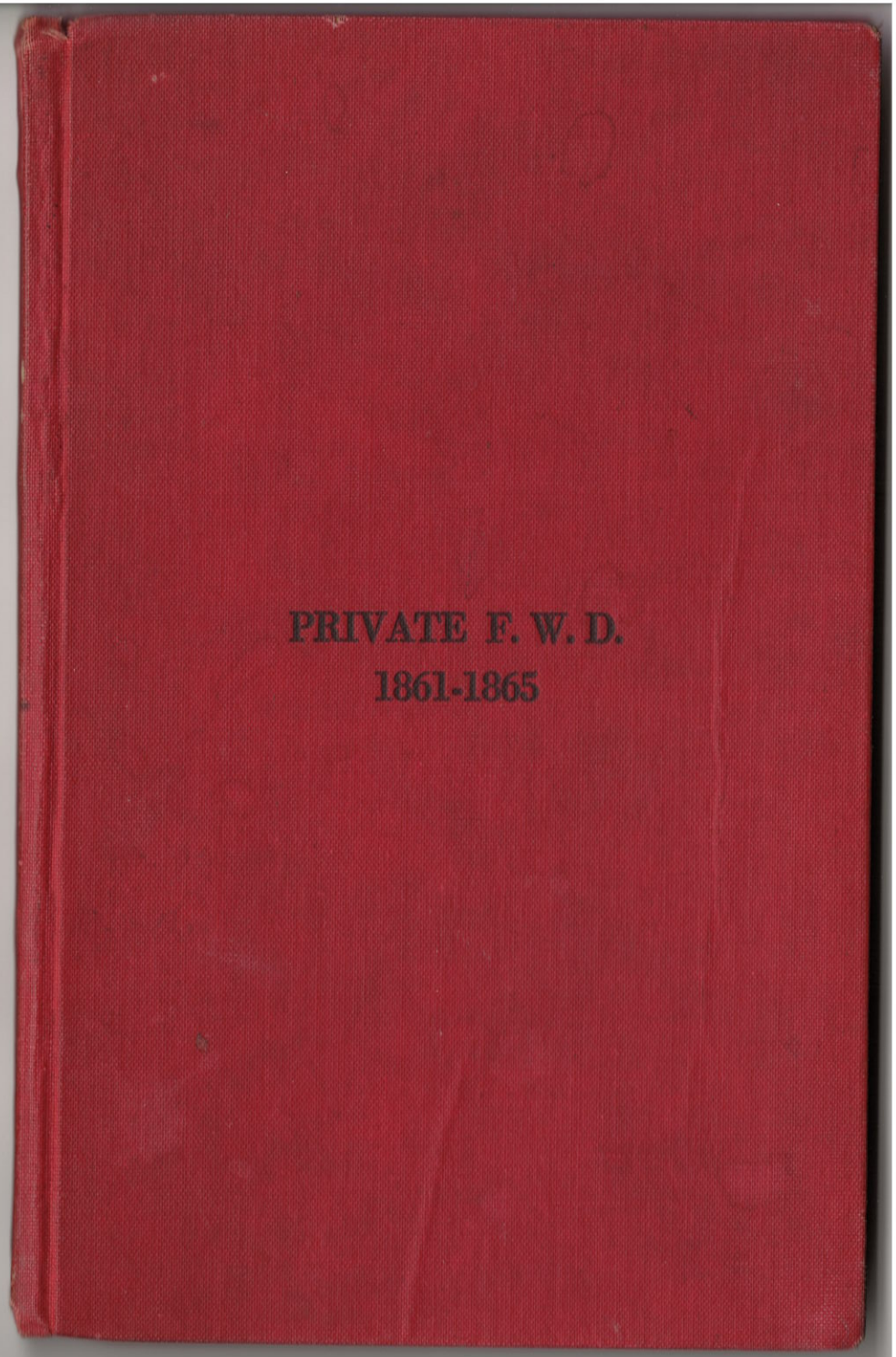
PRIVATE F. W. D.
1861-1865

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Experiences of Private F. W. Dantzler During the War Between the States

Compiled by Ruth Dantzler Wolfe

THE HOME PLACE, "SUNNYSIDE". (Photo November, 1936)

During the War Between the States, there was a large Masonic Emblem painted on the front door.

According to the story handed down, this Emblem is given credit for saving the home place from destruction by the Yankees.

FOREWORD

This series of articles entitled "War Experiences" appeared in the *Orangeburg Sun* in 1909. They were signed "F. W. D." and written by my father, Dr. Fred W. Dantzler. He dictated these sketches of his experiences during the War Between the States to his daughters Rosalie and Victoria, who sent them to the *Orangeburg Sun*. At that time Mr. Fred Wannamaker was the editor.

As every member of the family has expressed a desire to have a copy of these papers in some form which would be easy to preserve and convenient to pass on to the generations to follow, I have compiled this little book.

There are also included several letters written by Dr. Fred Dantzler and his brother Marshall, who were seventeen and eighteen years old, respectively, when they entered the service of the Confederate Army. A younger brother Zimmerman joined the Army later. The spelling and punctuation are as they appeared in the original. Some letters written by my Grandfather, Dr. Lewis M. Dantzler, who was Captain of Company H, 11th Regiment of South Carolina Reserve Army, are added.

RUTH DANTZLER WOLFE

DANTZLER

DR. FREDERICK W. DANTZLER, son of the late Dr. Lewis and Mary (Zimmerman) Dantzler, was born December 21, 1846, and died at his home near Holly Hill, S. C., June 15, 1910. After attending school, under private tutors at home and the high school of the community, he entered the University of South Carolina, from which he graduated in 1867. A year later he graduated in medicine at the same institution. He was a true patriot, and a Southerner "to the manner born," and as soon as he became old enough he joined the Confederate army in the latter half of that great struggle for Southern rights. He spent several months in Northern prisons, but by a fortunate agreement which his father made with a Northern friend, he was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. During the second battle of Manassas he was confronted with his Lord, and like Jacob, to Him he surrendered. To Him he promised and that promise he kept; joining the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at his next opportunity, within whose pale he lived a consistent life and rendered faithful service to the end. Dr. Fred, as he was familiarly called, was a man of sterling character, cheerful in spirit, kind in nature, and his wise counsel was frequently sought. He was repeatedly importuned to represent his community in the legislative halls of his State, but he always declined. He expressed himself well, and was gifted with his pen, but seldom used it on account of his dislike for publicity. At the earnest solicitation of friends about a year before his demise, he wrote a series of thirteen papers in the *Orangeburg Sun,* in reference to his war and prison experience, which were intensely interesting and instructive. On May 30, 1878, he wedded

Miss Victoria Connor, daughter of the late Frederick and Martha Connor. To them were born eight daughters and two sons.

D. D. DANTZLER.

(Copied from the *Southern Christian Advocate*)

FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE

By an Ex-Confed.

IN MARCH, 1864, I entered Capt. Henry Seller's Company, St. Matthews' Rifles, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers, (Eutaw Regiment) Hagood's Brigade, at the age of seventeen. In these sketches I am giving some of my experience and observation as a private soldier during the war between the States.

All through the war, up to the time I joined the army, the Yankees had been continually besieging Fort Sumter, and the companies of the different regiments alternated in garrisoning this fort every two weeks.

In April Capt. Seller's company took barges at Fort Johnson where we sailed for Fort Sumter to hold it for two weeks. Here I was first under fire.

The very first night I was placed on picket with an old soldier, just under the flag staff facing Morris Island, where the Yankee battery was stationed. From the continual firing of the enemy on Morris Island this side of the fort was battered almost down. About 9 o'clock that night we saw a very bright light at the Yankee battery This was something like a search light preparatory to shelling the Fort. In a few minutes we saw the flash of a cannon and a two hundred pound parrott shell came whizzing over our heads and burst over the fort. Fifteen or twenty shells were fired that night but after the first four or five I found that they all burst over the Fort, and that the pieces of parrott shells flew forward, so I was not in as much danger as I first thought.

During our stay in Fort Sumter the anniversary of the capture of Fort Sumter was celebrated by firing salutes and hoisting a new flag. This provoked the Yankees and

they shelled us heavily all day trying to cut down our new flag, but only succeeded in cutting the cord. There were two or three regulars watching this flag. To the one who replaced it, had it been cut down was to be given a thirty day furlough.

On our return to Fort Johnson, at the end of two weeks, the Yankees shelled our barges and made our trip a very dangerous one, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Our brigade was next ordered to Virginia and in my next piece I shall tell you of some of my experiences there.

F W D

[The above article is from the pen of one of the best known citizens of the Holly Hill section. This article will be followed by others giving experiences of the civil war.—Editor The Sun.]

SOME FIGHTING IN VIRGINIA

By F. W. D.

ON the fourth of May, 1863, Grant's army moved across the Rapidan River in order to turns Lee's right flank. Butler was ordered to move up the James River with thirty thousand men. This opened the great campaign of 1864.

Hagood's Brigade was rushed to Virginia as a re-inforcement. Our brigade left Charleston on May 2nd for Wilmington, N. C., which city we reached about two o'clock p.m. On the fifth we left for Petersburg, Va., reaching there in the early part of the night. We were lined up and given something to eat by the ladies of the town, then marched out to Wallthall Junction, an important rail road junction about seven miles from Petersburg and between that town and Richmond. About this time Butler had landed an army of thirty thousand men at Bermuda Hundred, at the junction of the James and Appomatox rivers.

Our brigade at that time numbered 3600 When we reached Wallthall Junction on the morning of the 7th we found a small brigade (Bushrod Johnson) and, I think, three pieces of artillery. After skirmishing and moving out of position several times the Yankees moved in force to capture the railroad at about twelve o'clock. To meet this assault our brigade was moved at double quick and charged the enemy. During this charge we were exposed to a severe fire, but fortunately we reached a railroad cut which protected us. As soon as we gave them a few rounds of bullets they broke ranks and retreated. No further movement was attempted that day. In the hasty retreat of the Yankees some of their wounded soldiers were left in the woods which had been set on fire by our shells.

The cries of these poor wounded men were distressing, but as they were between the lines we could give them no help.

During the day and night that our brigade held Butler in check every man that could handle a spade was helping build a line of works on Swifts Creek about three miles out of Petersburg, and between us and that city. In the fight here our company lost two or three killed and ten or twelve wounded. Two I know that were killed were: Corporal J. W. Myers and R. H. Zimmerman. Our Lieut. Col. Presley was wounded in the arm. After this we were commanded by Maj. John Glover; Capt. Sellers acting as Major and Capt. L A Harper commanding the company.

Petersburg was saved twice by our brigade during the war—this time by successful efforts in holding Butler in check until the line of work on Swifts Creek could be thrown up. I'll tell how it was saved the second time later.

At day light on the 8th of May our force was withdrawn to lines on Swifts Creek where we remained several days. Then Butler moved again with the intention of attacking our line. Several companies of our regiment had a severe skirmish with the enemy on this move and suffered considerable loss.

Our picket held the bridge across the creek and one moonlight night a mounted soldier rode up to this picket line. He was halted and when he gave the name of a Yankee regiment he was ordered to surrender. He did not, however, but attempted to escape. He and horse were both killed. How this Yankee got in our line we never could tell, but he was thought to be a scout.

Butler then retired to Bermuda Hundred and we were ordered to Drury's Bluff to protect Richmond. In my next piece I'll give the part our company took in the battle of Drury's Bluff.

SELLER'S COMPANY IN BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF.

By F. W. D.

WHEN Butler returned to Bermuda Hundred our Brigade was ordered to Drury's Bluff. While marching along the road which leads from Petersburg we expected to be attacked, at any time, so marched with our skirmish line thrown out about one hundred yards from the road. I was on this line and found it very tiresome marching through the woods.

We occupied a line of works extending from the James River in a westerly direction, and across the turnpike about one mile from the river. These works consisted of two lines several hundred yards apart, and we occupied the first but later we were withdrawn to the second and stronger line, as Butler by that time had again moved out to accost our fire. I don't know how many men we had at that time, but do not think it was more than three or four brigrades. The Yankees occupied the line that we gave up without opposition. We had hot picket firing on the 14th and 15th of May, but on Saturday night, the 14th, Beaureguard came to our relief with two or three brigades. He decided to attack Butler on Monday morning, May 16th.

Our regiment held the line on both sides of the road and on Sunday evening our company was sent out to relieve the picket and act as picket line for regiment,

At day break on the morning of the sixteenth we found that there was a very dense fog. A man could not be told from a tree at the distance of twenty yards. However, the picket was ordered forward and we moved slowly and with caution, as at any moment we were likely to run into the enemie's picket. In the meantime heavy firing was

heard on our left about a mile on the river. We extended on both sides of the road and reach very near the works occupied by the Yankees. Intervals were closed on the main road and when we got near enough to see the works of the enemy we ran low and with out noise towards the works across the road, about sixty feet in advance of the Yankees main line. I thought the Yankees had gone, but when we looked over on the main line we could see them, their heads above the works looking in a left oblique direction, Capt Harper in command ordered us to fire. The enemy were taken by complete surprise and thought we were a regular line of battle. For a few minutes were into a hot and heavy firing. The place we charged was occupied by the 3rd or 7th Connecticut regiment and these Yankees broke and ran at our first fire, but rallied about one hundred yards away in the woods.

Directly across the ditch there was a twenty pound Napoleon gun and a little to our left at an old shop were four more pieces, all of which we captured later on.

As soon as we fired the volley described above, and had dropped down to reload the Napoleon gun was fired directly at us. Fortunately it had been depressed on account of the damp fog and its contents went into the bank and only threw a little dirt on us. Then the other four guns near the shop fired and then Capt Harper immediately ordered us to fire at the guns to silence them and save the line of battle which was not far back. A few rounds silenced them, and after we had killed their horses so that they could not take off the guns, they fell into our hands.

About this time Capt Pat Malone, Hagood's gallant adgt. general dashed up on his white horse and asked: "What troops?" We told him that we had succeeded in breaking the line, and to bring up the brigade. He said: "Boys, hold what you have got; I'll have the brigade up in a few minutes." He was gone only a few minutes before he was back and stayed with us 'till the brigade got in sight. By this time the fog was not so dense as at the beginning of the attack. It rose so that a man could be seen over a hundred yards away. I fired about twenty or thirty times before the brigade came up.

When it came near..... of our company, ... works and..... St. Matthews Road ..... ed the works by ..... ditch, while I tried to cross by jumping it. ..... rains and the ditch ..... ter. I failed to make it so got a good soaking.

When we got to the enemy's works ..... New York regiment ..... held the works..... Bushrod John ..... Some of his men, seeing that we had captured the works, lapped over on us. We got in an angle where we could give the New York regiment a flank fire and they soon broke and ran.

We never did get the credit for capturing this battery that we as a company should have had. The brigade was given the credit. Any other company in our regiment would have done same thing, however, had they been given an opportunity. In breaking the enemies line our regiment was saved from a considerable loss.

Our company lost three or four killed and twelve or fourteen wounded. The only horse that was left alive at the captured battery was secured by Maj. Glover, I think.

At this place Capt. Harper, my brother-in-law gave a wounded Yankee some water and placed something under his head for a pillar. Several years later Capt Harper met him in Atlanta and the Yankee recognized him.

I'll state that Lieut Frank Shuler, Lewis Shurknight and Buck McIver were among our dead.

In my next I'll give my impression of Cold Harbor and tell how Butler was "bottled" by Beaureguard.

Note:

The 21st reg. 11th and 27, and the 7th battallion overlapped the space that we broke in the Yankee line, and their loss was heavy in the charge.

HOT FIGHTING ABOUT COLD HARBOR

By F. W. D.

WHEN Butler was driven from the breastworks at Drury's Bluff he hastily retreated again to Bermuda Hundred. Beaureguard followed him and threw up a line of works from the James River to the Appomatox. Here is where Grant said "Butler was bottled up." We remained on this line, having more or less skirmishing between the lines for several days. Then we were ordered to meet Lee at Cold Harbor.

Our regiment was relieved by the 22nd. regiment, commanded by the intrepid Col. Olin Dantzler who entered the army as as private in our company; was soon elected Lieut of the company, the Lieut Col of the 20th Reg. and then Col of the 22nd Reg. We were all glad to meet him and too showed delight at meeting his old company again.

It was rather a strange coincident that both Col Dantzler and Col. Kit, two boys who were reared on adjoining plantations had similar experiences. Before the war Col Kitt was Congressman and Col Dantzler State Senator. During the war both were made Cols, both were killed the same day, and were buried near each other in the same church yard.

When we reached Cold Harbor we were just in time to occupy the position of which the Yankees were hurrying to get possession. We were in Hoke's Division which had been sent to reinforce Lee and found the line of battle near a rail fence, so sent out picket. One of our Company, Clayton, was wounded before he got any distance. In the meantime, we were ordered to throw up a line of works. In a half hour that whole fence was down, the rails laid in a long line, and then covered with dirt. I shoveled dirt

like a good fellow with a tin pan. This was late in the afternoon, and after finishing it we stayed there 'til morning when we were moved and had to do the same work over.

There was sharp skirmishing between the lines for seven days before the battle. On one of these skirmishes I recollect the picket in front of the 11th Reg was driven in. Several companies of the 11th Reg charged them, drove them back. Then Gen Hagood ordered our company to relieve their picket. This was about 11 o'clock a. m. All that day we had hot fire, but we held the line until early next morning. I did not think it just to hold a line in front of another regiment. Col Simonton joined the regiment at Cold Harbor. He had been left on the Island in command of a brigade.

On the morning of the 3rd of June Grant tried to carry Lee's line by general assault. Our regiment was just behind Colquitt's Brigade. The Yankees opened the fight by a severe artillery fire. We were ordered to get down in a little ditch on the side of the road. All obeyed except Sam Inabinet and he sat on the edge of the ditch, cleaning his gun. Capt. Harper ordered him to get in the ditch, but he replied: "Capt, we are to have a lively time today and I want my gun in good order." The second time Capt Harper ordered him in the ditch he said: "All right Capt," but just then a shell struck his head and poor Sam never knew what hit him. A few minutes later the enemy charged Lee's lines for six miles. A N. Y. regiment of artillery charged Colquitt's men who were in our immediate front. They held their fire until they got about seventy-five yards. Then Colquitt gave them a volley which staggered and confused them for a second. They afterwards broke and ran.

After the charge was over I could tell by the line of dead where the volley hit them. Grant's loss was said to have been twelve thousand. The dead lay on the field three days before Grant would ask permission to bury them. However we had advantage of a south breeze, which carried the stink to the Yankees. I think our Major Glover was wounded here in the hand and kicked by the horse we captured at Drury's Bluff. He died from one of these wounds.

When we reached Cold Harbor we were the extreme right of Lee's army. We remained there ten days or two weeks in the trenches and when we left we were the extreme left. (Ask Fred Dibble what became of the boots that he got at Cold Harbor.)

It was very hot in this ditch which was in the open field, and then to get water we had to cross a hill in order to reach a little spring. The Yankee sharpshooters kept up a continual watch for men who crossed the hill, and they also shelled the spring late every afternoon. I went for water and had filled several canteens and was on my way back when I heard a shell coming. It seemed to have bursted one hundred yards back of me, but suddenly I heard a whizzing noise above my head, so dropped down and placed my arms over my head. Just then a piece of shell hit within six inches of my feet. It must have frightened me, as some of the boys asked me when I got back what was the matter, for I still looked frightened.

In my next piece I'll tell how Hagoods Brigade again filled a gap in the lines around Petersburg.

MORE FIGHTING IN VIRGINIA.

By F. W. D.

ABOUT the 12th or 13th of June we moved from Cold Harbor via White Oak swamp and Malvern Hill and crossed the James river below Richmond. As Grant had sent a great number of soldiers to City Point who were moving on Petersburg, we were hurried to that city. Hokes division, with our brigade at the head was sent to succor Petersburg.

At some point between Richmond and Petersburg we met a train of box cars and were hurried aboard—thirty inside of each car and twenty on top. I rode on top.

We reached Petersburg on the 15th at sun set tired and worn-out from forced march. The Yankees had been attacking the lines all day about two miles from the town, and this line was held by a very thin line on our side—I think it was Wise's Brigade. About the time we reached Petersburg they had carried the lines from battery No. 1 on the banks of the Appomatox river to battery No. 5. There was no organized line between Petersburg and the Yankees.

When we entered the town our band played "Dixie". Though very tired every man lined up at once. The women of the town would cry from doors, windows and streets: "Boys don't let them come." We were then marched out near the captured works and formed in line of battle. I think the 27th regiment on east bank of the river, then 21st, 11th and 7th Battalion, then 25th. Our company was ordered out as picket. Colquitt's Brigade then came up on our right. I distinctly recollect our orders were to advance and not fire unless we were fired upon. We did so until we came near a branch where the enemy's pickets were stationed. About this time Col-

quitt's picket fired into the branch. We held our fire, as ordered, but could hear the Yankee pickets running out of the branch to the work on the hill that they had captured at sun-set.

Then our picket was advanced into the branch while the line of battle behind us worked all night and by morning had a good line of works which filled the gap that had been broken. We could hear the enemy working all night.

At sun rise next morning while there was no firing, I saw one of the enemy standing in front of their line. My brother, J. M. D., and "Dick" Evans were on post with me. I told the boys I was going to shoot the "Yank", but "Dick" told me that I should let him shoot first. It was up hill, and the distance could not be judged correctly. Evans gaged his sight for 200 yards and fired; but missed. My brother then fired but the man did not move. Then I put up sight for 300 yards and fired and hit him. I loaded as quick as I could and by this time a man had run out to help him over the works. I threw up my gun to fire again, but my brother stopped me. This brought on a general firing along the line. About two hours later the enemy charged the picket line a little to our left, we gave them a left oblique fire as they advanced. The picket in their front gave way and we were flanked, so were ordered to fall back to main line which was about 200 yards back. We had to run up a long sloping hill and when we came out of the branch the enemy was very near us, and when we came to the top of the hill we were exposed to a fire from their main line. Just then I said to my brother: "I can run no further, so I am going to walk." He told me that he would not leave me, as we had stuck together always in a fight. However, I saw a ditch just ahead of us so when we reached this we got in it and were safe from the fire. As we got into the ditch a ball struck a rubber blanket which I had

under my belt at the hip and cut eight holes in it. This blanket had been captured at Drury's Bluff.

We held this line several days and when the permanent line was fixed we moved back to it and remained there for two months. Morgan Davis of our company was caught by the enemy when our picket fell back from the branch.

The Yankees, for a week, continued to assault our lines, either at one place or another. Daily a message would pass up or down the line that the enemy had attacked some part of the line and were repulsed with heavy loss. Letters and notes were continually passing up or down the line. Usually the letters were addressed just as if it were going to be sent by mail, then tied to a stick and sent along the line until it reached its owner.

I should have stated before that after the death of 1st Lieutenant Shuler, 2nd Lieutenant J. C. Evans was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. Wade Wise was made 2nd Lieutenant. First Sergeant C E Hart was elected 3rd Lieutenant and Joe Fralic 1st sergeant.

We were a little to the right of where City Point R R crossed the lines, the morning after we had left the old line the Yankees charged the abandoned works. I was amused to see them advance within one hundred yards of them; then break and run. They tried the second time to capture the empty works. This was about the 17th of June and about the time Frank Haigler was shot in the head by a sharpshooter. He lived an hour or two but was never conscious.

On the night of the 19th my brother and I were on picket all night in a rifle pit. We came in about daylight on the 20th. For a few seconds he was exposed to the enemy, and was shot through the body and instantly killed This was a terrible shock and a great loss to me. He had been in the army two years before I went in. We had

always gone in a fight or skirmish, or on picket together, even if one of us had to swap places with some one else.

In my next I will tell of General Hagood's kindness to a private soldier.

The following are clippings from the papers about the death of J. Marshall Dantzler:—

"Killed—We are pained to learn by a private despatch that J. MARSHALL DANTZLER, eldest son of Dr. Lewis Dantzler, of St. Matthews, was killed during the engagement near Petersburg, on Monday, the 20th. Young Dantzler, though only in his eighteenth year, had earned a veteran's fame for his bravery during his term of service with the Eutaw Regiment."

J. MARSHALL DANTZLER, son of Dr. Lewis and Mrs. Mary Dantzler, of St. Matthews, S C, was killed by a sharpshooter near Petersburg, on 20th May last.

None of our country's roll of honor deserve a higher place for purity and faithfulness than young Dantzler. Though only 19 years and 10 months old, he had been noted by officers as the most remarkable soldier in their command. He was always ready for duty, brave in fight, and patient in marches. The secret of his success was that he had been for seven years a devoted member of the Church, and carried into every service the sense of his heavenly Father's presence, and did not fear what man could do unto him. So remarkable was his piety, that his parents felt that he would be safe in the most perilous dangers. At home he had won all hearts to himself. Father and mother looked upon Marshall as a model son, and sisters found in him all they could desire in a brother. Of his preparation for the call, sudden as it was, none who knew him entertained a doubt. A few days before he was shot, he said he thought it would be easy for a Christian soldier to die—for his country and soon he was called to the privilege, and has doubtless been called to the Christian soldier's reward.

W. G. C.

In the following letter the death of Marshall Dantzler is mentioned:—

Near Petersburg, July 27, 1864.

Dear Father:

I received your kind letter last week and was very glad that you all were well. We are still in the trenches near Petersburg and are doing very well and expect to stay for some time yet, unless Grant makes another move.

We get for rations one quarter of a pound of bacon, one quarter of a pound of meal made into bread and sometimes peas and rice. We also get sugar and coffee. There were rumers that we would go to Charleston but I am afraid we will have to stay here until winter. We have the promice to go if they need troops at Charleston but I am afraid we will see hard times before that time. I wish the cruel war was over so that all could come home once more. I know I will know better what home is than before I left. Dear Father, I did not mind the toils and dangers of this campaign until poor Moss got killed, but since then I have been lonesome and sad but I hope the Lord will spare me to avenge the death of him. I will try and do what I can on every opportunity. I am pretty certain that I killed one Yankee on the 16th of June. We were on picket—Dick Evans, poor Moss and myself were on the post when early in the morning a Yankee came out in front of the batery when Dick put his sight at three hundred yards and shot him but missed him, then poor

Moss shot him but missed him. I then put my sight at four hundred yards and when I shot him he fell, he fell with his face to the ground and did not move any more.

Your affectionate Son,
F. W. D.

P. S. We got the money. I will enclose a lock of my hair that Mainie wrote for in her last letter.

SOME MORE EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

By F. W. D.

AS soon as my brother was killed Capt Harper and I decided to send his body home by our servant, Joe Hilliard, if possible. We both together had no more than fifty dollars. Capt Harper went at once to Gen Hagood to get permission to go to Petersburg for a coffin. Gen Hagood told him that he was expecting an attack from the enemy and could not let him go, as Harper was an officer, but readily consented to let me off.

I went to Petersburg and telegraphed my father that the body would be sent home by Joe. After hunting all over the town I found only one coffin that could be used and the price of this was $175.00 much more than both of us had. I went back and reported the condition to Capt Harper, so Capt Harper again went to see Gen Hagood and this time the General told him that if the Yankees did not attack the lines before eight o'clock that night he could go to Petersburg. Capt. Harper was a mason and that night when he reached Petersburg he met Capt Fitzgerald, a refugee from Norfolk, who kept the Jarrett hotel. Capt Fitzgerald was a mason also, so Capt Harper made arrangements with him to let me have as much money as I needed. The next morning Gen Hagood gave me another pass to the town, I went to see Capt Fitzgerald and he was very kind to me in lending as much money as I wanted.

That day while making preparations to send my brother's body home I found that Wilson's Cavalry raid was about to cut the rail road, so I decided to bury my brother there and not risk the rail road. I telegraphed my father of this

change; then my servant Joe, a twelve year old son of Capt Fitzgerald and I buried my brother. The little boy was sent with us so that he might be able to know the grave should anything happen to Joe and me.

Capt Harper was afterwards severely wounded in the thigh and in the following November when he was able to travel on crutches he and Joe brought the body home and it now lies in the old family burying ground. If it had not been for Gen Hagood's kindness and for masonry I would have had to bury my brother in a blanket just where he fell.

Capt. Fitzgerald had been a sea captain, I think, but I have never heard of him since. I would like very much to know what became of his kind little son.

During July and August the two lines were near each other—so near that we kept out picket only at night. All day long there was a constant firing and I had to sharp shoot for two hours nearly every day.

When on picket in the rifle pits at night our orders were that if we were charged by the enemy, fire, lie down in the pits and let the enemy pass over us. The lines were not more than 250 yards apart, I think.

One day Gen Hagood came to our company with his field glasses and asked Capt Harper to furnish him a man to climb a tree to look over in the enemies line to see what was going on over there. Capt Harper offered to do it himself, but Gen Hagood refused to let one of his officers place himself in such a dangerous position. Just then Abe Robinson of the Edisto Rifles volunteered to go. As soon as Abe got up in the tree the enemy saw him and began to bark the tree with bullets. The general ordered him down at once. Both sides used mortar batteries in the seige of Petersburg. We had a battery just behind our line. At night when the different batteries shelled the lines it was

a beautiful sight to watch the fuses burn as the shell curved over from one side to another in passing through the air. But it was not pleasant when you were at the point which was being shelled. I did not mind a parrot shell as much as a mortar, as the morter shell could be seen such a distance, and yet we could never tell whether it was going to burst in air or after it reached the ground.

After some time we threw up traverses in the trench so that we could dodge the shells better. One day our Ordnance Sergeant (Dock Pursner) had gotten a good dinner in a tin plate and had just started to eat it when one of those shells came over and entered the ground and filled his dinner with dirt.

I should have stated that we were placed in what seemed to be a wide old ditch, six or eight feet wide—and large red oaks grew on its banks which gave us plenty of shade.

At one time it was thought that the enemy were mining under us, so we had a sounding pit dug in this broad ditch to see if the Yankees could be heard at work.

One day in July I was sent with others to work on a covered way (i. e. a ditch leading from lines back of trenches.) This was on a hill to our right. The day was a hot one, the ditch deep, and the enemy seeing the dirt thrown up by our shovels commenced to shell us with a battery about 500 yards off. Some one had cut a shelf in the ditch about two feet from the bottom and about five feet long. I got in this shelf to cool off on the clay. About this time a shell struck the top of the ditch bank and exploded knocking down two men, but not hurting either very much. Another struck just over my head and tumbled in the ditch. I could hear the men running up and down the ditch, but there I was within two feet of it, and could not get out with out going over the shell. I expected it to burst at any second, and after a minute or two looked over and

saw no fuse burning. That shell got out of the ditch just as soon as I could get it out.

The Lieutenant in command said that it would not do to work there during the day, so sent us back to our company.

On Saturday, July 30th, the enemy exploded a mine under our lines at about day light, about one half or three quarters of a mile on our right. We were near enough to see the smoke and dust and hear the noise. There was some hard fighting here for several hours. We were taken out of the trenches to help retake the lines but had marched only a short distance when we were ordered back in the trenches, as the lines had been retaken.

The enemy literally dug their own graves for hundreds of them were buried in the pit of the mine. Some of the boys visited the place and reported such a scene of horror that I did not care to visit it.

In my next I'll give my experience at Weldon's Rail Road on August 21st.

This letter was written by my father to his sister Mary Jane (Mainie) who later married Dr. W. W. Murray. Dr. Murray was Assistant Brigade Surgeon.

Near Petersburg, August 4th, 1864.

Dear Sister:—

I seat myself this beautiful morning to write you a few lines to let you all know we are as well as usual. You must not expect a long letter because I have no knews to tell only that the Yankees opened on our lines with their artillery on the thirtieth of July and early that morning they sprang a mine under a battery Twenty-second and Twenty-third S. C. D. As soon as the mine exploded the enemy charged and succeeded in capturing a part of the

works and some prisoners, but at two o'clock they were charged and a great many killed and captured. They admit of a loss of between four and five thousand. The negroes and whites were all mixed up together in a ditch. Grant is still missing but we are trying to counter mine and it was reported yesterday that we dug into one of their mines, but I don't know whether it is so or not. I hope it is so.

We have not herd of the boxes yet but I hope we will soon for I am anxious to eat something from home once more. Harper went to Petersburg yesterday but could not hear anything of them. I hope we will get them before we leave this place. Tell mother I got her letter yesterday and will answer it soon. Write *oftain* and *long letters* for it *cheers me up to get a letter from home.*

Your affectionate brother,

F. W. Dantzler.

BLOODIEST CHARGE OF THE WAR.

By F. W. D.

ABOUT the 18th or 19th of August, 1864 the enemy moved in heavy force on the Weldon railroad and captured it.

Hagood's Brigade was ordered out of the trenches that we had held for two months without any relief. We were on picket one whole night and up half of the next in the trenches ready to shoot at any moment. This strain on the men was very great and to get any rest during the day we had to sleep while heavy firing was going on all the time.

We were moved to Weldon road and camped on Saturday night a few miles from the raailroad. On Sunday morning we were to move forward to attack the enemy. Just before we formed the line to charge we passed a battery of artillery which opened fire as we passed. The brigade gave a rousing cheer to the battery and this drew the fire of the enemies artillery. He had to move forward under this terrible shelling. On the edge of a woods we formed a line to charge the enemy's works in the open field and as we left this wood in the charge we passed through Flanigan's Brigade. Where our company charged, as well I remember, there was some stunted corn. It was company F and one of the color companies. Color Corp. O. J. Parler (Brooks) of our company who had the flag and another Color Corp., either Montgomery or Burgess were the only two color guards.

When the command was given to charge we moved off at double quick, running low down and where we charged we moved under a terrible front and flank fire. When within fifty yards of the works Porter who was on my left tumbled over and the flag fell in front of me. At the same

time the other Color-guard fell, so I threw my gun to my left hand and seized the flag in my right, though I was only a private. It had not been down two seconds before it was up again. I thought the quicker we reached the works the better, but when within thirty yards of the works I heard on my right the order "Lie down." Looking in that direction I saw that everybody behind me was down, so I stuck the flag staff in the ground and dropped on my knees, to shoot. But thinking I was too close the enemy to have an empty gun, I lay flat on the ground.

I did not think the charge was a failure as I thought Finigin's brigade would come to our succor. All of this time we were under a terrific fire and after a few minutes a ball hit the flag staff and it tumbled over behind me. I looked back just in time to see the Color Corp., who fell when Parler did run, catch the flag, and turn to run out with it. But he was shot down the second time. Then for the first time I realized the fact that the charge was a failure.

Dave Ott of the Edistoes was lying very near me wounded in the thigh. I said to him: "Dave, I am going to try to run out." He replied: "For God's sake, don't." "You'll be killed." All during this time balls were throwing dirt on us, and every time I thought I was hit.

After sometime the enemy ceased firing for a second, and then I raised up on my knees and looked around me to see who was hurt, but soon the firing was renewed and I fell down again and remained there till it was over.

Capt. Harper was in command of the company when in fifty yards of the works a ball hit him on a button and glanced; but it shocked him. When the first firing ceased he jumped up and ran. This caused the second fire. They shot him through the thigh, but he succeeded in getting out.

I got up and looked back of me again after the firing and was very much grieved at the sight. Major Sellers, First Lieut Evans and First Sergeant Fralic were killed. Color Corp. Parler mortally wounded and many others killed and wounded.

When I got up to go in to the Yankees I carried my gun with me, but when within ten feet of the works one of the enemy threw up his gun at me and ordered me to throw down my gun. I obeyed at once, but just then another Yankee knocked up his gun, jumped over the works and helped me over.

Our company went into the charge 21 strong. 14 were killed or wounded. 4 got out unhurt and three went over the enemy's works as prisoners. These were Lieut. Hart, Corp. E L Dantzler and myself. Our brigade went into this charge 700 strong. 175 got out.

This was the place where Gen Hagood shot Capt Daly who had the flag of the 27 Regiment, off his horse, got on the horse and ran out, followed by some who were near him. Capt Stony caught the flag when Capt Daly fell and carried it out. All this happened right in front of the enemy's lines. I did not see it, as it happened to my right. After I was captured the Yankees told us Gen Hagood was killed and it was months before I heard that he was not but that his gallant Capt Malony was killed. I have heard that Gen Mahone was responsible for the charge. He ordered six brigades to charge the enemy, but later, finding them much stronger than he thought, countermanded the order. The four center brigades got the order in time, but the right and left wings did not receive it so were hurled at the whole 11th corps (Warren's). These two brigades were Hagood's and Harris' Mississippi Brigade I do not know the above to be a fact, but I have been told this by responsible parties.

The enemy had two strong lines of works, lots of troops and only a half mile from Gen. Warren's headquarters. Our company had only one officer left after the charge. Major Sellers was killed, Captain Harper wounded, Lieutenant Evans killed, Third Lieutenant C E Hart captured and First Sergeant Fralic killed.

This charge was one of the bloodiest of the War. Captain Alston, I believe wrote a poem on it. I would appreciate a copy of this poem from any one who may have it. Send it to F. W. D., Holly Hill, S. C.

In my next I'll give some of my prison experience and tell how tobacco got me out of prison.

HOW TOBACCO GOT HIM OUT OF PRISON.

By F. W. D.

AFTER crossing over to the enemy we found that they had two lines of works and heavy masses of troops behind them. I was told that Warren's whole corps was there.

Corporal Berry Way had been badly wounded so Ed Dantzler and I helped him 'til we reached the field hospital where we left him. I did not see him again 'til about Feb. 1. 1865' at Elmira, N. Y.

For a half mile, after going over the works, we were under heavy artillery fire from our guns. Lieut. Hart did not have an officer's uniform so passed as a private in order that he could stay with us. We marched fifteen or twenty miles through Grant's army to City Point. The Yankees were very kind to us and at every camp we passed some of them would run out and offer us food. They guyed us good naturedly, calling us "Johnny Rebs" but we would always return their jokes with interest.

What a contrast between Grant's well-fed and properly clothed army and Lee's poorly fed and ill clad men! In our army I had seen many a soldier get his side pone of corn bread and a piece of meat at night and sit down and eat it every bit, leaving nothing for his next day's rations. This happened during the seige of Petersburg.

At City Point we were placed in their army "Bull Pen", among the bounty jumpers and the worst criminals of Grant's army, for thirty-six hours. These were the worst men I ever saw. But soon we were placed on board of a steamer and sent to Point Lookout Md, via Fortress Monroe. While going down the James River we met

many boats loaded with troops which were going to reinforce Grant.

When we reached the prison we were lined up in order that we might be searched. We were ordered to give up all money, jewelry, watches and dangerous knives. I had a twenty dollar bill, a two dollar bill and a half dollar in silver. I slipped the silver in my sock and patted my foot 'til it got under the bottom of my foot. I rubbed the twenty dollar bill until it was very soft, rolled it up, covered it with another piece of paper and made a stopped for an ink vial which I had in my pocket. Then I gave up the two dollar bill. I afterwards sold the twenty dollar bill for one dollar in greenback.

I should have stated that on the day I was captured I wrote my father that I had been captured, unhurt, but did not know where I would be sent, also told him that O. J. Parler had been badly wounded.

The prison was a flat plain on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay. The east wall was not more than fifty or sixty yards from the beach. Three gates opened from the prison on this beach and the prisoners had free access to it during the day for bathing or fishing. Piling had been driven about sixty yards out in the Bay, forming a dead line—that is we were not allowed to pass them.

The whole camp was surrounded by a twelve foot board wall with a platform three feet from the top for the guard to walk on.

There were about 10,000 men in the prison when I was there. The Camp was laid off in divisions, nos. a, b, c, d, etc, In each division there was 1000 men. I was in division D. Bell tents were mostly used and ten or twelve men were in each tent. The wells were all shallow and contained some mineral, such as sulphur and copperas

which made the water very disagreeable to the taste until one became accustomed to it.

As soon as I got in camp I found that they would allow twenty-five pounds of tobacco to be sent from Dixie to a prisoner by a flag of truce. I at once wrote my father to send three of us twenty-five pounds of tobacco by this route.

Our rations were three quarters of a pound of light bread, one quarter pound of beef or pork, one pint of bean soup—and we were considered lucky if the soup contained a spoonful of beans. We were given vegetable soup twice a week. It was made of dried vegetables, packed in large square tins, and had a very unpleasant odor. I was hungry the whole time I was here in prison, but could not eat this soup.

I had been captured with only the one suit of clothes that I had on and a haversack, but it was empty. When we reached camp it was warm and they said they had no blankets so each of us was given an old piece of tent cloth about the size of a blanket and that was all we had to sleep on.

The men had nothing to do so a great many of them carved rings from gutapercha with dainty silver trimmings set in. Great many useful articles were also carved from beef bones. You could very well estimate the mortality from pneumonia in winter and dysentary in summer.

We would sit or lie around the tent day after day and tell of good things that we liked to eat. There was an old man—Elihu Thomas, from Spartanburg in our tent who would listen 'til all the tales were finished and then he would say: "Well boys, a sweet potato pie and it half tight is the best eating I ever had."

I did not use tobacco at this time, but my cousin did. He did my darning as he was a good hand with a needle,

and I would give him tobacco. I managed to get it this way: Whenever a new lot of prisoners came in I would get them water to drink for a chew of tobacco. One well of water was better than the others, but the pump was broken on it, so I would take a tin can with a nail tied to it to sink it and let it down through the air hole and in this way get a drink of water.

I have waded in the Chesapeake with sleeves rolled up high in search of oysters among the rocks—perhaps finding two or three in a half hour. But I'm going too much into detail, so will hasten on.

After waiting a month and receiving no tobacco I wrote my father to go or send to Columbia where some Yankee prisoners were stationed and get some green back bills to send me. About the last of October, as it was getting cold, each of us were given a U. S. blanket. We made the old tent clothes into mattresses by stuffing two with dried grass. and in this way we had more bedding than the prison rules allowed.

A large bulletin board was kept on which was posted each day what came in for the prisoners. After watching this for ten days I saw one morning this written up: "F W D, E L D, C E H and O J P each 25 lbs of Tobacco." We got our Sergeant to identify us and the 75 lbs were delivered to us at once. As O J Parler had been left behind wounded, we wrote Capt Brady, the commandant of the camp, a plain statement of the case so he then turned Parler's portion over to us also. This was on Friday and we were rich, after being hungry for two months—100 lbs of tobacco worth $100 in greenbacks.

E L Dantzler was our secretary and treasurer, C E Hart was our wholesale man and I was retailer of from one chew up.

By Saturday evening we had five or six dollars, so went to the sutler and bought meal and salt pork. We cooked a big pot of mush and fried the pork, and I tell you it was fine. I ate too much, so on Sunday morning I reported sick to the rebel doctor who prescribed for those who were only a little sick.

Early that morning it was reported that the camp would be thoroughly searched and everything that the camp rules did not allow would be taken from the prisoners. At nine o'clock the bugle sounded to fall in ranks. I was up, but on the sick list, so told the boys I would try to save our extra bedding by pretending to be very sick. When the men came round to search our tent I pulled off my shoes and jacket and got on the bed, expecting them to come in at any minute.

They first massed all the well men in one end of the camp and put a strong guard around them. I remained in the tent about an hour, finally was dozing when some one put their head in the door of the tent and asked how many sick men were in. I replied "four". He said: "Get up and go to the Hospital. We are going to send a boat-load to Dixie". I told him that one man, Tom Hart, could not walk, so he said he would send a litter for him. I did believe him, for I recollect that I said to myself. "Capt. Brady has beat me at my own game and will get our bed clothes after all."

I gathered up my blanket and haversack and went to the hospital and there I found five or six hundred sick men massed together with strong guard. Two small open tents were brought in, two surgeons then brought in a table with four or five clerks. The guard would allow one man pass at a time. This man would step before the surgeon who would pass them to the clerk where he would give the name of his company, regiment, brigade and division where captured. This was a very pitiful lot of men, and I was not

weak as most of them so waiting until about twenty five had passed the surgeon and none had been turned back. I then pushed my way through fearing should I wait I might be shut out. One of the surgeons was young and had a kinder face than the others, and you should have seen the appealing look I gave him when I halted before him. After a few seconds he said: "Go on". I went to the clerk and registered to come home.

Every sick man in camp was parolled that day—that is everyone that was able to travel.

The report that they would research the camp was put out by Capt Brad. He had orders to parole all sick men that day, and if the prisoners had known it all would have been sick. So you see the tobacco was really the cause of my getting out.

I will tell of some incidents of my trip home in my next.

INCIDENTS OF TRIP BACK TO OLD HOME.

By F. W. D.

WHEN captured I had only one suit of clothes, so when wash day came had to wash underclothing in cold water and wear jacket and pants until they dried. We were given plenty of soap and vinegar, however.

The paroled soldiers had been placed in a camp nearby and this was policed by detail from main camp. E C Dantzler had all of my money, so I wrote him a note by one of the detailed men to send me five dollars and some rings that had been made, and told him also that he and C E Hart could use the remainder.

We were then placed on board of a steamer and sent down to Fortress Monroe to await the arrival of the prisoners from the other prison camps.

The two governments had agree to exchange 5600 sick and wounded prisoners at Savannah. We had to wait at Hampton Roads about one week for the other boats and while there a naval expedition under Admiral Porter was forming in the Road so we saw them drilling and manouvering every day. This expedition was forming to attack Fort Fisher. I had no idea at the time that I would be in the fort when they attacked it.

All of the transports having arrived we left on the steamer Northernlight, which once plied between New York and Panama. It was a large vessel and had nine hundred soldiers on board, so we were packed below deck. Our rations were sixteen hardtack, a slice of salt pork and one canteen of water per day. Some of the men who were very weak had been placed in bunks but most of us had to lie around on the floor. It was pitiful to see some of the

men who were too weak to undertake the trip. I think eight or nine died on board and were buried in the sea.

We had good weather along the coast, and I did not get sea sick. Our vessel was the first of the transports to reach Fort Pulaski and here about half of the men were transported to a steamer, the New York, and this carried them to the mouth of the Savannah River. A small steamer which could carry only 250 men met it here. The two steamers were tied together and a gangplank put from one boat to the other. At the end of the plank in boat stood a number of old men of the Richmond Ambulance corps to give us a welcome hand shake and a piece of tobacco to those who used it.

We were taken up the River to Savannah, and landed on one of the wide streets. We were formed in line and given dinner by the ladies of the city. Such a dinner. I never ate the like during the war.

The ladies would say: "Eat all you want, boys, but don't put any in your haversack, for we have many more hundred to feed."

They had prepared a camp for us in the park, and hundreds of ladies visited our camp that evening. I had many invitations to different homes, but had to decline them all. On the 17th of Nov 1864 I was given a thirty-day furlough to report at Columbia at the end of it. I left for Charleston and there I reported to the Soldiers' Wayside Home for the night. It was kept by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wiley, old friends of our family. They were very kind to me and gave me a private room that night. This was the first bed I had slept in in nine months.

On the morning of the 18th I left Charleston for St. George on the S C railroad, about twenty miles from my home. When I reached this town I tried to hire someone to carry me home, but could find no one. I then remembered an exiled Polander by name of Chibinoski (this is not the correct spelling). He had brought my father home several times before the War when my father was interested in a plantation in Alabama.

On the morning of the 18th I left Charleston for St. asked Mrs. Chibinoski if it were possible to get her husband to take me across the swamp. She answered me very curtly saying that there was not, as her husband had only a broken-down Confederate horse and cart. His brother-in-law had his good horse in the army.

I thought I would work on her sympathy, so told her if I were able to walk, I would solicit aid from no one, but I was not physically able as I was just out of a northern prison where I had only a light diet consequently was very weak I told her also that my father and mother did not know I was on my way home, for they thought I was still in a northern prison.

She then cordially invited me in so I knew I had touched her heart. She sent for her husband and soon we were on our way in the old cart. This was slow traveling and to while away the time we exchanged War stories. He told me some of his experience in the Polish Revolution in 1848.

When we reached home it was after night, and took the family by complete surprise. Mr Chibinoski told me the next day it was worth the whole trip to see the joy he had brought.

When I left home in March I weighed 145 lbs, but when I reached home on the 18th of November I weighed only 125 and had not been sick any time over twenty-four hours.

I'll state here that when I got home Capt Harper had recovered from his wound and had gone back to Petersburg with Joe, our negro, for my brother's body. He had been killed on June 20th 1864. I was fortunate enough to be at home when the body came.

TELLS OF SOME BLOODY FIGHTING

By F. W. D.

WHEN I reached home my father told me that Capt Harper had been to Columbia and gotten the green back bills to send me and that when he got on the S. C. R. R. going to Columbia there was on broard Lieut Col Charles P. Mattocks of the 17th Maine Reg. He had been sent from prison at Columbia, S C to Charleston to be exchanged for one of our officers who had been captured on the coast. There had been some hitch in the exchange, so this northern colonel was returning to Columbia under guard. Captain Harper being an officer was allowed to have a conversation with the Colonel. Both were Masons, so the Colonel proposed to write to his mother in Portland Maine and his agent in Washington to furnish me whatever I needed while in prison. Then I was to write my father who would furnish the Colonel with whatever he needed, and after the War the accounts would be settled. This proposition was accepted by both parties and carried out very satisfactorily.

After I had been home about two weeks my father received a letter, dated Danville, Va., from the Colonel saying that he had escaped from the prison in Columbia and had gotten as far as East Tenn. on his journey when he was captured again and sent to Danville, Va. He said also that he was in a much worse condition than when in Columbia and asked that my father send him some money and a box of provisions at once. My father wrote him that I had unexpectedly reached home about two weeks before, but that he was willing to keep the same arrangements for E L Dantzler and Capers Hart who had been captured with

me and who were still in the northern prison, so at once sent him the money and provisions.

At the end of thirty days I reported to provost Marshall Col. Green (I think) at Columbia. When he looked at my furlough he said "You are exchanged," and ordered me to report at my command in Virginia. I told the Colonel that I did not know that I had been exchanged, and asked him to extend my furlough a few days, so that I could go back home for my servant, Joe. He readily granted my request; and I then got transportation for Richmond from the transportation office. I came as far as St Matthews on the cars, and just as I got off, I saw our Surgeon through one of the windows and asked him if the brigade was on the move. He bowed his head and made some motion with his hand, but of course I could not tell where the brigade had gone.

When I reached home I decided to stay there until I could find out where the brigade was and where I could join them. However I soon found out that it was in Wilmington N C., so I started out at once to join them. I reached Wilmington Jan. 1, 1865 and was placed on camp guard at once, as the brigade had been on a march that day from below Wilmington.

We had a very quiet time at Camp Whiting until the 13th at three o'clock a. m. The long roll was beat and orders to fall in were given.

When we fell in line we could hear the heavy booming of cannon at Fort Fisher, about twenty five or thirty miles below.

We made a force march of twenty seven miles, only resting five minutes each hour. It was one of the hardest marches I ever made, as I was loaded up with several days' rations, blanket, over coat and sixty rounds of ammunition. When we reached the Fort late in the afternoon,

as usual, were formed in line of battle and threw up a line of works.

Gen Terry had landed 15000 men near Fort Fisher and it was necessary to throw up this line of works from the River to the Sound. During all this time the heavy shelling still went on at Fort Fisher.

On the night of the 14th of Jan 1865 about 250, or 350, of our regiment were placed on board of a steamer to go into the Fort. The boat ran aground that night so we did not get off until early next morning, and landed about a half or three quarters of a mile behind the Fort; and were ordered into the Fort under a most terrible bombardment of the War. It was thought that the Yankees were sending about sixty shells a minute. I think there were 400 guns in their fleet. Every shell that passed over the works would be among us as we were moving in.

I recollect that I had several quarts of rice in my haversack, and stopped three different times to pour some out in order to lighten my load as I was so tired.

Finally we got in the Fort and were placed on part facing the fleet. Under this heavy bombardment all of our guns had been put out of action. The Yankees then ceased firing and the marines charged our front. We whipped them back, with great loss. We were hilarious over our success, when looking to the left where the enemy's infantry had attacked and we saw a U. S. flag on the corner of the fort held by North Carolina. Then for two or three hours we, with a flank fire, prevented the Yankees from reenforcing those who had gained a foothold on the left corner of the Fort. Several attempts to reenforce were made, but we drove them back each time.

Later we were ordered from the right to the left to try to recapture that end. The enemy who had already had a foot hold had breach loading guns. We had to move

through a different passage in the Fort, and the enemy saw our move from right to left and lying on top of the works concentrated their fire on these passages.

Eight or ten men would run through, thus drawing their fire and we would have to wait a minute or two, and then advance again.

While passing through one of these passages a ball cut my blanket string and entered my overcoat pocket. It shivered a lot of hard-tack and lodged in the lining of my coat pocket. The ball was one of the gun cleaners—made in two sections with a piece of zinc, shaped like a button, between the two sections.

We kept advancing until we got on top of a magazine within thirty yards of the enemy. We could advance no further, but held them in check until dark. In this move the men became badly mixed, so about dark Frank Haigler, three other privates and I got on top of the work behind a traverse. The enemy were on the other side, but after a short while, Frank who was watching, said: "Look, the Yankees are down there"! I jumped up and saw a number of them at the bottom of the works. We fired at them, thus drawing their fire, and ran down into a bomb proof at the bottom of the works.

We found the bomb proof full of men, but I managed to get some men between me and the door. Then I told the boys that we would be prisoners in three minutes, as the Yankees would be there as soon as they could climb the works. I found Montgomery here with the flag, so I told him to get out and run down to the place where we had landed that morning and try to save the flag, but the pressure from the door was so great that he could not get out. I then told him to tear off the flag and hide it under his clothing, and save it in that way. If I had thought of it I might have saved it in that manner on the 21 of Aug.,

1864. Montgomery would not risk this, but tore it into small pieces.

The whole fort was captured about an hour after night and with it about 1500 men.

Gen. Terry had 15,000 infantry besides the marines. Some of our men seemed to be demoralized but they could not be blamed as they had been under that terrific fire for such a long time.

The force from our regiment was not that way. All did their duty, as we had not been in the Fort long enough to "get rattled".

Our loss was heavy, but do not recollect just how many of them killed. Orderly Sergeants Mike Grambling and Davis were killed.

The enemy lost heavily also. I have read Admiral Roberly Evans' account of the fight and he gave a fair account of the part that the marines took in the fight. He was desperately wounded in the charge of the Marines.

It has been said that some of the officers in chief command were not in condition to manage as desperate work as the defense of the fort demanded.

In my next I will give some of my experience on a transport—The Gen. Lyons.

MORE EXPERIENCES OF THE WAR.

By F. W. D.

DURING our trip up the coast the weather was intensely cold. When we stopped at Delaware Break Water it was reported that we were going to Fort Delaware, but on account of the amount of ice in the river were were finally ordered to Elmira, N Y. About eight o'clock, pm, on the twenty-eighth of January we were placed on board freight cars with rough seats on Erie Railroad at Jersey City for Elmira, about two hundred miles above New York. Everything was covered with ice and snow and we suffered much from cold on this trip having come from a warm climate. On the thirtieth of January we reached Elmira just before day and at eight o'clock we were marched out to the prison camp on the outer edge of the city. The city seemed to have six or eight thousand inhabitants and was situated on the Chemuxy river. The camp was on the second bottom of the River with a creek running through the camp. This camp was surrounded by a high board wall as the prison camp at Point Lookout and was made of fifty or sixty boxed house barracks with flat roofs covered with tar paper and gravel. Each barrack could accommodate two hundred or two hundred and fifty men and on each side of a barrack there were three tiers of bunks, each bunk for three men. In this way every six feet of length of barrack could accommodate eighteen men. Two coal stoves were in each barrack and a strip nailed in three feet of the stoves and no prisoner was allowed to go over this strip. There were a dozen hospital wards and a large convalescent nurse hall and all of the cooking and bakery outfit, which altogether made a considerable town itself.

When we reached there we found about twelve thousand there and we were marched to a guard house (there was a large guard house with cells in it) and Major Beale, the commander, made us a speech saying that they were going to search us and told us to give up all money, watches or jewelry we had and it would be returned to us when we left the prison. If they found any money or other valuables on our persons they would punish us severely. I had been a prisoner before and when first captured had advised the boys to hide securely any money they had but Major Beale's talk brought most of the money and valuables in that crowd. I had $175 in Confederate money, $5 in greenback and two silver quarters. I at once hid the five dollars in greenback securely. I had a tooth brush pocket in my inner left side of my jacket. I folded first a $50 bill the width of the tooth brush handle and slipped it behind the tooth brush handle. The rest of my money except the quarters I had in an inner pocket of my drawers but when they commenced searching us I found out that they were searching much stricter than they had at the first prison and would certainly find the money I had in the inner pocket so I took it out and slipped it in my canteen, the mouth being broken, there was no water in it. The two quarters I put in my mouth. I gave up one dollar in "shin-plasters" and saved the rest although their search was very close.

Sergeant Johnson of New York searched me and once stuck his finger behind the tooth brush. Later, in prison, I was thrown with him a good deal and found him a very clever fellow. I laughed at him often how I fooled him in hiding my money.

When I got to New York on my way to Elmira, I got hold of the "Herald" and saw in it that Major Mattocks had passed New York on a paroled furlough on his way to Portland, Maine. Three or four days after getting in

prison an orderly of Major Beale's stepped in our ward and in quired for F W Dantzler. I told him I was the man he wanted. He said, "Here is a letter Major Beale told me to deliver to you," and I quickly opened it and it was from Col Mattocks, saying he was at home for a short time and if there was anything I needed as long as I was in prison if one or ten years to write his mother or his agent in Washington and I should have it and he would soon be back to the front. On the back of this letter he wrote to Major Beale that my father had been very kind to him while in prison in the South and asked the major to do anything he could for me. I did not ask any favors of Major Beale for this reason: All minor officers in camp such as clerks, nurse and all were filled by prisoners, so as to give the enemy as many men to go to the front as possible. These positions were filled by men who had signified their willingness to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and all detailed men were looked down upon by the other prisoners. I found the rules much stricter than at Point Look Out, that each ward had a sergeant in charge who was to some extent responsible for the behavior of the men in his ward. He was allowed a small stove and could cook on it. The prisoners were not allowed to have money if they knew it. If you got money from home they would give it to the sutler and then give you sutler tickets for it. They would let the sutler sell us cabbage, onions, apples and irish potatoes but would not allow us to cook them. Only the sergeant of each ward could cook anything. The only way I got the pork cooked I got on board the Gen Lyone I had to give our sergeant some of it to cook it. They said it was retaliation for treatment of their prisoners. Before I finish these papers I intend giving the number of dead we left there, and that will tell the tale of the treatment of our prisoners in north-

ern prisons. We were given the same rations as at Point Look Out with nothing warm but a pint of bean soup with snow and ice on the ground all of the time. We had red hot stoves but we could not warm a piece of meat by the stove without running the risk of being knocked over by some oath taking spy and taken to the guard house and put on bread and water for five days. I recollect one particular case. He was Old Mike, an Irishman and belonged to the Louisiana Tigers. They had him constantly in the guard house. I have seen him with barrel shirt on with three or four brick on top marching in a circle for an hour or two as a punishment for breaking some rule of the camp.

Not long after we were in camp W B Way, "Wad" of our camp, took pneumonia. He soon became delirious and the nurse would put his punch under his pillow and did not pay much attention to him. C E Felder and myself saw after him until he got better and if it had not been for our nursing him he never would have reached home.

On the top of the wards was a good place to sun blankets. One day I told my cousin, H F Dantzler, to "let's sun our blankets on the roof." Our ward was very close to the wall and I had not noticed that a guard was near. He said it was against the rules. I told him that all I asked of him was to throw them up to me when I got up. This he refused to do. I said I would do it anyway. I had not noticed the guard was listening to our conversation. So I got a blanket and threw it on the roof and climbed up. Just as I got up he halted me and ordered me down. My cousin laughed at me and said before the guard: "I told you so". I said nothing until I got out of hearing of the guard when I told him I'd sun my blanket on that roof that day in spite of Henry and the guard. He said as usual, "You will never get home". I waited until the guard was changed and saw the first one was out of sight. I went into the ward and

came out whistling with my blanket in hand and threw it up on the roof and went up and spread it out and came down. I kept my eye on the guard all of the time but pretended not to notice him. I went into the ward and told my cousin to go and see if my blanket was not on the roof. I, personally, got along better in this prison than at Point Lookout because I could get outside help, but many a poor fellow suffered much more than I did and if he got sick enough to go to the hospital you might as well bade him good bye. I saw this later on when I was attached to the hospital department. The convalescents were not given enough food to build them up.

In my next I will probably end these papers.

SOME EXPERIENCES ON A TRANSPORT.

By F. W. D.

THE night we were captured we were moved down the sound about one mile and camped. Early next morning some of the enemy prowling in one of the magazines of the fort accidently blew it up and killed a good many of them. This excited them and they threatened to retaliate on us claiming that we had left a slow fuse that blew it up. But they soon calmed down and it ended in threats.

On the evening of the 17th we were moved back to Fort Fisher. We passed back of the fort, and the whole ground looked like a lot of hogs had rooted a lot of immense holes. These holes were caused by shells that passed over the fort.

On the 18th of January, five hundred of us were put on board of the General Lyons and at sunset left for the north.

In May, 1764, we had one hundred and three men in our company and in January we had only fifty. Forty of our company were captured in the fort. Eight or ten men were not captured for they were on various details outside of the Fort.

The morning after I was captured I wrote my father, "Captured, unhurt, but do not know where we shall be sent."

While on this vessel, I was somewhat reckless and the only time I lost hope of ever reaching home again, but as soon as I got off the vessel I regained hope.

We reached Fortress Monroe about sunset on the twentieth. About this time we discovered a barrel of cider vinegar stored on the freight deck which we occupied, and

it was only a few minutes before the boys had cut a hole in one of the staves and some one had an unused pipe stem in it. In two days the vinegar was gone and there was a guard in twenty-five feet of it all the time, but it was dark.

My cousin, A P Dantzler, developed a case of typhoid fever and at this time was very delirious and we had nothing but pork, hard tack and water. I told his brother, Henry, to go on deck and beg some coffee from the enemy for him. He soon returned without it and said there was no chance to get it. I told him if Arthur was my brother I would have the coffee. He said "You talk so big. Get it." I said "I will." They detailed several of our men to help cook for the guards on the boat and the cook room had a guard stationed at the door and did not allow any one in it except the cooks. Bill Laneau of Charleston was in the cook room. I went up on deck and to the cook room, the guard having his back to me and he was about few feet from the door looking out at sea. I slipped behind him into the cook room. Laneau said, "How in the world did you get in here? What do you want?" I told him that one of our men was very ill and must have some coffee and he quickly filled my quart cup and I boldly walked out by the guard, I carried the coffee down and gave the sick man as much as he wanted and my cousin could hardly believe me when I told him how I got it. He said "You will never get home. Some Yankee will put a ball through you yet." (An expression he used several times while we were on the boat.)

We stayed at Fortress Monroe until late in the evening of the twenty-third of January, when we sailed again, reaching Delaware Break Water on the twenty-fourth. On the twenty-fifth we left there about eight a.m. and reached New York about four p.m.

After orderly sergeant, Mike Grambling was killed at Fort Fisher, A P Avinger was Orderly Sergeant. He saw after drawing our rations. One night after getting rations he told me that they had left a barrel with some hard tack in it on deck and that if we would go up right away we might get some. I went at once and saw the barrel. There were a good many guards stationed on deck and we had orders not to stay on deck over five minutes at a time. I walked by the barrel and found it was empty. I then started down again and when I reached our deck I saw a guard had a detail getting water from a lower deck. Two guards were standing at the top of the hatchway and thinking that they would take me for one of the detail, I boldly passed. The detail was forty or fifty feet from me, I got to feeling around and found an open pork barrel. I had on my overcoat as it was very cold. I cut as much as I could get in my pockets and came up right by the guards. I reported to Avinger I had missed the hard tack but found a barrel of pork on the lower deck. Dave Thompson said, "I wish I had some". I said, "Come with me, the detail are still getting water." So we got a second lot that night. Richard Evans, H F Dantzler and myself had agreed to stick together after we were captured. So I turned the pork over to them for they were to take care of it. Others got a run on the barrel of pork next day and some one told the Yankees and it was rumored that they were to search for it and it was all I could do to keep Dick and Henry from throwing it overboard. I told him that the Yankees could not successfully search five hundred of us crowded as we were and if they found us with it I would take the blame. It was United States property and I was a Confederate and would damage United States all I could.

One night Dick said he was very hungry and wished he had something to eat—some bread. I told him I believed

I could get it from the two negro cooks that cooked for the crew. He gave a silver quarter. We were not allowed to talk to the cooks. I passed and one of the cooks was standing in the door. I asked if he could sell me a loaf of bread and he said he could for a quarter. I offered him twenty cents and he said he could not take it for it belonged to the other cook and he must have a quarter Just then the guard saw me talking to him and ordered me down. I told Dick I could get a loaf for a quarter, and the guard had ordered me down. He said, "I am very hungry. Wish you had brought it." I went back and got it.

The sailors on this vessel were Irish and one night I asked a sailor if he could not give me some supper down in front of the boat. He told me if I could get down there he would. I told him if he would just say I could come I would follow him down. He said, "If you risk it you can do so." So I boldly followed him down right by the guard. It was dark and he took me for a sailor. He gave me a good supper and when I reported my success to Dick and Henry they doubted me.

He promised me some breakfast next morning if he could see a chance to do so. Next morning I was on hand when he went to breakfast, but it was now daylight. I whistled, sang and did all I could to attract his attention but he would not notice me, I turned off and then met another sailor going to breakfast and asked him if there was any chance to get something to eat and he said nothing, but as he started down the steps I saw him motion his hand under a false deck about three feet high that extended from the bow to where all the steps went down. There was a guard walking across the deck at this point. I got on my knees and looked under and saw some ropes and chains. I stood near the guard until he turned, then I dropped on my knees and crawled under there. I found a hole through to where

the saailors were. I tapped on it and one of the sailors looked up and asked what I wanted. I told him I would give him five dollars in confederate money for a breakfast. He could use the bill for a souvenir. He readily gave me several biscuits, two large Irish potatoes and a large piece of fish. This I put in my pockets and turned around to see if the way was clear for me to get out. There about thirty feet back on the deck was Ebbie Shuler watching me. I shook my head and he got up. I then crawled to the edge of the false deck and when the guard turned his back I got out. All of the time there were about forty or fifty men on deck moving in all directions and that gave me a better chance to be unnoticed. Shuler was the only one caught on and he got something to eat too. I carried what I got and divided it with Dick and Henry and met with the same old threat—that I never would get home.

The night we got to New York I got down among the sailors and again got supper. Some of them were getting ready to go ashore. I had five dollars in green back and two silver quarters and I thought seriously of bribing one of the sailors to give me an old sailor suit and go with them, but I finally concluded not to risk it. Every night almost I was in this boat I did something directly against orders but the risk was not as great as some might suppose. I knew if they caught me they might punish me in some way but they would not shoot me.

Note—I am indebted for the most of the dates used in the papers to a diary kept by a cousin of mine, H F Dantzler, four years of the war. He was in fort and in prison with me.

SERVES AS WAITER AT THE MESS.

By F. W. D.

WE had small-pox in camp all the time. Have had a man to take them who slept in six feet of me. The small-pox hospital was isolated in one corner of the camp in the lowest part and as soon as a case developed they were moved into the hospital.

I got both money and boxes from Col Mattock's mother which I divided with my cousin, H F D and Dick Evans. Some coffee was sent in the box, but how to get it made was a very serious problem with us. We finally fixed up a quart can with a stout piece of wire and would place this can in a red hot stove and it would boil in one minute. This was against the rules and if we were caught we would be put in the guard house for five days on bread and water. My cousin would not take the risk of boiling the coffee, but would watch while I made it. He said I was too careless and would let the spies get too close before I would notify him. Well, we got the coffee when we wanted it, but at some risk. Things moved on as usual until the night of the 16th of March. We had several days of unusually warm weather. During the night some twenty of us were aroused and ordered to make a fire on the bank of the creek for the water had over-flowed half of the camp beyond the creek and threatened to wash away the small-pox hospital. They were busy transporting these patients in boats to the fire. Henry, Dick and I helped to make the fire.

By sunrise of the seventeenth the whole camp was under water and by eight o'clock it entered our ward and at twelve it covered the lower bunks two feet deep in our ward and from 4 to 6 feet deep over the entire camp. It looked very curious to all of us but after twelve o'clock it commenced to

fall and by night it was out of our ward. It then turned cold and commenced to sleet and snow and we had been all day without anything to eat as all cook houses had been flooded. Our ward was left with a deposit of mud one inch thick. We had a terrible time for thirty-six hours. The flood washed down half of the wall of the camp and three or four guards were drowned. After this things moved along quietly until Lee surrendered. This was a great time with the enemy and a correspondingly depressing time with us. After Lee's surrender they commenced to let out soldiers on parole. They just let out all detailed men who had agreed to take the oath. Then they had to fill their places with other men from the body of prisoners left. About this time Ned Montgomery of Williamsburg county, who had been Hagood's orderly, got the position of sergeant of the convalescent Mess Hall. He had fifteen waiters under him. I applied to him for a position of waiter in this mess hall and got it. I worked five or six hours a day and got five cents a day in sutler tickets. After working here for two weeks Ned got a chance of being a clerk and he recommended me for the sergeant of the mess hall with a salary of ten cents a day in sutler tickets.

My duty here was to go around to each hospital ward every morning at ten o'clock and get a list of the convalescents for that day. We had two meals a day—one at eight a.m. and the other at 2 p.m. When I took charge we had about one hundred and seventy-five men to feed and twenty clerks. These clerks ate at a separate table and had more to eat than the convalescents. I had fifteen waiters under me and we used white pine tables without cloths and had to scrub these tables every morning with hot water and soap. The mess hall was scoured every other day. We had a force pump with rubber hose attached and plenty of soap. We used tinware for the table and everything had

to be kept in first-class order, for the hall was inspected every day by the officer of the day. I had nothing to do but to make requisition on Sergeant Johnson for the number of rations necessary for each day. He furnished to me both bread and meat already cut for each man. My first day Johnson gave me twelve or fifteen rations over. I had the waiters to break them up and added to each plate. When I got through just before the drum tapped for them to come in, the Yankee hospital steward came around and asked me what those extra pieces of bread meant. I told him I had some extra bread left and I added it to the other rations. He said, "I'll let it pass this time but if I catch you doing that again you will go to the guard house." That I was to give each ration as it was furnished to me by Johnson and no more and if I had any left to turn it back to Johnson. Johnson still was liberal with us but no rations were ever returned. I have now an old moth-eaten jacket with a large pocket on the left side inside made by my cousin, H F D, in which I carried him bread every day. Sergeant Johnson was very kind to me for he was thrown with us more than with his own men. He had special charge of the special diet men—men who the doctors said should have beefsteak, milk punch and custard. In his office he kept a supply, such as butter, crackers, etc. He gave me permission to get anything in his office I wanted, but not to carry off anything. I did not abuse this privilege. Dave Thomson and Silas Griffin I got in as waiters under me. They were from our company. Sam Ott was a cook and fried beefsteak for the special diet men.

McCampbell, of Virginia, was ward master and Force of our company was sergeant of the commissary. Force, of Charleston, S C, and myself, of the convalescent mess hall ate together after all the others had finished and we lived well at nobody's expense but U S. We lived well on the

surplus every day. For instance twenty or thirty gallons of milk was brought in camp early every morning.

After the special diet men were furnished with their punch and custard, the doctor would always specify how many ounces for each man. By two o'clock all had been served and several gallons of milk would be left which we could use.

You ought to have seen the "mush" they gave them cooked without any salt, with about a half a tablespoonful of syrup on each plate and mush put on top of that. After the syrup had been put on the plate I have turned the plate completely over without wasting any of it.

The convalescents had a half hour to eat in and had to stay that time in the hall. When they came in one nurse from each ward came with them. As they marched by each ward they would fall in until they reached the hall. There I would call the roll and each man as he answered to his name walked in. They were not allowed to carry anything out with them.

After Lee's surrender a number of ladies would visit the hospitals, some from good motives and others from idle curiosity.

Sometime the officer of the day would bring them through the mess hall. They would comment on the neat appearance of everything. I had to follow to answer any questions asked. They were never brought in to see what the prisoners had to eat.

Professor Rowe was president of a female college in town. I think he was a Southern gentleman from Alabama or Mississippi. He was very kind to the sick and did much for them. By the first of July the men in camp were reduced to very few and our crowd was about to leave. I went to Dr. Marion, the chief surgeon and asked him to let me off from the mess hall so I could go home with the rest

of our men. He asked me where I was from. I told him South Carolina. "What is your father?" I told him he was a planter and he asked: "Why do you want to go home." I told him I wanted to go to school. He said that I could stay just as well as anybody and dismissed me and I got left. Wad Way and Frank Haigler were detailed as painters. They had never mixed a bucket of paint before in their lives. They were left with me in the hospital department.

By the middle of July the camp looked like a deserted town. There were eighty left, forty sick and forty well on detail. Prof. Rowe went to Washington and soon came a message from headquarters to break up the camp and turn all sick men over to a hospital in town. All of us were turned over as sick men. The sick were in one ward and the well in the other. As soon as we got settled an old surgeon with his orderly came through the ward. When he came to me he asked me what was the matter with me. I told him I was homesick. He asked what I did in the other camp and I told him and he said: "Don't you think you could nurse some?" I told him I knew nothing of nursing. He said to his clerk: "Put him down" and at the time I though he had put me down to stay longer, but very fortunately for me I was mistaken. On the 26th of July twenty-six of us were lined up to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. A sergeant swore us. We held up our right hands and when he began I slipped mine down and he saw it and ordered it up again.

We were given transportation to New York, from there to Hilton Head and from Hilton Head to Charleston. At Charleston, it is strange to say, the first men I met that I knew both times was Mr Lewis Hart. I also met a friend J W Hutto, who was down with a wagon and I came in his wagon with him. I landed home on the sixth of

August, 1865. Way, Haigler and I were the last of the Orangeburg boys to get home.

We left ten out of the forty buried there. You see one fourth of the number in six months.

These are the names and date of death.

Feb. 10—Andrew Heckle.
Feb. 23—Sergeant B M Dantzler.
Mar. 1—R Smith.
Apr. 6—Andrew Hoffman.
May 6—Brown Griffin.
May 9—Charles Strowman.
May 11—Bill Whiles.
May 16—Henry Griffin.
June 1—Dick Evans.
June 25—G D Barber.
June 30—H Shirer.

This is from a record kept by H F Dantzler in prison.

I am a member of the Elloree Camp U C V. This spring I applied to the Daughters of the Confederacy for a "Cross of Honor" and addressed my application to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Orangeburg, S C, and have never heard one word from them. .....if they are going to ..... I intended writing to them but I have ..... publish- .....n I had.....d. .....gadier .....and.....privates in his brigade and he wrote me that they made good soldiers.

I am indebted to Comrade D B Brookhart, Elloree, S C, for the copy of the poem I asked for. Bookhart was a member of Sellers company for a year and a half, then transferred to the Sharpshooters in the 27th Reg of the S C V. He was third sergeant of his company and was in that bloody charge on "Weldon Railroad." He saw Hagood shoot the Yankee officer off his horse and saved the flag of the 27th Regiment.

James Island, Camp Stono
Oct. 26, 1862

Dear Sister,

I received your kind letter and the things sent by Uncle Mid safe, I would have answered your letter by Saturdays mail, but I was prevented doing so on account of us going to Pocataligo Wednesday and didn't get back until Friday evening.

We got orders about four o'clock Wednesday to go to Pocotaligo. We soon fixed up and started for the railroad and when we got there the forty-sixth Georgia regiment was waiting for us. We got aboard having nothing but platforms which were very crowded and started about dusk. The train was so heavy loaded that it got along very slow, and we didn't get there until next morning; the distance being only fifty miles which we ought to have run in five hours.

All along the rout we got a gloomy account of affairs, that the Yankees had the railroad and had fired into one train killing several of our men. And we thought we would have a general fight in the morning, but when we got there we found things quite different that our men had wiped the Yankees at Old Pocataligo and it was thought they had gone back to their boats.

After resting awhile the two regiments marched into Old Pocataligo, about two miles from the railroad, our company and Capt. Carson's with a detachment of Artillery and cavalry was then sent out to look for the Yankees, and making a good serch through the woods and around the landing, and finding no Yankees we return to the railroad which is about eight miles from the landing.

The Yankees landed about six or eight regiments soon Wednesday morning and commenced the advance on the railroads. A small force of our men consisting of several

companies of our cavalry, one infantry and some artillery met them but they were forced back three or four miles to Old Pocataligo where there was a marsh about four hundred yards wide and a causeway thrown up across it. Here our men placed their cannon to rake the road wich checked the Yankees. And most of the fighting was done across this marsh until about dark, when the Yankees left leaving all their dead behind. From the looks of the roads it looked like they didn't confine themselves to the road but every one for himself. One place they had four sheep kilt ready to cook but did not have time. Several of our company got splendid oilcloths and other things, but didn't get anything of any importance.

The Yankees didn't leave more than thirty of their dead and I didn't think they carried many, if any, off. Several they bueried in a hury and left their shoes sticking out. The papers says their wounded two hundred, but I hardly think it was that many. Our boys is put down at fifteen killed and sixty wounded; we also lost a good many horses. Captain Edwards carried twenty five in the fight and had one killed and nine wounded. Cousin Irvin Dantzler was wounded in the hand. I don't know any of the rest that was wounded. The Yankees had a great deal of lightwood tied up in bundles and tar hemp round them so as to catch quick. I suppose with the intention to burn the bridges on the railroad. I don't know any thing of the fight at Coosawhatchie only what the papers gives an account off. We all returned in the night being hungry and tired down. We have been faring well indeed since we have been here and have got no right to complain.

Give love to all

Your true brother

Write soon. L. M. D.

Camp Stone
James Island
Mond. Oct. 28, 1862.

Dear Mother:

I reckon you thought strange that I did not send Joe's clothes by Uncle Mid but the reason why I did not send them was because I was on guard and didn't get the bundle that had your letter in it until Uncle Mid was gone. Joe is very anxious to get home and I thought I would let him go the next chance I got and I will make him bring all his clothes.

If you can please have a coarse pair of over socks with long legs made for me. There is a good deal of fever in the Company. Arthur and Edward both had fever yesterday but it is cold and raining this morning and I hope will stop the fever. I must close as it is most time for the mail to leave.

Your true Son,
J. M. Dantzler.

Blackville
Feb. 3, 1865

Dear Mother,

I put off writing till this morning thinking I would get a letter yesterday, but it didn't come. Uncle Mid sent up his furlough yesterday. If it is signed I will send this by him. I hardly think he can get off for we had something of an alarm last night. A courier came in last night from Braxton Bridge and said fighting was going on there yesterday evening. Our forces had fallen back behind the Saltketcher and burnt the bridge. Col. Barton sent out a picket force on the Barnwell road and the Beaufort Bridge road. Gen. Hardee is to be here today to move

the comissary stores. I don't know what forces we have below. I hope it is strong enough to hold the line.

Major Rast has taken command again. The men are very much out with him. The petition to the Gov. to disband the battalion will be back today or tomorrow. I don't think he will grant it.

When you get a letter from Freddie please send it to me.

Has Pa ever written to Dan Avinger why I did not go to Adam's Run?

It is raining again and looks as if we are going to have another spell of bad weather. I will close. If Uncle Mid gets a furlough he can tell the news.

Your affectionate son

D. Zimmerman Dantzler

P. S. Uncle Mid can't get the furlough. The picket has come in. I think the report of a battle at Braxton's Bridge is false.

The following letters were addressed to Mrs. Mary H. Dantzler, Vances Ferry, and were written by Dr. Lewis Dantzler, Captain of Company H, 11th Regiment of the South Carolina Reserve Army.

Camp Ida
Pocataligo
Jan. 1st, 1863.

Dear Mary,

I received your letter in due time and I write now to get my letter in Saturday's mail. I have been so much engaged in getting matters straight—together with the business of the Company and making out four large pay and muster rolls that I have hardly had time to think about anything.

All these matters and drilling keep me constantly employed, for I have all to do myself and can't, like some of the officers, put some off on others.

I cannot direct a word how or what they should be doing home for I cannot have time to think about home matters. You must do the best you can. Ask Mid and Cousin F. Connor when you are at lost how to work. If you can't get on without more Black Smith work, ask them to direct you what sort of iron and how much to get and try and get it. If you need more salt you will have to make up a load of something to send to town and get it ——— I sent for okra and potato coffee but I was mistaken, it is okra and rye they use in our mess.

Friday morning.

I received the box by D. M. Shuler and will I think do very well with one box more if you have a chance to send it. I think then you need not send more unless I write.

Zack Stroman is very sick in camp but is a little better this morning. We have measles in camp and 3 men home sick with it. We have a good many to get it.

They calculate we will get off the 7th or 8th Feb. so we have but 5 weeks to stay.

Last night was a very cold night but we got along very well. We have about as good times as any Reg. can have to have any organization at all. We have an easy man for Col. but a poor officer, and without a fight we will do very well. The men seem to be getting more satisfied, and get along very well.

If you get the amt. of money I expect from Russell, tell Cousin John to go up to Spartanburg and pay Bobo for the nails and then if you get it you can let the neighbors have what they need.

The election for officer has been suspended by the order of Gen. Beauregard and I think very wisely for it was creating great excitement in camp.

Remain yours affectionately,

L. Dantzler.

Camp Ida
Pocataligo
Jan. 16th, 1863.

Dear Mary,

I received your letter last night and write early this morning to get my letter to you by Saturday night. We have had a terrible blow here for the last 24 hours and now is raining so we cannot go out of the tent.

I am getting along well and feel well and I am doing well. We have in my Company four cases of measles which is just coming out on the men and I am afraid it will be hard.

I got a letter from Fred on his way to Wilmington. I think the wind for the last 24 hours is obliged to wreck most of the Yankee vessels on the Coast of North Caroline and I hope will prevent their attack upon Wilmington.

If those steers are fat enough to kill you can have them killed for J. Felder and keep what you want for your own use. I shall write no more now. The wind is blowing terribly.

Your Husband,

L. Dantzler.

Charleston
Feb. 1st, 1863.

Dear Mary,

I have just seen Wash Snell and he tells me his father is in town. I write this with the expectation of getting him to carry it up.

I feel something like getting sick yet indeed I do not feel any uneasiness about it. I am only tired of this place and wish for the time to come for me to leave. I would have come home but I concluded it would be awful if would get sick there. By the time I can come with perfect safety I will be needed in camp to close up the business of the Company. So I shall go back to Pocataligo next Friday or Saturday.

The Regiment will be disbanded about the 16th. The old men will all come home to stay, but all under 40 will have choice where they will go but they will be kept in service. Yesterday was a very terribly exciting day on account of the capture of a boat and the crew as prisoners on the Stono River and the Gun Boats running off the Blockade. The Ladies Gun Boat sunk one Yankee ship with all on board. The Yankees begged very hard to be saved but they had no room for them on the Gun Boat. You will see the whole account in the papers; better than I can give you. There was a tremendous crowd around the prisoners that were brought in from the Stono. They were taken to Gen. Ripling's office and then marched back to jail.

I cannot say what ought to be done in work but the plows should be kept employed in breaking up ground.

All fields on Jack Branch should be broken up. At Poor Chance the Bachelor field and the Duck Pond field and the field across the road from the graveyard ought to be broken up also. I want the plows to go on steadily so that if I want to send to town after I come home I shall have time to do so. If you think right you can send off some bacon and whatever else will sell well before I come. Write me if you want more salt. I can bring some when I come.

Your Husband,

L. D.