—an angel of mercy—to send us a meal, and presently a negro boy came bearing a waiter covered with a snow-white napkin and filled with such victuals as I had not seen or tasted in four years. With sharp appetites and hearts of gratitude Praither and I ate as only the hungry can, and sent the boy and empty waiter back to our benefactress with sincere thanks. Praither here left me, and I have never seen him since, nor did I ever learn the name of our angel.

Being alone in this desolate spot my wits began to work and I remembered that my colonel, A. D. Smith, once told me if I ever stopped in Charlotte to be sure to call on Mrs. Holton, and I would find a friend to the soldier. This brought me to my feet, and with my little bundle of Confederate cloth received at the hospital at Greensboro to make me a suit of clothes, and clad in my blood-stained army fatigue suit, I wended my way up to an old freight warehouse still left standing. There I met a solitary negro boy, and by him had pointed out to me the home of Mrs. Holton.

Going straightway to it, I knocked and the door was opened by Mrs. Holton. To her I introduced myself, made known my forlorn condition, and repeated what had been told me by Colonel Smith. I had not seen Colonel Smith since January, 1865, he being at home on leave of absence that month and, being cut off by Sherman's army, had not been able to return to Virginia, and hence had no part in the closing acts of the war in Virginia; but at home had gallantly aided in striving to check Potter's raid to Sumter and Camden. Imagine my surprise and delight when Mrs. Holton told me that Colonel Smith was then in Charlotte and a guest of her house—he and a Mr. Tuomey. In a half hour Colonel Smith came in and in great surprise and amazement found me there, whom he had heard was killed at Five Forks. He and Mr. Tuomey had made their way to Charlotte late in May in a rockaway drawn by two weather-beaten horses, for the purpose of buying prog on which to trade. How happy was I to be told that in two days they would start for Marlboro and could carry me! At the appointed time we bid adieu to kind Mrs. Holton and family of sons and daughters, and after an adventurous journey, arrived on the third day in Cheraw. Here I met Chancellor Inglis, Capt. Henry McIver and others, who greeted me heartily and earnestly inquired of me what would probably be done with the slaves, etc. I told them that absolute emanci-

Head Quarters 1st Div. 5th Corp
Office of Insp. Marshall

May 2^d 1865

The bearer ^{L. D.} Col J. H.
Hudson 26th & Co. 5th & 26th Va
having been paroled is
being permitted to go to his
home and there remain
undisturbed

T. L. Chamberlain
Capt & Provost Marshall
1st Div. 5th Corp

FACSIMILE OF PAROLE.

THE
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

pation was an accomplished fact, and that the whites would be placed under military rule at least for a season. After getting a free lunch for ourselves and horses, Mr. Tuomey, to whom the vehicle and team belonged, bade us good-by and left for Society Hill, he and Colonel Smith having divided their goods.

As good luck had it, an empty wagon drawn by two horses and belonging to the Rev. Mr. Beattie, a neighbor of Colonel Smith's father, was about to start home, and the driver took aboard Colonel Smith and myself. After a rough jolt of two hours we arrived at Mr. Smith's, who then lived at the Terrel place and ran a distillery during the war. There I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and fed. Mr. Robert Hamer, called "Little Bob," drove up alone in a buggy to get some whiskey. He kindly gave me a seat in his buggy and before sunset landed me in Bennettsville, in the bosom of my family, who were surprised and rejoiced to greet the "dead come to life," for all reports had left me dead on the field at Five Forks.

So ended my army experience.
Bennettsville, S. C., 1898.

J. H. HUDSON.

CHAPTER V.

ADDRESS

Of Judge J. H. Hudson Before the Euphradian and Clariosophic Societies of the South Carolina College in 1890.

Young Gentlemen of the Euphradian and Clariosophic Societies :

Permit me to thank you for inviting me to address you on this occasion. Without hesitation I accepted the invitation. I did so with a full knowledge of the importance and interest always attending this anniversary of the two literary societies of this College, but conscious that I would disappoint your expectations, and fail to reach that lofty standard of excellence which has uniformly characterized the addresses of my predecessors. But the motive inducing me to appear before you tonight at the risk of worrying you with a plain and commonplace discourse, is a yearning to come in closer communion with the students of this time-honored institution, and to revive those hallowed associations that crowd around her memories.

Cheerfully and with a will I strove to discharge the duties of a student whilst here, and left these halls with feelings of deep regret. I had passed the time here most pleasantly, though toiling assiduously to train my mind, and to acquire knowledge to equip myself for the more arduous struggle I saw awaiting me in the uncertain future.

Many years have elapsed since I bade farewell to the professors and students, the buildings and grounds of this dear old seminary of learning, and went forth to fight the battle of life, with the training and knowledge acquired here as my only capital. I cast my lot in a section of the State then unknown to me, and where I took up my abode, a stranger in a strange land.

Bidding farewell to my mother and her family in old Chester, I began my journey to Marlboro, where I had been called to take charge of the village school in Bennettsville. Having to spend a night in Columbia, I strolled down in the darkness to this old campus, all alone, and amidst the slumbers of professors and students, unseen and unheard, I walked the silent round. In front of

old "Canaan," just over the way, and the president's house, and of old "Egypt," then just above our heads, I paused and pondered, and finally, stopping under the portico of the library building, I tarried, whilst the tears of mingled sorrow and pleasure flowed freely as emotions welled up in my bosom, and memories of the past and thoughts of the future overwhelmed me.

Many students rejoice with exceeding joy at being released from the bonds and restraints, the toils and cares of college life. Not so with me. I believed then that I was throwing happiness behind me in bidding farewell to my alma mater, and I know it now. My forebodings have become realities. Scarcely had I settled myself in life, and gathered even a modicum of its necessaries, to say nothing of its comforts, around me and my young family, when there came the political convulsions of A. D. 1860, culminating in a dismemberment of this mighty republic and involving the people in the bloodiest civil strife of modern days. In its fearful train came social and political revolutions and experiments in government without parallel in the history of the world, fraught with dangers to the body politic of the most alarming character, and subjecting our republican government to a fearful test. Time alone can solve the grave problem, and how, no man is wise enough to foretell. In this political agitation, bloody war, and subsequent superhuman efforts of our people to secure the blessings of peace, constitutional liberty and good government, the period of my manhood has, so far, been spent. The consequence has been that I have had neither opportunity, means nor leisure to turn my attention to the affairs of this cherished State College.

But, thank Heaven, the good and true sons of the State have not forgotten her, and have found the time and created the means of lifting her from her prostrate condition; and have restored her to the proud pinnacle of her well deserved fame and usefulness as the great seminary of learning for noble sons of a proud commonwealth.

In this great work I have had no part nor lot. Time and circumstances have given me no voice in legislation, and none in the councils of the College; but my heart and sympathies have ever been deeply enlisted in her welfare, and hence I have willingly accepted this invitation to address you, that I might speak of my love for this institution, and utter some word that may increase the interest you

all doubtless feel in its prosperity, and your progress and excellence in learning.

I have come therefore, young gentlemen, to speak familiarly to you upon a very plain, but very interesting subject. I know it was the custom in my day here, and I believe it has ever been so, for the anniversary address before the Euphradian and Clariosophic Societies to be devoted to some literary or scientific subject: and so far as my knowledge goes the orators you and your predecessors have chosen have been men distinguished for their learning and high intellectual attainments; men eminently qualified to enlighten you upon any branch of literature or any department of science.

It is possible that I might have selected some literary or scientific subject, and, by much labor, have prepared an address suited to the occasion and to your tastes, but, as you are aware, my time, as a public servant, belongs to the State, and my periods of leisure and recreation are few and short.

Several months have elapsed since I received your flattering invitation, but they have been to me months of severe labor burdened with domestic affliction.

Under this pressure I will submit to you a few reflections upon a subject now greatly engrossing the minds of our people, and in which you are deeply interested.

I have thought it not inappropriate to the occasion to indulge in a few remarks upon the vast importance to the family, to society and the State, of the liberal education of our young men, and how best to train their minds for the efficient discharge of all the duties of citizenship. What use they will make of this culture and knowledge after graduating must necessarily depend upon individual inclination and choice, influenced by time, place and circumstances of life. The most liberal education of the largest number of citizens practicable is the surest guaranty of good government, and the best safeguard to the general welfare. This truth cannot be too forcibly impressed upon our people. We live in an age preeminently practical, and the horoscope, social, educational and political, gives but little indication of a return of public opinion to some at least of those wholesome views of education, as affecting the social, industrial and political life of a people, which distinguished our ancestors from the people of our day. An extreme utilitarian idea is threatening to possess and mislead our people. It is invading and attacking our insti-

tutions of learning, from the lowest to the highest, and unless checked by wholesome restraints will stamp its impress upon parent and guardian, pupil and teacher, citizen and magistrate, to the exclusion of the good, the beautiful and true, and all that is elevating, lofty and orthodox in the great work of educating the young, and fitting them for future life in whatsoever sphere choice or judgment, circumstances or destiny may cast them.

To convert our institutions of learning into industrial schools would be a step backward in the work of education. Those branches of industry which require more of manual labor and dexterity than of mental culture should be made secondary and subordinate to mental training. They should follow and not precede it, and certainly should never be suffered to supplant it. Do not understand me as attempting to discuss, directly or indirectly, the merits of the agricultural, mechanical and industrial department of this university, or the wisdom of establishing a separate agricultural and mechanical college. This is not the occasion, nor am I the person to discuss these questions. They belong to the legislative branch of the State government. The plea which I now interpose is for the most liberal culture of our young men, the sons of the farmers, mechanics and laboring men equally with all others.

In the past the sons of the farmers, the plow-boys of the land, have to a large extent supplied the offices of State, the Legislature, the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the medical profession, the professor's chair, the merchant's desk, in fine, every calling of life with the brightest ornaments. It is the case now, ever has been, and ever will be so in an agricultural country. There is not a village, town or city in the South in which the leading professional and business men are not, to a large extent, farm-raised boys. In all the walks of life, private and public, they exert a controlling influence, and the destiny of the State is largely in their hands. Let their education, therefore, be the highest possible.

Impart to our young men thorough mental and moral training at school and at college, and they will then be fitted to begin training for any vocation of life, whether it be literary, professional or industrial; and thus prepared by a previous course of careful mental training, they will easily master that calling or profession which they may select. Educate the mind first, and the hand can be easily trained afterwards. Technical and industrial schools are of great

value to society, and many considerations commend them to our people. The home circle is the school for primary education in handiwork and economy, or certainly should be made such for boys and girls by all parents. Habits of industry should there be first taught, and a love of labor engendered. In every family the children should be taught that there is dignity in labor, and that honest toil and industry are conducive to health, and open the only sure road to competency and wealth. The love of industry and a knowledge of its good fruits having been taught in its first principles in the home circle, the young should have open to them technical and industrial schools and colleges where they can receive ample training in chosen pursuits. But this education should not be confounded with literary training, nor should such schools be allowed to cripple or supplant our literary colleges. What I urge in behalf of our young men is thorough education—an education of the highest attainable standard, because there is truth in these lines of Pope:

“A little learning is a dang’rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.”

It was not the intention of the poet, in these lines, to condemn the general diffusion of knowledge among the people, nor the imparting to all the children of the State elementary instruction in common schools; nor is it my purpose so to do. On the contrary I am an advocate of an efficient common school system. It is the duty of the State to furnish to every child of the land at least an elementary education, and furthermore I contend that it is her duty to afford to all who can avail themselves of it, the opportunity of higher learning.

But what the poet did mean, and in which he is certainly correct, is that, in all the avocations of life requiring learning, as for example authorship in all branches of literature, the pursuit, practice and application of the arts and sciences, professorships in schools, colleges and universities, and in the practice of all the learned professions—in all these a little learning is a dangerous thing. It begets self-conceit, vanity, bigotry, following in the wake of which is a train of direct evils to the people and State too numerous to mention, and most deplorable in their effects upon the community. That a little

learning is a dangerous thing is certainly demonstrated from the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the Legislature, the hustings, the laboratory of the chemist, the chair of the professor, and the countless hosts of students annually emerging from our seminaries, colleges and universities, bearing diplomas whose language is more high-sounding than truthful, except as qualified by the prevailing standard of excellence—a standard lower than it should be.

I recognize the fact that public opinion stamps its impress upon all the institutions of society, and gives tone to our schools and colleges, the learned professions and industrial pursuits. This public opinion in turn is influenced and shaped by the refining and elevating effect of our institutions of learning. They act and react upon each other. The supply of learning, like the supply of goods, is apt to be suited to the demand. As long as the people are content with bigotry in the pulpit, pedantry in the professor's chair, quackery in medicine, ignorance on the bench and at the bar, demagogism in legislation and a low standard of education for the youths and maidens of the land, these evils will flourish, and spread their baleful influence throughout the entire community.

In behalf of our common schools too much cannot be said, and the State cannot be too liberal in the dissemination of elementary knowledge among her children. These schools are the mudsills of society, but the superstructure is builded of material supplied by our institutions of higher learning, and it is essential to the welfare of the State that a liberal education should be bestowed upon the largest possible number of her citizens.

The method by which this is to be accomplished is a question of moment. Those having large experience in teaching are the best judges of the branches of learning best calculated to develop the mind, and to constitute liberal education. To these we must commit this great work, and I would refrain from discussing it here, did I not know that the ripe judgment of the instructor is too often yielded to the crude opinion, fancy or whim of the pupil, the parent or the guardian. A thorough and liberal education depends upon the kind of books taught, and the thoroughness of instruction rather than the number of books. There was wisdom in the quaint speller who insisted on having his boy thoroughly taught the three R's, to wit, "Reading, Riting and Rithmetic"; and it is a wholesome warning to "beware of the man of one book." Thoroughness was the idea

of our foreparents; thoroughness they insisted upon in the school-room and college. The consequence was that, at the declaration of our independence, and during the first half century of this great republic, there was in the social circle, industrial pursuits, learned professions and offices of State a large number of men eminent for scholarship and statesmanship. I speak not in disparagement of the present generation, but appeal to history to bear me out in asserting that, at the close of our colonial days, and for fifty years thereafter, there was, in proportion to population, a larger number of great orators, statesmen, jurists, scholars and divines than we now have, owing, I submit, to thorough and liberal education.

Knowledge is now more generally diffused, and people seem to be content with the superficial and ornamental, rather than impressed with the thorough and profound.

A well regulated college should have a fixed number of classes, and for each class a fixed course of study, selected with a view to gradual mental development, and adapted to the capacity of the ordinary mind, which studies can be comprehended by all reasonably well, but, in the pursuit of which, different grades of excellence are attainable, according to the intellectual capacity and industrious habit of the student.

No student should be allowed to be partly in one class and partly in another. For each class the rule should be that each student should study the whole curriculum or none; and as a stimulus to dilligence and excellence, appropriate honors and rewards should be conferred. In no event should the whim of the applicant for admission, or the fancy of the parent or guardian, be suffered to prevail in his classification. This classification of students must be left exclusively to the faculty of the college, and should be exercised only after rigid examination of the applicant. This rule I regard as essential to the proper regulation and sure success of every college, male or female.

The course of study should consist of those books and branches best calculated to induce thought, and develop all the mental faculties and virtues, the object of early education being not so much the attainment of knowledge as the training of the mind preparatory to the subsequent acquisition of it, and its application to the practical affairs of life. The gymnasium of the Grecians was a school for the development of the muscles of the body, a place where athletic ex-

ercises were performed, and as such it is known with us. In Germany, where the true end and aim of education is as well understood as anywhere in Christendom, this term is now applied also to schools for the higher branches of literature and science; schools a degree below her great universities and corresponding to our colleges. The term is thus most appropriately used. The gymnast and athlete of the Greeks did not expect, in the industrial pursuits of life, to perform the athletic feats taught him in the gymnasium, but he found daily use for the muscular strength thus acquired.

So the college student is merely training as an intellectual athlete, not expecting to make, in after life, a practical use of the special branches there taught, but knowing that there will be a daily use for the intellectual strength imparted by the course of study exacted and imposed. The aim of education, as the word implies, is to draw out and fully develop all the powers, especially the nobler faculties of the mind; to teach us to investigate the subjective as well as the objective; to train the reasoning faculties, quicken the perception; to give retentiveness to the memory and strength to the judgment; to refine the taste and improve the morals; and thus to prepare the mind to master any department of literature, of the arts and sciences, to which resort may be had for pleasure or livelihood, and manfully to discharge the duties of citizenship. To fathom the mysteries of the human understanding, to know oneself—to know man, to study him in his relations to the material and spiritual world, until we feel in truth that he is the noblest work of God; to search the mysteries of creation and the Creator until the soul catches a faint glimmering conception of His omnipotence, is the final cause and aim of mental and moral culture.

In its proper sense, education means, therefore, more than a small knowledge of the elementary branches taught in our schools. It comprehends a thorough course of mental training and intellectual culture, in the course of which is acquired that degree of learning and moral growth necessary to fit the young man to be an ornament to society, and a shining light in any avocation or position fortune may cast him.

To the man enjoying a wholesome development of the intellectual powers, all nature abounds in lessons of instruction, her works are all invested with beauty or grandeur; order is seen in what appears chaotic and abnormal to the ignorant; the fountains of true

pleasure spring forth on every hand; the arcana of nature's exhaustless treasures are unlocked. The educated mind gazes not with stupid indifference upon nature's ineffable charms, but beholds in the works of creation a moving panorama of beauty and grandeur, and drinks a draft of unalloyed pleasure from their contemplation. In all, through all, and above all, are visible to the intelligent mind the footprints of the Creator, the indellible impress of the hand divine. All things are recognized as having been made for a purpose, and each as having a final cause assigned it by the Creator, man's chief end being to acquire knowledge that he may glorify God and keep His commandments.

The object of education is to teach the student how to *think*, rather than to store the mind with facts; "to form the moral character, not by teaching what to think, but by persuading to act well; not by loading the memory with cold and barren precepts, but by forming the sensibility by the habitual, fervid and rapturous contemplation of high and heroic models of excellence; not by definitions of virtue and speculation about the principles of obligation, but by making us *love* the one and *feel* the other."

Now the course of life in our country, the manners, customs and habits of our people, their individuality and freedom of action, the necessity and inclination to begin an early career in life, the tendency to early marriages and love of home and family, all combine to shorten the period of education and to set both men and women up in life before they are sufficiently prepared in mind and body to meet the grave duties of citizenship. This necessarily affects injuriously the course of education, and the young graduate at an age most suitable to begin a college course. Permit me here to impress upon you all the importance of the study of the languages, modern and ancient, as essential to mental culture and liberal education, and especially the inestimable value of the ancient languages in the attainment of higher learning.

In the first place, the study of a foreign language leads us to the study of language in the abstract. We are forced to analyze and synthesize, to take to pieces and reconstruct, and thus to examine first principles in the theory of articulate sounds, and to learn how language is gradually constructed and polished into elegance, symmetry and beauty.

Again, without a knowledge of the language of the ancient Greeks and Romans, our own cannot be thoroughly understood. But few sentences in the English are without words derived from the Latin, and frequently words of Greek origin occur. The Latin, also, forms the basis of the French, Spanish and Italian languages, so that one who is familiar with the Latin will meet with no difficulty in learning these beautiful and useful languages of modern Europe. By the study of the dead languages we increase our knowledge of words, cultivate the taste, improve the style of composition, strengthen the judgment as to the choice of expression, and acquire an ease, a grace and elegance in speaking and writing attainable from no other source.

Besides, there is sealed up in the writings of the ancients immense stores of useful knowledge. To understand and expound the Bible as it should be requires a knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek. The great body of the civil law, the *corpus juris civilis*, is sealed up in the Latin tongue. It is embraced in the pandects, institutes and novels of the Justinian Code, and forms the most complete system of jurisprudence ever constructed by human genius, grand in its proportions, beautiful in its symmetry, and surpassing in its general adaptability to the wants of society, the common law of England.

The Latin and Greek furnish the language of modern science so far as names, terms and formulas are concerned, notably so in medicine, chemistry, botany, mineralogy and geology.

Another strong reason commending this branch of study to the parents and instructors of American children is the vein of earnest patriotism and deep devotion to public and private duty characterizing the literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

We learn from them "that liberty, the boon for which our fathers fought, liberty, sweet to all, but the passion of proud minds that cannot stoop to less, is the nurse of all that is sublime in character and lofty in genius."

The spirit of independence, love of liberty, admiration of heroic and patriotic deeds, and deadly hatred of tyranny, that formed the motive power and mainspring of their grand achievements in the science of war and of civil government, glow with fervid heat in their literary productions.

In the shades of classic literature we are taught to adore the name of liberty and to abhor tyranny, whether of the mob, the oligarchy or the despot.

On the Bema, in the Amphyctionic counsel, the court of the Areopagus, in the academy, in the groves of the Peripatetics, in the tragedy and comedy, at the public festivals and Olympic games, in the temples of the gods, on the tempest-tossed ocean and bloody fields of battle, liberty breathed her holy inspiration, and nerved them to deeds of surpassing excellence, investing their achievements with a halo of glory unfaded by the lapse of many centuries, and serving still as beacon lights to all lovers of constitutional liberty.

Men worshipped at her shrine, bards tuned the lre to her praise, poets wrote as if breathing her inspiration, historians recorded her blessings and warriors immolated themselves upon her altar. She spake from the lips of poets and orators, "and she fought and conquered, acted and suffered with the heroes she had formed and inspired." We would expect of such a people greatness, and the expectation is justified by the fact. They were great in statesmanship, great in philosophy, great in literature, in poetry, oratory, architecture, sculpture and painting, great in war and great in peace.

The few of their literary productions which have survived the wreck of time, historical, poetical and oratorical, are not simply excellent, but are marvels of beauty and soul-stirring to the highest degree. The specimens of their architecture which have defied the ravages of time are not merely magnificent, but modern science has never yet solved the method of their construction. The few pieces of statuary still existing defy the modern sculptor whose finest efforts are but faint imitations; equality is impossible. Their achievements in war have never been equaled in modern times. Marathon, and Salamis, Plataea and Thermopylæ, Cannæ, Pharsalia and Philippi are monuments to their genius for war and unrivalled bravery and heroism. Finally it may be remarked that without a knowledge of the classics, liberal culture, profound learning and distinguished scholarship are not attainable. Eminence in the republic of letters is impossible without proficiency in this branch of learning. Permit me to commend to your careful perusal the able article upon classical learning by Hugh S. Legare, from which I have taken a few extracts, and borrowed some ideas.

Before closing, suffer me, young gentlemen, to urge upon you the priceless value of the time and opportunity of your college career. Do not imagine for a moment that you can waste your time here and neglect these golden opportunities, and in after life recover the

lost ground. If any young man so thinks, let him not hug the delusive phantom to his bosom a day longer. Habits here acquired and character here formed will follow you through life, and shape your fortune. The child, the boy, is father to the man. Banish from your bosoms every low and grovelling thought, every small and mean sentiment, cherishing only such as are good, beautiful and true, generous, lofty and noble. The value of character cannot be over-estimated. Whatever may be your lot in life, in whatever sphere you may move, and whatever may be your avocation, good character will serve as a shield from the vile tongue of slander, and this, with a mind trained and cultured, well stored with useful knowledge and imbued with humble piety and reverence for God and our blessed Redeemer will serve as a solace and comforter in affliction, a prop in adversity and a wholesome restraint in prosperity.

Truth, honesty, integrity and piety are more precious than the gold of Ophir and all the pearls of the ocean. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." In your society and in the college exercises in declamation, strive to attain excellence in oratory. Do not imagine that true eloquence has lost its influence over your fellow men. Her power is as great now as it ever was, and it will ever sway man on earth. The people everywhere in this mighty republic will lay aside urgent business, travel great distances and flock by the thousands to listen to the truly eloquent orator. Owing to the restless, striving, practical and money-loving disposition of our people, oratory and eloquence may not be, in fact are not, cultivated and practiced as assiduously as in former days, but have lost none of their influence.

Furthermore I beseech you to cultivate a devout religious spirit. Read and study the Holy Bible. Neglect not the work of salvation in the days of your youth. Procrastination is especially dangerous in religion.

Resolve also to leave this college with a proper appreciation of education, but without vanity. Entertain for all men, of whatever calling, a proper degree of respect. Recognize the important fact that there is dignity in labor. Honest manual labor is dignified and honorable. Men engaged in it constitute the bone and sinew of society, and our country's chief reliance.

To our people generally, and especially to the young men, I commend honest industry, patient toil and steady fortitude in every

calling and sphere of life : and let the habit be cultivated by the young in the pursuit of knowledge, which is so essential to the full redemption of this Southland. How beautifully has Sidney Smith portrayed the blessings of knowledge, and the necessity of fortitude in its acquisition. I cite this extract :

“When I say in conducting the understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and powerful, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice.

“Love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortune. Love that which will comfort and adorn you, and never quit you ; which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice and the pain that may be your lot in this outward world ; that which will make your virtues habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud. Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the result, let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitation in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train. But let him ever follow her as an angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world, comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.”

In conclusion, young gentlemen, I exhort you to the cultivation of the cardinal virtues that ennoble the man, and make the gentleman. Cherish sincerity, faithfulness, consistency, honor, and above all, cultivate the love of truth. Read those beautiful “Discourses on Truth” by the immortal Thornwell, and study them until his precepts are ingrained in your nature.

I cannot better close this address than by repeating his impressive exhortation to the students who enjoyed the great privilege of listening to his eloquent sermons and profound lectures :

“Let it be your ambition to have a college, in which the department of every member shall reflect the refinement of the gentleman, the dignity of the scholar, and the integrity of the Christian.

“We can make this a delightful place—we can turn these groves into hallowed ground, and these cloistered halls we can render worthy of the illustrious immortals who linger among them in their works. Here we are permitted to converse, from day to day, with sages, poets and heroes of antiquity. ‘The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,’ that prodigy of genius, whose birthplace was Stagira, whose empire has been the world; that other prodigy of common sense who brought wisdom from the skies, the divine Plato; the masters of the porch, academy and lyceum, are all here. Here, too, we can listen to the rapt visions of the prophets, hold converse with apostles and martyrs, and above all, sit at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake. Here, in a single word, we are ‘let into that great communion of scholars, throughout all ages and all nations, like that more awful communion of saints in the holy church universal, and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before us in the transports of a sort of beatific vision, bowing down at the same shrines, and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure, and fair, and exalted and divine in human nature.’

“Is there nothing in such society and such influences to stimulate our minds to a lofty pitch? Catch the spirit of the place, imbibe its noble associations, and you cannot descend to the little, the trifling, the silly, or the coarse. Every fibre of your hearts would cry out against it.

“When Bonaparte animated his troops in Egypt, it was enough to point to the pyramids, beneath whose shadows they stood, and remind them that ‘from yonder heights forty centuries look down upon them.’ That thought was enough. The same great motive may be applied to you. The general assembly of all the great, and good, and learned, and glorious, of all ages and of all climes, look down upon *you*, and exhort you to walk worthy of your exalted calling.

“Quit yourselves like men, and make this venerable seat of learning a joy and a praise in all the earth. Let truth be inscribed on its walls, truth worshipped in its sanctuary, and the love of truth the inspiration of every heart.”

CHAPTER VI.

PROGRAM OF COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Of the South Carolina College, December, A. D. 1852.

Luckily I preserved a copy of this program and read and commented on it in an address I delivered a few years ago at the commencement exercises of the College. By special request of the faculty I allowed it to be placed on file in the archives of the College.

It shows what an imposing occasion a commencement was in that day as compared with the present, and with the belief that it forms a valuable part of the history of the College and will interest the alumni and perhaps be of future benefit to this noble State College, I insert it here :

COMMENCEMENT.

ORDER OF PROCESSION AT THE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT,

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1852. AT 9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

The procession will be formed at 9 o'clock a. m. in front of the College Chapel, under the direction of Adjutant and Inspector General Cantey, who will act as Marshal of the Day. It will then proceed to the Governor's quarters, where it will be joined by the Governor, and the Board of Trustees, thence to the State House, where it will be joined by the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives. It will then move to the College in the following order :

Cadets of the Military Academy

Students of the Freshman Class

Students of the Sophomore Class

Students of the Junior Class

The Graduating Class

Former Graduates of the College

Citizens Generally

Officers and Students of the Theological Seminary

The Reverend Clergy

Officers of the State, Civil and Military

House of Representatives, with the Speaker, attended by its Officers

The Senate, with the President, attended by its Officers

The Committee Appointed by the House

The Committee Appointed by the Senate

The Professors of the Institution

The Superintendents and Other Officers of the Military Academies

Trustees of the College and the Board of Visitors of Military Academies

The Governor and Suite, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State

The President of the College

When the procession arrives at the College Chapel it will open to the right and left, forming two lines fronting each other. The rear will then close and march into the Chapel, the lines closing as the rear advances, until the whole shall have entered in inverted order.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

PRAYER.

1. J. H. HUDSON, Chester. Manning Scholarship. Salutatory Addresses in Latin—The Duty of States to Educate Their Citizens.
4. WADDY T. MEANS, Mississippi. Speculation Higher than Speculative Truth.
12. JAMES C. CALHOUN, Abbeville. National Monuments.
6. J. WOOD DAVIDSON. Enthusiasm an Element of Southern Character.
3. J. L. GASTON, Chester. The Lesson of Nature.
11. J. GREGG LEITNER, Fairfield. Federal and Representative Governments Favorable to Intelligence.
5. WM. THOMAS, Charleston. The True Criterion of Civilization.
14. A. B. WARDLAW, Abbeville. The Chinese in California.
13. A. H. JACKSON, Alabama. Inducements to Intellectual Exertion in America.
9. L. F. YOUMANS, Beaufort. The Reveries of Pitt.
10. E. S. KEITT, Orangeburg. Non Omnis Moriar.
7. P. E. GRIFFIN, Darlington. Dialogue Between Wallace and Bruce, on the Banks of the Carron—a Poem.
15. A. B. RHETT, Charleston. The Superiority of the Natural Sciences.
8. S. W. MELTON, York. The Three.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

A. B.

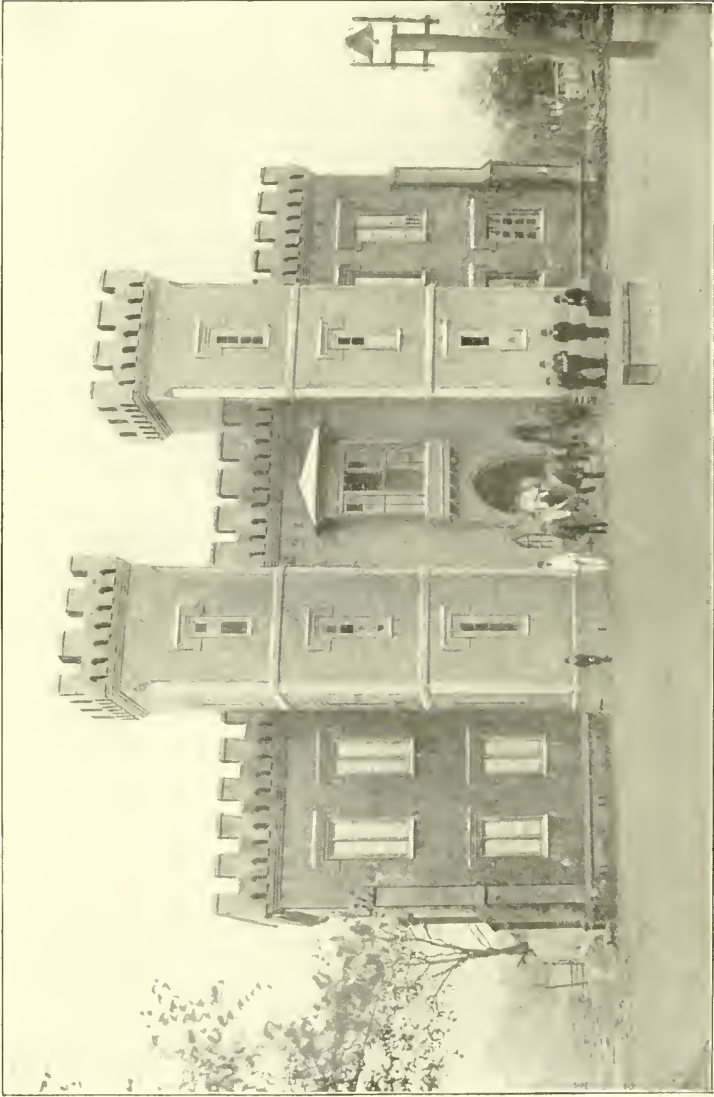
H. Walker Adams,	W. W. Irby,	John D. Neely,
T. W. Allen,	A. H. Jackson,	S. B. Noble,
W. C. Buchanan,	D. F. Jones,	David H. Porter,
A. H. Bush,	E. S. Keitt,	W. B. Pringle,
James C. Calhoun,	N. R. King,	A. B. Rhett,
J. Wood Davidson,	J. Gregg Leitner,	J. A. Ruff,
N. W. Edmunds,	C. H. Leverett,	William C. Scott,
A. F. Edwards,	J. W. Livingston,	C. J. Stroman,
W. H. Freaun,	J. H. Marshall,	William Thomas,
J. B. Gaston,	James McDonald,	H. A. Troutman,
J. Lucius Gaston,	T. McLure,	A. B. Wardlaw,
P. E. Griffin,	T. E. McNeill,	J. A. T. Weston,
Harry Hammond,	W. A. McPheeters,	Joseph N. Whitner,
J. W. Holman,	Waddy T. Means,	J. N. Williams,
J. Ward Hopkins,	S. W. Melton,	Leroy F. Youmans.—47.
J. H. Hudson,	Sumter R. Mills.	

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.

2. DAVID H. PORTER, Alabama. The Reverence of Antiquity as Affecting the Progress of Knowledge.

MUSIC.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES BY D. H. PORTER.



MARLBORO COURTHOUSE, ERECTED A. D. 1850.



MARLBORO COURTHOUSE, ERECTED A. D. 1885.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHAPTER VII.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW COURTHOUSE FOR MARLBORO.

On the morning of May 4, 1885, a special term of the Court of Common Pleas for Marlboro convened in the new Courthouse of Marlboro, in the town of Bennettsville. It had been determined by the county officials and the members of the Marlboro Bar to have the new Courthouse appropriately dedicated, and it was left to the bar to prepare the ceremony. In arranging the program these attorneys had no precedent to guide them, but diligently went to work and arranged an appropriate ceremony. The special term was held by Judge J. H. Hudson, of the Fourth Judicial Circuit. Before the hour for opening the court the commodious and handsome courtroom was filled to overflowing by the citizens of the county, at least half the audience being ladies.

Promptly at 10 o'clock a. m., Judge Hudson took his seat, and had the court opened.

The order for the special term having been read by the clerk, Judge Hudson briefly referred to the ceremony of dedication prepared by the bar, and called upon the Rev. T. J. Clyde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to open with prayer. His invocation was as follows:

Almighty God, we adoringly recognize and rejoice in Thy presidency and sovereignty over all nations and all worlds. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. Thou art God over all and blessed forever. We reverently acknowledge our dependence upon Thee and our indebtedness to Thee as a people. Truly, O Lord, Thou hast most graciously blessed our native land and highly exalted us amongst the nations of the earth. Our fathers trusted in Thee and Thou didst deliver them, and enable them to achieve their independence and found here a government whose laws and institutions are in harmony with the teachings and requirements of Thy word. We thank Thee, O, Thou Ruler and Judge of men, that we may have come into the possession of the goodly heritage bequeathed us by godly ancestors, and that

we are in the enjoyment of the highest advantages for piety and the manifold and great blessings of a Christian civilization. We thank Thee that we have been taught to revere and love Thy name, to honor Thy laws, and seek individual and national prosperity by conforming to Thy word and will. We are utterly unworthy of these mercies and blessings, for we have multiplied our transgression against Thee and have not rendered unto Thee according to the benefits that we have received. Our sins and iniquities do testify against us, and challenge Thy wrath and indignation. We would humbly confess our shortcomings and transgressions and invoke Thy mercy and benediction. We would repent and turn away from all our sins, and ever be mindful of the great truth that righteousness exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people. And now, O Lord God of Truth, we adore and magnify Thy name that we are here this morning to engage in the solemnities of this occasion in the dedication of this building. Grant, O God, that this may be in deed and in truth a temple of justice, where the humblest and poorest shall, equally with the rich and powerful, find redress of wrongs, protection in life, property and reputation, and secure all the benefits contemplated and provided by the laws of our land. Grant that in the settlement of all disputations, in the arbitration of all cases in litigation, and in the arrest and punishment of the transgressor—wisdom and truth may go hand and hand with justice and mercy. May the officials of this Court be men of pure lives, fearing God, hating covetousness, and zealously upholding the principles of righteousness. May they have just and intelligent appreciation of the high and solemn responsibilities pertaining to their positions, and seek to discharge their duties with all possible fidelity and faithfulness. May our Judges and jurors be men of incorruptible integrity, and whose official administration shall be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well, and may all that shall be done by them tend to the peace and happiness, progress and prosperity of the community. Grant, O Thou Ruler and Preserver of men, that our people may have the spirit of obedience to all rightful authority, that they may be ready at all times to approve the right and strengthen and uphold the authority of the officers of the law in the suppression of vice and crime and the promotion of virtue and morality. We beseech Thee, O Lord, to accept the words of our lips and the works of our hands, and grant that this building may

be preserved from all desecration and accident and stand in our midst as the symbol of law, order and morality. Mercifully accept us and our prayers and Thine, O Lord, be the honor and glory and our the grace and benediction through our adorable Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

At the conclusion of the prayer the Rev. J. A. W. Thomas, of the Baptist Church, delivered the opening address as follows:

I thank you, Judge, for myself and the people of Marlboro, that in opening this temple of justice, you have called your countrymen together to acknowledge God in open court. Here we penitently confess our need for courts, and officers of law, that right may be maintained, our tendency to evil restrained, the criminal punished and our perishable titles preserved. And today, we gratefully record our obligations to a kind Providence that has blessed the labor of our hands, the wisdom of our commissioners, and the skill and fidelity of the builder, and furnished us a house so handsome and so well suited to the purposes for which it is designed. Marlboro has not been fortunate in courthouses. This is the fourth one built upon her soil in the first hundred years of her history as a judicial district. What kind of accommodations our fathers had in the old Cheraw District at ancient Greenville (a mile or two below the Society Hill bridge) we have no means of knowing. In those early colonial times the population was sparse, courts infrequent, and but small space needed for their use. On March 25, 1785, an act was passed by the General Assembly of South Carolina creating several judicial districts out of the territory of Old Cheraw, including Chesterfield, Liberty (now Marion) and Marlboro. Claudius Pegues, George Hicks, Morgan Brown, Tristram Thomas, Claudius Pegues Jr., Moses Pearson, and Thomas Evans, by the same act, were appointed to select a site and superintend the erection of a courthouse and jail. The spot chosen was on the north bank of Crooked Creek, four or five miles below this place, near what is now Evans' mill. The deed from General Thomas, conveying the ground to the commissioners above mentioned, is upon record in the Clerk's office. The house erected was a two-story wooden building, ample and convenient in its arrangements. Scarcely any signs of that "old courthouse," and the few buildings that arose around it, can now be seen. But the influence of the men to whom the administration of justice was entrusted, and upon whom the formation of society and public opinion devolved, lives on and is felt in all the surrounding country.

Through the generous assistance of the Clerk of Court, I have the satisfaction of submitting a complete roll of the Sheriffs and Clerks from the beginning to a date late enough for many of these young men to fill out to the present. And I beg leave to submit, your Honor, if it is not desirable that you allow the Clerk to record upon a bright page of his journal, this list, followed by the names of those who have since served up to the present time. I will call these names, and while they shall answer the roll-call on earth no more, yet in this assembly today there are scores of their descendants ready to respond to their country's call. The Sheriffs are as follows: 1st, John Andrews, elected 1785; 2d, James Moore, in 1786; 3d, William Pledger, elected in 1792; 4th, Thomas Evans, in 1804; 5th, Benjamin Rogers, in 1808; 6th, William Bristow, in 1812; 7th, Charles S. Strother, in 1816; 8th, Joshua David, in 1820; 9th, William Pouncey, in 1824; 10th, George Bristow, in 1828; 11th, E. L. Henegan, in 1832; 12th, M. Townsend, in 1838; 13th, George Bristow, in 1842; 14th, T. C. Weatherly, in 1846; 15th, B. F. McGilvary, in 1848; 16th, John W. Henagan, in 1852; 17th, B. F. McGilvary, in 1856; 18th, J. L. Breeden, in 1862; 19th, A. E. Bristow, in 1866; 20th, J. L. Easterling, in 1870; 21st, J. H. Jones, in 1874, who resigned in 1875; 22d, A. H. Knight, appointed in 1875, and resigned in 1876; 23d, George W. Waddill, appointed in 1876; 24th, W. P. Emanuel, elected in 1876, and died in 1879, when the 25th Sheriff, Benjamin A. Rogers, was appointed in 1879 and elected in 1880, reelected in 1884. The Clerks are as follows: 1st, John Wilson, 1785; 2d, Joel Winfield, 1787; 3d, Wm. Fields, 1788; 4th, Durry Robertson, 1789; 5th, Joel Winfield, 1790; 6th, John Winfield, 1804; 7th, John Thomas, 1808; 8th, John A. Evans, 1812; 9th, James Gillespie, pro tem., 1816; 11th, William Bristow, 1820; 12th, William Pledger, pro tem., 1824; 13th, James C. Thomas, 1828; 14th, Joshua David, 1830; 15th, George Bristow, 1832; 16th, Robert D. Thomas, 1838, reelected 1842; 18th, Peter McColl, elected in 1846, and held office until his death, in 1870; 19th, T. W. Allen, appointed in 1871, and elected in 1872; 20th, C. M. Weatherly, elected in 1876, and reelected in 1880, and reelected in 1884.

The Ordinaries of Marlboro County are as follows: 1st, Joel Winfield, Clerk of Court, served as ordinary till 1803; 2d, William Easterling served from 1803 until his death, in 1835; 3d, Lewis E. Stubbs, elected in 1835; 4th, Joshua David; 5th, A. N. Bristow

served until his death, in 1867. In March, 1868, a new constitution was adopted and the office of Ordinary was abolished, and Probate Judges instituted. Jeremiah Grant was elected Probate Judge in 1868, and served two terms; J. W. Smith was elected in 1872, and served until 1876; Knox Livingston was elected in 1876, and served until 1878, when C. T. Munnerlyn was elected but did not qualify, and Milton McLaurin was appointed in 1878 and elected in 1880, reelected in 1882, and resigned in 1884, and W. E. Thomas was appointed and subsequently elected November, 1884, and T. I. Rogers was elected.

I beg to mention along with the Clerk the names of Mr. John Pearson, Capt. A. E. Bristow and Mrs. Eliza Bridges as having given me valuable information about past events and the men that are gone. In fact they have told me more things of interest than I have time to tell you today. In the old musty records of your offices there is interesting data for a volume of reminiscences and history.

You will understand, sir, how it was that for the first fourteen years of our judicial history, law was administered by county courts. And the commissioners to build the courthouse were the judges in the first of these courts and a number of them are represented in some of our most respectable people, and old Judge Pearson has a great-grandson who is expected to take part in these ceremonies as the senior member of your bar, and who with credit to himself presided in the Courts of the State for several years. It was never my privilege to know personally the old Judges, but in my boyhood days the names of several were household words. But of the Sheriffs whose names I have called, I remember all who have served since Colonel Rogers, except Wm. Bristow, the grandfather of A. J. and A. A. Bristow, of this town, and C. S. Strother. The first thirteen years of my life was spent within a mile of Colonel Rogers' house, and we saw him often, loved him well, a friend of the boys. I can remember how the impulsive, grand old hero would rise to his feet with uplifted hand and flashing eye as one of the old Coxes or some other soldier of 1776 would remind him of some skirmish with the Tories, and how, with rapid words, he would entertain us with the recital of the incidents of those stirring times, and everybody, young and old, rich and poor, had a good word and a tender thought for the honored patriarch. Nor can I forbear to make special mention of Capt. Joshua David, who was elected Sheriff in 1820, Clerk

in 1825, and served for a number of years later on in the office of Ordinary. Everywhere faithful, honest and efficient, a splendid penman, his writing was like a copyplate. The old man had but a single child, and he either buried him and soon followed him to the grave, or else he died and we soon buried his son beside him. And how can I resist the inclination to speak of that kind-hearted old man, George Bristow, once Clerk and twice Sheriff of Marlboro, or of the fun-loving, energetic E. L. Henagan; the practical, sensible M. Townsend; the intelligent, large-brained T. C. Weatherly; B. F. McGilvary, and my schoolmate and comrade, Col. J. W. Henagan, both of whom sleep in the soldier's grave. And that remarkable man, Peter McColl, too modest even to ask a man to vote for him, and yet was always elected, from 1846 to the end of his life, in 1870, for twenty-four years Clerk of the Court. The first Circuit Court held for Marlboro was in the year 1800, Judge William Johnson presiding. This distinguished jurist was elevated to the Supreme Bench of the United States by President Jefferson in 1804. After him there came to the "old courthouse," and held court, such men as Grimke, Waties, Bay, Brevard, Nott, Colcock, and Trezevant. The commission and order of Governor Drayton requiring it are recorded in one of the old journals in the Clerk's office in this building, as I suppose, because he was sworn in and held his first court at Marlboro "old courthouse." Here, too, such men as Falconer, Wither-
spoon, Wilds, Ervin, Robbins, and J. J. Evans "practiced law"; and since I have mentioned Evans, who was afterwards made a Circuit Judge and frequently presided in our courts, I will ask your indulgence to name some of the men whom I have known upon the bench, and, of course, I must begin with Evans, that grand old Roman, born in Marlboro. Our fathers sent him to the Legislature in 1812 before he was twenty-six years old. Before they could vote for him again he removed to Darlington, and in 1816 was elected to the Legislature from that district. In 1829 he was made a Circuit Judge, and in 1850 he was elected to the United States Senate. Marlboro never lost her interest in him, never forgot that he was her own son. Proud of him, of course she was rejoiced as honors clustered around his name, and when in those stormy times which immediately preceded the War Between the States, he folded his honors about him and calmly fell asleep in 1858, such political opponents as Wilson, of Massachusetts, and Hale, of New Hampshire, vied with

each other in weaving garlands for his tomb. Marlboro felt the bereavement not less than Darlington, his adopted home. I can remember the humorous, witty Richard Gantt, who used to pour forth such eloquence and pathos in passing sentence upon criminals as to move the most hardened. Then there used to be upon our bench the frail form of John S. Richardson, in his term for thirty-two years. When he was seventy, a proposition was made in the Legislature to remove him from office, "on account of his bodily and mental infirmities," but when he was permitted to speak for himself he utterly demolished the opposition, and "all further proceedings were discharged." Daniel Elliott Huger, fully six feet high, manly, erect, firm as granite, the people were glad for him to preside. Bayless J. Earle, the able, pure, just Judge, was several times here. Judge O'Neal, who could stand nowhere but in the front rank in statesmanship, agriculture, education, religion, not less than as a jurist, he stood among the leaders. Andrew Pickens Butler many of you remember. His florid face, his snowy locks, his peculiar, dancing eyes, his martial bearing, his uncontrollable love of fun, which would sometimes convulse the courtroom, in 1846 was elected to the United States Senate, ten years honored the position, and died lamented by the whole country. After these there came such men as Wardlaw, Glover, Withers, Whitner, and Munro. It is a bright array, and they have left shining footprints upon the path your honor now treads. After Equity Courts began to be held in Marlboro, the bench was graced by the learned William Harper, David Johnson, afterwards Governor of the State; Job Johnston; the distinguished, truthful G. W. Dargan; James J. Caldwell; the clear-headed John A. Inglis, and our own W. D. Johnson. The members of the bar who have illustrated and expounded the principles of law in the courts of Marlboro make an array of talent of which any people might well be proud. I can only refer to such as I have known and heard. Of these one must be mentioned who was distinguished more in the councils of the nation than at the bar. I refer to the cultivated, golden-mouthed Col. John Campbell, who succeeded his hardly less notable brother, Gen. Robert B., in the United States Congress in 1836, where he continued in service to the end of his life, in 1844. Polished, amiable, modest and fearless, he was one of the most fascinating talkers Marlboro has ever reared. In my boyhood I knew James R. Ervin, of whom it was commonly said few men were naturally more talented.

With the settlement of Bennettsville, three gifted young men rose as lights in the profession, James E. David, the friend of the people; Col. C. W. Dudley, the astute, successful lawyer, and Gen. John McQueen, for a dozen years a member of Congress; the gifted Charles A. Thornwell, and later on by a few years, there came three other sons, scarcely less brilliant, Charles P. Townsend, Samuel J. Townsend, and Harris Covington, and then the promising brothers Johnson, Neil D. and Daniel White, both of whom died for the "Lost Cause." Besides these our courts have been visited by gentlemen from neighboring counties who have shed light and knowledge upon questions of law and justice, while Withers and Hanna and the McIvers, father and son, have been a terror to evil-doers in the office of Circuit Solicitors.

The removal of the courts and records to Bennettsville. Two causes led to this event: the increase of population in the central and eastern portion of the district, and the accepted unhealthfulness of the "old courthouse" locality, because of its close proximity to the swamps of the Pee Dee. And accordingly, on December 14, 1819, an Act passed the Legislature directing that a new courthouse and jail be immediately erected. Nathan B. Thomas, General Gillespie, Drury Robertson, W. G. Feagan, James Forniss, James R. Ervin and William Brown were appointed commissioners to contract for and supervise the building. The site was selected and John S. Thomas deeded to the authorities three acres of ground, since called the "Public Square." Deed executed and recorded April 4, 1820, but somehow delays occurred in the erection of the courthouse, so that when the great storm of 1822 swept our country, the brick walls were approaching completion, but not finished, and the torrents of rain and the force of the wind caused one of the walls to crack from top to bottom, and from that day there were thoughtful men who doubted the security of the building. There were people who called it a "man trap," a "dead fall," and were afraid to enter it with a crowd. Hence its brief life of less than thirty years, for it was not until the beginning of 1824 that it was finished and received, and in 1851 it was torn down. Portions of the old courthouse and other buildings were moved to the new site, and our fathers began to think "Maybe there will be a village here some of these days, and we had better give this place a name," and as the Governor of the State was named Bennett, in honor of him they began to call the place Bennetts-

ville. I suppose if the thought had once entered their minds that a town would grow up around the courthouse, to be governed by mayor and aldermen, with a half dozen churches in it and almost as many schools, more than a dozen stores, great brick blocks, with an iron horse drawing men and goods to it upon an iron road, and hauling thousands of cotton bales weighing five hundred pounds to the bale, and bringing in ten thousand bushels of fertilizers to enrich the soil, they would have given the infant town a more pretentious name. And as Monroe was President at the time, they might have named it "Monroe," or if the district of which it was to be the capital *must* be called after the grand old English duke and soldier, who never felt the sensation of defeat during a whole lifetime of war, they might have concluded we will call the place "Marlboro," and that would have been meet, especially if they could have looked forward sixty years and seen the whole country for miles around so like a town that they can hardly get out of sight of farm buildings and residences, many of which look more town-like than even the old courthouse and its surroundings did in its palmy days. When the first courthouse was being built a most singular will was probated in 1821, which was destined to make the Marlboro courtroom the theater of as grand and intellectual contest as has ever occurred in our history. Mason Lee, noted for his eccentricities, superstitions and prejudices, and yet had capacity for money-making, willed the larger portion of his wealth to the two States of Tennessee and South Carolina, and directed that the best legal talent in the State be employed to defend his will, in case his heirs at law, the "Wiggins family," should contest it. The best talent was employed to contest it—the best to defend. It was a conflict of giants, James R. Ervin, Colonel Blanding, and Chancellor Harper were arrayed against Judge Evans and Col. W. C. Preston on the other side. Seldom has the walls of a courtroom rang with such oratory. But it is time something should be said of what your honor has justly termed "the unique structure which has been replaced by this handsome building." On December 19, 1849, the Legislature appropriated \$8,000 to build a new courthouse for Marlboro. M. Townsend, Dr. Crosland, James Spears, and others of like character had entrusted to them the superintendance of the enterprise. Neill McNeill was the contractor, and after some delays it was completed and accepted about the beginning of 1853; the first court held in it

was in March of that year. The people generally and the courts were never satisfied with its accommodations and arrangements, and when a few years ago a portion of the plastering and cornicing fell off it was not difficult to have it condemned as unsafe and to institute proceedings to build anew. An act was obtained authorizing the measure, and the County Commissioners (P. M. Hamer, J. H. David and Tristram Covington) took charge of the enterprise. The contract was given to Mr. Jacob S. Allen, of North Carolina, and here we are today entering upon its possession. It is the fourth in a century, but it looks as if it would last for a century to come, and it is most devoutly wished that the men who shall here administer law and justice in future years shall never fall below their predecessors in truth, honesty and uprightness.

People of Marlboro, you are my people. For threescore years and more my feet have trod your sacred soil. My father, two grandfathers, and two great-grandfathers sleep in your "God's Acre," and before long you will lay my body to rest in Marlboro's kind bosom, which has nurtured me all these years. As an old man you have honored me with this service today. And as old men begin to look backward when once they begin to see present objects imperfectly, you have expected me to speak of the men and events of the past. Therefore have I prepared this "roll of honor." Many names are upon it; few that will ever answer to their country's call again. And I charge you, young men, suffer not their memory to perish. "Though dead, they yet speak"; their influence and works yet live. Their impress is upon the population and enterprises of the country. We need not to be forever finding fault with the present, saying, "the former days were better than these." In many respects the men of today are wiser and better than in days gone by; progress and improvement have been steady and marked in many directions; but in fidelity to duty, adherence to truth, justice, honesty and right, your fathers were towers of strength, your mothers polished jewels of virtue, grace and religion. Many are named who have illustrated these principles in official position, and yet in all these years there have been numbers of others just as true, as noble, as capable, who never solicited or coveted office. Grand old men, they loved their country, cheerfully gave their thought, time and service to it for years together upon its various boards, and never thought of compensation. Scores of excellent citizens as worthy of mention as any of those already

named have helped build up this prosperous country by creating a healthy public sentiment, and building and adorning homes for you—their sons and daughters. In the name of your honored ancestry, I charge you to maintain the fair fame bequeathed you. Never allow injustice, dishonesty and vice to sit in high places, to mar the goodly heritage which is yours. You are not to ask where a man was born, but is he capable, honest, worthy? Your fathers helped to elect Simms and McQueen to Congress, one a native of Virginia, the other of North Carolina; and you have honored yourselves in all the honor you ever gave to W. D. Johnson. You are as proud of McDuffie and William C. Preston as if they had been born in South Carolina, and if his Honor were not on the bench today, I might say we hardly ever remember that Hudson was born in Chester. Why, my countrymen, we have always welcomed the stranger among us, and when found worthy, given him our confidence and the best places we have had. So let it be, remembering, after all, that position, office is nothing, is no honor to a man only as he honors the office by faithful duty. "Let every man mind his own business and let that of others alone." Have just as little to do with litigation, debt and the courts as possible, and with the law only to obey it. Live peaceably with all men, pay as you go, and you will go on prospering and to prosper.

Now, sir, as you enter upon the administration of law and justice in this new edifice dedicated to its maintenance, allow me to place in your hands for the use of the court a copy of the word of God. When, in the observance of the solemn forms administered here, the hand touches this sacred volume there is a declaration of faith in the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and that this is His Word. Marvelous old book! Its teachings true and righteous, the basis of equity and right. When human actions and opinions conform to its principles they are wise and good; when men in court or elsewhere depart from its principles they are at sea, for it is the only trustworthy chart and compass for voyagers upon life's dangerous ocean. Forsake it and shipwreck is inevitable. Not designed for one age or one people, but for all, it is a complete revelation, a supreme authority binding the consciences of all. Your appeal is to authorities in settling questions of difficulty and doubt; here is an authority that survives when others perish, a light which increases when others wane. It reveals the Almighty Jehovah, a just God and Savior, whose throne is righteousness and judgment. It goes back into eternity past, forward

into eternity to come. Like as its great author is eternal, so His Word is forever true. As He is one, so its teachings are one— one rule of life, one system of faith, one way of peace, one law of right. It is no sliding scale to suit human conveniences and preferences, but Divine in its origin, it only can light the soul amid the dark mazes of sin and error into the sure path of truth and fadeless light and eternal rest. There is no danger of cleaving too closely to this "lamp to our feet": to loosen our hold upon it in the least degree is full of danger. Many and loud are the voices that cry to us today, "Don't give up the Bible." Whatever else you surrender, let it not be the Bible.

JUDGE HUDSON'S REPLY.

To this address Judge Hudson responded as follows:

Reverend Sir, I accept this sacred book as a most appropriate presentation in the opening of these interesting and solemn ceremonies. Its sublime teachings are of priceless value to all the ministers of the law in this temple, in their efforts to dispense justice tempered with mercy.

The business of the court cannot be conducted without its constant use. The judge, the attorney, clerk and sheriff, each, before entering upon the duties of his office, is sworn upon the Holy Bible to obey the constitution and laws of the land, and faithfully, and to the best of his ability, to discharge all the duties of his office. The jurors and witnesses are likewise bound by the solemn sanction of an oath the truth to deliver.

Its divine precepts are as incomparably superior to the wisdom of man as is the Creator to his creatures. They form the underlying principles of our laws, and afford the safest guide to correct human conduct. Throughout enlightened Christendom, experience has taught that laws enacted at variance with the simple, sublime and eternal commands of the Decalogue, that briefest, yet most comprehensive and grandest of all codes, eventuate in no good, are fruitful of injury to the body politic, and necessitate their own repeal, because of their moral crookedness and deformity.

The people of England and these United States have ever zealously and religiously cherished as a priceless boon, Magna Charta, trial by jury, bill of rights and habeas corpus. But above these inestimable constitutional rights, towering with a grandeur, sublimity

and awfulness that sinks them into utter insignificance, are the commandments of Jehovah thundered from Sinai's Mount, and the teachings of our Savior contained in this Book of Books.

It is peculiarly becoming the solemnity of this occasion that, from the hands of an honored, trusted, tried and faithful minister of the gospel, as all acknowledge you to be, the court should receive this Holy Book, with your earnest injunctions to observe its precepts. The Christian churches, no less than all the people, are deeply concerned in the faithful, just and merciful administration of the law. The liberty, peace, happiness and prosperity of the whole people depend upon it. No one in the State is so exalted or so debased as not to be subject to its influence, and in need of its protection and fostering care. The capitalist and laborer, the master mechanic and handicraftsman, landlord and tenant, the lawyer and physician, the scholar, poet, orator, statesman and divine, the law-giver and executive, all lean upon the law for support and protection and bow to its majesty.

In illustration of the all-pervading influence of law, human and divine, I cannot refrain from repeating those eloquent words of Archbishop Hooper, when, in speaking of universal law, he uttered this beautiful metaphor:

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

DELIVERING THE KEYS.

Mr. J. F. Bolton, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, then stepped forward and with a short but very appropriate speech delivered the keys of the courthouse to the Judge, to which the latter responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman: It is with feeling of pleasure, pride and emotion I accept from your hands the keys of this beautiful temple of justice. It affords me much satisfaction to say that the structure is an honor to all those who have been in any wise instrumental in its erection. It is to our people a source of satisfaction and pride, and, for time to come, will stand as a monument to their public spirit and liberality.

To our worthy Senator and Representatives who secured the passage of the Acts providing for its erection, to the Board of Commissioners who adopted the plan, the architect who designed it, and the accomplished builder who has so skilfully and faithfully erected this temple, our people owe a debt of lasting gratitude. In behalf of the court and all the citizens, I thank you all, and publicly commend Mr. Allen, the builder, for the honesty, faithfulness and skill he has displayed in his work from beginning to end; and award to him, as well as to the Legislators and Commissioners, the meed of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

To the old temple, upon the ruins of which this is built, we bid an affectionate farewell; not, however, without a lingering emotion of sadness. Many most pleasant associations cluster around the memory of that old courthouse. On her judgment seat sat those distinguished judges of the past who constituted a galaxy of jurists as learned, pure and noble as ever adorned the bench of any State.

Fearless, independent and merciful, they held the scales of justice with an even hand, and declared the law to jurors, honest, fearless and just. In its hall lawyers, the peers of any in the land, stood up to defend the right and thrilled their audiences with forensic eloquence, speaking in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," forcing conviction on the mind of Judge and jury by argument unanswerable. The venerable temple has crumbled beneath the tread of advancing change, and those true and tried and accomplished judges and advocates are gone to their silent homes of eternal rest. Their eloquent tongues are hushed in death, but they live in the hearts of their countrymen. By their exemplary lives and noble works they won imperishable fame and left behind them monuments more lasting than brass.

As dear and lasting as are the associations which thus cluster around the recollection of that old edifice, we, nevertheless, are reconciled to its removal, when in its stead we are permitted to receive this building, so much better adapted to the growing needs of a prosperous people, and so much more in keeping with their growing taste and culture.

A hall in all respects fit for the convenience and comfort of the court and people greatly facilitates the satisfactory administration of the law. All entering here will really feel that they are in the

presence of a tribunal entitled to respect, and will, more readily and forcibly than in a contracted and ill-appointed courtroom, be impressed with the majesty of the law, whose mandates must be obeyed.

We are pleased to receive this building for the further reason that it is indicative of the rapid march of our people in material prosperity. Throughout the State there are evidences of marked improvement in all branches of industry, and great strides are being made in the development of her great natural resources.

Intending no disparagement of any section of our State, I am pleased to say that, in general development, and especially in the development of her agricultural resources, Marlboro is second to no county in the State. A people so industrious, progressive and prosperous richly deserve to have a handsome, commodious and comfortable building for the accommodation of the court and for the transaction of business pertaining to all the county offices.

Once more, in behalf of the court, its officers and the people, I thank our Legislators, our Commissioners, the architect and builders, for the public spirit, good judgment, skill and cultured taste displayed in the projection and erection of this handsome temple of justice.

And now, Mr. Clerk, to you, as the custodian of this building and keeper of the records of the court, I deliver these keys, and charge you to be, as I know you will, true and faithful to your trust in guarding and preserving the same.

THE VOICE OF THE BAR.

Ex-Judge C. P. Townsend, the oldest member of the bar, then arose on behalf of the bar and addressed the court as follows:

May it please your Honor: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting," was mysteriously written by the finger of God upon the wall of Belshazzer's luxurious palace amid the din and revelry of a feast. This was a dismal revelation to a wicked king that he had been justly judged and his kingdom divided and given to his waiting enemies. Thus we learn that the justice of Heaven is meted out by the balances. It is no wonder, then, that finite man should symbolize the mode of measuring it by the same method adopted by Jehovah himself. This forcibly illustrates the interest of the human race in all ages "to do justice and love God," as well

as to assimilate human methods of dispensing it to that of the omniscient Judge of Belshazzar.

The ancients personified justice as a noble and majestic woman with bandaged eyes, holding the balances in one hand and the sword in the other. In action, Themis was the source of law and her predictions of truth, as she presided over the distribution of justice. The principles intended to be illustrated in this personation were purity, impartiality, equality, justice, punishment. The beautiful female was emblematic of that purity and probity which should ever characterize the finite judge; the filleted eyes of that blindness to human distinctions and that rigid impartiality which should always be observed; the balances of the good and exact measure of justice which should be meted out to all; and the sword of the avenger of the law who swiftly follows every infraction of it with certain and deserved punishment.

Themis was the production of a pagan age, but she is still a Christian ideal goddess, and will continue to be as long as the universal moral law for the government of the human race exists. Justice is still personated by a christianized Themis holding the balances, which symbolize the same eternal truths they did when Athens and Rome were the centers of thought, philosophy, eloquence and learning. To repudiate this hallowed legend is to break the spell of the ages, and to abandon the symbol of justice given to us by the Supreme Judge of the Universe.

Justice has been philosophically styled the standing policy of civil society. Administered by private agencies it is not of a uniform character. Depending as it does upon the construction of the government and the condition of civil society under which it is distributed, it has necessarily been multiform in the ages of the past. The pure and enlightened distribution of it is an evidence of the high degree of wisdom in the construction of the government, or of great virtue in the administration of it. A Nero, a Caligula and a Tiberius abused the judicial power, and caricatured the administration of justice. Their tyranny resulted from the perversion and sophistications of the law, rather than the direct and palpable violations of it. History teaches us that a pure and good distribution of justice is impossible under a despotic government. The absolute monarch measures it out by no standard of universal justice, but by passion, caprice, interest and prejudice.

In the Grecian republics the distribution of justice was confided to the people. The multitude were members of the court, and exercising the judicial power themselves without restraint, were guilty of the most monstrous tyranny and injustice. Socrates was condemned by a tumultuous Grecian assembly of several hundred judges, and several of the most distinguished and meritorious citizens were unjustly banished from Athens. Private and public virtue were sacrificed to popular caprice or prejudice, and the voice of justice was silenced by the din and confusion of popular clamor. Thus their judicature was popularized and democracy enthroned in the tribunals of justice. Under the early monarchial government of England justice was as recklessly administered as by the Roman despots or the tumultuous Grecian assemblies. A Jeffreys and a Scruggs distributed it as the corrupt and willing tools of the crown. Lord Bacon, the philosopher, statesman, judge, was bribed, disgraced and impeached, and has cast an everlasting blot upon English jurisprudence, which the purity of a Hale and a Coke, that defied royalty and the allurements of wealth, can never efface. Servility and corruption were the banes of the system, and resulted in the practice of injustice, cruelty and oppression. After this period the stream of justice flowed in an even, unbroken course, and the English courts attained and have supported a character for dignity, impartiality, purity and learning, in the administration of justice, unexampled in any other age or country, except ours. The act of Parliament electing judges for life and establishing the independence and individuality of the English judiciary, and the infusion into the system of the principle of a pure Christianity, worked this wonderful change. The English system thus perfected combined all the excellence of the judicial systems of all preceding ages. These different phases in the administration of justice admirably illustrate the difference in the construction of the governments and the condition of civil society.

It has been reserved for us and our civilization to establish the American system, and thus to correct the evils in the administration of justice which have existed for thirty centuries. Justice is made the standing policy of our civil society. The Christian religion has furnished us a principle of universal justice on which our laws are based, our society organized, and by which individual conduct and public virtue are regulated. To do justice and love God are its fundamental principles.

The cardinal characteristics of our peculiar judicial system are the purity, independence and individual responsibility of our judges, trial by jury, limited in powers and numbers, and the honesty of the bar. Since the organization of our government no judge, State or Federal, has been successfully impeached, disgraced and dismissed from office for accepting a bribe. The inherent purity of our form of civil society makes incorruptible integrity the standing policy. The blending of the principles of Christianity inspires the apprehension of the handwriting upon the wall and the swift execution of judgment for the commission of wilful errors or the least departure from judicial probity and truth. No allurements can successfully corrupt the integrity of our judiciary, nor can popular caresses or violence swerve it from its virtuous purposes. Truth and justice are its pole star, and purity its only aspiration.

Our organic law provides for the absolute independence of it. The legislation of the country is under its supervision and control. No injustice and tyranny can result from the enactment of cruel and unjust laws, for they must be humane, and are executed by the coordinate branch. Justice is administered by judicial construction rather than by utterances of the lawmakers as contained in the letter of the law. No Draconian Code can be adopted and enforced for the oppression of the people. It is impossible for the power of a Nero or a Caligula in the corruption of justice and the suppression of the laws to be exercised for the destruction of the lives and liberties of the people. Our judiciary system is the corrective power inherent in the system of government for any tendency towards anarchy or tyranny.

The executive department is impotent in any attempts at usurpation. Our judges can speak in tones of judicial authority even to the head of the government, and command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The only power of which it is not absolutely independent is the "vox populi." The election of judges for stated periods instead of during good behavior is the only inherent lurking danger in the system. This is a fatal weakness, and may in the distant future sap its foundation and destroy our liberties. Old systems for the administration of justice have been wrecked on the sea of popular fury by this defect, and their dismembered parts live only in history.

The limited number of our judges is a wisely conservative feature of the system. It averts the danger of our courts degenerating into

tumultuous assemblies for the administration of justice. Our judges have a distinct individuality, and their judgments are known of all men and open to public criticism. In this way individual responsibility is recognized and enforced. No uncertain and irresponsible judgments can flow from the bench; no favorable judicial oracles can be extorted by persistent Alexandrian litigants; there can be no Philippping. The frowns of the public virtue and intelligence are perfect safeguards against such mischievous evils. Trial by jury is an essential feature of our system. It is no new experiment with us. It is sanctioned by the experiences of the ages. It has been only perfected by our Christian civilization, and has, in fact, become the palladium of our liberties. In our system, restricted as the jury is in power and numbers, it is an indispensable and potential factor. In all other systems the administration of justice was controlled by it. In ours it is subordinate to the judicial power, and is controlled by principles higher than human powers and prejudices. The theory is that the jury represents the virtue and intelligence of civil society. When governed by the dictates of public virtue and justice, rather than the unfavorable and more unenlightened popular judgment, they are upright and just judges, and subserve the even end of the institution of trial by jury. Whenever they ignore that universal principle of justice taught by the Christian religion, and reflect popular clamor, then there is a danger of the jury degenerating into tumultuous courts like the Grecian assemblies for the practice of injustice and oppression. The condition of our American civil society impresses the hope that trial by jury will always admirably answer the end for which it was instituted, whatever the protection of the people from executive and legislative encroachments upon their liberties and the pure administration of justice. These are the salient features of our American judicial system. It is preeminently a system of justice, and the most perfect that can ever be devised by finite man. We have attained a stage in our civil society when justice is the standing policy of it; when it can be measured by the ideal balances, and administered as exactly and perfectly as it can be done by finite agencies. It is fitting, then, that we should symbolize justice by the balances, and that they should constitute the emblem of it in our courts.

The Areopagus, the supreme judicial tribunal of the Athenians, was composed of citizens of the greatest probity and justice. This

august tribunal met on the hill of Mars, in the darkness of the night, to the end that no external objects should distract the minds of the judges. So sacred was the place, and so solemn the duties of the court, that even Athenian orators were not allowed to make exordiums, digressions or perorations. This separation of the court from the obtrusive observation and perpetual war of passions of the outside world was profoundly wise. Modern civilization has abandoned this rude precaution of the wise Athenian law-givers, and created temples fit for the administration of justice, in imitation of the judgment hall of the theocratical government in which Solomon awarded judgment, and in faint resemblance of that temple, not made with hands, in the heavens, in which the infinite source of justice awards eternal judgments. In these temples are localized the courts which sit in judgment upon the lives, liberties and property of the citizens. They represent the invincible and conservative power of the law, as did the temples of the ancients the invisible and oracular power of the deities to whom they were dedicated. In these should be enthroned our Christian ideal goddess of justice, and the temples thus invested with a halo of truth, sacredness and reverence should be dedicated to the solemn purpose of the pure administration of justice.

It is evidently proper, then, that this magnificent edifice should be dedicated, so that it may be revered by our people and may be used, as it was designed to be, as a temple in which the judges, the members of the bar, and the people may gather around the altar to be erected here today, and as ministers of justice may unite their efforts to do justice and love God. This is, then, no idle pageant, intended to amuse and entertain. Our purpose is to make this an impressive ceremony, so as to hallow this building and to consecrate it, as long as it may endure, to the sacred business for which it was erected. Assembled here today to aid us in this noble work are the ladies, whose presence and prayers always call down the benedictions of heaven upon any cause in which they are interested.

Judges and lawyers are human, and subject to the infirmities of the race. They need the inspiration of truth and justice in their judicial and professional work. The inspiration can come alone from the source of all truth and justice, and let us, while dedicating this temple, reverently evoke the aid of Him who has commanded us to do justice, and who will aid us in the administration of it.

The balances are a necessary part of the paraphernalia of this temple. In behalf of the members of the bar and the people, I present them to you today with the solemn pledges on our part that we will unite our efforts with yours and the other Judges of the State to faithfully measure justice, and to make this temple in deed and in truth a temple of justice. Take them, and in dispensing justice always keep the ideal of them before you, and then purity, impartiality and exact justice will ever characterize your judgments. Adopt them today in the dedication of this edifice as the emblem of justice for yourself, for your brethren and for us, and this temple will never be desecrated by the footprints of the hideous monsters of injustice, cruelty and oppression.

Judge Townsend was followed by H. H. Newton, Esq., Solicitor of the Fourth Circuit, who also spoke on the behalf of the bar as follows:

May it please your Honor: It is gratifying in the extreme that our voices are heard today in this beautiful temple which we dedicate—not to the Goddess of Justice, but to Justice herself. Here, for ages to come, I trust, will the gladsome light of jurisprudence be shed. Here may it ever be shown that Charles Macklin erred when he said “the law is a sorter hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.”

The sovereign law which shall here be administered holds her ægis over the rich and poor alike. In the language of the great Pitt, under her protection “the poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter, but the king of England cannot enter. All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.” Doubtless, sometimes, the law fails of its great end, but the fault is not with the law. It lies in defective machinery provided for its administration. Its principles are the same, unchanged and unchanging through the ages. So long as time shall last this mistress of the universe “o’er thrones and globes elate” shall “sit empress, crowning good, repressing ill,” and when the final doom of creation shall be sounded, her mission accomplished, she will return to God, from whom she came at creation’s dawn.

A high regard for law marks the greatest type of civilization. It is true that all laws, or rules of action, provided for the government of people are not founded in the high principle involved in abstract law. Indeed, sir, upon this statute book there are doubtless laws which are not founded in wisdom, and do not always work justice in their administration. But they have, nevertheless, been prescribed as rules of action for the government of the people through the instrumentalities provided by the people themselves. Legislators may have erred, but that is no reason why we should err in the matter of obedience to and administration of these statutes. We must obey law because it is law. It is the only power that binds society together—that sustains government, without which society could not long exist.

In like manner, too, we must administer law because it is law. There must be no faltering through sympathy for its victims, or a belief that it is not wise. With these we have naught to do in this courtroom. A bad law well obeyed or administered is far better than one disregarded by the individual or the courts. In the times of Holt, of Selden, of Coke and of Matthew Hale, there were statutes which to the people of this time would be most revolting. The enlightened sense of justice and humanity in England today is doubtless shocked when recurrence is had to some of the criminal statutes which two and three centuries ago were enforced in the courts of the realm. Two hundred years ago the accused in the highest crimes was not allowed counsel to defend him nor was he confronted by the witnesses for the prosecution. The government was represented by able and zealous prosecuting attorneys, and the judge appeared almost always to lean toward the side of the prosecution, not from corrupt motives, but from a desire to vindicate the law. The statute 7 Wm. III, c. 3, allowing counsel to the accused, was passed in 1695 and appointed to take effect on March 25, 1696. On the 24th of that month, after the statute had been passed and the very day before it was to take effect, Sir William Parkyn was tried for high treason. He prayed in vain that counsel might be allowed him on the ground that the preamble of the act was declaratory of the common law, inasmuch as it said that there was nothing more just and reasonable. "My Lord," said he, addressing Lord Chief Justice Holt, "it wants but one day." To which the latter replied: "That is as much as if it were a much longer time, for we are to proceed

according to what the law is, and not what it will be." In vain did the accused plead for the delay of one day, that he might have counsel to defend his life. How unjust, not to say inhuman, would this seem in a judge of the present time.

Selden and Hale strenuously maintained the justice of the law against witches, and the ermine of the latter is tarnished by his having suffered a conviction of two women for witchcraft in 1665, when even the bystanders declared themselves satisfied of the absurdity of the charge.

The Duke of Norfolk in 1571, and Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, fell innocent victims to hearsay and ex parte testimony taken behind their backs, while they demanded and were denied what the law of God requires—that their accusers should face them. Up to the revolution of 1688 the criminal trials of England were a disgrace to the national annals. Says an able writer, "it would be difficult to name a trial not marked by some violation of the first principles of criminal justice." Says another, "they were in fact judicial murders."

The laws were unjust, but they were faithfully administered, and out of them came that obedience and respect which preserved the government of England and paved the way to the enlightenment and liberty today enjoyed by the English people. From those dark days, even, have been preserved many maxims and legal principles which at present, like crystals, bedeck the jurisprudence of the mother country, and glisten here and there throughout the body of our own judicial decisions. If a statute be unwise let it be regarded with the same binding efficacy that belongs to the most prudent and humane legislation. New legislation may repeal it and enact a substitute, probably far wiser, because of experience with the abuse incident to it.

I congratulate your Honor. I congratulate myself and every other citizen of this great commonwealth, of this great nation, that we live in this day of progress in law as well as other civil institutions. Liberty is now in the zenith of her glory. The yoke of government is easy wherever justice is administered by a judge and jury as in these United States. Contentment is written upon the brow of every lover of law and order. The wretched are those that hate government, and who, but for the sanctions of the very law they despise, would disregard the rights of others and revel in rapine and disorder.

May your Honor long live to hold the scales of justice with the even hand with which you hitherto have held them. May you long live to administer the written law which I now present you and which is entitled to a place upon your desk forever in this temple of justice. Should your Honor ever descend from the high plane of virtue and integrity which you now occupy, and perfidiously declare that to be law which is not, or should a dark day bring to that bench an unworthy successor, the mournful cadence of justice will be heard within these walls saying to the ministers, "Arise, let us go hence." The sadness of that day God grant this country may never witness.

Judge Hudson then responded to the members of the bar in the following address :

Gentlemen of the Bar : In accepting from your representatives the emblematic scales of justice, and a copy of the constitution and statute law of the State, I am impressed with feelings of a grave character, and made deeply to feel the weight of responsibility imposed upon me by my office.

To hold the scales of justice with an even hand, and faithfully and correctly to administer the law, requires a degree of knowledge, learning and liberal culture, and a patience and firmness of which I am endowed only to a very limited extent. As age grows upon me and experience enlarges I am the more forcibly impressed with a painful sense of my ignorance of the great science of the law, and despair of ever being able to master it.

In many of the causes adjudged by me I have been made fully aware of my weakness, having to be guided through the labyrinths of the case by the light of learning brightly burning in the hands of accomplished lawyers. But, amid the severe trials of my judicial career, I have ever aimed, above all things, to be guided by the lamp of truth, a safer beacon than learning led astray by sophistry, or brilliant intellectual accomplishments impelled by selfish aims and vaunting ambition. The office of judge is one of fearful responsibility, burdened with toil, beset with cares, and compassed round about with perplexities that subject mind, body, and heart to the severest trials. The lives, liberty, property and happiness of the people are involved in the judgments he is daily called upon to render. The peace, order and welfare of the people require the wise administration of wholesome laws; and this depends upon the purity, integrity and ability of the judiciary. The beauty and majesty of the law are in their keeping.

The court, with all its machinery, is established to enforce the law for the protection of private and public rights, to defend the weak against the strong, to shield the innocent and punish the guilty, to uphold the right and condemn the wrong, and by thus vindicating the wisdom, dignity, and majesty of the law, to promote the general welfare.

The municipal law, which is here administered, is defined by Blackstone to be "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a State, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." These rules are necessarily of general application, and cannot, with impunity, be distorted to meet special cases. The destruction of the rule would be the consequence. The rule, to be effective, must be rigidly adhered to and firmly enforced, without regard to special hardship to litigants. It follows necessarily that sometimes the judgment must be adverse to him or her whom tender compassion would prompt us to relieve, and, in its consequences, not infrequently brings ruin to those who least deserve it. The widow and the orphan are at times, by the enforcement of these wise but inexorable rules, turned away from the temple of justice unrelieved, and sent adrift to weep over disappointment, and brood in sorrow over want and calamity.

The heart of the judge sickens at the consequence of his decree, but he is sustained by a conviction that the rule of law he is enforcing is wise. *Ita lex scripta est.* So the law is written, and he dare not, through feeling of sympathy with distress, disregard it even if he could do so, because greater calamity would befall the State by violating a wise general rule to grant special relief than rigidly to enforce it.

But these struggles betwixt sympathy for the distressed on one hand and a stern sense of duty on the other, the judge is relieved of in the majority of cases. The plea of the widow and the orphan, the needy and oppressed, for legal redress generally comports fully with righteous justice and the law of the case. Then to the judge it is a cheering thought and sweet consolation to know that in upholding the law in its letter and spirit he is enabled to sustain the cause of the weak against the strong, the aggrieved against the aggressor, the innocent against the guilty.

I assure you, gentlemen, that I have endeavored, and will persevere in the effort, to hold the scales of justice with an even hand

betwixt my fellowmen, and I ask your aid and support in the trials that attend me.

Indulge me whilst on an occasion of such interest, I address a few words to you.

Your profession is no sinecure. It is beset with cares, difficulties, responsibilities and severe trials; but it is one of great honor and dignity. That distinguished statesman and scholar, Edmund Burke, says of the law that it is, "in his opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences, one which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together." But remember that in this declaration the great statesman is speaking of the law as a science, properly studied and honorably practiced. Rise, then, to an adequate conception of the loftiness of your profession. Strive to master this noble science, remembering that, if it be true of any branch of knowledge, it is universally so of the law that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Eminence you cannot attain without systematic and thorough study. Do not falter and be cast down in the beginning at the backwardness of clients and the absence of retainers. Confidence is a plant of slow growth. Only the deserving can win and retain the confidence of men. The brightest luminaries of the bar and the bench of England and America endured years of painful neglect, and grappled with pinching want, before their merits were recognized. But hard study, close application and the exercise of strict integrity and uprightness of conduct, in the end compelled respect and confidence, commanded success and achieved for them lasting renown. Closely study and strictly adhere to the true ethics of your profession, the cornerstone of which is that "honesty is the best policy."

You cannot always have the right side of a cause. Some will reproach you for representing the wrong side. See to it that no one will have just cause to reproach you for dishonesty and trickery, whether you be on the right or wrong side. Every citizen has a right to a fair trial in court, be he ever so infamous. But you are never justified in resorting to devious, crooked and dishonest ways to secure the triumph of wrong. You can discharge the full duty of an advocate without sacrificing your honor and conscience. No con-

sideration should induce you to prostitute your powers, abuse your consciences and degrade your profession by zealous and unfair efforts, to win victories for manifest dishonesty, fraud, perjury and wickedness over truth and justice.

When the infidel, Thomas Paine, published his book entitled the "Rights of Man," a shout of patriotic indignation went up from the lovers of the English constitution, and the author was indicted for libel.

That peerless advocate, Thomas Erskine, the pride of the English bar and idol of the people, was retained by Paine to defend him. When this became known, strenuous efforts were made to dissuade him from the defense. But in spite of these remonstrances his sense of duty impelled him to undertake it.

Never, perhaps, did an advocate encounter such severe strictures and denunciations of the press and the people; but he turned a deaf ear to it all, and, in vindication of the rights and duties of the advocate, in the progress of the trial he thus spoke:

"But with regard to myself, every man within hearing at this moment—nay the whole people of England—have been witnesses to the calumnious clamor which, by every art, has been raised and kept against me. In every place where business or pleasure collects the public together, day after day my name and character have been the topics of injurious reflection. And for what? Only for not having shrunk from the discharge of a duty which no personal advantage recommended, and which a thousand difficulties repelled. But, gentlemen, I have no complaint to make against the printers of those libels, nor even against their authors. The greater part of them, hurried perhaps away by honest prejudices, may have believed they were serving their country by rendering me the object of its suspicion and contempt, and if there have been among them others who have mixed in it from personal malice and unkindness, I thank God I can forgive them also. Little, indeed, did they know me who thought that such calumnies would influence my conduct. I will forever, at all hazards, assert the dignity, independence and integrity of the English bar; without which impartial justice, the most valuable part of the English constitution, can have no existence. From the moment that any advocate can be permitted to say that he will or will not stand between the crown and the subject arraigned in the court where he daily sits to practice, from that moment the liberties of England

are at an end. If the advocate refuses to defend from what he may think of the charge, or of the defense, he assumes the character of the judge; nay, he assumes it before the hour of judgment; and, in proportion to his rank and reputation, puts the heavy influence of, perhaps, a mistaken opinion into the scale against the accused, in whose favor the benevolent principle of the English law makes all presumptions, and which commands the very judge to be his counsel."

These are immortal words and deserve to be held in perpetual remembrance. But, brethren, throughout that celebrated trial, Erskine never deviated from the strict line of legitimate defense; he resorted to no tricks nor cunning, no subterfuge, no perversion of the evidence nor violation of the truth. He rendered to Thomas Paine the full measure of his transcendent ability, in a defense strictly legitimate and consistent with his own honor. Be you, at all times, as unshaken in your sense of duty, never forgetting, however, that honesty and truth must never be sacrificed to achieve success in any cause.

Gentlemen of the jury, remember that this courthouse is a temple of justice, in which you are ministers equally with judge and lawyer. Disappointed litigants, defeated attorneys, unreflecting men and speculative writers have been known at times, but perhaps not thoughtfully and sincerely, to question the wisdom of trial by jury. I have no fear that these speculations will ever result in your overthrow. The right of trial by jury is justly esteemed the bulwark of our liberty. It is as deeply imbedded in our laws and as firmly planted in the affections of all English-speaking people as are Magna Charta, bill of rights and habeas corpus. It is destined to be just as enduring. Verdicts of juries are sometimes wrong, but so are the decrees of judges, who have greatly the advantage in the knowledge of the law. Infallibility belongs to no man, neither to the learned or unlearned. It is an attribute of God. *Humanum est errare*. My experience, at the bar and on the bench, is that when a question of fact is fairly submitted to a jury of average intelligence, and the law properly expounded by the court, their verdict is apt to be correct.

Gentlemen, never forget that you are ministers here, and that your high mission is the ascertainment and declaration of the truth. Act well your part, and aid the court in holding the scales of justice evenly betwixt all suitors.

Legislators and fellow citizens, permit me to remark that in our free commonwealth, all power is derived from the consent of the people. The ministers of justice, as well as the laws they are chosen to administer, are creatures of the sovereign people. Guard well the judgment seat. Maintain the purity, integrity and ability of your judiciary. Sad will be the day to all the people when dishonesty, demagoguism and corruption sit enthroned here. The fountain of justice should never be suffered to be polluted by the breath of the time-serving politician and unprincipled demagogue.

South Carolina has reason to be proud of her judges, who so ably and nobly served her in the past. See to it that the present and future generations do not blush with shame at a lower standard of excellence. As is the standard of excellence in the minds of the people and their representatives, so will it be in those they select to serve them in high places. Let not the State suffer detriment in this regard through lack of vigilance on your part.

Ladies, you have been kind enough to grace this occasion with your presence. It should not be closed without a word as to the propriety and significance of your gracious approval. The child's first lesson in the Holy Bible, presented to the Court, are from its mother. Her pious instructions indelibly impress the mind, and abide with the child through youth, manhood and old age. Few men, among those who attain distinction in life, can be found who do not cheerfully acknowledge that they owe success to the pious teachings of tender Christian mothers. The scales of justice, in ancient mythology, were represented as being held, not in the hands of a god, but a goddess. How appropriate and how significant the conception. What a striking and beautiful symbol of justice, tempered with gentleness, tenderness and mercy, those cardinal virtues of woman, to personify her as a soft and gentle female, holding the scales with an even hand.

You are not ministers here, where frequently the fierce strifes of men over their civil rights and personal liberty would shock your tender sensibility. Nevertheless you are as directly and deeply interested in the faithful and impartial administration of law as are your fathers, brothers, husbands and sons. Domestic peace, as well as public order and quiet, depends upon the enforcement of law. Your rights, as well as the rights of man, are written in this book of constitutional and statute law. May it never be administered to

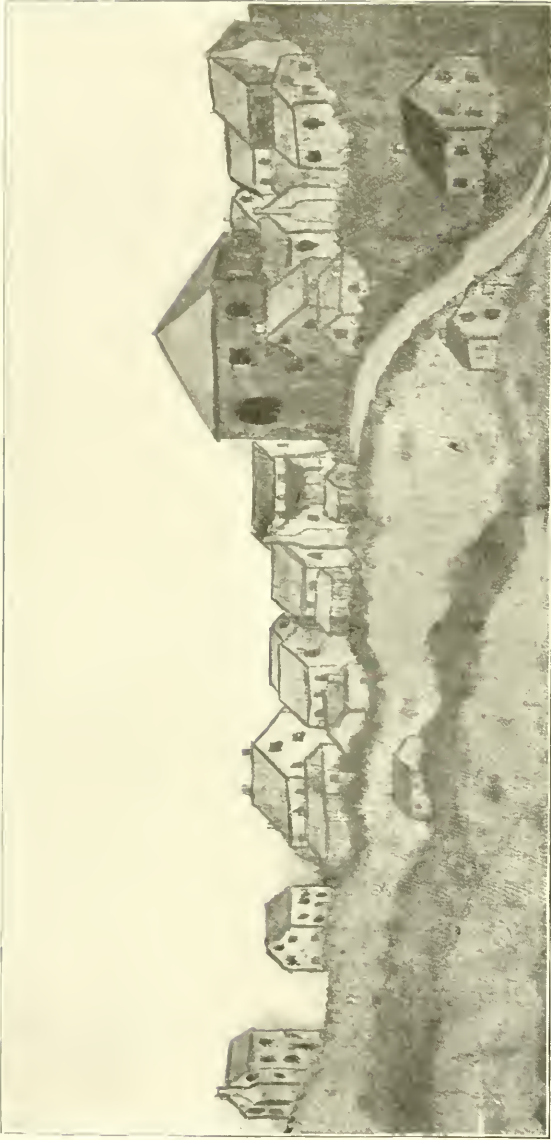
your detriment, but ever with a view to your precious civil rights, your peace, happiness and welfare. We greet you cordially, and thank you sincerely for the smiles of approval and encouragement you have bestowed upon us today.

The ceremonies were then concluded with prayer by the Rev. W. B. Corbett, of the Presbyterian Church, as follows :

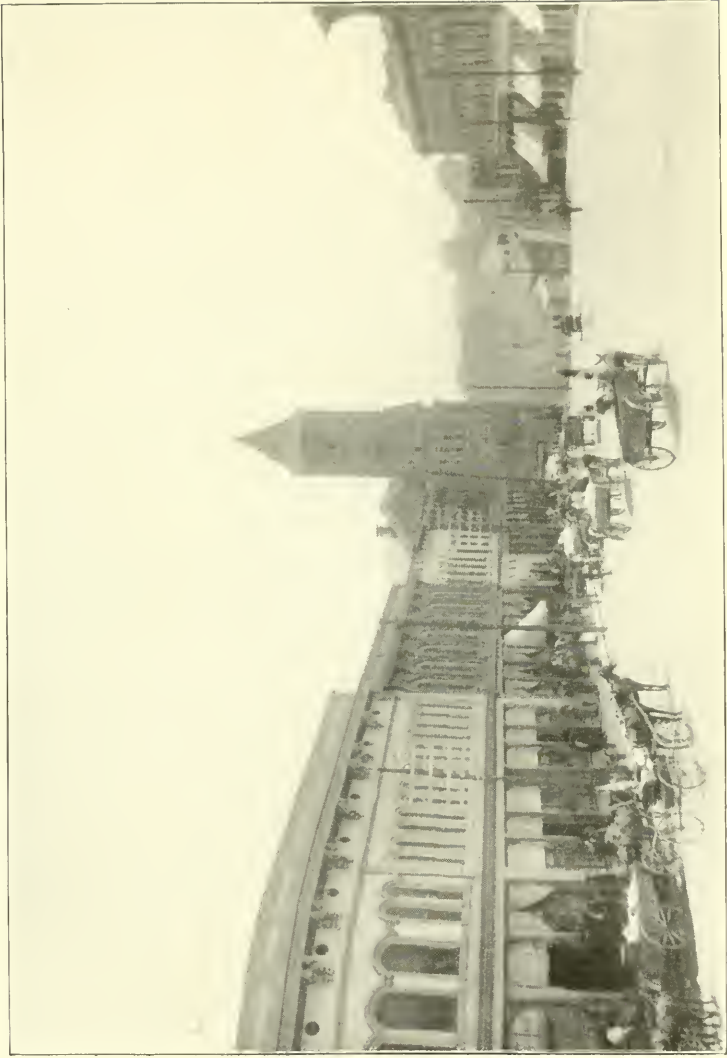
Infinite spring of authority and justice, glorious God "who exercisest righteousness, judgment and loving kindness on the earth and delightest in them"; we thank Thee for the interesting, impressive and important thoughts brought this hour to our minds; thank Thee that Thy servants wisely acknowledge Thee, whose providence affords them this beautiful and commodious house as a place of justice, and dedicate it to an important part of Thy earthly service. Do Thou here preserve us from all influence which would poison the fountain of justice. Bestow Thy spirit of wisdom and strength. Let no unjust judge, corrupt juror, dishonest or misleading pleader or lying witness here arise; let falsehood and injustice be overthrown, and innocence, truth, right, order and peace prevail. Let the fear of God fall upon ail hearts. Let each conscience be astir. May all who enter here remember the greater court to which all hasten, and bethink them of the Dread Judge, the rigid scrutiny, the opening of all secrets, the tremendous and eternal sentence; may they all, and we all secure that heavenly Advocate, by whose blood and righteousness, we, though guilty, may stand acquitted on that day.

Lord, bless this house and the business to be transacted here, and them who shall be engaged therein, and this county and our beloved commonwealth and country; and the praise shall be to Thee forever through Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

These ceremonies were gone through without a jar, and all present seemed greatly impressed with the solemnities of the occasion.



CHESTERVILLE, S. C., 1835.
By Mrs. Margaret Ann Kennedy.



VIEW OF PUBLIC SQUARE OF CHESTER, 1902.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHESTER 65 YEARS AGO.

A Rambling Talk Before the Citizens of Chester, S. C., October, 1900, on the Occasion of the Founding of the Patterson Library.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go mark him well ;
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

When Sir Walter Scott penned these lines he felt the sentiment from the bottom of his heart. He loved his native land, her mountains, her hills and dales, her rivers and forests, her heroes and women, and clothed all with a halo of glory in story and song. Should I attempt to give utterance to the emotions of my heart tonight after so long an absence from my native home, I could but say,

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view.”

I love old Chester, where my childhood and youth were spent. It is wedded to my heart by the undying ties of my early life, the recollection of which causes to well up in my heart feelings and emotions that overwhelm me.

Fifty years ago in the old brick academy that stood on the McLure Hill, under the tutorship of our lamented Giles J. Patterson, I was prepared for the South Carolina College.

You are founding a city library. In the interest of that benefaction this meeting is held, and I do not know of a more appropriate name to give it than the "Patterson Library." He was a useful citizen, a sincere Christian, a good and worthy man, an able and successful lawyer. I exhort all to come forward and aid the efforts of the noble women and men of Chester in this laudable enterprise, projected by his liberal and public spirited widow.

Pride in your growing, flourishing little city, in its past history, its inspiring traditions, and in your noble ancestry, should incite all to lend a helping hand and willing support.

My purpose, however, on this occasion is not to discuss this subject nor to indulge in sentiment, but to give you an off-hand, rambling narrative of my recollections of Chester as I knew the town and the people sixty years ago. I have nothing written and will only, in my crude narrative of matters and things, men and affairs, express the memory of a child and lad. My statements may be inaccurate, but will be just as I have treasured them in memory, and in the main will be correct. A boy may not see passing events in their true light, but retains a recollection of them as they appeared to him. My memory dates back to the time when I was two years old, and is vivid of occurrences when I was a boy. As to scenes, as to men and women, localities, residences and occupants, in my boyhood I remember much. I wish it was as retentive of recent occurrences.

I was born on January 29, A. D. 1832, in the first jail built in the village of Chester, which stands now at the foot of the hill as you leave the public square and proceed to the depot of the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad on the left hand side, the same being now occupied by Mr. Chisholm.

The jail or prison half of this house was built of post oak logs hewed 10 by 12 inches, laid closely one on the other, nicely notched, securely fastened, ceiled inside and weatherboarded outside—the other or residence half being built as houses were usually built in that day, i. e., with heavy framing and of the best lumber. My father was a tailor, and about 1828 became the county jailor, occupying the jail as a residence.

Here on January 29, A. D. 1832, I was born. The room in which I was born has as yet undergone no change, but to the house there has been added a double front piazza.

Opposite this jail was a small house occupied by George McCormick, a house carpenter—his and my father's family being on terms of close friendship.

These two buildings were the only ones on that street which is the road to Lancaster. Now it is closely built up with business houses and private residences on each side for nearly two miles from the site of the old courthouse on the crown of the hill.

The residence of Richard Woods, still standing, was there sixty-five years ago, but it is not directly on the street or road. From this statement you can form an idea of the then appearance of that street. The old George McCormick house disappeared in my boyhood days, so that the old jail now occupied by Mr. Chisholm is the only house now standing which was on the Lancaster road or street sixty-five years ago, all beyond being forest, except a corn field near the present depot, which was built near the forest. On the street or public road leading from the courthouse on the hill towards Yorkville there stood next to the residence of Mr. John Rosborough, now occupied by the surviving daughters of Mr. James Graham, the following residences, viz.: the residence of Jefferson Clark where the present courthouse stands; next, a small house in which my mother lived after my father's death, where Patterson's law office is; next, a house occupied by Angus Nicholson on the north corner of the present street leading to the Presbyterian Church, which street did not then exist; next, a house owned by Mrs. Terry and converted into a school-house, where Mrs. Ann Foster kept a school—subsequently the residence of Dr. A. P. Wylie. Beyond this was a large house built by Dr. Dunovant, the father of Gill, Quay, John, Jefferson and Williams. It was converted into a female academy, presided over first by the Rev. Mr. Turner, and then by Mr. McWhorter. Afterwards it became the home of Richard Kennedy and is now the property of Harvey Smith. It was once owned by Judge T. J. Mackey. Beyond this in the direction of Yorkville there were but two other houses, one near where Mr. Stringfellow lives, and the other the residence of James Hemphill. Returning to the old courthouse and starting out on the Saluda road, there stood on the corner the first store of Thomas McLure; next was the law office of Matthew Williams; next

the residence of Amzi Neely, still standing and lately kept as a boarding-house by Mrs. Melton, the widow of Dr. William Melton; next was the residence of Clement Woods, now occupied by Mrs. Eugenia Babcock; the next house was the house of the widow Kendrick, after which was the residence of Dr. Starr, and last came the house of Obediah Farrow. On the north side of Saluda street and beyond Farrow's was the cottage of the shoemaker Callahan. Returning to the public square, and moving down the Columbia road there were but two houses, one occupied by James Aiken and the other near the branch occupied by the keeper of the tanyard, whose name I have forgotten. Along the street leading from the public square towards Broad River were the residences of John McAfee, Mrs. Kimball, William Farrow, Dickson Henry, Major Eaves (afterwards C. D. Melton), Sample Alexander, Thomas McLure and Rev. John Douglas. All of these are standing, though a few have undergone changes. On what was then called the old Pinckney road was Matthew Williams' blacksmith shop, close to the present jail, and near it a small house in which was for a while the village school. Further on and at the forks of the road was the residence of Jordan Bennett, the silversmith, the home of John Bradley being nearly opposite.

Beyond these the forest began.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

Having named the few residences situate in the village along the six streets which diverge from the public square, I will mention the residences and places of business bordering the square on the main hill. The only residence now standing of those then in existence is that of John Rosborough, clerk of court, now occupied by the two surviving daughters of the merchant, James Graham. Passing thence westward along the public square was on the site of the present postoffice the store of Amzi Neely, with whom was Middleton McDonald, next was the law office of Samuel McAlilly, next was a doctor shop, next the Robinson Hotel, next the store of John McKee, next a store of Charles Alexander, next the law office of Maj. Nathaniel Eaves, next a tailor shop at a later date occupied by my uncle Rush Hudson, and lastly on the corner where stands the Cotton Hotel was the store of Mr. Coleman and Henry Kennedy, subsequently occupied by Brawley & Alexander. Crossing Pinckney

street the corner store was occupied by Dr. Dunovant and afterwards by William Lytle. Opposite to this, on the present site of the opera house, stood the large residence of George Kennedy, in after days owned by Mr. Middleton McDonald as a store and residence. Across the street or road leading to Columbia, just opposite the George Kennedy House, was the residence of Maj. John Kennedy, from which, looking east were, in the order named, the residence and store of John McNinch, the store of Dickson Henry, the residence and bar-room of Joshua Gore, the residence of Mrs. Curry, and last, the tailor shop of my father, just on the beginning of the descent.

On the east side of the square stood the house of old man Jimmy Adair and the store of Thomas McClure. Not far in front of this store and in the east end of the square was the courthouse, a two-story, hipped roof brick building, an imposing structure for that day and time.

The only house of worship at that period was the Baptist Church, which stood on the site of the present handsome structure.

Such was Chester as I knew it sixty to sixty-five years ago. When I left for college I was nearly eighteen years old, and at that time many changes had taken place. New residences had been erected on all the streets, and new settlers had come in. It would be perhaps of interest to make special mention of these changes, but time will not permit, and that must be left to those of you who are old enough to supplement from your memories.

My purpose is to describe to you the village as it was sixty years ago. You can note the changes. I will remark that up to the time that I left Chester I had a high opinion of it, and looked upon it as a great place. It has grown with my growth and increased with my years, and I retain an undying love for the town and its people.

THE SUBURBS AND COUNTRY ADJACENT.

At the period of which I speak the country adjacent to the village of Chester was indeed a paradise. The hills and dales were covered with a beautiful growth of forest of oak, hickory and blackjack, abounding in game, and in summer supplying to the people a great abundance of delicious grapes, whilst the sedge fields furnished great quantities of strawberries of finest flavor. The spring branches, creeks and rivulets were well stocked with nice fish—catfish, eels, perch of every variety, and the stone-roller or horn-head. The small

boy enjoyed fine sport in angling for them, and still greater excitement in wading the streams, driving the fish under rocks and beneath the bank, and slyly drawing them out by hand. Not infrequently instead of a fish he would find his hand drawing forth a water moccasin, which he was not slow to release. On one occasion on a Sabbath day, brother John, William Woods, called Bill for short, and I wandered out two miles to a branch called Grassy Run, and in a quiet spot indulged in this sport of wading, driving and catching fish from beneath the banks and the rocks. Instead of a fish my brother John drew from the bank a large snapping turtle, luckily holding him by the tail. It was the most vicious snapper I ever saw. We started home with it, brother carrying it by the tail and holding it at a prudent distance from his body. We amused ourselves by spitting at its mouth to see it spring and snap. When near the village and before separating Bill Woods, who was chewing sweet gum, requested brother to hold the turtle well up so as to give him a fair spit. Filling his mouth with spittle, he thrust his head too close to the snapper, which, springing, fastened its beak in Bill's nose, and a scene ensued—brother John was pulling by the tail and Bill, screaming, caught it round the neck, and the struggle began. We had heard that a turtle would not let go until it thundered, and no clouds were visible. Bill nevertheless cried out, "Oh, God, will it never thunder?" I was much terrified, but very careful to give the turtle a wide distance.

Finally, by a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, the hold was broken at the expense of Bill's nose, leaving a severe wound and a lasting scar.

The small boy in that day and time had much in his life and experience to develop his physical courage, hardihood, power of endurance and bodily strength, such as fishing, hunting, trapping, hill-climbing, tree-climbing, walking long distances, carrying burdens, gathering wild grapes, plums, strawberries, gunning in daytime, hunting opossums and raccoons at night, swimming, boxing, wrestling and fist-fighting, fighting each other, fighting hornets, wasps and yellowjackets, and killing snakes, in which the woods, fields and waters abounded.

Boldness, daring, courage and self-reliance were engendered and developed by the surroundings. It began in infancy and continued to manhood.

Those Spartan mothers were the nurses of their babies and trainers of their children. They had no baby carriages, go-carts, leading-strings and negro nurses. The child learned self-reliance from babyhood and waxed strong and healthy. Measles, mumps and whooping cough were all expected in childhood, and welcomed, no doctor being called in or needed to treat them. So with chills and fever and summer complaint. The little brats never stopped eating corn-pone and fat meat, and easily pulled through. How true it is that nature is her own physician.

Fresh air, free exercise, plain food and sweet sleep impart to the human body great powers of resistance and endurance to ward off disease, and if attacked by ailments, great recuperative energy. Nature furnishes a remedy in the vegetable kingdom for all the ills that human flesh is heir to; and the plain people in that day were skilled in the virtues of roots and herbs which abounded in the forests, fields and gardens.

SOME CITIZENS OF NOTE IN THAT DAY.

The resident lawyers were Samuel McAlilly, Nathaniel Eaves and James Hemphill, and junior to them Mr. Barron, Alexander Walker, C. D. Melton, Dudley Culp and John J. McLure. The visiting lawyers were John Williams, George Williams and Clendenin, of York; Wallace Thompson and T. N. Dawkins, of Union, and from Fairfield came Pearson, Player and Rutland. It was a galaxy of able men, but the small boy was more impressed by Samuel McAlilly and T. N. Dawkins, the latter being solicitor of the circuit, and both being men of commanding presence, and able advocates, and generally pitted against each other.

The great judges who came to preside at the Courts of Common Pleas were Gantt, O'Neal, Evans, Butler, Frost, Wardlaw, Withers.

Of the chancellors the boys knew very little, for their courts attracted only the solicitors-in-equity.

The Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions was John Rosborough, who held office under the early statute, which gave the life term. He and Mr. Gilliard, of Columbia, were the only survivors of that law. Mr. Rosborough was an excellent officer, very conscientious and upright, and for use in the courthouse kept a Bible with cover removed, so that the witness had to kiss not the cover but literally *the naked word of God*.

In that day and time the law was more respected and feared and more rigidly administered than at the present day. To it the people looked for the protection of society, and the vindication of the rights of persons and of property. To rely upon the mob to protect the persons of women or of men was not thought of, and a proposition to resort to lynch law would have startled the sterling men and noble women of that period.

How much better it would be if at the present time people were as true to social duty and as loyal to the law as were our ancestors.

Jurors then were as kind of heart and as tender of feeling as now, but regarded the rigid administration of law the only safeguard of society, and never suffered sympathy for the accused to swerve them from duty.

A striking instance of this adherence to law occurred in my childhood. The case is reported in 2 Hill Law, page 619, *The State vs. John G. Ferguson*. Mr. Ferguson was an excellent citizen and peaceable man. In a fit of drunkenness he slew John Rodman, also a good man. For this act he was tried, convicted of murder, and in spite of the efforts of able counsel, on circuit, in the Court of Appeals, and lastly before the governor, the sentence was left undisturbed, and he was executed. Every servant of the law stood firm in face of appeals. I was but a mere child, but remember the prisoner and the deep sympathy of my parents for this amiable, unfortunate prisoner and convict.

I remember also when the whipping post was in use as an instrument of punishment. It stood a few steps in front of the jail, and I, a little tot, on several occasions stood in the door and saw white men led from the prison cell, stripped to the waist, fastened to the post and given thirty and nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on with the rawhide.

Of course it was a shocking sight, but it had a most salutary effect in deterring men from committing crime.

The first sheriff I remember was Mr. Cabeen, and after him John A. Bradley—both handsome men and excellent officers. The next, I think, was William Rosborough, and after him James Pagan, all of them faithful and capable officers, as were their successors, who are well remembered by the present generation.

PHYSICIANS.

These were few, but excellent.

Dr. Moffitt comes first in my recollection, and died of consumption. After him came Dr. A. P. Wylie, Dr. Reedy, Dr. J. B. Jennings, Dr. William Wylie and Dr. Stringfellow, all good physicians.

SCHOOLTEACHERS.

The first academy was a two-story wooden building located on the McLure Hill, in rear of the present residence of Miss Mary McKee. It was burned down before I began to go to school, and I have no recollection of those who taught there.

After this Miss Ann Foster, a Northern lady, opened a school in the building owned by Mrs. Terry, subsequently the residence of Dr. A. P. Wylie, and which stood on the site of the present residence of Mr. Thomas White. Here I began my schooling under Miss Foster. This lady boarded across the street at Mr. Amzi Neely's, where Mrs. Melton lately kept a boarding-house. Miss Foster married Mr. Kirvin Gilmore, a relative of Mr. Neely—brother-in-law, I think, and she and husband removed to Columbia.

After this Mr. Wylie P. Jones opened a school in the building on Pinckney street, near the blacksmith shop owned by Matthew Williams, which schoolhouse afterwards became the carriage factory of Mr. C. Holtz. Mr. Jones taught here one year or possibly longer, and was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Sealy, who taught a year. Up to this time the school had been mixed—male and female.

By this time the academy on the McLure Hill was rebuilt of brick—a very nice one-story structure, but long and commodious.

In this new building Mr. Sealy taught one year, and after this the teachers succeeded in the following order, viz.: Davie, Shirley, Shelton, Bansemer, Patterson, which last teacher prepared me for college; and the successors are known to many of you.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

On the site of the present, was built the first Baptist church of Chesterville, and the first house of worship in the village. It was built about 1834, prior to which time religious services were held in the courthouse.

The first ministers in this church, which I remember, were Rev. Mr. Noland, Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Jeter, Mr. Broadway, and now and then J. C. Furman.

The Methodists, about 1840, built a church on Pinckney street just beyond the present jail and near Jordan Bennett's residence. It was subsequently bought and owned by the Seceders (A. R. P.)

The earliest preachers I there heard were Rev. Durant, Rev. McQuorquodale, and the local preacher, Timothy Lipsey.

After this the Presbyterians erected a little brick church opposite John McAfee's, called "The Lecture Room," in which the Rev. John Douglas preached, and the next regular pastor was the Rev. Mr. Auld, who boarded with old Mr. John Rosborough.

I think it is now owned and used by the Catholics.

SOME CITIZENS, MALE AND FEMALE, OF MARK AT THAT EARLY PERIOD.

Of the merchants the leaders were Thomas McLure, Amzi Neely, John McKee, Brawley & Alexander, Dickson Henry and James Graham; of all these it can truthfully be said that they were accomplished business men, noted for strict integrity and purity of character. Among these I should include J. M. McDonald—usually called Mid McDonald, who was associated with Amzi Neely; William Lytle, a man of wit, humor and eccentricity, and Leonard Harris, chief clerk for Thomas McLure, a man of sterling character and noted public spirit.

The hotel proprietors were Robert Robinson, proprietor of the Chief Hotel, on the public square, and John McAfee and his maiden sister Ellen, proprietors of the Boarding-House, a little off the square and on the decline of the street leading to the McLure Hill, and lastly the hotel or boarding-house kept in the George Kennedy house, first in my recollection by Mr. Colvin, next by Mr. Howerton, and then by Mr. Mid McDonald. Of these, the most famous caterer was Miss Ellen McAfee, who was, in fact, in this line in advance of her day.

The house of Maj. John Kennedy could not correctly be styled a hotel nor a regular boarding-house, but was the inn in which itinerant preachers, and especially Baptist ministers, and chosen friends and relatives were hospitably lodged free of charge. The main hotel

at which the judges, lawyers and travelers were lodged, and local and visiting citizens boarded and took their meals, was kept by Robert, or as he was generally called, Bob Robinson, about the site of the present Chester Hotel, near the DaVega drug store. After Robert Robinson retired to his home and farm, east of Chester, it was kept by my uncle Rush Hudson for awhile.

DRAM SHOPS.

Of these I remember but two—the one kept by the eccentric, humorous and loud-swearing Joshua Gore, and the other by the quiet John McAfee; but it must be noted that the merchants with few exceptions kept their cellars and rear grocery rooms well supplied with liquor for the accommodation of their customers who wished to buy by the three gallons or by the quart, etc.

Adulterated whiskey was then unknown, and the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquor was practically free. Under the circumstances the general sobriety of the people was astonishing. As long as I lived in Chester I never knew a drunken merchant or professional man, not even an intemperate one, with rare exception a drunken mechanic, and but two clerks who drank to excess, during all of which time whiskey was virtually free in its manufacture and sale.

Joshua Gore married a Miss Lawson, a beautiful lady from the North. He was a humorous man. If business became dull he resorted to stratagem to induce a run on his barroom. If alone and lonely he would drop behind the counter and with sticks and much noise and loud swearing would imitate a regular Georgia scene knock-down fight. Hearing this great row, the citizens would rush to the scene of the supposed fight, ready to participate.

The discovery of the ruse produced merriment, good humor and much treating and drinking at the expense of the liberally inclined men of the deceived incomers.

Gore accumulated money by his thrift and close attention to business—was a good-hearted man—much liked by the people. He afterwards moved to Yorkville, where he opened a hotel and barroom, and died leaving quite a nice property, and two daughters, as beautiful and accomplished as could anywhere be found. Catherine became the wife, first of Mr. Woods, on whose death she married Mr.

Withers, and after his death she married the Rev. Dr. Darby, of the Methodist Church. She and husband still live. Mary Helen married the late Judge Samuel W. Melton, who died a distinguished lawyer and advocate, after having filled many offices of honor and trust in the State. (His amiable and beautiful widow has since followed him to the grave, survived by their sons and daughters.)

The most noted non-professional citizen of Chester was Maj. John Kennedy. As I have said, he kept open house for all itinerant ministers of the gospel, especially Baptist preachers, and received, lodged and entertained most hospitably many friends from far and near. He was of Irish extraction and perhaps a native of old Ireland. He was noted for his courage, energy, uprightness and generous hospitality. He married a Miss Evans, a beautiful woman of many virtues.

Their sons were John, Henry and Richard, and daughters, Margaret, Mary, Catherine and Eliza Jane. John went West and settled in Mississippi. All the other sons and the daughters lived and died in Chester, adding in married life much to the population and to the elevation of the society of Chester, except Catharine Hinton, who survives. (She has recently died.)

In that day it was not disreputable to keep a dram shop nor to drink liquor, but it was shameful to become a drunkard.

Attached to the boarding-house of Maj. John Kennedy was a barroom presided over by his brother-in-law, Thomas Evans, who, with his maiden sister, Mary, called Polly, were inmates of the family of their brother, Maj. John Kennedy, all being staunch members and, in fact, pillars of the Baptist Church.

In his hall or entrance room Major Kennedy had a fine mahogany sideboard, on which sat his glasses and decanter. On the arrival of the way-worn preacher, he was warmly welcomed, and invited up to refresh himself with a glass of pure liquor, which was rarely ever refused, regardless of denomination or creed, for the travel-worn preacher needed it and liked it. But more faithful servants of the church are not now to be found than were the members of the household of Major Kennedy and the preachers he entertained. They were the brave pioneers in building churches and spreading the gospel—Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and all whom he so hospitably entertained.

Major Kennedy was indeed a man of public spirit, a friend to the poor, and charitable almost to a fault. He was a benefactor of my mother and family. I could relate many amusing incidents in his life falling under my own observation, and others resting in tradition, but time will not allow. He lived to a great old age, and died during or just after the Confederate war at an age nearing a hundred years, honored and beloved by all the people. He was indeed the patriarch of the town, having been a leader among her people from its foundation to the day of his death, a period of three-quarters of a century. A sketch of his life and the lives of his children would include a history of the village and the town and people. He was among the best men I ever knew and a man of mark.

As contemporaries of Major Kennedy and prominent men in molding the sentiment and character of the people of Chester and in the upbuilding of the village, I must mention Thomas McLure, John McKee, Dickson Henry, James Graham, Hiram Brawley, father of Judge W. H. Brawley; Sample Alexander, Amzi Neely, Middleton McDonald and John McAfee, Mr. Coleman and Henry Kennedy, Theophilus Henry, Leonard Harris and William Lytle, all men of excellence in the mercantile line, unsurpassed for honesty, industry and sobriety.

Of house carpenters I remember only George McCormick and old Mr. Albright, who came from North Carolina with a family of sons who were good house builders, and the descendants of whom and of his daughters are to be found in Chester and elsewhere.

Of shoemakers I can recall only Mr. Crawford and Mr. Adams—good workmen.

Of tailors I remember only my father and my uncle Rush, Jefferson Clark and Angus Nicholson. My father was very peaceably inclined, my uncle Rush very quick-tempered and ready for a fight, in many of which he became involved. If anybody entered the shop expecting to intimidate either of them, the door was at once closed, a fight ensued, and before the outsiders could interfere the door was thrown open and the two small tailors threw the discomfited bully into the street.

My father died at an early age, leaving a widow and seven small children surviving him. About ten years thereafter my uncle Rush moved to Arkansas.

Jefferson Clark, the other tailor, married Sarah, a daughter of Judge Rosborough, the clerk of court.

He was a noted man—being not only a good tailor, but a noted ventriloquist, which faculty was to himself and friends a source of much amusement, but to the small boy and negro a source of wonder and terror. The negro blacksmith often dropped the foot of the horse he was shoeing and fled the premises upon hearing the horse curse him, and others again destroyed the dozen eggs one by one which they were offering for sale on hearing chickens chirping in them.

Angus Nicholson was a good man, of small stature, had no training at school, but was singularly familiar with the geography of our country, being able to name correctly the capital of every State of the Union, the principal rivers, towns, etc.

THE WOMEN OF CHESTER.

Of these I cannot speak save in terms of admiration, for their superiors in all the virtues that adorn the sex I have never known. All were friends of and kind to my mother and family. I must be pardoned, however, if I make special mention of Mrs. John Kennedy and her two daughters, then married—Mrs. Margaret Woods and Mrs. Mary Coleman. They were noted for kindness to the poor and fidelity to the church.

The same must be remarked of Mrs. Thomas McLure, Mrs. Hiram Brawley, Mrs. Sample Alexander, Mrs. Dickson Henry, Mrs. Kimball, Miss Ellen McAfee, Mrs. Sarah Clark, Mrs. Amzi Neely, Mrs. Hemphill and Mrs. Richard Kennedy.

At a later day others came in who were bright ornaments to society, but to name all would be to enumerate the female population of Chester.

A striking feature of the society of Chester, then and after, was the absence of social distinction based on wealth. The poor, if well behaved, were admitted to the best circles and encouraged in the effort to better their financial circumstances and to elevate themselves. The purse-proud were not there, nor would such have received adulation at the hands of Chester people. The teachings and the impress of our ancestors in this respect are plainly manifest among their posterity to this day in old Chester. I must here give my boyhood recollection and impression of two women, Miss Ellen

McAfee and Mrs. Sallie Clark. They were excellent ladies and good friends to my mother, and I loved and feared them. Both were independent, free-spoken women, and had an unaccountable facility in finding out about the actings and doings of small boys, and never hesitated to give them "a piece of their minds," praising when praise was deserved, and rebuking when conduct was bad.

If I ever did a bad thing on the streets or at school, they would learn of it quicker than my mother, and it seemed to be my bad luck to be sent on an errand to one or the other shortly after I had misbehaved, and then I was sure to "catch it." They were truly terrors to the rude, bad boy, but a great comfort to him if his conduct was praiseworthy. Blessed be their memory. I wish their like existed in every town.

CHESTER ON A PUBLIC DAY.

A public day was a notable occasion. The people were fond of assembling from all parts of the district, and such days invariably offered occasion for the trial of manhood. They were a bold, hardy, honest, hardworking, industrious people, and overflowing with patriotic sentiment. The celebration of the Fourth of July was never neglected, an essential feature of which was a barbecue to follow the oration. The present generation of men are strangers to the old-time, grand barbecue. It is an institution of the past, a lost art. A full and accurate description of it from start to finish would be worthy the pen of a Longstreet, or Richard Malcolm Johnson, and a revelation to men of this day. Salesdays, court week, muster day and Fourth of July brought the people of the district (county) together in numbers, strength and glory.

Brave, stalwart men meeting in such crowds would naturally become enthused, and more or less belligerent, especially when under the influence of liquor, pure liquor, for no other was known. Thus enthused, they longed for a trial of physical strength. Hence fist-fights were common—knives and pistols being looked upon very properly as cowardly weapons.

The small boy was always around and about to see the fun, and if on a public day he did not see a half dozen fights he went home disappointed.

On the eastern or Rocky Creek side of town lived the McNinches, Robertsons, Whams and other Irish and Scotch-Irish citizens—

usually square-built, stalwart men of medium stature. Men of nerve, muscle and pride of nationality, ready at all times to espouse a quarrel or resent an insult. On the western or Sandy River side of the town lived, among others of the English and Cavalier stock, a family of Hardins—very tall, square-shouldered, muscular men and fearless. Between the two people there seemed to exist a rivalry, prejudice and animosity. The consequence was that a public day in Chester rarely passed without a collision between these people or their neighbors and friends.

If I recollect aright, William was more addicted to drink than his brother Smith Hardin.

On one occasion the Irish of Rocky Creek set upon William, but he backed up in the corner behind the railing of the piazza of Maj. John Kennedy's barroom, and by the advantage of his long arm sent each assailant back reeling, with a black eye or bruised jaw, until all were discomfited.

On another occasion a noted bully and athlete, Meredith Taylor, made an attack on Smith Hardin, but was rewarded by receiving his first whipping in a straightout fist fight. Taylor was a powerful man, but in his assault on Smith Hardin "tackled the wrong tom-cat."

After this, Meredith Taylor had in some way violated the law, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Sheriff Rosborough found difficulty in securing a deputy brave enough and strong enough to undertake his arrest. Finally he placed the warrant in the hands of William McNinch, who bore the sobriquet of "Dod dang it."

McNinch selected his brother-in-law, John Charles, to aid him. They approached Taylor's house by a by-path to within a hundred yards, and tied their horses. McNinch then walked up to the house, entered and feigned to be on a friendly visit. Whilst "palavering" with Taylor, McNinch seized him from behind, and gave the concerted signal. John Charles rushed in just in time to save McNinch from a severe beating. The two overcame the bully, tied him, carried him out, threw him across a horse and brought him safely to jail.

Many instances of rough fist-fights in Chester at that day might be mentioned, but time fails me. It almost always happened that the fight was followed by reconciliation and drinks for the combatants and friends—no sticks, no knives, no pistols were allowed.

SOME NOTED EVENTS IN CHESTER DURING MY BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

First among these I will mention the arrest, trial, conviction and execution of three slaves, the property of Allen DeGraffenreid.

He was a wealthy planter residing in the western part of Chester district, living alone, being a widower, and his children having married and settled apart from him.

A noted slave of his, called "Yellow John," was a "runaway." Mr. DeGraffenreid was known to keep money in his home, with all the arrangements of which John was familiar.

Taking into his confidence two other slaves on the place, he stealthily approached at night, and, murdering his master, robbed the house and fled. The three were in due time captured, tried, convicted by a court of magistrate and freeholders, and executed on the same gallows, erected about a mile east of the village in what was known as the "hanging old field."

Their bodies were taken charge of by the resident physicians and carried a mile or more west of the village to a spring branch rising in a ravine in the woods. For days the work of dissection progressed, and the place was religiously avoided by the negro, the small boy and some adult whites, all of whom fully believed the place to be haunted by the ghosts of the murderers.

The bones of the dead were placed in a box to dry, which was nailed to a tree at the height of about fifteen feet from the ground to be safe from the ravages of hogs and varmints.

When winter came, a negro man, Hannibal Brawley, was out "possum hunting." His dog treed, and he went to him to secure the opossum, little dreaming that his wandering in the woods had brought him to the haunted spot. Looking up the tree in search of the varmint, his eyes caught sight of the box of bones. Dropping his axe, he fled for home, "and stood not on the order of his going." His face, hands and arms long bore marks of the briars through which he ran.

Varmints in that vicinity enjoyed a long period of immunity.

The next event to be mentioned was the great drought of 1845—the severest that befell the State during the last century.

From the last week in March to the first week in July no rain fell in Chester district, and in the State generally.

Owing to the absence of railroads and other facilities of transportation, the distress of the people was extreme. Man and beast suffered intensely for necessary food and water.

The only supply of corn came from across the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, transported in wagons sent by farmers to obtain and bring it.

Meal, rationed out in small quantities from wagons on the streets of Chester, sold for two dollars a bushel, and at this price to a single family would be sold not more than a half bushel, and only a peck unless the family was large. These were home wagons, sent by benevolent people to bring bread to keep the masses of the people from starving.

All spring branches and small creeks were dried up, the spring branch running around Chester having been, for six weeks prior to July 4th, so dry that where it crosses the road leading to Winnsboro it could not have been seen that such had ever existed. In spite of the drought and suffering the people had assembled to celebrate the nation's birthday. On that morning it became cloudy, and, circulating in the crowd, as the small boy was wont to do, I heard one man say to another that it would soon rain. The inquiry came, "Why do you say so?" The answer was, "because the spring branch which has been so long dry, is now moving across the Winnsboro and Columbia road." Immediately I and other small boys ran in astonishment to see the miracle.

Sure enough, there was a stream of water trickling through the dust across the public road. Before night it began to rain and rained for twenty-four hours steadily but gently.

Since then I have in a long life observed the same phenomenon.

Should a similar dry spell now occur it would not produce one-tenth of the suffering then experienced by the people, because quick railroad transportation would relieve the wants of the people.

To supply long forage for fall and winter use, farmers cut down and cured the sassafras and other green bushes growing in the fields and fence corners, and for man and beast sowed large quantities of turnip seed.

A full history of this drought, and the efforts and expedients of the brave people to relieve all classes, but especially the poor and needy, would be interesting and inspiring, but this I have not time to give. Had we been blessed with railroad transportation there

would have been little, if any real suffering, at least comparatively little. Yet how our people do find fault with railroad companies.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

I wish I had time and space to portray the patriotic ardor of the Citizens of Chester in responding to the call for volunteers for the Mexican War.

This was in 1846, following the great drought of 1845.

People forgot all about the drought and its sufferings, and burned with fire of patriotic enthusiasm and local pride in the praiseworthy effort to organize the first company. She certainly nearly achieved that honor.

The district was ablaze with enthusiasm—public meetings were held in the courthouse week after week, day after day, attended by the beauty and chivalry of the land. Patriotic songs were composed and sung by the sons and daughters of Chester, and in a short time was raised and organized as fine a company of volunteers as was in the famous Palmetto regiment, the captain, R. G. Dunovant, returning at the close of the war as the major of the regiment, decimated in bloody battles.

Those meetings in Chester to raise this company, and the glory it won on the fields of carnage in Mexico, had a lasting effect upon the boys of Chester, which made it easy in 1861 to raise volunteers for the terrible war between the States. In that trying time Chester was outstripped by none of the communities of the State in marshaling her sons for war—a war such as was not surpassed by the nations of the earth during the nineteenth century in manhood, patriotic ardor and soldierly characteristics.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE CHARLOTTE AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD.

This event occurred in August, A. D. 1851, the road being then complete from Columbia as far as Chester.

The great mass of people had never seen a moving railroad engine and train of cars.

Great preparations were made for the reception of this first train. In the woods near the depot a grand barbecue was prepared for the crowd, who began to assemble the night before. It was estimated

that eight thousand people flocked in to see the wonder and enjoy the feast. About 11 o'clock a. m. the whistle of the engine announced the approach of the train, and it soon came in sight, bearing banners and evergreens and a number of people from Columbia and Winnsboro. The enthusiasm of the people and the consequent confusion beggars description. It was with difficulty the engine plowed its way through the human mass to the depot. The president of the railroad company, the Hon. Edward G. Palmer, then addressed the people from the platform of the car, amidst vociferous applause. All then repaired to the grove and feasted upon such a barbecue as only the people of Chester knew how to prepare. The table was erected on the three sides of a square, and in measurement was of great length. Such an assemblage of people at a feast had never been seen in Chester, and probably never in the State. Thousands inspected the engine and cars with great curiosity and admiration, but none seemed more amazed than Obadiah Farrow. He prided himself upon his skill as a blacksmith, and believed that no man could excel him as a worker in iron and brass. After a close inspection of the engine he proclaimed it the greatest wonder of the world, and now that he had seen it, announced his readiness to die.

What wonderful changes and improvements have since then been effected in railroad and other modes of transportation, and how little are our people disposed to appreciate these improvements and manifest their gratitude for the amelioration of the people.

There is now scarcely a village or hamlet in the State which is not reached by a railroad or electric line, nor a village nor hamlet in the State in which these great distributors of produce of the land are not complained of by the people. How unreflecting and how ungrateful are the people, and how inconsiderate are juries in administering the law of the land as to railroads.

SOME AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

In my boyhood there came to Chester a man of varied talent, a skilled mechanic, but of literary taste—a Mr. Elliott. He married Miss Kimball, formed a partnership with Fowler Kennedy in the business of manufacturing tinware, and located permanently in Chester.

He soon became active in organizing among the gentlemen and ladies of the town an amateur theatrical club, called the Thespian

Society. They developed a high order of histrionic talent and gave to the community performances of comedies and tragedies which would be creditable to any similar club of the present day.

FIREWORKS.

Such a thing as a display of fireworks had never been seen in Chester.

The boys of the town discovered that something mysterious was in daily progress in a deserted house near the tanyard branch, and that Mr. Elliott was engaged in this work. What it was, however, they could not discover, for the house was kept closed up day and night, but the work went on and Mr. Elliott was seen often to enter and depart. The boys were perplexed and baffled.

After awhile Elliott and Kennedy began to erect in an open lot in the rear of the Presbyterian lecture room a large circular plank inclosure ten or twelve feet high. This greatly increased the wonder of the boys.

Finally it was announced that on a certain night there would be in said inclosure a grand display of fireworks.

Before dark the boys began to gather around the high wall, especially those of us who had not money to get admittance within.

At dusk, while we sat near the entrance with our backs against the wall, speculating as to what the show would be, Mr. Elliott, in a spirit of fun and mischief, sent up a sky-rocket. Such running as we did in getting away had never been done by us before in any emergency, for we thought the whole thing was blown up and that our last end had come. Mr. Elliott doubtless enjoyed the fun, but to us it was as we believed—death. The crowd in due time assembled inside the inclosure, and the pyrotechnics began.

A hundred yards or more from the inclosure was a very large, wide-spreading elm tree. The boys outside discovered this tree to be full of negroes, who could overlook the wall and see the fireworks. This excited our envy and jealousy, for we could see nothing. So we called the attention of the doorkeeper to the negroes in the tree. He stepped inside and informed Mr. Elliott, who promptly sent several rockets directly among them, which so frightened them that they fell to the ground in great numbers, and the others descended in great haste and all scampered off.

CALITHUMPIANS.

In a spirit of fun and with good intentions, some of the citizens organized a secret club which they called Calithumpians, the object of which was to stop night prowling in town, and cause old and young to keep indoors at home after a reasonable hour at night. Masks were worn, secrecy observed, and the town became alarmed at the mystery, for citizens caught out late at night were frightened and pretty roughly handled by these ghouls.

As always happens, however, with such societies, the good purpose was gradually ignored, and perverted into evil deeds, violence was resorted to by the band, and serious trespasses upon the property of good men were committed.

On one night this band tore down the palings around the beautiful yard and flower garden of that good man, the Rev. John Douglas, because he had been heard to condemn the doings of the band.

On the occasion of the closing exercises of the large female school taught by the Rev. Mr. Turner, the band assembled and tore down the entire large inclosure around the academy, and entering, made night hideous with all kinds of noisy instruments and yelling, to the great alarm of the girls and all the audience.

These excesses aroused all the good people of Chester, and led to the dispersion of the band of outlaws, yet so well did they preserve secrecy that no one was detected and prosecuted, but all damage to property was repaired, but from whom came the money was never known.

The young men of Chester were fine specimens of manhood, possessed of manly traits, but so full of energy and vivacity that they would not and could not abstain from fun and mischief. When not calling on the girls at night, they were inclined to deeds of no great harm, but not of commendable nature.

Often it happened to the people upon rising in the morning, and looking to the main hill, to find every approach to the public square blockaded with fences made of dry goods boxes, barrels and all sorts of material and contrivances, and every sign over places of business removed and replaced with the sign of another house, all arranged with a view to the ludicrous.

No real harm came of this kind of misconduct, and Chester never had cause to blush at any species of mischief save that of the Calithumpian Band, which soon ran its course.

I omitted to mention the residence of Robert McNinch, on Saluda street, which stood, in my childhood, between that of Clement Woods and Mrs. Kendrich.

Mr. McNinch had four sons, William, James, Robert and Israel, and two daughters, Elizabeth, who married George Culp, and Isabella, who married George Curtis. These daughters and one son, Israel, still live.

Among the clerks in stores during my boyhood I remember Robert Jennings, who clerked for Dickson Henry, and John and Edmund Jennings, who clerked for John McKee; also John, the son of John McKee.

Robert and John Jennings removed to Mississippi, where John died, but Robert still lives in Yazoo. Neither of these married. Edmund settled in Shelby, N. C.

Leonard Harris was chief clerk for Thomas McLure until his death, after which he clerked for Brawley & Alexander, and lastly became a bank cashier till his death. William Robinson was also a clerk for Brawley & Alexander. Millikin Graham clerked for John McAfee and others.

Among the men who settled in Chester before I went to college I can name James Parish, William Timmy, the Albrights, George Latimer and his cousin, George Latimer; Jerry Blackman and Elijah Blackman, Mr. Killian, Mr. Holbrook, Mr. Howerton, George Curtis, Mr. Holtz, Samuel McNinch and George Culp, all excellent mechanics. Robert West and Daniel Carroll, tailors; Jackson West, a harness and saddle maker; Mr. James Robinson, a shoemaker; Miles Simril, a tailor; John Simril, whose special calling I forget; Mr. Letson, a hotel keeper; John S. Wilson, a lawyer, and in later life and for years probate judge; the widow Wilkes, with two sons and four daughters; the Rev. Mr. Hinton, who married Catherine, daughter of Maj. John Kennedy, and a brother of Mr. Hinton, who married Eliza Jane, another daughter.

Other settlers came in prior to 1849, but I cannot now remember their names. Nearly all of those named have died, but many of their descendants live and bear honorable names and live honest and useful lives.

CHAPTER IX.

BENNETTSVILLE AS IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

During the winter of 1900-1901, in aid of the building of the new Methodist Church, I gave, not a lecture, but a talk before the people upon Bennettsville as it was fifty years ago. I had no notes—no manuscript to speak or read from.

I, now in the summer of 1903, have reproduced the rambling talk as nearly as memory serves me, giving the substance only in what is here written.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In December, A. D. 1852, I graduated from the South Carolina College.

Before the commencement exercises my attention was called by my friend and classmate, W. W. Irby, to an advertisement for a teacher by the Trustees of the Marlboro Academy at Bennettsville, and he advised me to apply for the place. This I at once did, and fortified my application by very flattering testimonials from the members of the faculty of the College.

I was elected, and on January 6, A. D. 1853, left Chester for Bennettsville. I spent the first night in Columbia. Leaving Columbia by the South Carolina Railroad, I traveled to Kingville, where I took the train of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad and traveled as far as Florence, which was then a station in the pine forest without a depot, a rough board shelter being the only accommodation for passengers getting on and off there.

Here I took the stage, which carried me as far as Darlington, where I spent the second night, and next morning resumed my journey in the stage to Society Hill, where I lodged on the third night with the widow Douglas, who kept the Inn.

On the morning of January 9th she sent me in a buggy, driven by her son John, to Bennettsville, my destination, where I arrived about 12 m. I was three days and a half traveling from Chester to Bennettsville, and was delighted with the speed of my journey and wondered at the great improvement in the rapidity in travel. Now the traveler would complain much if he could not make the journey

in one day. On reaching Bennettsville we found the public square filled with a great concourse of people, the occasion being a public one. It made me feel, indeed, that I was a stranger in a strange land, for, of the vast multitude, I knew no one as I then could see.

I lodged with Mr. Philip Miller, a German, who kept one of the hotels of the place, the other being kept by Mr. William Bristow; the one bore the name of Miller's Hotel, the other the name of Marlborough, or Buck Horn, which name came also to be applied to its proprietor, who was frequently called Buck Horn Bristow.

I walked out among the people after dinner to observe and listen, when to my great delight I met my friend and classmate, W. W. Irby. By him I was introduced to Mr. Peter McColl, who was clerk of court and also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Academy. I was next carried to the store of Townsend & Douglass and introduced to the proprietors, and after this I found an old acquaintance in Dr. J. Beaty Jennings, who had practiced medicine in Chester in my childhood, and had been very kind to my mother and family.

Before the day was out I was introduced to several other gentlemen, and met Mr. Charles A. Thornwell, whom I had previously met at the residence of his illustrious brother, Dr. James H. Thornwell, President of the College.

By the kind attention of my friend, William Irby, I was at once made to feel at ease to some extent in my new home. The following week I opened school in the Academy, but found a rival school in progress in a small house near by on the premises of Mr. Joel Emanuel, where now stands the residence of Sheriff John B. Green. This school was in charge of D. McD. McLeod, who had taught the previous year in the Academy. It being the opinion of Mr. McLeod and friends that he failed to be reelected because he was a Secessionist, he was prevailed upon to open a rival school. I soon made his acquaintance and was pleased with him, finding him to be a gentleman. Before the month was out Mr. McLeod abandoned his enterprise, and the Academy was soon filled to overflowing, and my labor became very heavy.

I will strive to draw a picture of Bennettsville as it was in 1853. It was a small village of less than five hundred inhabitants.

On the public square stood the courthouse—a unique structure—and hard by it, just in its rear, was the jail, a square brick building with a hipped roof, the prison cells being on the second floor and residence of jailer on the first.

Around the square were the hotels, shops, stores and some residences.

The Miller Hotel stood on the southeast corner where is now the spot once occupied by the store of L. B. McLaurin, which was burned down a few years ago, and the small shop of Mr. Miller stood directly on the corner. Opposite this hotel, across Darlington street and on the corner, stood the office or doctor shop of Dr. J. Beaty Jennings, where now is the drug store of his son, Douglas Jennings. This doctor shop had been owned and occupied by Dr. Williams previously and, I think, built by him or perhaps by Dr. Jones, the first physician who located in Bennettsville about 1822.

Across the avenue which led up to the residence of Dr. William Crosland, and on the corner now occupied by C. S. McCall, stood the law office of Charles A. Thornwell. This was built by John McQueen, soon after he came to practice law in Bennettsville, as a law office. It is said that during its erection he made money enough by his practice to pay for the lot and building. Such could not be done now. Afterwards it became the office of Dr. Alexander McLeod—next the law office of Charles A. Thornwell, and when I arrived here it was occupied by him for a short period and then by Dr. William Wallace until it was burned by the stragglers of Sherman's army. Next to this building stood the store of Townsend & Douglas, the only two-story store house in the village. They were the leading merchants, and owned and occupied the largest store in the village. Next to this store stood a small structure used and occupied by W. J. Daniels as a tailor shop, and on the corner where now stands the two-story brick store of Mr. Walter Rowe, stood a wooden building occupied as a store by Cook & Sutherland, and soon thereafter by James B. Breeden, in which building he began his successful career as a merchant. It was afterwards occupied by M. I. and C. S. Hengan, and again by J. B. Breeden.

Across Main street and on the opposite corner, where now is the two-story brick store of Mr. Lee Kirkwood, was a small wooden building occupied and used in 1853 as a tailor shop by Mr. William Little, and soon thereafter as a store by Henry Crabbe, who married a Miss Hairgrove.

Adjoining it, and about where Mr. A. J. Rowe's store stands, was a small building used as a doctor shop by Dr. William Wallace, and then by Dr. John Dudley.

On the corner where now stands the store of Mr. John Jackson was the store of Mr. James Barrentine.

Across the avenue leading to the Presbyterian Church, and on the corner where once stood the McColl Hall, was the Buck Horn Hotel, kept by William Bristow and his wife, known to all as "Aunt Christian." Here the judges and solicitors were usually entertained.

Across Darlington street, and on the corner where stands the store of C. M. Weatherly, was the store of William Munnerlyn, and on the same side of the square, where is now the place of business of W. P. Breeden, adjoining the present postoffice, was the store of John McCollum, and down on the corner beyond was a store which was used as a residence by William Stubbs, and and then as a workshop of Alexander DuPre, who first married the daughter of William Stubbs, and afterwards married a Miss Webster.

On the side of the public square next to the creek the only building was the present law office of T. E. Dudley, which, in 1853, was the law office of James E. David in one part and the tailor shop of W. J. Daniels in the other.

On the east side of the square and directly on it were no buildings except the shop of Mr. Miller already mentioned, and his stable, which stood where Mr. Barfield's furniture store now stands.

Leaving the square and proceeding east the following residences existed, viz.: the residence of Dr. Jennings, still standing, and then occupied as a boarding-house by Abijah Bristow; on the left was the residence of Alexander Murdock, now the Adams House.

Following on the same or left-hand side of the street was the residence of Donald McKay, where Mr. Cobb lives, then the residence of John McCollum, where Capt. P. L. Breeden lives; then next was the Methodist church, where is the present new building to be erected—next was the house occupied by Mr. Thomas Cook—after him by Joseph L. Breeden, and after him by Alexander Sutherland on the site of Mr. F. M. Emanuel's residence.

Further on was the house occupied by Alexander Miller and after him by Mrs. Marshall, on the lot lately owned by Mr. John McRae.

The only other residence on that side was that of Mrs. Elizabeth Munnerlyn, on the present site of the residence of Knox Livingston, Esq. All beyond this was the cotton field of Nathan B. Thomas, now called East Bennettsville, dotted with handsome residences.

Crossing the street from the residence of Knox Livingston, Esq., was the old muster field, which had been bought by W. D. Johnson, then a lawyer and afterwards a chancellor. On it he was then erecting a handsome residence, the builder of which was Alexander (Sandy) Miller. It is now the residence of Capt. A. E. Bristow. Returning thence toward the public square you came to the following buildings in the order named, to wit: the residence of Robert Little, where P. A. McKellar lives; the residence of Maj. B. D. Townsend, where his nephew, Judge C. P. Townsend, subsequently built after the old home was burned; then came the Female Academy, where Walter Townsend lives; next was the house of Mrs. Fanny Thomas, occupied by J. L. Breeden, with whom the female teachers boarded, on the spot where Mr. John Robertson afterwards built; next was the house of Charles A. Thornwell, where J. L. Breeden's fine residence stands, and on the corner where Mr. Ricaud lives was the small residence of Mrs. Grant, which was built by John and Alexander Thomas and used by them as a gin shop. Where Fuller Brothers have their livery stables was the shop of Thomas Chapman, the mechanic, and lastly the residence of Dr. J. B. Jennings, already spoken of.

On the street on which I live, called Parsonage street, there were but three houses, viz.: the small residence of Thomas Chapman, where I now live; the Methodist parsonage, where James Barnes afterwards built and Mr. Draughon now lives, and a small private schoolhouse, built by Dr. William Crosland, where A. J. Bristow lives. Beyond this, eastward, on the Fayetteville road, stood the residence of Col. W. J. Cook, now occupied by his two unmarried daughters, Olivia and Sally.

Such at that time was Bennettsville as you looked east from the public square. How changed it is now.

At the end of the street, leading southeast, between C. S. McCall's and the drug store, stood the stately residence of Dr. William Crosland.

On what was called Marion road, now Depot street, there was the former residence of Mr. Long, the merchant, then occupied by Robert Little, standing near the rear end of Mr. Kirkwood's present brick store, and further down and on the left side of the road was the Temperance Hall, and next to it was the residence of W. J. Daniels, afterwards occupied by J. J. Rowe, near the present livery

stable of L. Strauss, and these were the only residences on that street. On or near the present site of the Coxe block stood the drug store of Dr. J. H. Lane, who sold out to Abner Bristow in 1854.

On Darlington street, leading toward Society Hill, and near the Buck Horn or Marlborough Hotel, was a dilapidated, unoccupied building, and next to it was the newly erected residence of Matthew Heustiss, on the present site of the handsome residence of H. W. Carroll. The Baptist church was the next building, and near to it was the male academy.

Three houses in the village in that region, but not on the street, were the residences of Mrs. Taylor, in the corner of what is now the Murchison grove, the residence of N. P. Peabody, soon thereafter occupied by Alexander Sutherland, in the grove of large oaks near the Taylor House, and back of these the residence of Mrs. Mary Long, where stands the Meekin House. Returning to the public square and proceeding down the north side of Darlington street, were the following residences, viz.: first, the then residence of Archy McInnis, on the spot where Jesse B. Adams lives; the Peter McColl blacksmith shop, where is now Hubbard's store; the "White Mansion," occupied by the widow Peterkin, afterwards by Thomas E. Stubbs, on the site of the handsome residence of Mrs. J. N. Weatherly.

Next in order, and where the residence of Dr. Julius Jennings stands, was the residence of Dr. J. H. Lane, and beyond this and to the rear and west of Mr. Bolton's, was the residence of Joel Emanuel, and no residence was beyond this, but the foundation of the residence of Col. C. W. Dudley was laid.

This closes the list of houses of all kinds then forming the village of Bennettsville, whose inhabitants were intelligent, cultured, neighborly, genial and social, investing the village with more life, animation and real social enjoyment than now characterizes the present town, although the population is four times greater, and the sources of enjoyment relatively enlarged.

Why it is so I cannot tell. It ought not thus to be, for our people now are as good and as cultured as were those of that day, the gentlemen as handsome and the ladies as beautiful. Perhaps my opinion is influenced by age.

THE SCHOOLS.

At that time town and village school buildings were called academies: instructors were called teachers, and closing exercises were called school breaking, with examinations and exhibitions. People were plain spoken and modest then. Now teachers are called professors and closing exercises are called commencements, for why should not teachers in town and village schools and their closing exercises be honored with as great names as are given to college exercises and college professors.

The female academy was in charge of Miss Hood and her assistant Miss Meng, both pretty and accomplished. The one became the wife of Charles A. Thornwell, and after his death married A. G. Johnson; the other married W. P. Emanuel and still lives, the mother of a good family of boys and girls—all now grown.

In 1853 the female school was largely attended, and had been for years before and was for years after.

The male academy was in my charge, and so continued for four years, during two years of which time I had as assistants, P. L. Breeden for one year, and Oliver David for one year.

The number of pupils was from fifty, the lowest, to seventy, the highest number. The labor was great—was, in fact, wearing me out, and hence I resigned and began the study and then the practice of law in A. D. 1857.

The closing exercises of these two schools each year were memorable occasions and drew immense crowds of people to hear the public examinations, but more especially the musical concerts of the girls and the exhibitions of the boys, consisting of declamations and dialogues. Boys were then given as fair a showing as girls, and the exhibitions of the pupils of the male academy attracted even larger crowds than the concert of the girls. How different now. The boys are not seen nor heard of—have no showing at all—it is all girl and no boy; the boy is a creature of secondary importance. What effect this reversal of the order of nature will have upon society the future alone can tell. Sure I am, it will not be good.

CHURCHES.

In 1853 there were but two churches, the Baptist, where the new building now stands, and the Methodist, on the site of the new

building in process of erection. These were plain wooden houses, but sufficient for the congregations of that day. The Rev. J. A. W. Thomas was then pastor of the Baptist Church, young in years and in the ministry—of limited education, but endowed with a high order of ability. His subsequent career is too well-known to call for comment.

The minister in charge of the Methodist Church was the Rev. R. P. Franks, of whose subsequent career I know nothing.

LAWYERS.

At that time the resident lawyers were C. W. Dudley, James E. David, E. P. Ervin, Charles A. Thornwell, W. D. Johnson and Donald Matheson, and the visiting lawyers were John A. Inglis, Henry McIver, W. J. Hanna, Henry T. Moore and W. L. T. Prince, of Chesterfield, and W. W. Sellers, of Marion. All these have passed away.

OFFICERS OF COURT.

Peter McColl was clerk of court and so continued until five or six years after the Confederate War, and died in office.

A. N. Bristow was ordinary and so continued until 1867. B. F. McGilvary was sheriff, just retiring from office, and his successor, John W. Henegan, qualified in February, 1853.

MERCHANTS.

These were Maj. B. Townsend and A. H. Douglas, of the firm of Townsend & Douglas; John McCollum, Col. W. J. Cook and Alexander Sutherland, of the firm of Cook & Sutherland; James Barrentine, J. B. Breeden, and one or two small shopkeepers.

The druggists were Dr. J. H. Lane and Abner N. Bristow, of the firm of Lane & Bristow. All are dead.

PHYSICIANS.

These were J. Beaty Jennings, William Wallace, W. J. David and John Dudley, all of whom are dead.

CITIZENS.

The leading men were John McCollum, B. D. Townsend, W. J. Cook, A. H. Douglas, Dr. William Crosland and the lawyers and physicians above named.

MECHANICS.

These were few in number, but of marked skill and reliability, to wit: Alexander Miller, the carpenter; J. J. Rowe, the shoemaker; Archy McInnis and Thomas Chapman, makers of wagons and workers of wood; N. P. Peabody, the silversmith, and W. J. Daniels and Robert Little, the tailors, all honest and faithful workmen and good citizens, and all now dead.

LANDLORDS OR HOTEL KEEPERS.

These were two, and both noted as hosts, viz.: Philip Miller and Wm. Bristow. They were men of marked peculiarities, giving rise to more anecdotes than any two men in town unless it was J. J. Rowe and Archy McInnis.

It would be entertaining to speak at length of Philip Miller, William Bristow, J. J. Rowe and Archy McInnis, to which names should be added Abner N. Bristow, often called "Dickey Short," and Alexander Sutherland and Thomas Chapman.

These were plain people, honest men, industrious and frugal, and were the life of the town. Each was fond of a good story and a good joke, provided the joke was not at his own expense. They were much given to telling jokes, each upon some one of the group. I became very fond of these men and found them entertaining.

Perhaps the leader among them, in narrating the extraordinary and sensational, was J. J. Rowe. He was not only a skilled shoemaker, but was an expert in hunting and fishing. I often accompanied him and never failed to bring home game or fish, the greatest part of which he captured, for I was not skilled in the art. He was liberal and always desired me to take the larger part of what we had secured. His fish and snake and shooting stories were extraordinary and incredulous, but entertaining. He told me that some of them were pure fictions, thought out by him for the benefit and surprise of McInnis, Miller and the two Bristows. He made it a rule never to tell one of these marvelous stories to more than one of these men,

for he knew full well that all would soon get it from that one, and spread it for one of Rowe's romances. While sitting with him one day on the bank at the mouth of Crooked Creek, fishing and listening to his marvelous narratives, I said to him, "Mr. Rowe, I believe you know more concerning the finny tribe than any living man, but there is one fish I have never heard you speak of." "What fish do you mean?" says he. "It is the screw fish. It swims to the shore, when the head unscrews, crawls out on the bank, eats a quantity of herbs and grass, crawls back, screws on to the body again and swims away." After studying awhile he said, "Who told you of that fish?" With gravity I replied that a German told me. "Yes," said he, "and he told you a Dutch lie." Alas! this excellent mechanic and expert sportsman is dead, and with his death ended my sporting days. He was a friend to me.

Of these plain, substantial, industrious men of Bennettsville, a numerous posterity are living and occupying respectable positions in all the walks of life.

The village of Bennettsville had at that time a population unsurpassed in intelligence, morality, religion, patriotism and all the cardinal virtues in man and woman that adorn society. Such, too, may be said of her present inhabitants.

At that time there were no railroad communications, and the Great Pee Dee was the only highway of commerce available. A regular line of steamboats ran on that river from Cheraw to Georgetown, by which all cotton was exported and goods imported. Gardeners Bluff, five miles distant, being the point of shipment and crowded with business, especially in the spring and fall of the year.

The railroads have reached us and changed transportation, so that the Pee Dee River is virtually abandoned as a highway. Yet, in spite of the increased facility and speed of travel and transportation, our people grumble at railroad rates and schedules.

Man will never be satisfied with locomotion until he can travel and transport in airships, and perhaps then will envy the speed of lightning.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE CHARTER CENTENNIAL.

On December 19, A. D. 1901, in the auditorium of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition, in the city of Charleston, S. C., was celebrated the centennial of the granting of the charter to the South Carolina College.

On the night of that day, in the dining hall of the Argyle hotel, the alumni sat down to a sumptuous banquet.

The duty was assigned to me to respond to the toast, "The Alumni in the Law."

This I did extemporaneously. By request of the committee I subsequently reduced to writing the substance of my remarks, and these were published in the pamphlet of proceedings issued by the committee. The following is the report of my speech contained in said pamphlet:

HON. JOSHUA H. HUDSON.

Judge J. H. Hudson responded to the toast, "The Alumni in the Law," and spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Alumni: I have listened with great interest to the speeches that were made in the auditorium today, and to those at this banquet tonight with the deepest interest and pleasure. It seems to me that the subject which I have been called upon to discuss has been already exhausted, for in almost every address much has been said of the alumni in the law.

However, before I address myself directly to the subject assigned me, permit me to say a few words in reference to the founding of the South Carolina College, because it is a very interesting part of the history of that institution as well as of the State at large. The idea of a college in the interior of the State was first proposed by the great John Rutledge, and was further advocated by Judge William Henry Drayton, and finally took shape under the administration of his son, Gov. John Drayton. The representatives in the Legislature from the city of Charleston and other parishes of the

low country were thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the welfare of South Carolina could best be promoted by the education of her sons in the back country.

The bill to establish a college for higher learning was introduced in the Legislature by its friends from the low country at the earnest recommendation of Gov. John Drayton. This measure met with serious opposition from many of the representatives from the districts in the upper and middle regions of the State, but in spite of the opposition it was carried by the earnest advocacy of the representatives from Charleston and the low country, and became a law on December 19, 1801.

The college was most wisely located at the capital of the State, and by the earnest efforts of the committee in charge of the work was opened for the reception of students in 1805. The first student to enter was William Harper and following him closely were the two brothers from Newberry, Anderson Crenshaw and Walter A. Crenshaw. After graduating, Anderson Crenshaw removed to Alabama and became a distinguished chancellor of that State.

Walter A. Crenshaw graduated with the first honor, and returning to Newberry, died at an early age.

In a few years thereafter Josiah J. Evans and John Belton O'Neill were admitted.

The beneficial results of the higher education imparted to the young men from the back country soon became manifest. In less than a quarter of a century from the founding of the college young men who were sent out from its halls to various parts of the up-country began to distinguish themselves in all the walks of life, as instructors in academies, as farmers, as merchants, as ministers of the gospel, as physicians, but more especially as lawyers and judges. To the law bench were elevated Josiah J. Evans, John Belton O'Neill, Baylis J. Earle and Andrew Pickens Butler, and to the chancery bench were elevated William Harper, Job Johnstone and shortly thereafter George Dargan, Francis Wardlaw and Chancellor Caldwell. Soon thereafter, as law judges, there came David L. Wardlaw, Thomas J. Withers, Joseph Whitner and Thomas W. Golver.

To the great men of Charleston and the low country, and to their children as well, it must have been a gratifying sight to witness such rapid and wonderful fruits, following directly from the college of

higher learning established by them at the capital of the State, and to greet as judges and chancellors men from the remote interior, educated at this grand institution.

These patriotic men who were instrumental in founding this college builded wiser than they knew. No one can estimate the rapid results and benign influence of this institution upon the people of the whole State, from the mountains to the sea.

Among the great orators, lawyers, advocates and statesmen, issuing from its halls, we mention James L. Petigru, Hugh S. Legare, George McDuffie and William C. Preston. When George McDuffie died, in 1851, William C. Preston, as president of the South Carolina College, delivered a lecture to his class upon the life and character of George McDuffie. Politically they had been at variance, but personally, friendly. William C. Preston was properly styled the inspired declaimer and peerless orator. His judgment of George McDuffie as an orator was therefore entitled to weight, and in his lecture he stated to his class that he had heard great orators in England and the greatest orators in America of his day and time, and had no hesitation in declaring that George McDuffie fulfilled his idea and conception of Demosthenes more than anyone he had ever heard speak.

I also once heard Mr. Preston say that James L. Petigru was, in his judgment, the ablest lawyer and strongest advocate of his day. The lawyers whom I have named as eloquent advocates constitute only a small part of the alumni of the College, who, in that day and time, constituted the bar of South Carolina. It was a rare thing to find distinguished lawyers in any part of South Carolina who were not graduates of South Carolina College, and it may truthfully be said that in no State of the Union was the tone of the bar higher or the integrity and ability of the judges more exalted.

This came chiefly from the training received in college. In that institution there was no criterion save merit and character. The distinction of wealth and family was not recognized.

A more democratic institution could not exist. The poorest boy was as highly esteemed as the wealthiest, provided he was a boy of good character and possessed of talent. Honesty, truthfulness and integrity were essential to good standing in the eyes of the students and professors, and distinctions conferred in degrees were based solely on these traits and upon merit in recitation. If any partiality

was shown at all, it was more apt to be bestowed upon the poor boy rather than upon the rich, other things being equal. This fact can be verified by referring to the degree of first honor conferred annually from the founding of the institution up to the present day. The character thus formed in this College was the foundation of the greatness attained by the alumni in all the walks of life, and especially at the bar. It was the distinguishing trait of lawyers and of judges, and compelled the respect and admiration of their fellow men. Young men from all parts of the State were brought together in the college, receiving the same education, the same training and a like tone of character. The low country and the up country were thus intimately associated, and became, year by year, united in sentiment, in respect and in admiration.

A college commencement was a most noted occasion, and was attended by fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters from all parts of the State, and also by every department of the government, executive, judicial and legislative, as well as by all the civic and educational bodies of the city. The student who was so fortunate as to win an appointment or an honor, addressed, as it were, the whole State of South Carolina, its beauty, its chivalry, its executive, judicial and legislative branches.

It is to be regretted that a change has been made in the date of the commencement. The impression made by those commencements upon the under-graduates, and upon those who were awaiting application for admission, cannot at this day and time be conceived.

I well remember the impression made upon myself. Among the graduates who addressed that vast assembly on that most interesting occasion were two who particularly impressed me, and who now sit upon my right hand, Charles H. Simonton and Theodore G. Barker. The first delivered the salutatory address in Latin, being the first honor man, the second had for his theme "Classical Literature." They seemed to be very handsome young men, and acquitted themselves most creditably. Charles H. Simonton now wears the spotless ermine as a circuit judge of the United States. It has been my good fortune to meet in his courts in Richmond, Va., and elsewhere distinguished lawyers from the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston and elsewhere, all of whom, without exception, pronounce him the peer of any judge of the United States circuit bench. His life has been

identified with the history of South Carolina for the last fifty years, both in peace and in war, as a lawyer, soldier, legislator and judge. Every position he has been called upon by his fellow men to fill he has adorned.

Mr. Barker has equally distinguished himself in peace and in war as lawyer, soldier and legislator. As a college student, he was eminent for his assiduity, his learning and eloquence; he was a good intellectual combatant then, and is still a stalwart fighter.

After graduating I was called from old Chester to cast my lot in the county of Marlboro. I there met with a tall, slender, black-haired young lawyer by the name of Henry McIver, then recently elected solicitor of the Eastern Circuit. He impressed me favorably on first acquaintance, and that impression has grown into admiration. For twenty-five years as a judge he has adorned the Supreme bench of South Carolina, a large part of which time he has been, and still is, our honored chief justice. Associated with him in the recent past were Associate Justices Haskell, McGowan and Chief Justice Simpson, all graduates of the South Carolina College.

When I left the Chester Academy to go to the South Carolina College there remained behind me in that academy two interesting boys, Billy Brawley and Johnny Hemphill. They now sit opposite me here on the other side of this banquet table. The one is the Hon. William H. Brawley, judge of the United States District Court for South Carolina, and the other the Hon. John J. Hemphill, a distinguished lawyer, and recently a representative of South Carolina in Congress, than whom the State had no abler champion. Of my own class I am proud to name S. W. Melton and LeRoy F. Youmans as great lawyers and advocates. Each filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States with marked ability, as well as other positions of honor and responsibility. As scholars, lawyers and advocates they should be ranked with Preston, Legare and McDuffie.

Since the Confederate war the College has given to the bench, as judges, Thomas N. Dawkins, who, for many years, was the able solicitor of the Middle Circuit, and Franklin J. Moses, a distinguished lawyer of the Eastern Circuit before the war, and afterwards the chief justice of the Supreme Court; and, as judge of equity, Chancellor Carroll, of Edgefield, and at a still later day Judge W. H. Wallace, I. D. Witherspoon and Thomas Fraser. To these must be

added Robert Graham, S. W. Melton, C. P. Townsend and William M. Thomas.

It will thus be seen that from 1820 up to 1895, a period of three-quarters of a century, the alumni of the South Carolina College have filled the benches of law and equity in the State, and supplied the bar almost exclusively with its members, and especially with its ablest lawyers.

It is not extravagant to say that these judges, chancellors and lawyers have been and are the peers of the judges and lawyers of any of the States of the Union. They have stood forth as, and still are, living monuments of the great and good work done by that noble old State college. She needs no nobler vindication.

Prior to the war this college was assailed by narrow-minded, unthinking men in different parts of the State, but to the credit of all the people they were few in number. These assaults called forth from the Rev. James H. Thornwell, an alumnus, and then a distinguished professor, the ablest vindication ever written, in the shape of a letter to Gov. John L. Manning. This distinguished divine was a poor boy in Marlboro, who, with the assistance of Mr. Robbins and General Gillespie, was enabled to graduate with the first honor from the South Carolina College. He was pale-faced, diminutive, sallow-complexioned in his schoolboy days, but possessed of a most wonderful intellect, and while living was justly esteemed the ablest divine of his day.

During Radical rule in South Carolina the old College fell in disrepute, and practically ceased to exist. In 1876, under the leadership of that great hero and statesman, Wade Hampton, the people rescued the government from the rule of the carpetbagger and the negro, and restored it to the white men of the State. To reopen the College and restore it to the people became the prime object of the Legislature.

It is a singular fact, however, that this important measure met with strenuous opposition from some of the legislators from the interior and upper part of the State, and the great battle for its restoration was again fought by legislators from Charleston and the low country, who stood nobly in its defense, and who, with the aid of alumni from other portions of the State, achieved a great victory and once more restored to the State the inestimable boon of this great central non-sectarian College.

I chanced to visit Columbia when this struggle was in progress in the Legislature, and heard the able and noble speech in behalf of the college delivered by that distinguished alumnus, the Hon. C. G. Memminger, representative from Charleston, once a poor boy in the Charleston Orphanage, but then the able lawyer and eminent statesman, venerable in years, his head hoary with the frost of many winters, but his mind clear, fervent and strong.

It seemed to me then a singular thing that after the lapse of three-quarters of a century the city of Charleston and the people of the low country should be constrained once more to come to the rescue of the College, but they did it nobly, patriotically and successfully, with the aid of broad-minded men and alumni from other portions of the State. The institution at once took on renewed life and vigor, and once more sent forth from its halls to all parts of the State young graduates of culture, refinement and learning, diffusing throughout the length and breadth of the land the blessings of higher learning. From their number come the larger portion of the young lawyers of this day, who bid fair to equal the lawyers of old in tone, character, learning and ability.

In 1890 another political revolution swept over South Carolina, and placed all branches of the government in new hands. The enemies of the College, seeing old things swept away and all things becoming new, considered the time opportune for the subversion of the College. This revolution placed Benjamin R. Tillman in the executive chair. So great was his influence with his followers that he could easily have persuaded the Legislature to close the doors of this State institution, but fortunately for the good of the State, he declined to exert his influence in this direction and, on the contrary, espoused the cause of higher education, and became the champion of the College. He went further, and became largely instrumental in founding Clemson College, for industrial education for boys, and Winthrop College, for the higher education of girls, and for their industrial training.

These three institutions, together with the State Military Academy and the establishment of our graded schools, reinforced by the splendid sectarian colleges in the State, make a grand system of education beautiful, symmetrical and perfect. *Esto perpetua.*

CHAPTER XI.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Delivered by Judge J. H. Hudson in Memory of the Late Chief Justice Henry McIver, January 22, 1903.

Remarks of Judge J. H. Hudson upon the occasion of the memorial exercises before the Supreme Court of South Carolina, in commemoration of the life and services of the late Chief Justice Henry McIver, held in the hall of the House of Representatives.

Judge J. H. Hudson said:

May it please the Court: I rise to join in the request that the order just submitted by the president of the Bar Association be passed by the court. In doing so I will say, in the outset, I endorse every word that has been said of tribute to the memory of Chief Justice McIver by the Attorney-General, by the President of the Bar Association, and in the memorial that has been presented to the court. Your Honors, I cannot add anything to that tribute to the deceased, as a judge.

My acquaintance and my intimate relations with Judge McIver extended over a period of fifty years preceding his death. I do not suppose that anyone who will address the court tonight can say the same thing; nor do I suppose any one of those who will address your Honors will be able to speak of Henry McIver as a young lawyer, a young man, and I propose in the remarks which I shall make to confine myself to that period in his career.

On Friday, January 9, 1853, I arrived in Bennettsville to take charge of the village male academy. On entering the public square I observed an immense concourse of people, and on a gallows hard by the courthouse, in the middle of the public square, sat a white man awaiting execution, and he was executed. He was a man of property and of large influential family connections. He was charged with, indicted for, and convicted of murder of one of his own slaves, not by a single stroke of violence, but by a system of cruelty covering a period of some months which eventuated in the death of the slave. He was indicted for that offense. W. J. Hanna was the solicitor of the Eastern Circuit at that time, but he was physically

disabled, and Henry McIver, the young lawyer, had generously come to his assistance, and was acting as his deputy in the discharge of his arduous duties, and the prosecution of this case fell upon this young lawyer. It was a remarkable and an unusual case. The prisoner was defended by John A. Inglis, of Cheraw, the most accomplished lawyer in the eastern part of the State, if not in South Carolina, and one of the ablest advocates, and subsequently renowned as a judge. The accused was defended with all the ability, zeal and eloquence of that able man; but young McIver prosecuted the case with such calmness, force, legal ability and power that he succeeded in getting from the jury a verdict of guilty. All efforts to obtain a pardon from the Governor failed, and the convict was executed. Being a stranger in that community, I inquired and learned that the young lawyer from Cheraw who had distinguished himself in the prosecution of the case was Henry McIver. I felt a desire to see him, to know him, and at the following March term of court, while he was still discharging the duties of Solicitor Hanna, I met him and formed his acquaintance. I was struck with and impressed by his personality. He was tall, slender, erect, with a full head of jet black hair, with keen eyes, and a countenance beaming with intelligence, open and frank, a modest man, and his demeanor such as to impress anyone. I could not but regard him as a model young man, and felt satisfied that he would, if he lived, accomplish great things in the line of his profession. In that spring, Solicitor Hanna died, and the Governor for the second time commissioned young Henry McIver to discharge the duties of solicitor of the Eastern Circuit until the election could take place the following December, at which time, and for the first time in his life, he ran for office. In that contest he was opposed by Charles A. Thornwell, his senior in years and his senior at the bar, a learned lawyer, who was recognized at that time as the best lawyer at the Marlboro bar. Thornwell was a member of the Legislature, his brother, Dr. J. H. Thornwell, was a professor in the South Carolina College, an able divine and learned theologian. Thornwell's influence was great, but McIver was formidable. When the ballots had been cast, and Thornwell ascertained, the counting being nearly completed, that McIver was elected, he stepped up to him, took him by the hand and said: "McIver, I am disappointed and mortified at my defeat, as you well understand. I was sanguine of my election; you have defeated me,

but you have defeated me by high and honorable means. You are a gentleman, and henceforth we are to be friends"; and they were friends until the untimely death of that distinguished lawyer.

In a few years after that I came to the bar, and my relation then became more intimate with Henry McIver, and I had a better opportunity of estimating him, both as a man and a lawyer.

There occurred shortly after I came to the bar a most shocking tragedy in Bennettsville. I saw three men writhing in death's agony on the floor in the store of a young merchant in the town of Bennettsville. In a few hours they lay dead from the effects of strichnia. The young man who owned that store was the grandson of one, the nephew of another, and the third man was his bookkeeper; so if he was the guilty man, he had taken the life of his grandfather, his uncle and his bookkeeper. He was arrested, indicted, and tried for the offense. It fell to my lot to be associated with the solicitor in that case, and I had the opportunity of observing the method and manner, the mind and intellect of Henry McIver in the preparation and conduct of that case. The accused was defended with unusual zeal by that great advocate, Jno. A. Inglis. The case was one of circumstantial evidence altogether; but by a careful preparation of the case, a judicious development of the testimony, Henry McIver wove the thread of circumstantial evidence around the accused so effectually that there was no escape save in conviction; and he, too, was executed. In that day and time the majesty of the law, your Honors, was upheld in our courts, and juries faithfully discharged their duty.

Shortly after that I saw Henry McIver put upon his metal and tried as few young men are tried, and that was in the town of Darlington. I witnessed fifty-four men arraigned and tried for murder. The circumstances of the homicide would be too tedious to narrate; I will not attempt to do it. As soon as a true bill was found by the grand jury, the young solicitor handed to the court the order committing those fifty-four men, who were then on bail, to the custody of the sheriff until they should be delivered by due process of law. Day by day, as the trial progressed, these men were marched from the jail to the courthouse. They were defended by four of the strongest lawyers in Eastern Carolina—John A. Inglis, of Cheraw; Julius A. Dargan, of Darlington; Franklin J. Moses, of Sumter; W. W. Harllee, of Marion. Henry McIver had able assistants—

A. C. Spann, of Sumter, and James Norwood, of Darlington—but he was the giant of the occasion in the prosecution of that case. J. A. Inglis told me after the trial, that although he had confidence in his case, he knew the sympathy of the people was with him, the majority of those fifty-four men being among the wealthiest men of Darlington, and none beneath the rank of substantial farmers, and yet with all their influence and that of their friends and the powerful advocacy of those four strong lawyers, Chancellor Inglis told me afterwards that when the speech of Henry McIver was being delivered, he trembled for the safety of his clients.

These matters I mention, may it please the court, to show the early life of Henry McIver and the early development of his strength and power as a lawyer and advocate.

I will say a few words as to Judge McIver's style, his manner and bearing as an attorney in the courts of justice. It was a model of propriety. He made it the rule of his life never to insult another, nor to take an insult. He was uniformly dignified, uniformly courteous to the members of the bar and respectful always to the bench, and what was still more creditable to him, he had a tender regard for the feelings of a witness. He never brow-beat a witness; he treated him always kindly and courteously, and in doing so got from witnesses in a short time more satisfactory, convincing, effective, and truthful testimony, than could have been got from them otherwise. In cross-examining defendants' witnesses he never offended, and he told me frequently that to do so was wrong, that these people were compelled to come in court, they did not come of their own free will, and that it was the desire of most men, he believed, to tell the truth, and that the lawyer should respect them, and the bench protect them. In addressing a jury he rarely spoke half an hour, but in that half hour won his verdict. It was only on extraordinary occasions he spoke more than half an hour. I never knew him to speak longer than one hour. His style was not demonstrative, boisterous or vehement. He could not be called an eloquent man; he was calm, deliberate and logical, direct and forcible. Every word he uttered went home to the jury. They knew he was honest and sincere. They could understand him, and his words had their full weight.

Now, only one other remark. How did Henry McIver come to be a great lawyer, and a great judge? Criminal law is very simple and requires no great learning to master it.

In the day and time I have been speaking of, the country was not traversed by railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and each court would last probably only a week. In two or three days the solicitor would get through with his work, but could not return home and join the judge at the next court, for want of time and facility of traveling. Hence he would be compelled to remain, and naturally fell into the practice of civil cases. Occupying the position of solicitor he was brought into prominence, and naturally would be called to manage important cases on the common pleas side of court. He gathered his cases around the circuit, and diligently prepared them during recess. Often the solicitors had local partners, but whether they had local partners or not, during vacation they were busily engaged preparing civil cases that they were to argue on circuit. When the judge and solicitor left home for court, neither saw home again until the entire circuit had been gone over. Our Court of Equity did not interfere with the Court of General Sessions and Common Pleas, and he had opportunity to practice in that court. Under this condition of things our solicitors were enabled to take their stand in the forefront with lawyers of learning and ability. For seventy-five years of the history of South Carolina the solicitorship became the stepping stone to the bench. We can look back and enumerate many of them who went from the solicitorship to the bench and made distinguished judges. I can mention Judge Wilds, Josiah J. Evans, David Johnson, Charles J. Colcock, J. J. Caldwell, B. J. Earle, Thomas J. Withers, Joseph N. Whitner, Thomas N. Dawkins, A. J. Shaw and Henry McIver, the last surviving judge and the peer of any of those great names I have mentioned, if he is not the greatest of them all.

May it please your Honors, Judge McIver was courtesy itself: he was a noble man in every respect.

When he began his service on the supreme bench of this State, it was with Chief Justice Willard and Associate Justice Haskell; then came Chief Justice Simpson, Judge Haskell and Judge McIver; then Chief Justice Simpson, Associate Justices McIver and McGowan; then Chief Justice McIver, Associate Justices McGowan and Pope; then Chief Justice McIver, Associate Justices Pope and Gary; then Chief Justice McIver, Associate Justices Pope, Gary and Jones; lastly, the court as now composed. Through more than twenty-five years of association with his brethren of the bench I

never heard of one single jar, not one single instance of ruffled feeling, not one single instance in which there was an absence of courtesy and good fellowship.

Your Honors, Henry McIver was a great man—he was great from his youth; he was great as a lawyer and he was greatest of all as a judge.

APPENDIX.

I graduated from the South Carolina College in December, A. D. 1852. In December, A. D. 1854, I attended the celebration in the then new college chapel of the semi-centennial of the opening of the College. I listened with deep interest to the farewell address of President James H. Thornwell, and to the oration of that distinguished alumnus and great lawyer, James L. Petigru. I secured a copy of the pamphlet containing the proceedings, and fortunately have preserved it. I deem it of sufficient interest to the alumni and the public generally to insert it in full in this collection, so as to preserve and perpetuate it, especially as preparations are now being made to celebrate the centennial of the opening of this venerable State institution.

The proceedings are as follows :

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE,
consisting of the
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE,
the
SEMI-CENTENNIAL ORATION BY THE HON. JAS. L. PETTIGRU,
and
ANSWERS TO LETTERS OF INVITATION.

Published by Order of the Board of Trustees.

NOTICE.

The addresses and letters which compose this pamphlet were occasioned by the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the College, which took place last December, in conformity with the appointment of the Board of Trustees. The celebration was resolved on at the annual meeting of the Board, in 1853. A committee was appointed to make proper arrangements, and the Hon. James L. Petigru was unanimously requested to deliver the semi-centennial oration. The Committee of Arrangements was instructed to invite the presidents, professors, and trustees of the

colleges in this and the contiguous States to be present on the occasion, together with such other gentlemen from abroad as it might deem entitled to the compliment.

The 4th of December, being commencement day, was fixed on as the day of the delivery of the oration, and the hour, at the close of the usual commencement exercises. The Board subsequently ordered that the baccalaureate address of the president of the College, the oration of Mr. Petigru, and the answers to letters of invitation should be published in the present form.

ADDRESS

Delivered to the Graduating Class, December 4, 1854, by Rev. James H. Thornwell, D. D., President of the College.

GENTLEMEN: You have reached the period when your alma mater is about to dismiss you from her roof, not with cold, unfeeling severity; not as a burden of which she would be relieved, a tax from which she would be exempt. She loves you with a mother's love, and yearns over you as you go forth into the world, with all the tenderness, solicitude and affection which speak from the eyes of a kind parent, as a beloved son takes his leave, for the last time, of the paternal home. She sends you out because she trusts that you are now prepared to provide for yourselves; and as she watches your receding steps, her heart swells with hope, and from her heaving breast she pours out upon you the benedictions of her soul. She cannot say farewell until she has given you a few parting words of counsel, brief, hurried, broken; but they are the honest expressions of love, confidence, and hope. Through me, her organ and representative, she speaks to you today, and speaks for the last time. Other scenes will soon surround you, other cares will soon oppress you, but amid the din of business and the hot pursuit of your various aims, let your mind occasionally revert to this hallowed spot, and let the counsels and benedictions which now attend your departure exert their influence upon your future course. You have begun well, and it must be pleasant to you, as it is most delightful to me, to reflect that in leaving the maternal mansion today, no domestic feuds embitter our memories, and no hard thoughts or unkind expressions rise before us to solicit mutual forgiveness. The house has not been divided against itself. You have been generous and

grateful sons, and have shown yourselves more than sensible of the advantages you have enjoyed. The past is an omen of the future, and in the hope which it inspires, I, in the capacity already intimated, would impress upon you the desire of excellence, as the habitual rule of your actions. Whatever deserves to be done at all, deserves to be well done. By excellence, I do not mean superiority over others; and by the desire of excellence, I do not mean that spirit of ambition which simply aims to surpass a rival. Excellence is relative to our own capacities and powers; and he who puts out all his strength, whether it be much or little, is entitled to the praise of it. The giant is mightier than the child, but relatively to their strength, one may do as much as the other. That perfection which your natures are capable of, whether in general habits or special skill, should be constantly before you as the animating principle of exertion. As scholars, aim at the enlargement of your minds by the culture of all its faculties; bring them out in their just and legitimate proportions; guard against all distortions or derangement. The whole soul is the thing to be educated. As professional men, aim to master your profession, in all its departments, as far as your energies will allow. Do not think only of the dowry, but seek first to deserve it, and then, if it does not come, comfort yourself with the thought that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise; nor yet riches to men of understanding; nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. Like the miser, though in a very different spirit, and with reference to a very different wealth, you can say: *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*

Ipse domi; simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.

It is only by pursuing a profession in this spirit that it becomes liberal, or in the language of Aristotle, an end to itself; otherwise it is degraded to a trade; and I must say that I have much more respect for the mechanic, or the drudge of a workshop, than the man who gives himself to law or physic, or any other generous pursuit, with no other inspiration than that of Mammon. Scorn this beggarly ambition; aim at excellence; aim to be something, whether you die rich or poor. Of course, excellence in professions involves a faithful and conscientious discharge of all their duties, as a part of the merit. They all imply practical habits; these are an element of the excellence of man, and these can only be acquired by single acts—by industry, perseverance and patience.

Above all things, aim at excellence in working out your general vocation as men. Our special callings are subsidiary to a higher, a nobler end which attaches to us in our essential relations as members of the human race. There is a work which belongs to man as man; and in reference to this work, it is enjoined, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, as there is no wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave whither we are hastening. Here we are to prepare for an endless life, for that blessed immortality which is at once the reward and the very consummation of all excellence. Religion is not a secondary matter, nor a local and temporary interest; it is preeminently that for which man was made, and without which it would be far better that he had never been born. Settle in your minds that nothing can ever be well done in the true and proper sense unless it is done in the spirit of genuine religion; and no religion can ever solve for a sinner the problem of life, or quicken him who is dead in trespasses and sins, but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The aspect in which Christianity should be habitually contemplated by you is that of a discipline for your everlasting destiny. It first puts you in the condition to be trained, and then supplies the means, motives and agency of an effective education for eternity. It is the school which fits us for the skies; and if we see our dignity and excellence in their true and just proportions, in the very spirit of Paul, we should count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord. I know, gentlemen, that your alma mater has taken especial pains that you should never be found among profane scoffers and jesters. You all have a profound reverence for the truths, rites and ministers of religion; but still it is possible to respect without loving—to admire without a cordial sympathy. It is possible to escape the curse of the scoffer without securing the reward of the believer. Here, then, let your energies be concentrated. Give your whole souls to God, and you will have the highest motive and the strongest encouragement to excellence in everything else.

This general spirit which I have been commending will save you from what is almost as prolific a source of failure and disappointment in life as absolute idleness. I mean heartlessness of effort. Half-work is little better than no work. Nothing can be done well into which a man does not throw his soul. Enthusiasm is only the glow of energy.

You need not be cautioned against confounding the admiration with the pursuit of excellence. As Butler has taught you, these ideal pictures may be a source of positive injury, if they are permitted to stop at the emotions, or dwell only in the fancy—they must enter the domain of the will—they must be joined with firm resolution and determined purpose—they must ripen, as you have opportunity, into acts.

These hints, gentlemen, are given at parting, as a sort of chart to guide your future course. You will find life a very different thing from what you anticipate. It is not a summer's dream nor a fairy tale. The period, too, at which you step into the world is a period of fearful interest. The signs of the times admonish us that we are on the eve of great events. The earth is heaving like an earthquake—all things are in commotion. The State and society are concerned in the character and principles of every individual who is sent into the arena of action. Earnest men are needed, for earnest work is at hand. Go forth, young champions, prepared to acquit yourselves like men. Go forth to adorn your State, to benefit your country, to bless your race. Go forth in the panoply of truth and the strength of the Lord, and may the blessings of Israel's God go with you.

And should any stranger this day put the question, Who are these that this venerable mother is sending out into the world? I am proud to answer by pointing to the men. There you see the pale student, and the pale student of college is always likely to be the hero of action. In all you see honorable men, men of principle and character, whom the State may cherish and trust. There are no cowards there—no sycophants or parasites. All, all, I believe to be good men and true, and I turn you over to the commonwealth in the precious hope that as no son of South Carolina can ever be ashamed of her, so she may never be ashamed of you. Nay, I know that of some of you, in after days, she will be proud. Go on, gentlemen, as you have begun. Noble ends by noble means pursue. When your last summons comes, let it find you with harness on your backs. Live for excellence, and you shall reap the reward of everlasting glory. Farewell.

ORATION

Delivered by Hon. James L. Petigru.

When Alexander the Great complained of his illustrious master for having exposed philosophy to the knowledge of the vulgar, he uttered a sentiment familiar to antiquity, and in complete unison with the spirit of his age. The principle of exclusion pervaded all early societies, hence distinctions of caste, of classes, of orders and sects. Even where superstition had erected no bar against common right, opinion in some degree supplied the place of law, and the learned who considered themselves a class were little disposed to share with the multitude the accomplishments by which they were honorably distinguished. Such was the spirit of antiquity, and such the way of thinking in the Middle Ages. But since the revival of letters there has been a steady and progressive tendency to a more liberal view of social duty. Society is thought to owe more to its members, and individuals are taught their solidarity in the duties which unite society. Government is held responsible for the evils which it has the power to remove but suffers to exist, and the duty of government is the exponent of that obligation by which all the members of society are bound to one another.

It is consoling to reflect on the changes which have been operated in a long course of years by the influence of this principle. The debtor, the lunatic and the criminal have felt the benignant influence of the change. Misfortune is no longer confounded with crime; the barbarous laws that submitted the debtor to the cruelty of his creditor, after having long excited the abhorrence of mankind, are by general consent laid aside. The sphere of charity is extended to the inmates of the asylum, and force is restrained even against those who are bereft of reason. Nor is crime itself excluded from the pale of humanity. For ages no voice was raised in favor of the vanquished and the weak, except in schools or churches; but now statesmen have learned to venerate humanity, and the people to feel for the rights of their common nature. But nowhere is the triumph of humanity more signal than in this, that the obligation of educating the people is now freely acknowledged.

It was no proof of narrow bigotry then on the part of the magnanimous conqueror, and builder of cities, to consider philosophy the privilege of greatness, and ignorance the proper lot of all who

were not raised by fortune above the reach of sordid cares. Such was the sentiment of the age in his time; and if a more liberal and generous way of thinking characterizes the opinions of rulers in the present day, we are indebted for the change to the spirit of the age in which we live. But the spirit of the age itself depends no little on the state of education. Public opinion does not represent the ideas of the majority, for the majority is made up of individuals who do not think alike. The diversity of private sentiment is endless and proverbial; but public opinion is something definite and intelligible, not a mere aggregation of inconsistent things. It is a motion produced by the collision of opposing forces—a spirit distilled from the fermentation of various elements but differing from them all. And the spirit of the age represents not the opinions of any particular portion of the civilized world, but the general tendency of the human mind at a particular era. But education is the external power that gives activity to the intellect, which produces that fermentation of the mind out of which opinion proceeds. Therefore, the spirit of the age is modified by education, and an improvement in education is not only a positive gain but an evidence of general progress—for as education improves, the spirit of the age will partake of that improvement.

But of all social improvements, the greatest is the diffusion of light—the increase of the educated class. To educate is to civilize—and to add to the number of educated persons, is to advance the boundaries of civilization. To educate is to develop the faculties of the human understanding; and to extend the blessings of education, by making it universal, is to raise the people in the scale of being. Who, then, can doubt that it is a duty to educate the people, or deny that the obligation which this duty imposes is binding on the high and low, the governors and the governed? This is solidarity. It is the bright side of democracy, and if egotism and envy could be chained below, there would be but one opinion of it.

It was in the year 1801 that the initiative was taken in the first legislative act for founding this College. The period is remarkable as coinciding with a transfer of civil power—with a revolution that changed the relations of the parties which then divided—perhaps to some small degree may still divide the opinions of men—if not in this, at least in other States. It was in a house of assembly, where the victorious party held yet only a divided rule, and their adversaries,

though vanquished, still kept the field, that this great measure was originated. It came like the last will and testament of the expiring party; and sounded like the proclamation of the conquerors, announcing the terms granted in the hour of victory. It is fortunate to find hostile parties agreeing in a great principle. Indeed it is a proud reflection that whatever may be the extravagance or madness of party, opposition to learning is no instrument of popularity in America.

But though the spirit of our countrymen is too high for an alliance with ignorance, there were not wanting objections, both popular and specious, to the endowment of this College out of the public treasury. The immediate benefits of a college are received by those only who are educated in it: the number of these must necessarily be few; and the assistance which they derive from the State is a species of protection, rendered still more invidious by the fact that it is in a great measure confined to those who are already in a more eligible situation than the generality. In such circumstances, the opportunity for appealing to prejudice was too favorable to be neglected. The pittance wrung from the hard hand of reluctant poverty, it was said, was to be lavished on the education of the rich. Those who were in possession of the advantages of education were to levy a tax on the poor, to perpetuate those advantages by educating their sons at the public expense. The majority were to bear their full proportion of the burthen, but the recompense was most unequally distributed. And these topics might be urged with more show of reason, because there was then no provision for common education by means of free schools. It was *hard* that the rich should be assisted by the public treasury in giving their sons an education suitable to their situation in life, while the children of the poor were taught at their own expense. It was *strange* that the State should come to the aid of the rich, and leave the poor unassisted to struggle with their difficulties. With that class of politicians who think that the public welfare is best promoted by leaving every man to take care of himself, and with all those who disclaim a solidarity in the obligation of the State to its members, these objections might have had great weight. Let us do justice to the wisdom and foresight of the men of 1801, who rejected such ungenerous counsels.

It is our grateful task to commemorate the virtues of our founders—to celebrate the triumph of liberal principles over a narrow, egotistic policy; and to mingle our congratulations over the fiftieth anniversary of the day, when the South Carolina College welcomed the first student, to its hospitable halls. If any doubts were entertained of the expediency of establishing this seat of learning at the public expense, they have long since disappeared. No one now doubts that it is the duty of the State to make liberal provision for the higher branches of education. Such provision must be made by the State, because such establishments are too costly for individual enterprise. The enterprise of individuals, sustained by the prospect of commercial profits, may scale the mountain barriers that vainly interpose their heights to the invasion of the engineer and the progress of the railroad. But the hills of Parnassus are proverbially barren; and literature tempts no capitalist with the hope of dividends. Without the patronage of the State, it would be impossible to erect the costly buildings, to collect the learned men, and supply all the materials requisite for a seat of learning adapted to a high and comprehensive course of study. And if it be asked, for what use such a college is wanted, the answer is, that such an establishment is necessary to the progress of improvement. Curiosity is the spring of literary and scientific research. It is excited by the knowledge of what has been discovered—by acquaintance with the methods of investigation—by emulation, and the intercourse of kindred minds. It is in colleges that these causes are in full operation. They stimulate activity, keep pace with the improvement of the age, and furnish inquiring minds with the means of further progress. It is a law of our nature that if society be not progressive it will decline. Colleges, therefore, are institutions of necessity, and where they answer the purposes for which they are founded, amply repay the generous patronage of the public; although they add nothing to the stock of material wealth.

Fifty years have passed—and we have crossed, for the first time, the threshold of the new hall, where the future anniversaries of this college are to be celebrated. The old chapel and the early days of this institution will henceforth be invested with a sort of historical interest. When we survey the flowing river, we are prompted by a natural curiosity to know from what distant springs it takes its source; and I revert from this splendid dome to the *incunabula* of

our College with more pleasure, because it affords the opportunity of rendering the poor tribute of posthumous applause, to the memory of its first president, my revered master.

Jonathan Maxcy exerted no little influence on the character of the youth of his day; and his name is never to be mentioned by his disciples without reverence. He had many eminent qualifications for his office. His genius was æsthetic; persuasion flowed from his lips; and his eloquence diffused over every subject the bright hues of a warm imagination. He was deeply imbued with classical learning, and the philosophy of the human mind divided his heart with the love of polite literature. With profound piety, he was free from the slightest taint of bigotry or narrowness. Early in life he had entered into the ministry, under sectarian banners; but though he never resiled from the creed which he had adopted—so catholic was his spirit—so genial his soul to the inspirations of faith, hope and charity—that whether in the chair or the pulpit, he never seemed to us less than an apostolic teacher. Never will the charm of his eloquence be erased from the memory on which its impression has once been made. His elocution was equally winning and peculiar. He spoke in the most deliberate manner; his voice was clear and gentle; his action composed and quiet; yet no man had such command over the noisy sallies of youth. His presence quelled every disorder. The most riotous offender shrunk from the reproof of that pale brow and intellectual eye. The reverence, that attended him stilled the progress of disaffection; and to him belonged the rare power—exercised in the face of wondering Europe by Lamartine—of quelling by persuasion the spirit of revolt.

The Bachelor's Degree was conferred, for the first time, in 1806—and then upon one student, Anderson Crenshaw, the protagonist of this school. He made his solitary *curriculum* without an associate, and thereby gave an example of independence which accorded well with the integrity of his mind. May it ever be characteristic of our school to pursue the path of honor, even if it be solitary? May the man whom this College enrolls among her sons ever retain the firmness to stand alone, when duty and conscience are on his side. Nor was our *protagonist* unworthy of these anticipations. He was elevated to the chancery bench in Alabama; and when *he* occupied the judgment seat, we may be sure that the balance of justice was never disturbed by a sinister influence.

The list of graduates rose the next year to four; and in 1808, a numerous class increased the reputation of the College, more by their abilities than by their numbers. In that constellation was one bright star, which was only shown to the earth, and then set prematurely; but which ought not to be forgotten, if the memory of virtue is entitled to live. When I look on the place once familiar to his voice, imagination invests the scene with the presence of George Davis, such as he was in youth—in health—the pride of the faculty, the monitor and example of the school. When he was to speak, no tablets were needed to record the absent—every student was in his place. It is a traditionary opinion that the orator is the creature of art. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit.* But those who heard the youthful Davis would go away with a different impression. The maxim indeed does not deserve assent, further than this, that when the orator has to deal with the actual affairs of life, he must, to persuade and convince, be master of all the details of his subject; often requiring great minuteness and variety of knowledge, the fruit of sedulous labor and attentive study; whereas, the poet addresses himself to those sentiments and emotions characteristic of our common nature, which are revealed by the faculty of consciousness and self-examination. But Davis was already an orator. Before he began to speak, his audience were rendered attentive by his noble countenance, in which the feelings of his soul were expressively portrayed. In language pure and flowing, equally free from rant or meanness, he poured out generous sentiments, or pursued the line of clear and methodical argument. To gifts so rare was joined the utmost sweetness of temper; and his manners were as amiable, and his conduct as free from eccentricity, as if he had been a stranger to the inspiration of genius. Early in his Senior year, he withdrew from college; and before the wheels of time had ushered in the day for conferring degrees, the news that George Davis was no more fell like a chill on the hearts of his fellow students. They thought of the legend of Cleobis and Biton, as embodying a sentiment true to the feelings of nature; and owned that the grave of one so bright, so blameless and so young, must have often suggested the thought that it is not to the favorites of heaven that long life is granted. Nearly fifty years have passed since the grave closed on all that was mortal of George Davis; and few now remain that ever felt the grasp of his cordial hand; but many long years may pass before tears will flow for one so bountifully endowed, or society sustain an equal loss.

In strong contrast, within the same group—to memory's view—stands the robust frame of Nathaniel Alcock Ware. His intellect was like a fortress built upon a rock; the flowers of fancy grew not in the shade of its battlements. The pursuits of literature did not satisfy the cravings of a mind like his, which loved to grapple with subjects that required the strength of his Herculean arm. His memory was capacious of the most multifarious nomenclature, and science was congenial to his taste. In college exercises, he uniformly outran the professor; and when the class was entering on a new study, he was preparing to quit it, or was already engaged in exploring some more distant field. Nor was his mind less discriminating than apprehensive; and the mass of information with which his memory was stored was readily reduced to order and method by the strength of his judgment. Neither did he lack the kindlier affections; and though he scorned the flowers of fancy, his heart was susceptible to friendship. Whether from the neglect of those studies which are most proper to secure for one's sense a favorable reception "*delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem.*" or from indifference to popular arts, he did not make on the public an impression in proportion to his power, or the judgment of his fellow students. And he that would have guided with a steady hand the helm of State was confined with a solitary exception to a private station. And those powers that would have regulated the finances of an empire, or organized the march of armies, were limited in their operation to the acquisition and management of a colossal fortune.

Among those now no more, but then the pride of the College, who would fail to recognize the large figure of Charles Dewitt, radiant with youth, and sedate with reflection? The dignity of manhood marked his steps, and the warmth of youth animated his conversation. By his fortune, placed above the care of money—by the elevation of his mind, above the allurements, of idleness or dissipation—he seemed a youthful sage, neither ascetic nor devoted to pleasure—cultivating knowledge for its own sake, and cherishing virtue as its own reward. In his case, imagination could easily anticipate the work of time, and conceive of the youth already grave beyond his years, as surrounded with the honors of mature age; and then the image would suggest the principal figure in the glowing lines of the poet:

“Ac, veluti magno in populo quum sæpe coorta est
 Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
 Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:
 Tum pietate gravem ac meritis, si forte virum quem
 Conspexere, silent; arrectisque auribus adstant;
 Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet”:

But he was not destined to see that day, and an early death deprived the State of one that seemed to be born for a part so noble, and not unfrequently needed.

Nor in this retrospective view would it be possible to omit the most careless of students, the most ingenuous of men, Charles Stephens—absent-minded, forgetful of college bell or college exercise, but never at fault in detecting a sophism, or weaving the chain of argument. In after times, when he would rise in the Legislature, on some knotty point of parliamentary or constitutional law, the absence of all ornament of speech or gesture, and of all attempts at the arts by which an audience is flattered, could not prevent him from being listened to with profound attention. No man wielded a keener dialectic. The blade glittered to the eye, but the weapon was held in a harmless hand. Had he been bent on cutting his way to distinction by subverting the existing order of things, the social fabric would have had no more formidable adversary. His dialectic would have hardly been resisted by any establishment; because all things mortal contain some error; and to the keen logician every weak place furnishes a point of assault, and an opening to the enemy. But Stephens was conservative—the severity of his logic was tempered by the mildness of his disposition. He lived in peace, which he loved; and died surrounded by affectionate friends, who admired his genius, but valued more the qualities of his heart.

Nor should Waring be forgotten, already skilled in the knowledge of human character. His observant spirit naturally led him to the study of medicine, in which he rose to high and merited distinction in Savannah. Nor the noble-minded DuPont, of kindred race, but of warmer temperament; who also chose the path of medicine, but was too soon removed to reap the honors, civil and professional, which he was so well qualified to win. Nor Miller, even then remarkable for the talent which afterwards raised him to the highest distinctions in the State. Nor Gill, whose early death deprived society

of all that might be expected from his hardy sense and constant application. Nor must we forget the leaders of the class—the bland Murphy, and the inflexible Gregg. They were the real students, who, like true soldiers, never forgot the rules of discipline, but studied for the first honors, and won them gallantly.

And could I forget thee; the soul of honor and the joy of friendship, George Butler—the most gallant of men, the most genial of spirits! The profession of arms well accorded with his martial character; and though his plume was not destined to wave in the battle's storm, and the fortune of war confined his service to a barren field; yet no more devoted son rallied to the flag, under which he would have been proud to die for his country. Nor does the trump of fame bear to the winds the echoes of a name, where the soldier's zeal was more gracefully blended with the tenderness of a gentle heart.

But the youth instinct with great ideas, the scholar, the bard, the genius of the school, remains. How shall I describe thee, William Harper? Careless, simple and negligent, he lived apart, in the world of his own genius—his imagination brought all things human and divine within the scope of his intellectual vision. For him it was equally easy to learn or to produce. It was not to be expected that such a mind could find occupation in any enforced routine. He was no candidate for the honors of college, though he received a distinguished appointment; in fulfilling which he delivered a poem, almost an improvisation, on the death of Montgomery.

It is very common to underrate the imagination, as an element of power. It is imparted in a high degree to but few, and the opinion of the majority proceeds from imperfect and superficial knowledge of the subject. Works of the imagination are measured by the standard of utility, and condemned by common minds as frivolous. The character of genius suffers in the same way when tried by the estimate of prudence. Nor can it be denied that, for common affairs, originality and invention are of little value; nor that the finest parts must yield the palm to the intrinsic value of good sense. Fancy, imagination, memory, nay—reason itself, are of little avail without the presence and moderation of that sober guardian. But the great mistake of the common judgment is to suppose that between genius and good sense there is some principle of opposition. The very reverse is true; good sense is essential to genius, and the example of

William Harper is a striking corroboration of the truth. He was a true poet; of *imagination, all compact*; and if he had given the reins to his genius, would certainly have devoted himself to the lyric muse. But "*dura res et—novitas*" the exigencies of common life, and the little encouragement bestowed on literature, determined otherwise; and he embraced the legal profession. How completely he refuted the idea that an imaginative or esthetic mind is ill adapted to the severest legal studies, is known to all South Carolina. His judgments, contained in Bailey, Hill and the later reporters, from 1830 to 1847, are an enduring monument of his judicial fame; and his defense of the South, on the relations existing between two races, is so profound in conception, so masterly in execution, as to cause a widespread regret that his pen was not more frequently employed in philosophical investigation.

The distinguished men that have proceeded from this place furnish the best evidence of the successful cultivation of learning in this College. If we were to follow the stream of time, we should meet with many a name to prompt the eulogy of departed worth; but I forbear. Though the ornaments of succeeding years might claim the tribute of friendship, or challenge the praise of a more eloquent tongue, these contemporary portraits are reflected in the glass of memory, and later years come not within the field of its vision. Rather is it within the purpose of this celebration to inquire how far the results have corresponded with the expectations of the friends of the College, and what hopes may be reasonably entertained of the future.

As to the past, there is much ground for gratulation in the effect which this College has had in harmonizing and uniting the State. In 1804, sectional jealousies were sharpened to bitterness, and there was as little unity of feeling between the upper and low country as between any rival States of the Union. Although the suppression of such jealousies is, in part, attributable to the removal of some anomalies in the constitution, much the largest share in the same good work is due to the attractive force of a common education. To the insensible operations of the same influence must also be referred the liberal provision that has been made for general education by the establishment of free schools. And if the benefits of such schools have not yet equaled the full measure of usefulness expected from the system, the failure arises from peculiar circumstances, and

affords no just cause for discouragement. Wherever there is a resident proprietary equal to the duty of their position these schools have not failed to answer the purpose of diffusing the elements of learning. Nor let the limited education of the poor be contemned. It is much more the spirit of instruction than the amount which is imparted, that interests the State. By the instruction received in the most backward school, the learner is put in communication with a higher degree of learning. It is the natural order of things to proceed by steps, and if this gradation do not exist in the social fabric, it is a serious defect. The influence of the College, like the ambient air, should extend on all sides—upwards to the regions of discovery, and downwards to the smallest tenement of rudimental instruction. In this way, the blessings of civilization are extended by a sound and healthy state of public opinion; and if we compare the progress which the State has made since 1804, we shall have no reason to withhold our assent from the conclusion, that the hopes with which the College was inaugurated have not been disappointed.

As to the future, we trust that the College will be true to its mission as the nurse of an enlightened public opinion. From this source should issue not only the rays of knowledge, but the light which disperses the mists of prejudice. Knowledge is a step in the improvement of society, but it is not the only desideratum. Very pernicious errors may prevail in the midst of much intellectual activity, and opinions long discarded by cultivated minds may still exert a widespread and pernicious influence. In eradicating such weeds from the minds of the young, the public instructor has an arduous duty, in which every encouragement is to be given to his efforts. It is in the college that the reformation of popular errors should begin.

Education is the handmaid of civilization, which includes morals and manners as well as learning. But if opinions which reason condemns find shelter in colleges, where shall we look for improvement to begin? Education is valuable to society, because it improves the moral sense and develops the energy of the mind. The fruit of such culture should be shown by an exemption from popular error or local prejudice. When the College is but the echo of the popular voice, there is room to surmise that the culture has been neglected, or that the professor has labored upon an ungrateful soil. A liberal education implies a superiority to common errors; and deep regret must follow the disappointment of that expectation. But it is still

more deplorable when the College becomes a place of refuge for exploded fallacies; among which none can be more pernicious than that false sentiment—that resistance to authority is an honorable impulse. Now fidelity is the very bond of honor, and lends its sanction to all the demands of lawful authority. To promise, and fail to perform, is always a reproach; and if the default be wilful, it entails the heavier penalty of disgrace. But lawful authority imposes obligations of equal weight with those which are clothed with a promise. To set against such obligations, considerations of personal will, interest, or opinion, is characteristic of sordid egotism, and inconsistent with the first principles of honor. A liberal education implies a keen sensibility to every duty which fidelity enjoins; and over the portal of every college should be inscribed in letters of gold, Obedience is Honorable.

And now, considering the feeble beginnings of 1804, when the course of the senior year would hardly be considered in these days a qualification for the sophomore—when the whole array of faculty consisted of three professors, and the philosophical apparatus of one telescope—and comparing that state of things with the present numerous and learned staff—with the well stored library, copious instrumentality and convenient halls of the present day—it is equally just to applaud the generous policy of the State, and to utter the heartfelt vow that the hundredth anniversary of this institution may confirm the example of past usefulness, and justify the hopes of future progress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Hon. Wm. F. DeSaussure, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the Trustees of the South Carolina College.

MY DEAR SIR: On my return home from the mountains, now some days ago, I received your communication of the 4th instant, as chairman of the committee of arrangements of the South Carolina College, inviting the presence and cooperation of the Trustees of the College of Charleston, to celebrate on the 4th proximo, with becoming solemnity, the fiftieth anniversary of your institution. The Trustees of the College of Charleston, previously to my return, had adjourned to meet yesterday, the 20th instant, and it was deemed advisable to

await that day to lay your letter before them. They met according to adjournment, and, on hearing your letter, they unanimously

Resolved, That this board accept with great pleasure the invitation of the Trustees of the College of South Carolina, through the chairman of their committee, the Hon. W. F. DeSaussure, to attend on Monday, the 4th day of December next, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the institution.

Resolved, That every member of this board be, and is hereby earnestly requested to give, if it can be made at all convenient, his personal attendance and cooperation on this auspicious occasion.

It is very gratifying to me to be the organ to lay these resolutions before you, my dear sir, and through you, if you please, before your committee and the Board of Trustees of the South Carolina College. Earnestly do I hope to have the satisfaction of waiting on you on the 4th proximo, and of participating in the solemnities of the day. The State has just reason to be proud of her noble institution. In the distinguished men whom it has reared, it has repaid her manifold for all the support and patronage that she has given it. She owes for it a debt of immeasurable gratitude to the men of the revolution, and their associates, by whose advice and wisdom it was founded. In it they laid the surest foundation for the maintenance and security of that enlightened and regulated freedom which is dearer than life to every son of South Carolina.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

Charleston, Nov. 21, 1854.

M. KING,

President T. C. C.

Boston, Nov. 18, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly received your favor of the 4th instant, inviting me, on behalf of the committee of arrangements, to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of South Carolina College, on the first Monday of December next.

I am much obliged to the committee for this distinguished act of courtesy, and I beg to assure them, through you, that nothing of the kind could have been more agreeable to me than to have it in my power to accept this kind invitation. I am, unfortunately, prevented from leaving home by controlling personal and domestic circumstances. I beg you to be assured that I deeply feel the extent of the sacrifice I am thus obliged to make. It is no small privation to lose

the pleasure (though I would fain hope not finally), of a visit to the only great section of the country of which I have not already seen some part; and the still greater pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with many distinguished citizens of Carolina, whom I have known at different periods of my life—some from my school-boy days.

I should, indeed, have missed from their places at home several of the most honored sons, I will not say of South Carolina, but of our common country, with whom, in the course of my life, I have had personal and friendly intercourse—Lowndes, Hayne, Legare, McDuffie, Poinsett, Calhoun—men from whom I have more or less differed on those questions which, during the thirty-five last years, have divided North and South; but to whose eminent ability as statesmen I have always done justice, and whose amiable and attractive personal qualities I have been able by experience to appreciate.

It would especially have delighted me, had I been able to accept your invitation, to see again some of the friends and associates of my college days. I should have met at your festival, had I been able to attend it, several well-remembered fellow-students, yourself among the number; two respected and valued classmates, Chancellor Dunkin and Mr. John Rutledge; and not a few who were, at a little later period, my pupils at Harvard, one of whom, Mr. R. W. Barnwell, greatly distinguished even then, has since represented you in both houses of Congress, and presided with much credit over your College.

I should also have been able to renew my acquaintance with many congressional associates, whose intercourse and friendship I have enjoyed at Washington, and among them, my highly esteemed friend, your late president, Colonel Preston, to whose rare and fervid eloquence I have often listened with admiration, unimpaired by difference of political opinion. In a word, at a moment when sectional differences have reached so painful and alarming a height, I should have derived heartfelt pleasure, retired as I am from public life, in meeting the friends of literature, science and education at the South upon an occasion of so much interest, on common and neutral ground.

Though not able to be with you in person, I pray you to accept the assurance of my cordial sympathy, with my best wishes for an

agreeable and successful celebration. It cannot fail to be so with the attractions held out by the selected orators of the festival—Mr. Petigru and Governor Floyd.

I remain, dear sir, with great regard,
Your fellow student and friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

HON. W. F. DESAUSSURE.

Frederick City, Md., Nov. 22, 1854.

W. F. DeSaussure, Esq., Chairman, Etc.

DEAR SIR: I received the invitation with which the trustees, through your kind courtesy, have honored me, to be present at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of South Carolina College, in the pleasing hope that I should be able to participate in the solemnities of the occasion. But engagements which will not excuse me forbid the anticipated pleasure.

I have long wished to visit South Carolina. For the last quarter of a century she has been marked by the strongest individuality of all the States in the Union; and has done more than any other to give efficiency to the great conservative function of the States in our Federal economy. The occasional self-assertion of a State is efficacious to counteract that centralization which tends to extinguish the federate principle, and subordinate the States to provinces. I would be proud to stand on the soil of a State thus distinguished in our Federal history, and feel that I was still at home, not merely in the generous Southern hospitalities, but in the unity of that mighty federative empire which towers above the States not to overshadow, but to make them radiant with a common national glory.

If I should thus feel at home as a guest and a citizen, how much more should I feel at home as a friend of education. Literature and science are the common heritage of man. Not even the diversities of language can long confine them within national limits. Thought transmigrates from language to language, until the sentiment of the Greek fires the soul of the Anglo-Saxon. The unity of the empire of science is admirably illustrated in that noble institution founded at Washington, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge amongst men." An Englishman, liberalized by scientific studies, conceived the idea of establishing, under the most popular government in the world, an institution for eliciting original thought from universal

man, and diffusing it as a common blessing to all nations. And a philosopher of our own country has organized an institution fully adequate to the universal purpose of its founder. Thus, the enlightened liberality of Smithson, and the constructive genius of Henry, have instaurated scientific research in an organization so comprehensive as to embrace every inquirer as a colaborer in the common fields of science. And through the influence of this noble institution, a more intimate communion will be established between the colleges of the different States; and science, with its catholic spirit, will lend its aid in binding together that political confraternity which only can ensure the full development of the intellectual, as well as the physical capabilities of each State, while it gives to each the majesty and might of their united energies.

In these broad national sentiments should the young men of each State be educated. Their minds should be enlarged and liberalized by the contemplation of the grand rythmical movement, through our federative organization, of law and order over so vast a territory diversified by geographical, institutional, and ethnical differences. The true majesty of our great confederacy can in this way be estimated, and our young men inspired with a comprehensive patriotism.

As auxiliary to these broad sentiments of nationality, education should be so directed as to enlarge, liberalize, elevate, and refine the mind not only by the study of modern thought in its diversified forms, but by the elegant culture of ancient literature. There are peculiarities in ancient thought for which nothing in modern can compensate. It takes us back, through the stillness of past ages, to a life much more poetic than the modern. This has a most benign influence. The Grecian State, which was most illustrious in poetry, in art, in oratory, in history, in philosophy, was also most distinguished for commerce and for war. The robustness of the Greek mind was not enervated by its high esthetic culture, much less can the Anglo-Saxon with its far greater practical tendencies. The sweet mystery of the beautiful is thrown over creation as a lesson for the study of man. In education, therefore, the beautiful should receive its due regard. I would even so connect art with the trades as to make the mechanic an artist without his knowing it; so that, like honest Peter Fischer, he might manufacture brass candlesticks, and chisel immortal statues. The useful and the beautiful have been united by the Creator; let them not be divorced by man.

With this outline of my views of education, let me present my compliments, through you, to the trustees of South Carolina College, in the following sentiment:

South Carolina College: May it, in its hundredth anniversary, be seen like a temple of pure crystal, receiving into its halls, filled with a thousand students, all the lights of all the knowledge of the earth; and that citizens from sister States may meet there to celebrate the cause of education, carried thither by the patriotism which rejoices at whatever is great in a sister State, as a part of its own glory.

With my thanks to you, sir, I am your obliged servant,

SAMUEL TYLER.

Boston, Nov. 25, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge your very obliging communication of the 4th inst., in behalf of the trustees of the South Carolina College. I have delayed answering it until now, in the hope that I might find myself able to avail myself of the kind invitation which it contained.

Few things would give me greater pleasure than to visit South Carolina on such an occasion as you propose to me. It would afford me the highest gratification to participate in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the College at Columbia. I should esteem it a privilege, too, to renew my acquaintance with your accomplished President, Dr. Thornwell, whose letter to Governor Manning, on the subject of public instruction, I have so lately read with the deepest interest. Nor can I fail to remember the pleasure I should derive from meeting, at the scene of his labors and his studies, my distinguished friend, Professor Lieber, who has just furnished so valuable a contribution to the science of "Civil Liberty and Self-Government."

The Republic of Letters recognizes neither State nor national boundaries. The cause of education is a common cause the world over. But, in our own country particularly, it is a cause to bind together, in perpetual amity, all who have an interest in the present success, or a hope for the future stability of our free institutions. For myself, I cannot but feel that whatever is done for public instruction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is done for the whole country, and I can hardly rejoice less in the progress and prosperity of a College at Columbia than if it were at our own Cambridge.

I sincerely regret, my dear sir, that I find it impossible to be with you on Monday next, but I pray you to present my grateful acknowledgements to the trustees for remembering me on the occasion.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

HON. W. F. DESAUSURE, Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

University of Virginia, Nov. 16, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of invitation to the celebration on the first Monday in December, of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of South Carolina College, addressed to Dr. Harrison, late chairman of the faculty of this institution, has been received.

It would give us great pleasure to be present on so interesting an occasion. But we are in the midst of a laborious session, and imperative duties here compel us to forgo that pleasure.

Tendering you our grateful acknowledgements for the honor of the invitation, with our best wishes for the continued prosperity of the institution you represent, we have the honor to be

With great respect, your obedient servant, S. MAUPIN,

Chairman of the Faculty University of Virginia.

W. F. DESAUSURE, Chairman Committee of Arrangements, etc.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, Nov. 28, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Your note of the 4th ult., inviting the faculty of this institution to cooperate with the authorities of the South Carolina College in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College, was duly received.

I have delayed a reply until this late period under the hope that circumstances might occur which would admit of our being properly represented upon so interesting an occasion. We are now, however, in the midst of our annual examination, and the term will not close until Friday, December 1st. It is hardly possible that one or more of our number may be able to reach Columbia by Monday. The health of my family, I am sorry to say, will not, probably, admit of my making an effort to do so. I need scarcely intimate that there is no festival likely to occur in my day, in any portion of the Union, from an attendance upon which I could really anticipate greater pleasure

and improvement than I find myself compelled to forego in declining your kind invitation.

With assurances of my high respect for yourself, personally, and the body of which you are the organ,

I remain, your obedient servant,

D. L. SWAIN.

W. F. DESAUSSURE, Esq., Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

University of Alabama, Nov. 16, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: I much regret that official duties will peremptorily forbid my attendance on the occasion of the jubilee of our alma mater. From peculiar occurrences, two of our most important chairs are now vacant, temporarily, and this devolves increased labor and responsibility on the residue. Besides, we have lately modified our organization; and this, though slight, requires that I should be present. I have some hope that I shall be able to induce Prof. Samuel M. Stafford (an elder alumnus than I) to attend. My class was that of December, 1821.

That this first general convocation of our brothers may be happy, and fruitful of the best influences, is the sincere wish of,

Dear sir, yours, most respectfully,

B. MANLY.

WM. F. DESAUSSURE, Esq.

