

From Julius Bolick
to T. Harris McDonald

JULIUS BOLICK

Joanna, N.C.
May 23, 1963

Dear Mr. McDonald,

Enclosed is a copy of an old
newspaper clipping that I thought you might
like for your files

Except for several country places
at Monticello, New Hope, and Pluckhock
the sketchbook is about complete.

Hope you and yours are well
and happy.

Sincerely
Julius

LORD'S ACCOUNT OF WINNSBORO FROM THE SPRING OF 1864
THROUGH THE INVASION OF SHERMAN'S ARMY IN FEBR. 1865

THE SUNDAY NEWS: CHARLESTON, S. C., FEBRUARY 17, 1910

I N T H E P A T H O F S P E E M A N
WINNSBOROUGH, SOUTH CAROLINA, AS IT WAS IN 1864--THE
COMING OF THE INVADERS, AND HOW A PREACHER
TRIED TO SAVE THE TOWN,

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In the February number of Harper's Magazine Mr. W. W. Lord, Jr., describes the vicissitudes of his father, the Rev. W. W. Lord, who was rector of Christ's Church in Vicksburg at the time of the capture of that city by the Union forces. Mr. Lord and his family, after the fall of Vicksburg, moved finally to Winnsborough, S. C., and were residents of that town when Sherman's army reached South Carolina. The following extract from Mr. Lord's most interesting article is reprinted with the permission of Harper's Magazine:

In the light of retrogression to the household methods of primeval man, dependent upon the spoils of the woods and fields for food, a call to the rectorship of Christ Church (this should be St. John's. His Vicksburg church was Christ), Winnsborough, South Carolina, which reached my father on Easter Sunday,

1864, came as welcome release from the life of the savage hunter, restoring him to his proper sphere of priest and scholar among men of good will. The hospitality of South Carolina is proverbial, and my father greatly desired to identify the fortunes of his family with those of the generous descendants of devout Huguenots and gallant Cavaliers.

Nor was he disappointed in regard to his expectations from the people of the old Palmetto State. Upon our arrival at Winnsborough, after an indescribably tedious journey over railroads operated under military supervision, we found the only two non-combatant members of Christ Church vestry awaiting us at the station in their family carriages. One of these gentlemen was an invalid merchant exempt from military service because of constitutional ailments which made activity of that kind impossible. The other was a physician of such great weight and unwieldy proportions that he had been rejected as insubstantial for army or navy by the none too lenient conscription officers of the Confederate Government. The authorities, indeed, were at that time drafting for active service every available white man and boy between the ages of 16 to 60 years. The majority of the vestry were able bodied volunteers serving in the ranks of General Hampton or General Wheeler; but never was a militant majority in the field better represented by an invalid minority at home. The great doctor and his fellow stay-at-home vestrymen greeted us with a cordiality that made us feel as if Winnsborough as well as the church and rectory were at our disposal. We found the latter filled to overflowing with the liberal contributions

of the entire community. All of the things of which we had vainly longed for in Greensborough we found here. Coffee, tea, claret, brandy, flour, loaf sugar, smoking tobacco and preserves had been contributed from the personal stores of our new neighbors, many of whom were not Episcopalians; some indeed, as we were afterwards told, were Jews. A spirit of generous hospitality toward "the stranger within their gates", whom they welcomed to brotherhood and leadership, had swept through the community and filled the rectory with the good things of life, some of which money could not buy. The more precious articles were in small quantities, but to our eager eyes a lump of sugar seemed a loaf and a grain of coffee a miracle. The bin was full of corn, the woodshed full of wood, the pantry well supplied with bacon, rice and meal.

My mother, upon reaching this part of the house, was fairly overcome, and, sitting down upon a convenient box, gazed at our household treasure in silent rapture. My father decamped to the back yard to smoke and walk away the nervousness of it all, while my sisters and I danced and shouted in unrestrained delight at seeing once more so much that was good to eat.

About a year after our arrival at Winnsborough the rectory became an exposition in miniature through an unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune. My mother, by birth a Baltimorean, wrote some letters to her relatives in that city when we left Georgia for South Carolina. These letters passed through the lines by

some miracle of diplomatic effort, and reached their destination in safety. In reply the Baltimore friends succeeded in sending us an invoice of dry goods and toys, ranging from linens and hoop skirts, a rubber bouncing ball and a doll baby.

All Winnsborough flocked to see these long-unfamiliar wonders from the outside world. Gentlewomen trod lightly and spoke in whispers, touching tenderly articles which brought back memories of a vanished past, and children's eyes grew large as they gazed at things of which they had heard and dreamed, but which they had never seen before. Ah, the rough homespun cloth the ladies wore next to their dainty skins and often as their outside garments! How coarse and harsh it seemed compared with the fine linen, soft flannel and snowy muslin-film. Yet there was not one of those daughters of the South, though clad in dresses many times made over, and regretfully calling to mind their silken gowns gone up in war balloons at Richmond's requisition, who would not gladly have made the sacrifice again at the call of the Southern Confederacy.

Thus at Winnsborough many happy days were passed by the Vicksburg refugees in the midst of a peaceful quietude which was destined, alas! to prove only illusive and transitory.

My father, honored and consulted by all, was a tower of strength to the fainthearted, yet he well knew that Winnsborough

was slumbering in an altogether imaginary security, and that the storm of invasion sweeping through the desolated South might at any moment burst fiercely upon the village.

THE COMING OF SHERMAN

It came all too soon, when on a cloudless night Columbia in flames made a red glow in the sky to the southward, and we knew that Sherman was within a day's march of Winnsborough, which lay directly in his path.

Our neighbor over the way, a retired Hebrew merchant, before leaving the village for parts unknown, sunk two cases of superior French brandy and other valuable articles into his barnyard well - a foolish effort at concealment, because Sherman's looting soldiery, while never drinking water from untested wells, for fear of poison, invariably, and often with success, explored their depths for hidden treasure. The invalid senior warden of Christ Church Parish hastened with his family to the plantation of a cousin safely distant from the seat of trouble, leaving as prey to the invader a warehouse full of merchandise of almost inestimable value at the wartime prices prevailing in the South. Our next-door neighbor, a man of uncouth face and form, in such marked contrast to the grace and beauty of his wife that they were known far and wide as "Beauty and the Beast," left his Beauty unguarded save for the promised protection of my father, and took to the woods, with the hiding-places of which he had

become familiar during his frequent flights to escape conscription.

My father spent most of the night in the woodshed adjoining our kitchen, tearing down a great pile of pine knots and then rebuilding the pile around and above a stout wooden box. This box contained the family silver, which had been exhumed from the church-yard in Vicksburg and had "refugeed" with us through Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia. These were a few of the many busy doings of the panic-stricken villagers that night. The next morning found Winnsborough with an adult male white population, of just two persons, my father, a paroled prisoner of war and clergyman, and his four-hundred pound vestryman, the village doctor, whose ungainly bulk had made him of necessity a non-combatant.

Sitting in a solemn council in the rectory, these two lone protectors of Winnsborough resolved to meet General Sherman half-way between Winnsborough and Columbia and petition him to spare the village from pillage and the torch. Accordingly this little embassy, representing as it did the spirit and flesh of the community, set forth in a substantial dog-cart, the entire front seat of which was filled by the portly frame of the doctor. The doctor's sturdy horse, notwithstanding the heavy burden which he had to pull, proved a good roadster, and by sundown the travellers reached the outpost of the Union Army, just as it was going into camp for the night, a half-day's march from Columbia. Fortunately the officer-of-the-day proved to be a brother Mason,

and access to the headquarters tent was readily attained by the two Southerners. There, however, to their confusion and dismay, an audience with the general was denied them. In this dilemma my father made that signal of distress which, through the ages since the building of the Temple has never gone unheeded, and from the group in waiting an officer of high rank stepped forward and volunteered to take General Sherman the village delegation's plea. This was to the effect that Winnsborough contained no cotton held in storage and sheltered only helpless women and children, the army on its march not be permitted to burn and pillage it.

"BURN AND BE DAMNED!"

The reply came quick and terse: "Burn and pillage and be damned! My soldiers may do as they please!"

My father protested indignantly against what he called an eleventh century answer to a nineteenth century appeal; but he was promptly warned back to silence by the remark of a staff officer, that gentlemen of his cloth had been sent North in irons for saying less. A moment later he was taken aside cautiously by the officer who had acted as his messenger, and was fraternally advised to return at once silently to Winnsborough, lest something worse might happen. A passport through the Union lines was handed him, and a promise was made that the headquarters of General Sherman and his staff would certainly be fixed within the residential part of the village, which would avail to save

the rectory.

With this one small star of hope in the midst of the darkness, the dejected ambassadors drove back through the night to the anxiously expectant people of Winnsborough: and great was their distress when they heard of the impending conflagration, pillage and starvation which threatened them all.

It was not the sound of the fife and drum that heralded the approach of Sherman's triumphant army on its return march toward the North, but the lowing of driven cattle and the squeaking of poultry and the squealing of pigs hung from the saddle-bows or dragged behind the horses of the foragers and bummers.

Amid the laughter, shouts, and songs of the foragers and the scowling glances of the sullen bummers, this advance guard of unofficered and undisciplined stragglers, who risked capture by Hampton's or Wheeler's men for the sake of gathering the cream of the booty, rode along our little street without making any depredations or paying any attention to the closed shutters and doors of the frightened villagers; ~~for~~ for the pioneers seemed to know that their conquering general - "Uncle Billy," as they fondly called him - was to make his headquarters on that street and "the jackal does not prey where he makes his lair." Down-town, however, the torch was soon #

applied by the main body of the army, which had entered the village by another road, and the business portion of Winnsborough was at once wrapt in flames. Like truants out of school, these overgrown "Boys in Blue" played snowball along the firelit streets with precious flour; made bonfires of hams and sides of bacon that were worth almost fabulous sums in a time of such dearth; set barrels and boxes of crackers afloat on streams of vinegar and molasses that were sent flowing down the gutters from headless barrels; and fed their horses from hats filled with sugar, throwing what remained into the flames or mud. In this wanton horse-play enough foodstuffs were destroyed to have nourished the community abundantly for at least a year.

The high carnival was held thus amid the burning stores down town, the residential sections of the village were not neglected. All homes outside the sacred limits of the headquarters precinct were stripped of food and treasure, and even in those protected by the eagle of authority an empty larder marked the departure of the uninvited guests.

By hook or by crook the purpose of the master mind was fulfilled, and at Winnsborough, as elsewhere, famine followed closely upon his heels, to sow despair in furrows ploughed by desolation.

That the conflagration was at least controlled was due to the intervention of Brig. Gen. Slocum, of New York. Claiming

that the extension of the fire line might endanger the headquarters residence; he organized a bucket brigade of bluecoats and saw to it that "Uncle Billy's" house and the public buildings escaped the flames. Gen. Slocum, for our protection, established headquarters at the rectory for several members of his staff; and now, smoke-grimed from the fire front, he called there to see that all was as he had planned.

A sentinel kept guard at our cottage, which was built on a sloping lot and without a cellar, as is customary in the South, and had a porch elevated about five feet above the ground. This porch was fenced in by a wooden lattice, making a roomy air chamber beneath it and back of the front steps. A part of this lattice had become displaced and a neighbor's hog had found its way under the porch and had rooted up the earth so as to give it the appearance of having been recently disturbed. Lady "Beauty", our next door neighbor, enjoyed comparative safety in the shadow of our official protection during the absence of the "Beast", told us, after it was all over, that she had been amused to observe from her upstairs window our faithful sentinel follow the path of the hog beneath the porch and dig industriously with his bayonet in the upturned soil, hoping thus to unearth a hidden treasure. Alas! that such diligence should have gone unrewarded; but as has been related, our silver lay safely buried elsewhere under two cords of wood.

THE SAVING OF WINNSBOROUGH

The ubiquitous, irrepressible, and inquisitive small boy saved Winnsborough from a supplementary pillage and conflagration. Actuated by a desire to loot the residences in the headquarters neighborhood, six separate fellows hid in the Court House Tower (this must have been the ^{Market} as the Court House had no tower), determined to remain behind the army long enough to burn and plunder to their heart's content and yet have time to join the rear guard before the night set in. But Heaven willed it otherwise. A band of village boys, wandering amid the ruins, by chance discovered the marauders peering like vultures from their lofty perch within the belfry, and hastened with the information to my father. Fortunately three of the Union officers quartered at the rectory by Gen. Slocum, had been detailed with a squad of men to bring up the rear as whippers-in of stragglers. These officers had rounded up their waifs and strays and were bidding farewell to my parents before hastening after the army, when the terror-stricken boys arrived hot-footed and gasped out their story. Our friends of the enemy and recent guests thus found themselves upon the horns of a most embarrassing dilemma; a desire to arrest these theivish stragglers, and a natural dread of capture by the light horse Confederate Cavalry, which hung constantly upon the outskirts of the invading army for the purpose of cutting off stragglers or of engaging any small detachment sent out on special duty.

In the end duty triumphed over fear. My father gave them a letter which promised for themselves, their prisoners, and men safe-conduct until they reached the Union lines, and they proceeded to the Court House with their squad of men. There they dislodged from the belfry the crestfallen robbers and incendiaries, with evidence of their guilt upon them in oil-soaked tow. Then they all set forth to overtake the army, and with no other safeguard than the letter of a clergyman and Master Mason to Generals Hampton and Wheeler, who, he felt sure, would respect his plea for the men who had saved from utter destruction the Southern town.

Years afterwards we learned that the Union officers had indeed encountered Gen. Hampton who honored their strange passport and escorted them safely to a point within easy reach of Sherman's lines.

THE PATH OF SHERMAN

Along the sixty-mile-wide path of the invading army as it leisurely took its course through South Carolina on its march from Savannah, blackened chimneys marked the sites of once happy homes; iron rails brought to a white heat in fires made from the wooden ties that had supported them, and twisted into grotesque shapes showed where the railroads had been, and in the absence of the voices of poultry, sheep, or kine from the desolated fields

and ruins along the roadside proclaimed the reign of famine and despair. The country was swept as clean of food as is a man's face of his beard by a well-plied razor. In many instances the families of the affluent planters slept in the woods or were glad to find shelter in the huts and cabins of their former slaves.

In Winnsborough our family was among the more fortunate for the officers that were quartered at the rectory left behind them a bin half filled with husked Indian maize. As a means of softening this hard yellow corn, so as to make it edible, we placed a barrel containing wood ashes upon a chair in the back yard and bored a hole in the base of this barrel. From this hole there trickled into a bucket a strong solution of lye, produced by rain-water which was poured at intervals upon the tops of the ashes, through which it filtered, gathering strength in its downward course. Steeped thoroughly in the lye water thus obtained, the corn swelled and became, when cooked, a delicious and nutritious large-hominy such as is served today in our best hotels. But not all of the inhabitants of Winnsborough had the good fortune to possess material which could be converted into such healthful food. Many families brought up in luxury would gladly have devoured "the husks which the swine did eat", but they had neither the husks nor the swine, to say nothing of good hard yellow corn. Fortunately, at this crisis a friend of the South and of humanity occupied the Executive Mansion in Washington. Born in Kentucky, less than a hundred miles from the birth-

place of Jefferson Davis, who shall say that Abraham Lincoln loved the South less because he loved the Union more? The evidence of history goes to show that he yearned over the seceded Southern brethren as David did over Absalom and that he longed to have them restored to the Union with all of the rights of loyal citizens. In a memorable letter to Horace Greeley, under the date of August 22, 1862, Mr. Lincoln proved that his highest aspiration was for a reunited people, when he said: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if it would save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

Winnsborough was now under the command of a quartermaster general, who, in a new uniform and with a resplendent silken flag flying above his headquarters in the Court House, represented in a most gentlemanly and considerate manner the beneficence of the United States Government among the crushed and half-starved people.

My father's church was destroyed by the fire during the raid, and he held services afterwards in the town hall opposite the Court house. Here, with the Stars and Stripes flying above the quartermaster's office and plainly visible from the chancel, he regularly prayed for the "President of the Confederate States and all others in authority." Finally a Sunday came when the full dress uniform of the United States quartermaster major attended

service and sat near the door. Without showing that he recognized the presence of a Union officer among his little flock, my father at the proper point in the service prayed in earnest tones "the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe.....to behold and bless.....the President of the Confederate States and all others in authority." At the words "Confederate States" the official representative of the "President of the United States" arose from his seat and withdrew in silent protest. Hysterical congratulations, mingled with dismal predictions of a Northern prison, awaited my father upon his disrobing after the benediction: and, more to the point, a corporal in uniform awaited him at the door. But instead of handcuffs, as some expected, the corporal presented nothing more alarming than the compliments of the Major, and the request that the rector stop at headquarters on his way home from church. At headquarters, amid the incense of good tobacco, the representative of military secular power and authority told the servant of Christ's Church militant that he must not pray for the "President of the Confederate States" while under the flag of the United States of America, as was now the case in Winnsborough; and that if he could not conscientiously pray for the "President of the United States" he must omit the prayer. To this my father replied that so long as there remained a "President of the Confederate States" he and his congregation must specifically pray for him and for none other, nor could they mutilate the Book of Common Prayer; but he suggested that if in a spirit of Christian charity the Major would consent, as a compromise, to a prayer for the "President.... and all others in

authority," the problem would be solved. In this case the rector and all his people would certainly pray in spirit with all their hearts for the "President of the Confederate States," and the Major and any of his men attending service might with equal sincerity and fervor pray within their hearts for the "President of the United States." Under this arrangement none need be disturbed nor affronted.