



The Palmetto Vindicator

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE PALMETTO BATTALION, INC.
WWW.PALMETTOBATTALION.ORG

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NOVEMBER 2003

Field Orders~ Tom Grazioli, Colonel

Another reenacting season is upon us and I'm entering my second year in this job. I'm looking forward to it because it's feeling more comfortable as I figure out what needs to be done and how to do it. We have some big things to look forward to. The Hunley funeral and Franklin are two keynotes. And of course there are the events that we look forward to every year. As I write this column I find myself itching for the next thing on the calendar. I suppose it could be from the wool I'm wearing because I'm anxious to get back in the field.

I'm pleased to have Captain Weatherford coming on board as the Lt. Colonel. His work with C Company shows some good leadership qualities. It won't take him long to get into stride. Our thanks to Bruce Hoover for the years of service he's given to the Battalion. I won't say we'll miss him only because he's bound to be on a big gun somewhere nearby. We're fortunate to have the rest of the staff returning for another year. It makes my job easier to be surrounded by good talent.

For the forthcoming season I want everyone to spend some quality time with your Hardee's. We always seem to be a little rusty at the beginning of a season. Try to reacquaint yourself with the basic commands now and let's begin to focus on some grander maneuvers when we get together for drill. If you have unit meetings, spend some time going over the Manual Of

Arms, or the School Of The Soldier. Franklin is in October and we'll need to work on some brigade level motions before then. And it's likely we'll have something else that might require the exercise too.

You may have noticed on the Battalion's website that we're taking suggestions for events for the 2004 season. If you want to suggest an event, go to the Members Camp and post it on the discussion board there. If computers make no sense to you, ask your unit rep to send it. Those of you that host events, make sure it gets posted so we'll know to consider it for the official schedule. We're planning to have a staff meeting, including unit reps, at Boone Hall to determine which events will be affiliated. Saturday after the battle sounds good.

Cue the rah rah girls. We're going to work hard this year and the payoff's going to be big. Nothing's going to stand in our way. Let's get out and make this season one to remember. And don't worry ... I won't leave any one company in against the Yankees beyond the 7th inning.

At Your Service,

Tom
Colonel Tom Grazioli



SC Dept. of Archives

Patrick McCawley, Reference Archivist
Patrick@scdah.sc.state.us

As the winter of 1864-1865 approached, the manpower shortage hindering the Confederate war effort was becoming more evident on the home front. This document was sent from Brigadier General James Chesnut, Junior, to Lieutenant General Hardee on October 17, 1864. Chesnut, the husband of diarist Mary Boykin Chesnut, was at this time the commander of Reserve Forces in South Carolina. His force consisted of eight battalions of reserve troops. These troops consisted of boys between 16 and 18 and men over the age of 45. General Hardee commanded the Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. The effects of the labor shortage on the agricultural sector are evident, but this document also demonstrates the morale problem that is becoming more acute within the Confederate Army. It is not known if Chesnut's suggestion was put into effect.

"...The season for planting wheat has arrived, and as the personal labor of most of the Reserves now under your command is necessary to enable them to plant their crops-a matter,

as you are aware, of no little importance to the Army, as well as the country at large-I would respectfully ask whether you cannot adopt some system of furloughs, by which each man may have the opportunity of being at home for ten days, between this and the 1st December next.

"To effect this, I would suggest that a given number, say fifteen, with or without leave, be allowed to be absent from each Company at a time. By making furloughs depend in this manner upon the return of absentees, each man in the Company will have a personal interest in the matter, and the result, I think, will be that you will have a larger number present for duty, than if no furloughs were granted...."

As an added note, I would like to thank Neil Rose and his compatriots for their presentation at the Civil War Symposium. Their knowledge and collection of uniforms, accoutrements and soldier's paraphernalia was impressive and their presentation was well received by the attendees. Thanks guys, for helping make this year's symposium such a success.

The Apple Crate ~ Sgt. Major Rick Davis

Well fellers, summer has passed and fall is here with us. The days are shorter, the evenings cooler. Along with the passing of summer, all of you know by now of the passing of our dear friend and pard Corporal Steve Burt. All of us have our own special memories of our times with Steve. Some of us more than others. If memory serves me correctly, in a column about a year ago, I mentioned, by name, a number of men who I considered brothers of mine in every sense of the word. Steve was not mentioned at that time, but many of you know of the bond that he and I had developed over the last several years. Not only had he and I shared a shelter half a few times, and swapped cooking recipes, but we shared many days and nights talking (or whatever.) either at his house or at my cabin in the country. A little over a year ago, he even gave me his dog Dixie. Now fellers, giving your pard your favorite dog - that's a true bond of friendship. I spent weekends at his place with him. He spent weekends here with me. Last year he and I even spent our vacation together, half at his place and half at mine. This past Easter Steve spent Easter Sunday with my kids, my parents, my sister, her family and me. Our family welcomed him with open arms and he was immediately adopted as a Davis into our extended family. Many of you know as well, that I was late in attending his rites, due to attending the 50th anniversary of my parents. The big lug even helped me plant sweet corn and peanuts by hand, seed by seed. If any of you ever want or need to know what a true friend is all about; ask me, for I have known one of the very best that God could have ever blessed me with. He will truly always be with me.

For this Holiday edition of the newsletter, there are a couple of different themes: a Soldiers Christmas or something in line with soldier-to-soldier kindness across the lines. Last year around the Christmas season I transcribed a couple of letters written by General R.E. Lee on Christmas Eve, from SC in 1861, to his family back home, so I've exhausted that one. In the last edition, I mentioned the book "The Life Of Johnny Reb", by Bell Irvin Wiley. so why can't we use some more of that? Sort of a Vindicator transcribed version of "Radio Reader". There is a particular chapter, chapter 16, "Blue Bellies And Beloved Enemies". that has some wonderful accounts laid before us.

Let's start with a few letters that might reflect the darker side of human nature the warrior side.

A Virginian wrote a couple weeks after the Seven Days' "...July 10, 1862. May God avenge us of our infernal enemies, and if I ever forgive them it is more than I expect. 'Forgive your enemies' is the Devine precept- a hard one to obey-how can one forgive such enemies as we are contending against? Despoiling us of our property, driving us from our homes and friends and slaying our best citizens on the field are hard crimes to forgive- At any rate let me have a chance to retaliate and then I can forgive with a better grace. I hope to see many epithets as this:

'The Yankee host with blood-stained hands
Came Southward to divide our lands

This narrow and contracted spot
Is all this Yankee scoundrel got'
So May it be..."

And this Georgian who wrote in 1862, "...Teach my children to hate them with that bitter hatred that will never permit them to meet under any circumstances without seeking to destroy each other. I know the breach is now wide and deep between us and the Yankees let it widen and deepen until all Yankees or no Yankees are to live in the South..."

Not a whole lot of gray area there now is it folks? But there was a benevolent side amidst all of the violence. Later in that same year, mid December of 1862, our fellow South Carolinian, Sergeant Richard Rowland Kirkland became forever immortalized during the Battle of Fredricksburg, as the Angel of Maryes Heights.

Bell Irvin Wiley goes on to note that the compassion was indeed shown from both sides, North and South. During the 2nd Battle of Manassas in 1862, W F Jenkins, a 17 yr old private of the 12th Ga, was severely wounded. At nightfall, two of his comrades came to take him to the field hospital. As they struggled along through the darkness, they were halted with the query, "Who are you?"

"We are two men of the 12th Ga, carrying a wounded comrade to the hospital," they replied.

"Don't you know you are in the Union lines?" asked the sentry.

"No," answered one of the Rebs.

"You are. Go to your right," said the Federal.

"Man, you've got a heart in you," said the second Reb as the little party turned to the right and headed for the Confederate lines.

Lets all of us look forward to a fresh new year in the Battalion look forward to the Thanksgiving season, and while we're at it, remembering to truly give thanks and then look forward in preparation to the coming season of celebrat-



ing the birth of Christ, who carries us through life now, just as he did our ancestors nearly a century and a half ago.

Respectfully, I remain,

Sgt. Maj. Wm. R. (Rick) Davis

Palmetto Soldiers Relief Society

Thank you everyone for participating in the swap shop at Battalion Elections. It was a great success! A big thank you here to Charlie Stoudemire for loaning his grill and doing the cooking. He wasn't supposed to do the cooking but he wound up with the job anyway. And he had some major headaches that morning!

Also, tickets are still on sale for \$1 for the Mort Kunstler signed, numbered, limited edition framed print entitled: "Charleston Autumn, Gen. Lee at Mill's House". It is a \$400 value and of course the proceeds will be used towards preservation work.

Sincerely,
Carla Dorn,

Improving Your Impression ~ Resources

Daniel Fodera,
Editor

Definitions

Replica: *A copy. A replica is virtually identical to the original in every detail. Signs of wear or age may or may not be copied and the item still be considered a replica.*

Reproduction: *An item using period materials and construction techniques. The variation in a reproduction and an original is the same as "the next one off the production line." For example, a garment might have details attributed to a certain depot, but still retain the variation seen in different seamstresses. A reproduction may be modeled off an existing artifact or it may be conjectural based upon research.*

If you've got a special someone who can treat you right this Christmas, what better gift than reenacting gear? If you are ready for that material upgrade, the priorities should be, in this order: hat or cap, jacket, trousers, shirt. If you see a resource listed here in the Vindicator, you can be sure that the item listed will be an accurate reproduction or replica of period clothing or equipment.

Christmas Specials! A couple of the folks I usually list have been kind enough to offer special deals for the holiday season.

Casey Osgood is offering a special on contract **US sack coats**. The coats are made from a nice wool flannel from a private source. Coats are copied from several originals, which the customer has a choice of: JT Martin, West Point contract blouse, unknown contract blouse, or a Ohio contractor blouse. Price is \$145 Paid Postage. He is also offering a **Richmond Depot Jacket** (Type II or III) for \$165 post paid.

Contact him at 607-734-0080 or write
Casey Osgood
3394 Maple Ave
Elmira, NY 14901
<http://osgoodreproductions.tripod.com>

Here's a unique idea – CJ Daley Historical Reproductions is offering gift certificates and a "gift registry" on his web site. (You sign up with your wish list then

hope for the best!) He is also having a Holiday Sale:

Federal Upgrade kit: Sack Coat, Trousers and Issue Shirt normally \$475.00, on sale for \$425.00!

CS Late War Offer: Tait Imported jacket and blue/grey kersey trousers. Normally \$410.00, be on sale for \$375.00. (Tait jackets will be available with red and blue trim)

The sale runs from November 17th through December 31st.

The sale page will be located at www.cjdaley.com/christmas2003.htm

Guys can also sign up for his free e-newsletter at: www.cjdaley.com/ewnewsletter.htm

CJ Daley Historical Reproductions

Chris Daley
PO Box 133
Chewsville, Maryland 21721
301-766-7112
<http://www.cjdaley.com>

Richmond Depot Jackets. Among his fine reproductions, Ben Tart has a Richmond Depot II jacket in his "Silver Needle Line." It's in jean, with buttons included for \$115. You won't find a better jacket for the money. Ben is running a special on **Columbus Depot** jackets for \$148 + shipping.

Confederate Frocks are available from Ben for \$180.00 + shipping. He is using the Bomar Frock in the SC RR as the basis for this replica. He is also an excellent source for fabric. Contact Ben at 910-594-1332 or

Tart, Brantley, and Benjamin

Box 28,
Spring Hope, NC 27882,
www.bentart.com

Hats –can make it good. There are some fine hat makers out there:

1. **Dirty Billy** at 410-775-1865 or www.dirtybillyshats.com
2. **Clearwater Hats** at (870) 347-2252 or www.clearwaterhats.com
3. **Tim Bender** at (610) 582- 0327 or www.livinghistorynet.com/timbender.html
4. **Tim Allen** at (410) 549-5145

Leather Accoutrements, rubber blankets and ponchos.

C & D Jarnagin

Box 1860
Corinth, MS 38835-1860
307-287-4977
(Fax 287-6033)
www.jarnaginco.com

Shoes, Knapsacks, Leather Accoutrements.

Missouri Boot and Shoe, Bob Serio
951 Burr Crossing Rd
Neosho, MO 64850
(417)451-6100
<http://missouribootandshoe.tripod.com/>

Fabrics, blankets, and coverlets

Family Heirloom Weavers, Pat Kline

125 O'San Lane
Red Lion, Pa 17356
(717)246-5797
www.familyheirloomweavers.com

Clothing Patterns. Check out "Homespun Patterns" for a full line of military and civilian clothing patterns, taken from original garments. They are available through Del Warren at

James Country Mercantile

P.O. Box 364
Liberty, MO 64068
816-781-9473
www.jamescountry.com

Charlie Childs: Patterns for CS Jackets and Trousers; US Jackets, Coats and Trousers; kits and fabric.

www.bright.net/~crchilds/index.htm

Christmas Ornament. A bit more economical at \$17 plus shipping, is a Christmas ornament depicting the role of Sgt. Richard Kirkland, Co. G 2nd South Carolina Volunteers in his role as the Angel of Marye's Heights at the Battle of Fredericksburg. Go to <http://www.canterburypewter.com/mailers/angelmarye.htm> Or call 800.348.7064

(Editors note: I have not dealt personally with this vendor, I am making this announcement only because it coincided with the season and some comments in this issue.)

The Flag of the Eighth

"The last congress passed a joint resolution, which was approved by the president on February 28, authorizing the secretary of war to return to the States to which they belonged the captured Confederate flags, now in possession of the United States government.

"In the list of battle flags I notice one belonging to the Eighth South Carolina Regiment, given as having been captured by Sheridan's forces in the Valley of Virginia. I have an intimate acquaintance with that flag, and have been requested to write a history of that particular flag, together with the other flags carried by that grand old regiment.

"The first flag which the regiment ever had was a State flag, with a large "palmetto tree" embroidered in white silk on a blue silk field on one side, and on the other side white silk with name of the regiment and date of organization embroidered with yellow silk. This flag was presented by the ladies of the Pee Dee section, where the regiment was raised, and was sent by Dr. Cornelius Kollock, who brought it to the regiment, then encamped at Germantown, in Virginia, in June 1861.

"The flag was presented to the regiment by General M. L. Bonham, who was in command of the old First Brigade, and received by Colonel E. B. C. Cash, the colonel of the Eighth.

"The next was a battle flag, given to the regiment by General Beauregard, after having been blessed by two priests, brought all the way from New Orleans for that purpose. The writer can well remember seeing the priests standing on the caisson of a cannon, in their long gowns, blessing each flag as they were given to the different colonels. This was near Centreville, in November 1861, and every regiment in the division, then commanded by General Earl Van Dorn, was given one of these flags. We were the first troops to use the battle flags, which were afterwards adopted by the Confederate Congress, and every regiment in Confederate service was furnished one of these flags. In going into battle we usually carried both the State and battle flags, till after the battle of Gettysburg. The State flag was so torn by shot and shell that it was sent home to the ladies who gave it, to preserve it. That flag is now in the capitol at Columbia².

"We used the first battle flag till after the battles around Richmond, in June, 1862, which became so blackened by smoke and torn by shot that it could not be distinguished at a distance. General J. B. Kershaw, then in command of that brigade, had each of his regiments furnished with new flags, with the names of the battles we had fought printed in large letters on each flag.

"This is the flag which we lost in the Valley in September, 1864, and which is about to be given back to the State....

"...They marched up within a few yards of us, and, with arms at the "ready," demanded our surrender.

"Our men threw down their arms and we were marched rapidly down the hill, just as the bayonets of the Third Regiment were seen a half-mile away, coming at the double-quick to our relief. When we had given up all hope of rescue Lieutenant S[amuel] G. Godfrey [Co C], who was acting as adjutant in place of Captain C. N. Weatherly, who was wounded a few days before, took the flag, and, placing both feet on the staff,

caught the flag with both hands and was in the act of tearing it off when an officer rode up and ordered him to hand it to him.

"All the way to Buryville, four miles, we ran, our own dear flag we had so many defended waving over us, but now held by alien hands. At Chickamauga, just as we were beginning the attack on Snodgrass Hill, this same flag floating proudly above us, guiding our lines, I saw the color-bearer shot down. Falling, he threw it to one of his color-guard. He held it but for a moment, when he, too, fell, but the flag did not touch the ground, for the third man caught it, and that afternoon it waved proudly on the hill where in the morning long lines of Federals had stood, and battery after battery of artillery sent forth missiles of death.

"We never saw our old flag again, but I would like to stand once more under its folds and let memory bring back some of the scenes when this same flag waved over so many victorious fields, while I can but remember that in its shadow I have seen some of my dearest friends yield up their noble lives for their country.³"

By W. E. James⁴

"Palmetto Hall," March 13, 1905

¹ From **Treasured Reminiscences**, Collected by the John K. McIver Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy including Accounts of the 1st, 6th, 8th, 9th and 21st Regiments, South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, The 6th South Carolina Cavalry Regiment, and The 1st, 15th and Pee Dee Volunteer Artillery Battalions, Confederate States Army, 1861-1865.

Columbia, S. C. The State Co., Printers. 1911. pages 24-27.

² The author means the Confederate Relic Room, but this State flag is not here now. JMB 9-18-2003.

³ This 8th battle flag is in the collection of the SC Confederate Relic Room & Museum.

⁴ 1st Lt. William E. James, Co. F. 8th SCVI. Sent to Harpers Ferry 9-19-64, then to Johnsons Island, Ohio, paroled 6-16-65

From the Editor

I would like to thank the Battalion from the bottom of my heart for voting me the Burt Miller service award for 2003. That I share it with Steve Burt, a man who did so much to honor the fallen, a man who meant so much to so many of us, only deepens the honor and humility I feel at receiving your recognition.

I would also like to thank the folks who contribute their time and talent to every issue, our elected officers, Mr. Bigham of the Relic Room, Mr. McCawley of the archives, our guest columnists, and most importantly, the adjutant David Chinnis who gets each issue laid out, printed and in the mail. This newsletter is a team effort and would suffer greatly without the hard work put in by every individual. I publicly thank you, and share the honor of the Burt Miller Service Award with you.

Your Obedient Serv't,

Daniel Fodera

Editor, Palmetto Vindicator

Improving Your Impression – First Person Accounts

Copyright notice regarding the letters below “This work is the property of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It may be used freely by individuals for research, teaching and personal use as long as this statement of availability is included in the text.”

Editors Note: I’ve tried to select a mix of letters to reflect the moods of the season: A boy soldier talking about his dogs; a unit receiving a new flag (interesting design); taking and giving comfort in our Saviour; the loss of a single man; life on the homefront and life in the trenches... May God protect you and yours this holiday season.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., October 24, 1861.

Dear Mother:

I received your letter this morning and was very glad to hear from you all, but was very sorry to hear that sister was sick. There were 544 prisoners brought in here yesterday morning from Leesburg, an account of which you have seen in the paper ere now. They were sent off last night to Richmond. Blake and Jack Robinson was detailed from our company to go as guard. Leesburg has since been taken by the enemy. Our forces retreated seven miles. The enemy are about to flank us and I think that we shall have to fight soon for I guess it is very galling to them to have so many of their men taken prisoners. We have had frost for several nights and it is already beginning to turn very cold, but we have not suffered any yet. I wear two pair of socks in my boots and they do very well, for it keeps the cold wind off my legs.

You were speaking of your hogs being fat. You ought to see these up here, they are so fat that they can hardly get along. The beeves that we have here are the fattest and prettiest I ever saw. They are generally large young cows, nearly twice as large as ours at home. I have often wished that you could have such at home. We have got thick overcoats from the government, with capes reaching below our elbows. They are of great service to us in standing guard. If we had a good dog and was allowed to shoot, we could live on rabbits, for I never saw so many in my life, the woods are full of them. If I only had Leo here now, I could get along very well. I don't want him to be an unruly dog, for he comes of such good breed that I would not like to hear of his being killed.

I should like to be at home in hog killing time, and wish I could see Tasso now, for I know he is a fine looking dog. I hope Walter's puppy will not turn out. I should like to be at home with you on Christmas, but the way affairs are going on now I do not think there is any likelihood of it, as for winter quarters, I do not expect that we will go into any at all, for the enemy pride themselves on standing the cold weather and I expect they will attack us in the dead of winter. We learned from the prisoners that the enemy intended to attack us in two or three days, but let them come when they will. I will insure them a very warm reception. Before this reaches you will have heard of L. Barnes' death and also of Bowden's discharge from the army on account of being a minor, etc. Lafayette's death has cast a deep gloom over the company, for he was a very much beloved member. I will be very glad to get those blankets but I would wait and send them by some one, as they might get lost by themselves. All send their love to you.

Give my love to all. Goodbye.

Your loving son,

George

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., December 9, 1861.

Dear Mother:

I received your letter some days since and was very glad to hear from you and would have answered immediately but Walter has gone to Richmond and I thought I would wait until he came back. He went with a detail of men to carry prisoners who were taken by the N.C. Cavalry. He came back day before yesterday and brought us several books to read. Among the prisoners was a deserter from the Federal camp. He was a Baron in Russia and being of an adventurous disposition, he came over to participate in a battle or two and accepted a Lieutenant's commission in the Federal army, but finding, as he said, that there was not a gentleman in the whole army, he deserted, took a horse and came into our camp and has been sent to Richmond for trial. Formerly he had a commission in the Russian army, which he showed to the people.

We are expecting a battle daily. Yesterday we were presented with a battle flag from General Beauregard, consisting of white cloth crossed with blue. This is for us to fight under and also every other regiment has one. The enemy knows our national flag and had already tried to deceive us by hoisting it at their head. Now I guess we will deceive them next time.

Our company has been detached from the regiment for the purpose of taking charge of two batteries which another company has left. We are now relieved of a great deal of duty, for we only have to guard the batteries which take six men a day and that brings us on about once a week, and we drill occasionally. With that exception we have nothing to do, but if the regiment leaves to go into a fight our company goes also, and if the battle rages at this point we will give them a few grapes to eat and also a few shells to hide themselves in and then we will play ball with them for a while.

Walter is still at his old, or rather, new post, and has a great deal to do as the chief clerk is very sick. I hope we shall get a chance to come and see you before the winter is gone, but I have given up the idea of seeing you this Christmas, altogether, but after the fight I reckon we can get a chance to go home. Give my love to all and tell them to write soon.

Goodbye. I remain as ever,

Your loving son,

George.

Watauga House Day after Christmas

My own dear uncle Tom;

...I hope you received all the information you wished in regard to the wife of the Capt. Of Co. F 25 Reg--for I am not able to tell you very much about her as I have not seen her in sometime--and only once or twice since you left. We were all anxious for her to come over and spend Christmas with us, but the Fort people objected--and said some of us must go over there--so Lile, Mat, Garret, and the boys "toated" off this morning to spend a few days. Tom is going on down to Aunt Mary's. We have been expecting Grandma for several days--and

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5) *Improving Your Impression - First Person*

I think maybe she will come today, it is such a charming morning--it will be something new for Christmas if she does come. Did you get anything good yesterday Uncle Tom? I wished for you to get some of our nice Christmas dinner. Cousin Sarah & Gen and Mat, Annie and Peervee were all the company we had. Cousin Sarah is getting very thin & weak, but stands it better than her friends thought she would. She does not suffer a great deal of pain--but you never saw such a dreadful looing place--and her face is so much swollen and very stiff. Oh it is so sad! I don't know what her children will do when she is gone--they are so dependent on her--but it is God and we know he doeth all things well, and will make all things work together for good to them that love him, though we can not always see how at the time. Oh! Uncle Tom I know you love God, why don't you come out and acknowledge him before men? Don't say you are not good enough--works never yet saved a man--"It is by grace we are saved through faith, which is in Christ Jesus." Christ died to save us & he will do if we will let him. He don't want us to get good first--He wants us to give ourselves to him just as we are, and believe that he loves--and he will save us. And our love and gratitude to Him will make us try to keep his commandments and love our fellow creatures--as that is the only way we can do anything for him. Uncle Tom I am afraid you think it is not quite in place for me to say this--but I love you so much, and long for ou to be within the "Ark of safety". We are all well and enjoying this beautiful Christmas very much, in a quiet way--that is it is very quiet today since the young ones all left. We could not have been said to have enjoyed ourselves in a very still way last night--we played games and just turned up [Tack] generally. When Mat Jones joins us there are just six of us girls, and three boys--four boys--I beg Sams pardon--he has gone to Salem now--and cousin Soph joins us occasionally you know. We played a great little trick on James & Joe--the other night they proposed to play "hurly burly" and we agreed but told them we knew a new way--at a given signal every one must call out their sweet hearts name--and it would make such a fuss no one could know what anyone else had said. At the signal we all jumped up & opened our mouths--but kept a profound silence--and Jim & Joe called out their sweet hearts at the top of their voices--which was exceedingly getting-to the young men. I do think Uncle Tom my brothers are th sweetest boys in the world! I am so thankful I have got such brothers. Uncle Wal is at the Fort now, he expects to start Monday. I suppose you have heard from him and Lizzie--very lately--I expect they all are having all sorts of a time over there--I mean the young folks of course--not the old married ones, Though they do tell me the Captains wife takes on a sight with Tom but I low its all because he is named Thomas Lenoir--no doubt they are pulling candy together tonight. By the way--I had an invite to a candy [stew] at your Camp Christmas day--but I did not receive it in time to attend. But I dare say I have written more now than you will have time to read so I will quit off with much love to my dear uncle Tom.

I am his Devoted niece

Mame

Winchester, December 22, 1861.

We left here, on an expedition to the Potomac, on last Monday morning at seven o'clock, and returned again this evening. We lost one man, Joshua Parks, killed by the enemy; and his body, I suppose, has by this time reached his friends in Lexington to whom it was sent for burial. Present my kind regard to Mrs. Parks, and say to her that I heartily sympathize in the sad bereavement which has fallen upon her. He was a brave and good man, universally esteemed and beloved by his comrades, and his loss is much deplored.

Whilst gone we slept without our tents four nights. I had plenty of blankets, and slept as sound as if I had been in quarters. I really could not have thought I could stand so much exposure with so little inconvenience. I think, if my health continues to improve under such outdoor life, I will soon be able to stand anything but ball and shell. I received Helen's letter, for which give her my thanks. I was delighted to hear that our baby is well and growing, and that you are improving rapidly. I am much gratified, too, at your pressing invitation to come home. I believe, Love, you must want to see me. It has been my purpose to ask for a furlough as soon as winter had fairly set in so as to render active operations impracticable. To-day was very cold, -- so cold that we all had to get off our horses and make the greater part of the march on foot. To-night we have sleet and snow, which, I think, will pass for winter, especially as it now wants only three days of Christmas. So, Love, I shall ask for a furlough sme time this week, and, if I can get it, will be off for home. And if you hear a loud rap at the door some night before long, you need not think robbers are breaking in, but that your own dear husband is coming home to see wife and little ones, dearer to him than everything else on earth. But, Love, you must not calculate with too much certainty on seeing me. If I can get the leave I will, but that is not a certainty.

I hope you all may have a happy Christmas, and wish I had the means of sending some nuts and candy for Matthew and Galla. Many who spent last Christmas with wife and children at home will be missing this time -- perhaps to join the happy group in merry Christmas never again. But let us be hopeful -- at least share the effort to merit fulfilment and fruition of the hopes we cherish so fondly. Now, dearest, good-bye till I see you again, or write. A kiss to the children as my Christmas gift.

Feb 16th 1864

My Dear husband,

Hearing that the government has communication with the Trans-Mississippi department by way of Meridian I have concluded to make trial of it --Perhaps I may hear something from you--Several persons in Longtown have heard from their friends in La. through that channel--How much I regret your ever going West, or that I had gone with you when you were out here last--It is a source of much grief that the children have grown so large with little or no knowledge of their father--I sometimes fear they will lack that affection that is due to a parent although Minnie and Janie speak of you quite often--I feel more and more the want of a home for them as they are growing so fast, but things are unavoidable now and I suppose

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(Continued from page 6) Improving Your Impressions - First Person

I will have to be patient--but I do wish it could have been otherwise--There seems no end to look forward to, to this war--Those who are unsettled now will be likely to be so, who can tell how long? I do get so impatient sometimes. I wish the South had given up the Negroes to Old Abe rather than hav so much trouble and distress. I did not go up to your father's last fall--Willie was appointed an agent to the government and could not come over. Your father sent the bond down to me Christmas by a servant--I have not heard from there very lately--Old Mr. Tom Robertson died last month--his widow still remains at the place--

Belle is here with her two children--her family will be increased before a great while--Mr Starke has all of his negroes at his mother's on the other side of the river--he has not returned from Ga yet--his intention is to get a place for his own negroes and the estate's to remain at his mothers--I would not be surprised if he did not find it a difficult matter to get settled again--

How do you manage on the plantation about clothes--Do your weavers improve? Some of the Negroes here have learned to spin a right good thread without cards. Have you plenty of provisions or have they been impressed--For the present state of affairs I do not think planters will take that interest in their farms as formerly--Now they have nothing that they can call their own--all property at the disposal of the government--I feel sorry for old people in our Confederacy having so much distress in their old age--The heavy taxes, the disturbed state of the country renders persons generally low-spirited--Gen. Kershaw came home on furlough a short time since, he expressed much surprise at the general despondency which prevailed--said the people were wrong, there was no cause for such gloomy desponding feelings--He said such a thing as despondency was not known in the army--there all was hope and cheerfulness--I have been surprised sometimes at John's letters--his letters are always hopeful and in the best of spirit--I endeavor to write in the same way but I expect I fail sometimes--Is the state of things any better in La. We have understood the planters on the Arkansas River have all gone into Texas--Mrs Dulin is living in Longtown--We have not heard whether Mr Dulin is among the number or not--Martha became tired of teaching Mr Mickle's children and has quit--Rebecca is at the female college in Columbia--the three eldest boys will be sent to Camden this week--They would have gone before this but had to wait until some clothes could be spun and wove for them--It seems so strange that clothes are so hard to get now--Calicoes are from \$6 to \$9 a yd but there is a Bee Company established in Columbia where things are sold rather more reasonable--but all are high enough in all conscience yet--that store in Ca is called the Bee Hive. It is always such a crowded place, those who have been there say there is not much pleasure in making purchases--We have had a very cold winter--I do hope we will have a good fruit season. Peas are just up--I think we will have plenty of cold weather yet--are you gardening any or will you have to spend your summer in the camp--now that substitutes do not exempt--I wish every thing was back here again--I am afraid Pa will lose his overseer and if he does I do not know what he will do. It is impossible to get one that is worth any thing--Mr Mickle's health is very bad some how--he has been sick all the Winter--

We have all enjoyed very good health until a few weeks back--We all had a turn of cold but are all better--There is a kind of influenza that has been going about--The children are all well at this time with the exception of colds--How do you stand it alone so long--I expect you scarcely wish to be troubled with a wife and children again, you have been free so long a time--Minnie and Janie each send a kiss to you and say tell father we want to see him so much--John says tell father I am a big boy--he likes no other name but that of big bud--Goodbye I hope the time is not far distant when we shall meet again--Do write as often as you can my dear, my darling husband. You seemed to be bragging on your good looks--I did not know but by this time your looks were quite silvered over, giving you as I supposed rather a venerable appearance--Good-bye once more--Accept many kisses from Your affectionate wife

Mary W Milling

Charleston still holds out nobly--I hope the same success may ever attend it from whatever quarter it may be assaulted--Farmers have been again called on for labour--five of Pa's hands will go down next week. He has been unfortunate having lost one each time they have been called for. I expect there will be a tremendous crash when the Spring campaign commences. I hope the summer will decide the contest--Mr Starke came over from Geo. to-day--How are the Negroes and how are they getting on--Do they show any disposition to leave or do they seem satisfied? Tell them all how-dye for me--I wish I could help you with them at such a time as this--I would like very much to see them all again--A kiss to-night--Good night--Your loving wife

Mary W Milling

Should you have to go into the service I think it would be best to box up what things are there and put them in the care of some of your friends--I think it would be best to get someone to stay on the place with the Negroes--even if it was an old man just to overlook things and see how they were going on--and to pay some attention in case of sickness--I have written a long letter. I hope it may reach you.

**CAMP THREE MILES NORTH OF PETERSBURG,
Christmas Day, Dec. 25, '64.**

My Dear Mother:

I intended to have written the day after getting here, but it rained all day and the coldest kind of a rain too. The next day we received orders to move. We had almost completed our winter quarters and the boys hated to leave very much. We did not think at the time we should ever come back again, though some men from each company was left in camp to take care of the things. I was the one from our company left.

Last Thursday about sunset the division left and camped in a mile or two of Drury's Bluff, some ten miles from here. Last night about 9 o'clock they returned. We shall complete our quarters in two or three days now. To-day being Sunday and Xmas too, the boys think we should rest. It is the gloomiest Xmas that I ever saw. We not only miss the extras which we have had heretofore, but we have not got as much meat or bread as we can eat. The Xmas dinner promised to Lee's army, I see in the papers, has been postponed until New Year's day. I doubt then whether we get any as we are not in the intrenchments,

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(Continued from page 7) Improving Your Impression - First Person

though I think we deserve it as much as they do. We have done as much hard fighting and as for the marching we have done all. The boys were all very glad to see us. Gen. Grimes happened to ride by as I arrived and was pulling my things off. He stopped and had quite a long chat, he seemed right glad to see me back. Col. Venable, one of Gen. Lee's staff, told Gen. Grimes, who is in command of the division now, to ake his men as comfortable as possible, that we would in all probability remain here all the winter, unless something turned up unforeseen at present. I am in hopes it may be so, for I think our division needs rest if any troops in the army do. I understand we came here to relieve some of the troops in the fortification, but as they had made themselves comfortable, they would not be relieved. They preferred to remain in the works on the front line. I think they are sensible too, for I expect they will have us running all around, just as we did the past two or three days, all winter. I almost wish we had been sent South instead of Hoke's division. In passing through Raleigh I staid all night at the "Way-Side-Inn." Next morning in rolling up my blankets I forgot to put my socks in and came off and left them. I never hated anything so bad in my life. Just think they were the only extra pieces of clothing I took along, and then should lose them. If McBride has not left before you receive this please send me another pair.

If you have any extra butter at the time just wrap a rag around a small ball and get him to bring that along. It is the best way to send it in cold weather. He will have to walk about a mile from where the cars stop to our camp. The cars stop two miles this side of Petersburg, for fear of being shelled. Blake has gone to Petersburg today on a pass. He is looking very well. I called to see uncle Richard while in Raleigh, the only relative I saw. Raleigh has sadly changed in four years. Give my love to all the family.

Your affectionate son,

Walter

Reference: All letters were found at docsouth.unc.edu Letters from George and Walter are from "A Romance, Containing Reminiscences and Original Letters of Two Confederate Soldiers" :Lee, Laura Elizabeth (Battle, Laura Elizabeth Lee)

Mame's letter is from the Lenoir Family Papers. Personal Correspondence, 1861-1865. in the Southern Historical Collection.

Mary Milling's letter is from the Milling Papers, Personal Correspondence, 1861-1864:

The letter written in Winchester and dated December 22, 1861 is from "Memoir and Memorials: Elisha Franklin Paxton, Brigadier-General, C.S.A.; Composed of his Letters from Camp and Field While an Officer in the Confederate Army, with an Introductory and Connecting Narrative Collected and Arranged by his Son, John Gallatin Paxton"

Christmas at Tunnel Hill, 1863 ~ Joe Long

Historian
wjlong@sc.gov

From the December 1907 Confederate Veteran Magazine comes this account of a holiday season in Confederate service. E. Polk Johnson submitted this sketch, published under the heading "Christmas and Result of Volunteering". His unit, the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, would serve with Wheeler through the end (although he himself missed much of the action, for reasons which become clear in this sketch). Remember this sketch is based on a veteran's memories from decades later. However, interesting details include the whiskey ration, his cold bath and the apparently privately provided uniform, with Sergeant's chevrons – an especially valuable gift in Wheeler's notoriously poorly supplied command. "Christmas Day at Tunnel Hill in 1863 was a brilliant wintry day. Snow lay upon the ground, and as the sun rose the mountains put on their tiaras of diamonds in honor of the occasion. When this had been attended to, the unprecedented happened: the Confederate States of America issued rations of whiskey to the 1st Kentucky Cavalry...One of my comrades....declined to partake of the unusual "ration" provided for him by a benevolent government, and gave his share to me. "...The degenerate youth of today must have his perfumed bath in a steam-heated room. I had mine that Christmas day in a stream which murmured by the camp and had an icy margin.... "...Once out of the bath, there was fresh "linen" made of King Cotton's snowy product, and then, still more wonderful, a new gray uniform which had come to me as a holiday gift, and fitted me perfectly. Once the new uniform was donned and the damp locks smoothed, it was time to go to the colonel's headquarters whither I had been bidden to dinner. Invitations to dinner with the colonel reminded one of angels' visits – they did not happen very often, and no one ever stayed away who had received one.

"...Good old Tom Richards was our regimental bugler, the very best one in the army. He was my friend. We had drunk out of the same canteen when its contents were various – sometimes when there was water in it. Tom had found a partridge net...and had gone out and captured an entire covey...the colonel and Thomas and the other headquarters people had these partridges for dinner, and I was there as a guest. "...Now dinner was over and the scene changed. At the head of a detail, I proceeded to relieve a picked force some miles from camp. There was no supper that evening, and we had the same cold for breakfast the next morning. Think of those partridges of yesterday – call them quail if you want to – but think of them and contrast the no fare of the next morning...Another night, and relief came unexpectedly in the early morning of the 27th. We returned to the camp to find all excited. "...Our general, that little Wizard of War, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, had planned a raid upon the enemy and every one wanted to go.... "...Afterwards, in the retirement of a Federal prison away up North, when I gave the subject calm consideration, I was sorry that I had gone along with the General. He did not especially need me....There was a mix-up, the usual shouting and shooting; and when I untangled myself from the results of the affair, it was to find that my horse had been shot and its body was calmly reposing upon one of my legs....Some Federal soldiers came along and relieved the situation by pulling me out....and informing me that I was a prisoner of war. I had been suspecting for several minutes that I was something of that kind; and when a stout Teutonic Yankee gave me a prod with his bayonet, saying genially, "You tamn rebel, I kills you", I knew that I was a prisoner....

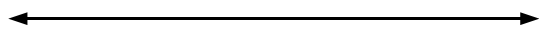
(Continued on page 9)

Promotions ~ Rusty Weatherford, Lt. Colonel (Elect)

Greetings Palmetto Battalion:
As I look back to Battalion elections September 20th--having allowed some time for the election results to sink in--I reckon the best word to describe my state of mind presently is "stunned." For me, this was truly an unexpected honor. As I drove to Columbia that day, part of me was thinking about the "what if" scenario of being nominated to the position of Lt. Colonel. I have to admit that I really never got beyond the nomination to actually thinking of something intelligent to say if I was actually elected. Not that I'm particularly prone to saying anything intelligent! I hope you might indulge me some particular thoughts now.

During my drive home I was thinking that there was something very significant about September 20. It was about the moment I approached Exit 98 off of Interstate 20 that I thought of Richard Kirkland, among others, buried nearby in Camden at Quaker Cemetery. Along with Kirkland, I thought of "Tally" Simpson. I remembered Lt. Colonel Axalla John Hoole (8th Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade). As their names revolved through my thoughts, I remembered the significance of the date! All of these men fell on a September Sunday in 1863---the 20th. From Pendleton to Camden to Darlington, all of South Carolina suffered enormous loss that day. I regretted that I had not the clarity of mind to bring this to our attention as we met. I suppose that, perhaps, my thoughts served as a reminder. That while being elected Lt. Colonel of Palmetto Battalion is quite an honor there are honors higher still. For me it's about the men. What small thing might I do for them honoring their memory as men unequivocally worthy of receiving tribute?

I hope that as your Lt. Colonel-elect I might---more by my actions than my words---convey my ardent respect for the Confederate soldier as a man. That during our relatively brief military moments in the field we might draw upon our own humanity; our own frailty and apply that common, human emotion to our battlefield impression. The most recent issue of the *Vindicator* alluded to a "60's state of mind." Ultimately, this is where our impression moves to the next, desired level. Perhaps dwelling less upon cold, hard facts contained in our reading. Rather, thinking more about the living, breathing reality of how much we really have in common with our Confederate ancestors. Our Creator, our families, homes, friends, livelihoods, liberties, fears and joys; our *humanness* are all very much in common with the men we hope to emulate. Too,



(Continued from page 8) *Christmas at Tunnel Hill, 1863*

"I had dined with my colonel on Christmas day, wearing no higher insignia of rank than a Sergeant's chevrons; on the 27th I had begged to be let go on a raid, and was humored; on the 28th I was a dismounted cavalryman and a prisoner. In those days of serious contemplation I concluded that it would have been just as well had I let General Wheeler make that one raid without my assistance."

Bet that shameless Teutonic Yankee had probably spent the season singing those alternative "Tannenbaum" lyrics to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland". Ah, well. Merry Christmas!

placing a priority upon duty and *esprit de corps*! As well, considering the great value of your own personal contribution to that spirit. Knowing the little things so well as to be second nature. Remembering who you are and who your people are! *Esse quam videri*: To be, rather than to seem.

My thanks, to all of you, who have placed your confidence in me to become your Lt. Colonel for the next year. I have many names and faces to learn. I have *MUCH* to learn period! I look forward to working with and supporting Colonel Grazioli. I concur with his stated goals for the Battalion. I eagerly anticipate the prospects of broadening my own reenacting horizon. Striving to grasp new concepts and march toward ground I once thought unattainable. I look forward to sharing the camp and field with you. I hope that I can "do you proud."

God bless you richly! Y'all take care!

With gratitude, I have the honor to be your,

M. "Rusty" Weatherford

Captain, C Company

Palmetto Battalion

From the Telegraph Wire Closing Thoughts . . .

Elections. We held our elections at Sesquicentennial State Park on Saturday, September 20th. Returning for a second year as Colonel is Tom Grazioli. Rusty Weatherford is stepping forward from the Captain of C Company to Lt. Colonel. The Battalion is fortunate to have Rick Davis again as Sgt. Major and Brian Sharpe as Color Sgt. The Burt Miller Service Award was presented to both Steve Burt and Daniel Fodera, Editor of *The Vindicator*. A proposal was made and voted on with no opposition to rename the Soldier Of The Year Award to the Steve Burt Soldier Of The Year Award. And Steve is also the first to receive this award that will bear his name. The change of command ceremony will take place at Secessionville, day and time to be announced.

We welcomed the men that have formed the Santee Light Artillery as a recognized unit within the Battalion. They've demonstrated their knowledge and skill on the field, and have met the prescribed requirements.

A Battalion meeting for all of the membership is planned to take place at Rivers Bridge. We'll do that on Saturday just before dark at the commander's quarters.

There has been some discussion about raising Battalion dues from 15.00 to 20.00 per year. The rationale is that after we pay out for insurance and postage on *The Vindicator* there's little left to use on the projects we think are worthy. Please discuss this in your units.

The wonderful ladies of the PSRS did a fine job with the picnic. The food was so good that nobody even noticed that someone forgot the buns. Our thanks go to Carla and her staff for coordinating lunch for us again this year. A great big "Thank You" to Charles Stoudemire. The swap shop seemed to

(Continued on page 10)

The Palmetto Vindicator

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(Continued from page 9) From The Telegraph Wire

go pretty well. I saw people carrying off lots of stuff and even took some of my own things home that I thought I was shed of at Aiken.

All in all I thought it turned out quite well. I think Saturday worked for us instead of Sunday. We didn't have to plan around church and didn't feel rushed to get home. If you have any comments or suggestions, send them in and we'll kick 'em around.

Steve Burt. By now you all know that a good friend and long time member of the Battalion passed away recently. Steve Burt lost his battle with pancreatic cancer and retired to a place where the fire is warm on a cool evening and the tobacco is smooth and plentiful. I'm sure of that because that's where I see him when I think on times past that we spent together. "Have you got another one of those hand rolled, corn paper cigarillos?" It would likely come over with an offer of lemonade. As I think on it some more, the smoke was never as smooth as the drink. It was Steve's company that made it good.

At elections, a man spoke up and asked who Steve was. That was a fair enough question because the man is relatively new and in a different unit. And for the past few years, Steve has been doing quite a bit of extra duty for the Hunley crew. On the weekends that we wouldn't see him in camp, he was most likely at the Lasch Conservation Lab working and standing with the honor guard. He took that task to be his own and it came to mean everything to him. At that time when we bury those brave sailors, many I'm sure will think of Steve. And without any doubt, he'll be standing his post somewhere nearby.

Palmetto Battalion Calendar and Event Schedule

Battalion Affiliated Events are marked. If your event is not listed or is listed incorrectly, please notify:

vindicator@palmettobattalion.org

Oct 31-Nov 2 Richland Creek - Saluda, SC

**Nov 15-16 Battle of Secessionville (BA)
Mount Pleasant, SC**

Dec 6-8 Buck Head Church, Millen, GA

**Jan 30 - Feb 1, River's Bridge (BA)
2004 Near Ehrhardt, SC**