INTERESTING WAR STORY.

Told by Joab Edwards, of Johnston, S. C.

Personal reminiscences are, of course, the most valuable material to collectors of history and the U. D. C. are anxious to get as many others like the ones printed below as possible. These were dictated at the request of Mrs. O. D. Black, historian of the Ann Buie chapter, by Joab Edwards, of Johnston, a Confederate veteran.

A Saloon in a Brush Heap.

At the end of the four years of conflict the Western division of the Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, came to rest at Buffalo creek, near Greensboro, N. C. It was near this place that Gen. Cornwallis met his defeat in the Revolutionary war. It was at Greensboro, as well as I remember, that the last meeting of President Davis and Gen. Johnson was held. 'Twas here, until a few years ago, the old Quaker church at Guilford college which Cornwallis used as a hospital for his wounded showed the stains of blood. In a thoughtless moment this old building was torn down and this touch of war paint was removed—but it is not forgotten. The immortal words of James Pugh, who with 12 others was hanged by the British, are engraved on marble, "The shedding of our blood will be as good seed sown on good ground which shall bring forth an hundred fold." It is near here the bronze statue to the memory of Karanpoppuc Turner stands not only to tell of a mother's devotion to her son but to point our American women in the way of service to their country. The battle oak, bitten, it is said, by Cornwallis' horse, now stands near here with its 47 vigorous branches, keeping time with the growth of the union of States, inviting us to consider it as a part of our unwritten history and calling forth our administration by the spread of its branches and the power of their resistance.

In the midst of such environments it might well be asked how can we explain the existence of a saloon in a brush heap? This explanation is all too easy to give. The Confederacy had an enemy more powerful than itself, that had cast off the protection guaranteed by the United States constitution to private property, and our people were trying to hide their personal effects on every side and in almost every nook and corner. It seems that we were just led by supernatural power up to Greensboro to find in the last chapter and on the last page of the four years' conflict the saloon in the brush heap, to show that we were not only battling against enemies of the South but against the constitution of the United States as well. They tried to reconstruct us, but did they ever reconstruct themselves? But who are the witnesses that proved the saloon was in the brush heap? Well, there they are—Tom Wright and Ephriam Amacker, of the Seventh South Carolina regiment; they found it. There was a division of it and a mighty sight of speech making and such like following for a while. W. A. Watson even put off writing to his sweetheart 'til another day!

"Hello, Ike!"

In the winter of 1863 the second regiment of South Carolina cavalry spent some time in winter quarters near Hamilton crossing. Outside of picket patrol and guard duty, little else was done.

I do not now recall just where the expression "Hello, Ike," was first introduced, but I do remember that it was a general regimental term of greeting for almost every one who would ride singly through the camp. One day it chanced that Col. T. J. Lipscomb, who was colonel of the regiment, rode through. At the sound of his horse's feet some one started the greeting "Hello, Ike" and as usual it spread through the camp. The colonel of course took it good humoredly.

At this time an application had been sent to the war department asking for a transfer of the second South Carolina cavalry from Virginia to South Carolina. A hearing from the application was expected almost any day and there was great hope that it would be granted. A snow had fallen just before the sounding of tattoo. Some one in the vicinity of Col. Lipscomb's tent shouted out, "Three cheers for South Carolina." Those who had refrained from greeting the passerby with "Hello, Ike" joined the music of cheering. The band played "Dixie" and "Sweet Home," and there was a rush to company headquarters to get the news while the horses manifested their readiness for a charge; nobody seemed to know what it all meant. Directly the regimental sutler, Mr. Cooper, came up with a note which he had been handed by some one to be presented at company headquarters. The note was opened and read about as follows: "The bearer of this note is responsible for this upstir." The same liberty taken with boys who used to cry "school butter" was taken with Mr. Cooper, except that he was treated to snow instead of water. Like treatment was accorded to James Robinson, our wagon master, who was said to be mixed up in the matter. No one seemed ever to find out who it was that shouted "three cheers for South Carolina," but "Hello, Ike" disappeared from our greetings without any further notice.

Pressing Corn.

There was a time during the War Between the Sections that hunger served the Confederate soldiers more than a gentle reminder. Hunger, you know, is said to be "notice given that the capillary fires need replenishing." It is natural law making demand on the food supply for the relief of men. It goes without saying that when these demands are made men usually sit up and take notice. After the hard fought battle of Bentonville, N. C., on the 19th of March, 1865, the army fell back to Smithfield, N. C. There was some scarcity of army rations. We remained in camp here for several days, during which days the final reorganization or rather consolidation of the army took place. Some of the boys acquired a pretty general knowledge of the country around by frequent trips out. One morning two of company D, Sixth batallion, Henry Adams and Turner Cooley, announced that they were going out on a foraging trip. They told John Witt, now of Magnolia, Ark., that they knew of a grist mill not far away, that they were going to press some corn and have it ground and they were not coming in until night as the moon would be shining brightly. John knew these boys were as good as their word, so late in the evening he came around my way and asked if I would not like to have some fun. Inquiring what was up and being told, I readily agreed. As soon as it was dark enough to conceal our guns as we passed through guard lines we set up a quick time march towards the mill. We soon came to where the road turned from the main road down to the mill. Here we arrayed ourselves for the interception. It was a fine forest. John stationed a little below the forks of the road and I went some 50 yards further towards the mill. I was to let the boys pass and John was to halt them. We did not wait long before they came up the road in silence, each with a sack of meal, and they had made a negro boy bring a sack also. As they passed me I fell in behind them and as they came near John he stepped in front of them, bringing his gun to armsport. With a low and a kind of nasal song in his voice, he shouted, "Halt!" The boys started to about face when I brought my gun to ready and also in a tone of commanding authority said "Halt!" Before we had time to give any further orders the three sacks of meal were lying in the road before us and the figures were surveying land without regard to compass or chain. There being a lank place in our ration quarters we appreciated the meal and making the circle as did they, we reached camp in time to see them come in. Of course we had a lot of questions to ask them about the day's outing, and some very definite questions about the mill and the corn they were going to press. They were such good boys! The kindness which the people had shown them during the day, they said, kept them from pressing the corn. John and I had to convince them that we saw them throw down the sacks and run through the weeds, and we also had to divide the meal with them before they could enjoy a hearty laugh.

No More Cold Feet.

During the winter of 1863 I served as relief for my father in Company I, Second regiment of South Carolina cavalry. I was then 16 years old. At the time of the occurrence of the following incident we were camped near Orange court house, Va. Scouts had reported that the Eighteenth Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry was in easy range of capture. Gen. Wade Hampton ordered a detail of 50 well mounted men from each regiment in Gen. P. M. B. Young's brigade to attempt to capture it. They were camped at a cross road near Germana ford on the Rappahannock river. We left our camp about 11 o'clock in the morning. The members of Company I in the detachment, as I now recall them, were Gus White, Thos. Crafton, Lawrence Harris, Nick Griffis and myself. It was a cold, drizzly day. Just before night we reached a body of woods near the river at Ely's ford, which is some distance below Germana. We took shelter in these woods under strict orders to keep quiet, build no fires, nor unroll our blankets. The clouds passed away and the air was cold. Shortly after midnight we were ordered to go forward. The river was flushed by the rain, causing the water to reach well up on the saddle skirts. In crossing my horse blundered, forcing me to drop my feet in the water and my boots caught a good supply of cold water. Soon after crossing we halted and waited for the approach of day. My feet were so cold it did not seem possible for me to keep quiet till day. But this was the order. At length the morning light began to show, and the order, "Form fours" came quietly down the line. (But my feet were so cold!) Then "Forward" (still cold). Then the order, "Draw sabre," accompanied by a statement that "we are going to have a hand-to-hand fight." Then came the order, "Intierce-point, charge!" which was responded to with that famous yell known as the rebel yell. The coldness of my feet disappeared as we rushed upon the panic stricken Eighteenth Pennslyvania camp. Gen. Hampton was at the head of the detachment. He dispatched the detail from the First and Second South Carolina cavalry down the road toward Germana ford to capture a squad of Yankees stationed there. We had not gone far before they met us, and finding that we had come for them, they took to the woods. Repeated efforts proved that my gun would not fire, it having gotten wet the day before. I resolved to try to capture a Yankee pistol. Spotting the man I wanted I put forth my best efforts to get him, but as my horse was of pony build, Nick Griffis beat me to him and got his pistol, and Lawrence Harris, who had lost his haversack the day before, made him divide rations. While we were after this squad the detachment from Cobb legion, Philip legion and Jeff Davis legion were rounding up the prisoners in the camp and getting the camp outfit ready for removal. I failed to get the pistol I went after, but my feet were now all right when I got in line for the return march.

The Moon Did It.

After the battle at Honey Hill the Sixth battalion of the State reserves was stationed for a while at Radcliffe's battery. Not far away to the east of the battery was the little Seabrook island on which stood the magnificent residence of Abraham Huguenot. The Yankee beats were not far away down Bee's creek. During the day our troops patrolled the island and at night our outer line of pickets were posted at the head landing on the mainland. There was an inner line of pickets between this line and our camp. Lieut. Kirksey, of near Trenton, was in command of this line. The outer line was in charge of cavalry. The moon had passed the full a few days, the weather was fair and an icy wind was coming from the west almost at storm speed. Those of us who were not on duty had lain down in our tents to enjoy the soldier's rest and listen at the fierce blowing wind. Just as we were falling asleep, Maj. G. D. Huiet came running through the camp calling out, "Get up, men! Get up! The Yankees are right here on us." We grbbed our hats, shoes and coats and put them on in a jiffy and without guns and cartridge boxes we rushed into line of battle in the edge of an old field which lay in the direction of the Yankees. Maj. Robt. Meriwether, cool and determined, was in charge of the line.

The noise of the wind being greater than the noise of our movement we felt sure the Yankees would not know where our line was 'til we had given them a warm reception in the icy wind. They were slow coming. The road over which we were looking for their approach ran nearly north and south, and along the edge of the woods on the east while a line of dog fennel fringed the west side of the road. The moon had laid aside her scarlet robe as she rode higher up in the heavens and was now attired in her silvery brightness. As the shadows of the trees were shortened the silver tips of moonlight began to fall on the tops of the dog fennel as it swayed back and forth in the wind. In suppressed voices along the line could be heard, "Yonder they are." The range was too far for any guns which carried three buckshot and a ball, and hence we held our fire but stood in readiness for their approach. There was plenty of motion in their columns but no advance. The strangeness of this led us to the discovery that the moon, the wind and the line of dog fennel were holding our attention. The picket, it was soon learned, had mistook the red rising moon for fire which they supposed was being set to burn the Huguenot house on the island. Returning to our tents we fell asleep under the same moonlight which had been distorted into an enemy's advance.—The State.

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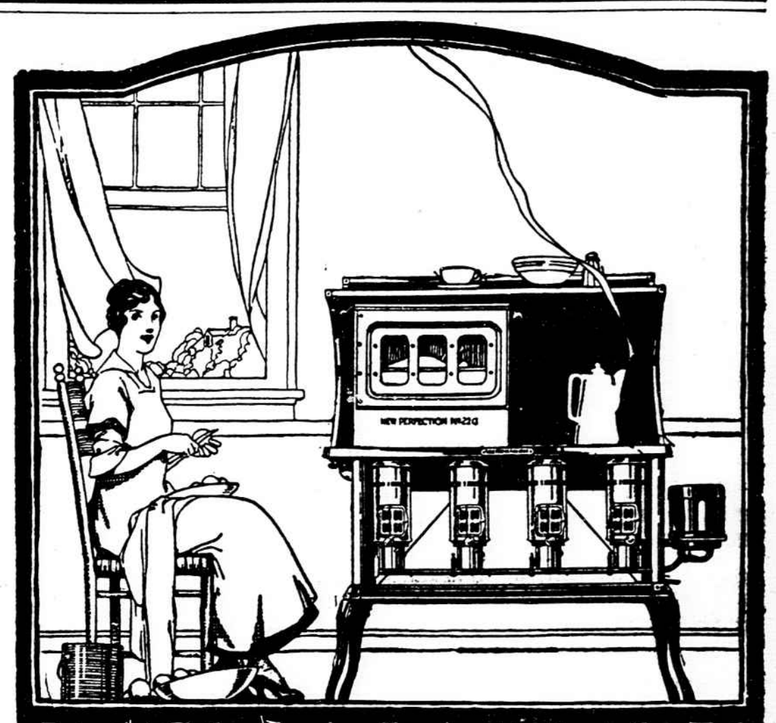

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