



THE LEGIONARY

FEBRUARY, 2022

A Publication of the Sons of Confederate Veterans
Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton Camp No. 273
Columbia, South Carolina ♦ www.wadehamptoncamp.org
Charles Bray, Acting Editor

A FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN MEN

COMMANDERS CORNER

CHARLES D. BRAY

I am encouraged by recent news reports telling of downward trend in COVID cases and pray that we will soon return totally to a normal life. I hated to cancel our January meeting, but the weather forecast for our meeting date made the decision to cancel it for safety reasons easy. The weather forecast turned out to accurate.

Friday, February 18th we will have our rescheduled annual Lee-Jackson Banquet at Seawell's. Our speaker this for the Lee-Jackson will be Mr. Jerred Metz and his topic will be the **"The Battle of Bellicourt Tunnel Where the 118th Earned Its Stripes."**

Please RSVP if you will be attending the February 18th, 2022, Lee – Jackson Banquet. The camp has to provide Seawell's a number of members attending so they may prepare food and set up the facility for our celebration. If we do not receive a positive response from you we will have to estimate the number attending. Should our estimate be too high and fewer members attend we will incur the cost of those who do attend. Specifics of the night's events and cost are as shown on page 7.

The CHARGE

To you, **SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS**, we submit the **VINDICATION** of the cause for which we fought; to your strength will be given the **DEFENSE** of the Confederate soldier's good name, the **GUARDIANSHIP** of his history, the **EMULATION** of his virtues, the **PERPETUATION** of those principles he loved, and which made him glorious and which you also cherish.

Lt. Gen. Stephen Dill Lee, Commander General
United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1906



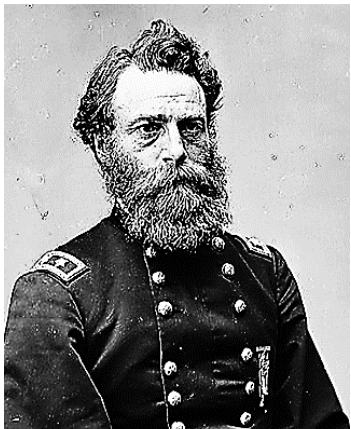


~ Events of February ~



This Month (February), 2 and 3, 1865, saw the first and last major land engagement of the War in South Carolina.

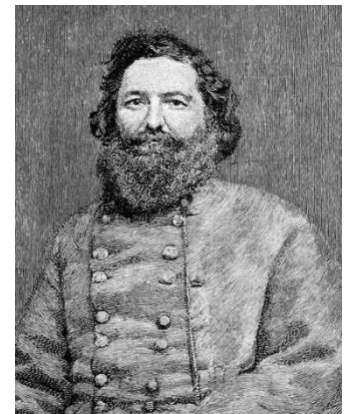
The battle pitted about two thousand Confederates under the command of General Lafayette McLaws against some seven thousand Union soldiers and marked the only major resistance to the march of General William T. Sherman through South Carolina. McLaws stretched his force to cover three crossing sites. The southernmost as at Broxton Bridge. Upstream about five miles was Rivers Bridge and further north was Buford's bridge.



UN Major General
Joseph A. Mower

Battery of the Palmetto Battalion and about 800 rifles of the 32nd and 47th Georgia infantry along with the 3rd South Carolina Cavalry. At an instant the Confederates opened fire on the advancing Union soldiers.

The guns had a devastating effect on anything coming straight down the causeway and stopped the Union advance dead. Union forces would take cover where they



CSA General
Lafayette McLaws



CSA Colonel
George P. Harrison, Jr.

could find it. One union soldier described the swampy area as "ranging from knee to waist deep, full of fallen trees, Cyprus vines and deep holes with tangled underbrush making anything but pleasant marching."

On February 3 Union soldiers crossed the swamp upstream of Rivers Bridge, leading Union General Mower to launch a major assault on the Confederate right. Another Union division crossed the river downstream at the same time, flanking the thin Confederate line and forcing Confederate Colonel Harrison to retreat.

The battle cost each side about one hundred casualties, gave Union forces possession of the countryside north of the Salkehatchie, and led to the cutting of the South Carolina Railroad. The battle here marked the first and last major Confederate resistance in South Carolina.



CHAPLAINS WITNESS

WALTER LINDER

Have you ever had a time in your life where you feel simply weak or vulnerable? You feel like you are totally exposed, and everyone can see who you really are. Have you ever felt so weak that you just can't handle anymore? Or maybe you have felt completely isolate and alone. None of us like feeling any of these feelings but be honest with yourself. We have all felt this way at some point or another, and we probably are feeling this way right now with COVID-19 still impacting our lives. We cannot turn on the TV, listen to the radio, or even look on the internet without COVID-19 being mentioned. But here is the truth when we believe in Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior, in our weakness we are made strong. Look at what Paul writes in **2 Corinthians 12:9-10**,

"9But he said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.' Therefore, I will boast all the more gladly of my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may rest upon me. 10For the sake of Christ, then, I am content with weaknesses, insults, hardships, persecutions, and calamities. For when I am weak, then I am strong."

When we look at the context of this passage, we can see that Paul is dealing with his own issue. He calls this issue his ***"thorn in his flesh"*** (**2 Cor. 12:7**) In fact, he even says that God gave him this thorn in order to keep him from becoming conceited or prideful. What Paul is saying here is, in order to keep focus on God and to not become so independent that we forget God, God puts things in our lives to bring our attention back to its proper place. We must have an understanding of our weakness, and even more so, an understanding of God's greatness. Simply put, we must ask, who is this God that is so great? What does God's greatness look like? Where can we see God's greatness? To answer these questions, we must look to the ultimate source of truth where God reveals Himself to us, by His grace. We must look to the Word of God, the Bible, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. As Paul writes in **2 Timothy 3:16-17**, ***"All Scripture is breathed out by God and profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, and for training in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, equipped for every good work."***



Chaplains Prayer List: Please remember our camp compatriots and their family members who are having health problems or have lost a loved one in your prayers.



Robert McManus

Bob Dickenson





CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

If you are thinking about attending meetings at any of the listed camps, ***I recommend you check with a member you know and verify the meeting date and location is still valid.***

Event	Date	Contact / Web Site
Hampton Redshirts	March 1, 2022	Meets 6:30 PM – 7:30 PM 1st Tuesday of the Month – Cayce Museum – 1800 12 th Street, Cayce, SC
John M. Kinard Camp 35	March 2, 2022	Meets 7:00 PM 1st Wednesday of the Month – Hawg Heaven – Hwy. 76, Prosperity, SC
Palmetto Camp 22	March 3, 2022	Meets 6:30 PM 1st Thursday of the Month – Cayce Museum, 1800 12 th Street, Cayce, SC
SC 17 th Regiment Camp 2069	February 21, 2022	Meets 7:00PM Third Monday of the Month – 6822 Barnwell Rd. Hilda, SC
15 th Regt. S.C. Volunteers Camp 51	February 29, 2022	Meets 6:30 PM Last Tuesday of the Month – Lizards Thicket – 4616 Augusta Rd. Lexington, SC
Gen. Paul Quattlebaum Camp 412	February 29, 2022	Meets 7:00 PM Last Tuesday of the Month – Shealy's BBQ – 340 East Columbia Ave., Batesburg-Leesville, SC



Quote: Robert E. Lee

“Our country demands all our strength, all our energies. To resist the powerful combination now forming against us will require every man at his place. If victorious, we will have everything to hope for in the future. If defeated, nothing will be left for us to live for.”



Journal of Mrs. Francis Hulsey Clack

I found this story while doing family genealogical research in Volume 8 The Clan of Tompkins. The story begins in New Orleans, LA and ends with Mrs. Clacks description of what happened when Gen. Sherman's army entered Columbia, SC. Due to the length of her story I have not included what happened in New Orleans.

Mrs. Clacks story: History has given the details of the battles won and battles lost; the terrible slaughter of human life; of the slaughter of hopes and human hearts it is silent. I cannot dwell upon the concentrated misery of those days, without even at this distance of time, feeling more than an echo of its terrors; added to constant fear of a loved one lost and name in the death list, was the added one of a loved one lost and name in the death list, was the added one of what else might befall us, for each day never reached us by refugees of the awful devastation following in the wake of the enemy's successes and encroachment. Cities, towns, public buildings, private homes were burned, and pillaged, and even the implements for cultivating the soil were destroyed, when even from the poorest inhabitants, while Sherman's men, declaring they were only repeating Sherman's orders declared, they would starve out the women this year, and even if that would not conquer us, kill us the next.

All this we heard and more and our hearts quaked within us, not knowing how or when our hour might come.

The winter of 1864 and 1865, my aunt who lived in Columbia, South Carolina, knowing of my widow-hood (my husband Col. Franklin Hulse Clack was wounded April 8, 1864, at Mansfield, Louisiana, died April 24, 1864) sent for me and my and my little family of two small daughters, to share her still comfortable home and protection.



Col. Franklin Hulse Clack

Here we *were* more than comfortable. Up to this period, Columbia may be said not to have suffered as had Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. The steamers that ran the blockade into North Carolina, were so successful in outwitting the enemy that the inhabitants were bountifully supplied with comforts of all descriptions. True, prices were absolutely without parallel. But my aunt was wealthy, and under her hospitable roof we were more comfortable than at any time during the war. This comfort though, was soon to end. Sherman was marching through Georgia.

The potent question of questions was what will happen to Columbia, S.C.?

Early in February 1865 families began to leave the city, taking servants and valuables. All who owned plantations near, departed.

"What should I do?" I asked myself and my aunt, many many times. Sherman will burn the town, for here the Ordinance of Secession was signed.

"I fear he will," my Aunt says. "I do not know what to say. She said this with tears in her eyes. I too, found it hard to decide. Here in this comfortable place I was protected. My home in New Orleans (161 Annunciation street) was gone.

The few other relatives I had were in and around La Grange, Georgia from which Sherman would soon cut us off. All night long I would try to solve the problem, go or stay. Sherman had reached Savannah, Georgia in a day he would be on us.

"Auntie" I cried. What shall I do? Oh if only you would go with me. "That I cannot dear child," she said. "It is my duty to be with my family and my servants here. Suppose you consult General Mansfield Lowell".

This I decided to do. He had been in command of the forts Jackson and St Philip, below New Orleans and I had met him and his wife frequently there at New Orleans.

"Leave the city as soon as possible" he replied in answer to my question. "There is no doubt that Columbia will suffer more than any place Sherman's army has devastated as yet."

I returned to my aunt. It was mid-day. The next and only train, and it proved to be the last, would leave at midnight. Hurriedly and with breaking hearts we packed our few belongings, and my aunt had prepared at least half a bushel of food packed in large tin containers, consisting of biscuit, corn beef, ham, eggs, pickles and preserves. It was a God-send a few days later when our route took us through the devastated country through which the Conqueror, Sherman and his army had passed.

With saddened hearts and weeping eyes we took leave of my beloved aunt and the home-like walls that had so truly sheltered us, and took our way to the depot, myself, my two children and the faithful white servant Kate Shannon, who had been with us through all our misfortunes. We proved to be the only females on the train. In truth there were scarcely any passengers, a few old men only. Soon we learned that there was a chance of our train not reaching the junction before the one from Savannah, with Sherman's troops on it. The good conductor felt sorry for us and each convenient moment he tried to console us, but I could see that he was fearful of the dreadful catastrophe. "I am making more than ordinary speed," he said, passing again, "and I now feel confident that we can reach the junction. If we have ten minutes the better of them we will be all right. They are so intent on taking Columbia that they will not consider us worth running after."

Not long and a new terror reached us, as nearer and nearer each train approached the goal. We could hear the continuous discharge of the muskets as they fired from their cars. The two children slept all unaware of our danger, while my poor nurse and I sat with clasped hands and streaming eyes, afraid, Oh so afraid.

"We will beat them now." I am positive. Cheer up. I am burning up everything to keep the engine fires going, cheer up," called the conductor. "The damned devils, we will be there before them, so help me."

Now the reports of musketry were so near it was as if they were almost on us, and the shouts of the men were most appalling. We felt so utterly helpless, we prayed aloud, poor Kate Shannon and I, almost in the words of the Divine lord, "If possible Oh God let this care pass from us." It seemed an eternity ere the prayer was answered. It was, past the junction and they were within a half mile of us, and the conductor sank down in the seat beside me, and I think he too, wept. "You are saved, but truly "by the skin of your teeth."

We reached Augusta Georgia without any particular incident, resting, and sleeping on the seats of the coach and enjoying the food prepared for us.

There was no way to reach the home of my relatives except by the ordinary stage roads, so meeting with a party of refugees, we hired wagons with them, and started.

Let me mention here, destruction ~ destruction everywhere. The hotel at Milledgeville, Georgia, where we brought our wagons to a halt, was tenantless. We entered it and looked about. Gorgeous mirrors had been shot into a thousand splinters. In every room furniture was smashed, windows broken, beautiful Wilton and

Brussels carpets cut in every possible way on the floors, so that no possible use could be made of them. Such a scene of destruction is almost impossible to imagine. Why such deliberate wantonness for the cutting of those carpets? I remember the almost geometrical accuracy. One more startling incident and I am done. We settle in Columbus, Georgia with some friends, but again we soon had to flee.

We went back to our old quarters, the Warm Springs in Merriweather County, Georgia and we found that it had been undisturbed, came the not unexpected news of Lee's surrender, 6 April 9th, 1865. No guests had arrived at the springs save a New Orleans couple and their daughter, but we were quite comfortable there. Homeless reduced to almost absolute poverty, widowed, two little children to provide for, where would I turn, what should I do? New Orleans where I had many friends was out of the question at this season of the year. I resolved to remain where I was until help came from some quarter. A couple from New Orleans and their daughter had already installed themselves here. For my visitors had left a few books behind them and they, with the patching and mending and teaching my two little ones, filled the otherwise weary days. About month after the surrender, April 9, 1865, one more startling incident, occurred. My eldest child had gone on a visit with our good Kate Shannon to visit relatives in La Grange, Georgia. I was sleeping on the upper floor of what was commonly called The Castle it being the only large house at Warm Springs. The New Orleans couple were on the first floor. I must mention that within a stone throw from the Castle was a building which formerly had been used as a country store and warehouse for liquor and as this portion had been undisturbed it still contained both.

At midnight one night I "was awakened by the most terrific fear inspiring yells. My first act was to blow out the light (candle) which I always kept burning. No sooner had I done so when there was a tap at my door, and a low voice said, "Blow out your light." "I have" I replied, "what is it?" "God only knows" was the answer!

The yells Came nearer and nearer and the glare of many torches. Peeping through the blinds I saw surrounding the castle, innumerable horsemen, reeling and wildly yelling.

I had some valuable diamonds. The evening being cool, a fire had been burning in the fireplace. Here I took my jewels and raking the ashes together I carefully hid my diamonds in them. In the meantime my fear that my child Mary Clack would awaken and be frightened at the unusual glare and sounds and cry out. I knelt by the bed, ready to prevent my child from being harmed. Was the house to be set on fire? Are we to be robbed? What was to be the end of this new horror? Listening I could hear scrapes of conversation of the dreadful creatures, all interlarded with horrible oaths. "D--- Them, D--- Them, the old castle has not a soul in it" cried someone. "Let's burn it anyhow." "No, no, lets sack the store." "Hurrah someone said "Here goes. Let's go."

It took but a moment to break the doors when we could hear the breaking of barrel head's and the gurgling of liquor as they poured it from them. They took all they could and destroyed the rest, everything, goods and liquor. They went off with more frightful yells than when they came, but they went never dreaming we were in The Castle. It was never known who they were, for all we knew they may have been black guards, "stay-behinds" from among our own people, and the term "moss backs" was given them but why I never quite understood. But that night with the one I passed in the train leaving Columbia (South Carolina) are the terror's that can never be wiped from my memory.

I must not close my narrative without, mentioning that twenty four hours after I left my aunt's house in Columbia, she had no home wherein to rest her head. In her comfortable old Colonial home wherein she had passed most of her sixty years, she wrote that about the middle of the day after I left her, that Sherman entered Columbia. A Federal soldier entered the house and asked us if he could rest on the sofa in the hall. He looked completely worn out. "I told him yes and I had the servant prepare him a comfortable meal." After it he threw himself on the sofa and, slept soundly. About four o'clock he awoke and said "Lady you have been most kind to me, but I am a soldier under orders which I must obey. I have been commanded to set fire to this house at four o'clock, and you can take nothing with you."

She begged for her clothing and her deceased husband's picture but was denied them. An old time cloak of her husband's younger days, a kind of a circular with three capes, was all she had to wrap around herself. She passed that night in the neighboring woods with her grand-children, a cold night and this her only covering and **THEY SAY THAT SHERMAN DID NOT ORDER the burning of Columbia.**

My aunts valuable silver was saved. I helped to pack and secrete it, in what, we call in the South, a day well in the yard. A few nights before I left her we lowered it, she and I, with ropes into it, at dead of night and pushed some hay over it carefully. After the debris of the burned home was removed it was found intact.



Lee – Jackson Banquet

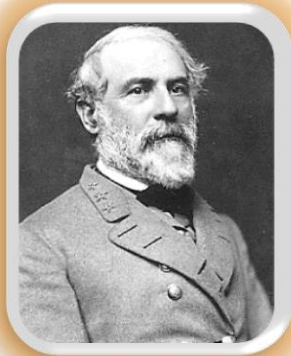
Friday Evening – February 18, 2021

6:30PM – 9:00PM

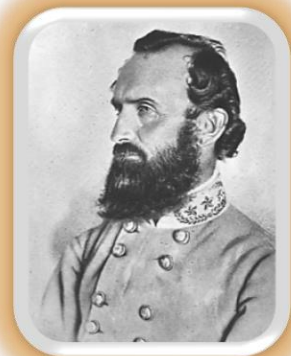
Seawell's Restaurant

1125 Rosewood Dr.

Columbia, SC



General Robert E. Lee



Lt. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson

Entertainment:

Speaker: Mr. Jerred Metz

"118th Infantry Regiment and The Battle of Bellicourt Tunnel"

Toasts To: Gen. Robert E. Lee and Lt. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson

Concert by the "Pickin Pearls"

Drawing for Door Prizes

<i>Ticket prices:</i>	<i>Individual</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>\$25.00</i>
	<i>Couples</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>\$45.00</i>
	<i>Children (4 - 11)</i>	<i>-</i>	<i>\$7.50</i>

Dress

Coat and Tie, Period Dress, Red Shirts acceptable

RSVP CONTACT

Charles Bray by Phone or E-Mail

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Important Dates in Lincoln's War to Prevent Southern Independence

- Feb. 04, 1861 **Montgomery, AL** – On this date delegates from six states — South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana — met in Montgomery, Alabama, to establish Confederate States of America.
- Feb. 6, 1861 **Montgomery, AL** – On this date Jefferson Davis & Alexander Stephens were elected President & Vice President of the CSA.
- Feb. 14, 1862 **Cumberland Gap, TN** – On this date a Union force, commanded by Lt. Col. Mundy, attacked the Confederate post at Cumberland Gap. The post's garrison, commanded by Col. James E. Rains, withstood the Union assault. Mundy was forced to withdraw.
- Feb. 12, 1863 **West Indies**– On this date the CSS Florida captured the USS Jacob Bell. The Confederates found that the Jacob Bell contained more than \$2,000,000 worth of cargo. After unloading the Union cargo, the Confederates proceeded to destroy the Union ship.
- Feb. 17, 1863 **Hopefield, AK** – On this date a group of Confederate guerrillas attacked the USS Hercules. The local Union command quickly learned of this attack and ordered a retaliation against the attack on the Hercules. A detachment was sent out and arrived at Hopefield. All of the townspeople were ordered out of the town and the detachment then proceeded to burn the town to the ground.
- Feb. 7, 1864 **Barnett's Ford, VA** – On this date in the morning, Merritt's attempted to cross the Rapidan River. He was blocked by a Confederate infantry brigade that had reinforced Lomax's force. The battle between the two forces lasted until 12:00 P.M., when the fighting died down. Some Confederate artillery was brought up to help support the Confederates. Merritt continued to fight until he was ordered to withdraw. The Union suffered about 20 killed & wounded.
- Feb. 15, 1869 U.S. Attorney enters "nolle prosequi" into the record for *United States v. Jefferson Davis*, thus ending the case.

Lee-Jackson Banquet

FriDAY, JAN. 21
6:30 P.M.



SEAWELL'S
1125 Rosewood Drive
Columbia, SC
Speaker
("Mr. Jerred Metz")

WWW.WADEHAMPTONCAMP.ORG



Columbia, SC 29212-8711

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A Non-Profit Organization

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton III Camp No. 273

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