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THE PLANTATION SOUTH  
PORT ROYAL UNDER SIX FLAGS  
LADIES OF RICHMOND

WHEN SHERMAN CAME:

*Southern Women and the "Great March"*

by Katharine M. Jones

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*To Mary Verner Schlaefer*

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wing, reported: "Reached N.C. line about 3 o'clock. Goodbye land of secesh. Your country is now nearly desolate."

Two days later, the army began crossing the Pee Dee River into North Carolina. "Once across the Pee Dee, I don't fear the whole Confederate army," said General Sherman.

Anna Hasell Thomas—

### "THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS ON FIRE"

*"Where next?" became the dread and unanswered question as Sherman resumed his march from Columbia. The matter was being discussed at "Mount Hope" plantation, home of the Thomas family, near Ridgeway, South Carolina, where an overflowing household of women, children and servants were living. It was soon evident that the plantation was in the direct path of the army. Anna Hasell Thomas, daughter of the late Reverend Edward Thomas and Jane Marshall Gaillard Thomas agreed with the rest of the family when they chose to remain and face the enemy.*

We had been hearing for some time before February 22, of Sherman's gradual advance, but many people were doubtful if he would take the Charlotte road, as it would remove him far from his base.

In the week preceding the 22nd many of our men passed.

One morning, Friday or Saturday of that preceding week, John Thomas [Captain John Peyre Thomas] left the Arsenal Cadets, who were in the road, and came before day to the house. He was willing to take Mother in the wagon to Winnsborough, but Aunt Charlotte and Henrietta were afraid to trust the wagon. Mother was ready to go to Aunt Jane's one morning, but Emily begged her to stay. . . .

The negroes were ordered to bury the meat under the flagstones in the cellar, and then carried several trunks out to hide.

One evening later in that week a young boy came and asked for a night's lodging, which was given, and the next morning I gave him an old shawl, and the others some shirts, etc. A night or two later, he stopped in to see how all were, and to try to keep us up about the Yankees coming.

On Sunday, the 19th at dinner time, two suspicious looking men came for dinner.

That evening Chloe came crying from the Negro Yard, saying some men who were at William Kennedy's<sup>1</sup> were taking little Negro boys. We never knew the meaning of that.

We would hear rumors that the Yankees were at different places coming up the road. Lizzie said, "Mrs. Arthur Craig said, 'Good-bye'—was gone, that Ridgeway was to be burned that night.

*This account  
was from  
'Mt. Hope' in  
Ridgeway*

Sometime before, I had read in a paper at Dr. Palmer's, that at Orangeburg, they had put pistols to the ladies' heads.

Monday we were hearing explosions and cannonading from Columbia, and we would listen in the yard and garden. Some of our last soldiers had said, "The next camp fires you see will be the Yankee camp fires."

On Monday, at bed-time I looked, and saw that the camp fires had moved, so I went in and told Henrietta Thomas, that I supposed the Yankees were on their way towards us, and I went to bed half-dressed.

On Tuesday, we rose at the usual hour, and after breakfast, as I was sitting in the parlor, Henrietta Thomas came in and said, "You know two Yankees are here now." Soon after, a young man came in, and Mother asked, if he was in the United States Army. He said, "Yes."

Then she told him the history of the family; it now consisting of widows, and orphans, etc.

He said he had only come for animals and out-door things. One of the ladies asked how he thought we would fare from his army. He said, "If the infantry pass, you will fare badly," and something interrupted his speech, and he went out.

At this time, some soldiers were in my aunt's chamber, opening drawers, etc., and we had heard others going upstairs, and breaking open our trunks, with shovel and tongs, and even with the heavy andirons from the fireplace. They came from every quarter, generally mounted, for they stole every horse, and called themselves "mounted infantry."

The entire house and every room, except the parlor, was filled with milling soldiers, only a few came into the parlor where we were with the small children. These generally professed to be friendly, and pretended to disapprove of the acts of the others, then ransacking the entire house from ground floor to top floor.

They made the negroes tell them where the horses and mules, carriages and wagons, and harness and saddles were hidden. They took every young negro male off with them. They even had the effrontery to appear at the foot of the steps before the front and back door, mounted on the family mules and horses.

"Uncle Henry," the lame coachman, who had buried the silver, including the Church Communion plate which Mother had given St. Stephen's when it was consecrated in 1854, the Yankees could not find. After hiding the silver under the big rock piles along the edges

of the cotton fields, "Uncle Henry" had hidden himself in the creek bottoms. They made one of the younger negro boys drive the family carriage, piled high with meat taken out of the ground floor store room and from under the flagstones, for the younger negroes said they were made to tell everything.

Right before our eyes, the Northern soldiers walked down the stairs and through the halls and passage-ways bringing out our most personal possessions, air beds, rugs, bed-clothes, travelling bags, etc., and putting them in their saddle bags or across their horses' backs.

One of them, who pretended friendship, advised us to go upstairs and bring our remaining personal things down to the parlor, as he said they would be less likely to take them from before our eyes.

One had offered before that to go with me to find some shawls, so we all went up and brought down bundles in our arms, and threw them, dresses and all on the parlor floor.

Some of the soldiers found some whiskey in an upstairs trunk, drank it and broke the bottle against the hearth. Others were in the yard and around the ground floor trying to locate hidden and buried things with their bayonets.

One kindly soldier advised us to try and save some of the things in the trunks that went out, for the soldiers were giving things they didn't want and couldn't carry off to the negroes.

Others went in the dining room where the breakfast table had been cleared, collecting everything they could find, opened the corner cupboard and ate the preserves from the jars there. All the meat and poultry on the plantation was loaded on their horses' backs.

Later in the day, Mother and Emily went to the negro yard to see after the things that had been taken and given to the negroes. The soldiers had taken several of the negro girls with them but only a short distance, and sent them back. They had been told that they should be free and should be paid wages.

One soldier straggling along later in the day arrived and said, "The house is so torn up, that I thought nobody was in it, and I was going to put the torch to it."

After this, we had nothing to eat in the house or in the store-rooms and barns. Mother found some potatoes that had been overlooked under the flagstones, and we roasted them in the parlor fire-place. About this time, near noon, we discovered that the empty stables were on fire. One of the men remarked, "Oh, I suppose some of the boys wanted to see a fire."

One of the friendly soldiers gave us a paper advising that we should go that night to General Howard, and get a guard. Near dark, we were standing in the piazza, and a handsomely dressed young officer, an aide of General Howard's rode in only to ask his way. I asked him if he would send us a guard and showed him the paper addressed to General Howard. He asked, "Who gave you that, some rebel?" He said, however, he had no authority, but would try what he could do.

Soon a guard arrived, and while he was on duty, some soldiers came to steal poultry. The guard said he was not ordered to protect the yard, only the house, so the remaining poultry was stolen, under the watchful eye of a Yankee guard.

The guard said he had not been with the foraging parties but had been tearing up the railroad. After staying only two hours, the guard left and soon after dark, we were again left alone.

We went to the kitchen in the yard and found some grist and a piece of meat that had been overlooked. We brought a pot from the kitchen and some water. We boiled the grist over the coals of the parlor fire. We hid the meat under some dresses in the parlor and put them all in a barrel for safe keeping.

Mother, Emily Thomas and Hagar tried to milk a cow about dusk, but succeeded badly. We ate hominy, and made some poor tea from sassafras leaves and bark, tried to drink it for supper. All the negroes were in a panic in the yard, except two girls we kept in the parlor about twelve and fourteen years old.

Soon after dark, we heard a knock at the front door. Henrietta and I went to the door. I holding the candle for her. A man's voice asked, "Are there any Yankees here?" I answered or Henrietta did, and I added, "You have been here today." To which he assented. Then he said he only wanted some water. He seemed afraid there were men in the house, but we assured him there were not. While standing at the water pail on the rear piazza, I asked if he could not stay awhile with us, for he seemed a kindly and gentle man. But he said that he would have to consult a friend outside, but that he could not protect us, having no authority, and not even being armed.

As a favor, he and the friend came in and sat by the fire, the friend observing, "You are having a rough time, ladies," and never even removing his cap in the presence of a formal parlor full of ladies and polite children.

We observed, how strange they found their way so easily to Mount Hope, well hidden from the railroad and highway by dense trees and

foliage, along so winding a roadway. They said the negroes told them a great deal, and "We have our guides."

At last they went their way without unduly disturbing us, or in any way insulting us. Though we had no valuables or eatables to tempt or attract them.

During the tempestuous day, soldiers had told the negroes that they intended to return and burn the house. So we were afraid to undress for the night. We remained in the parlor. The children were put to sleep fully dressed, ready for a quick departure in the event of fire. They slept on the bundles of clothes all over the parlor floor. We sat up by turns all night, though some did go to the bedrooms on the same floor and lie on beds. No one went to the ground floor or the top floor that night.

Early in the evening, we had carefully closed all the window blinds, lest the light from the fire (for we burned no candles) should attract the Yankees from the main road.

The entire neighborhood was on fire; the stable still smoking in the barnyard, the railroad burning in the distance both north and south for miles, the Ridgeway depot, three miles off, burning brightly. Nothing but flames, smoke and destruction were to be seen in every direction. And we helpless women and children, two widows and a near dozen young unmarried ladies, with another score of small boys and girls here on the isolated plantation. Even the negro settlement out of reach of hearing a call, though the slaves were in utter panic and confusion. Many of the younger negroes had been taken off by the Yankee soldiers, some of the older men in hiding in the creek bottoms, and the remaining women and girls shrieking, crying and screaming in fear and trembling, huddling together in their cold quarters, so disorganized that they had allowed their fires to burn out. Children unfed and cold, untended by their elders were crying and cringing in feather beds or under the straw filled mattresses. . . .

In the early part of the day, one of the soldiers who pretended great friendship, said to me, "Is that a watch, and will you let me see it?" He then proposed swapping with me, but I objected. When upstairs a while after, he said, "You better let me keep that watch for you, for I heard one of the boys say he meant to take it from you." I gave it to him, and he said he would return it when they left.

A barrel was brought into the parlor and filled with corn, still on the ear, as the Yankees had taken only the shelled corn. They had taken all the wheat, rice and other eatable grains. We could only

grind the corn in the coffee mill by hand. Fortunately, they had also missed a few jugs of sorghum cane molasses, and with a few pieces of meat, these were all the provisions on the plantation.

All mills in the neighborhood had been destroyed by the Yankee torch, except one, which a negro claimed, so did not burn it. All animals were taken off too.

Though the night of the 21st was a most miserable one, we passed through it safely. Next morning, we used sea-shells for spoons, for all silver that was not buried had been stolen.

After our make-shift breakfast on the morning of the 22nd, Henrietta and I walked to the negro yard. The Yankees had treated the negroes shamefully; stolen the little silver some had, killed, eaten or stolen their fowls, and they had some heads to prove how many had been killed. One of the slave girls, they had dressed in their own regimentals and carried her off. They had left the slaves nothing eatable except cow peas, which they had probably never seen before, and did not know that they were eatable.

The day passed quietly until late afternoon, near sun-set, we heard a knock at the front door, and four men with guns entered. Henrietta told them that the soldiers had taken everything yesterday after searching the entire house, and nothing was left but what they saw in the parlor. They asked about clothing, and we told them all the gentlemen's clothing had been taken belonging to the late Dr. John Peyre Thomas and the sons of the house who were away in the Confederate Army. One spoke up, and said, "I do not want gentlemen's clothes. I am going to get married and I will take some of these dresses and tell the lady I marry, where I got them." Another asked, "Why did the soldiers who were here yesterday not take the things you have in the parlor? Were they afraid of ladies?"

While one stood at the door, another put in his knapsack some eggs we had brought in that morning from the hen house. Another went over to the table, and drank some milk we had saved for the children, drinking it from the mouth of the pitcher.

Then they began searching through the heaps of bed covers and clothes, we had brought into the parlor. They asked for watches and jewelry. When they were told that I was the only one who had a watch, and that it had been taken yesterday, and not returned, one said, "Do you think that I believe that among so many women, there was only one watch? I want gold and silver, and we will find where you have hidden it."

Aunt Charlotte begged us to go and ask the protection of the man

at the door. I asked it, and he said, "They won't hurt you, they are only looking for gold and silver. I am in charge of this party, but I never do such things myself." . . .

One threatened to burn the house, because we gave them nothing to eat. At last, convinced we would not show where things were hidden, they left. However, we then spent a more miserable night, than the one before, and entirely sleepless. From Tuesday to Saturday, we never went to bed, and never removed our clothes. . . .

Nancy Armstrong Furman—

### "THE CAMP STRETCHED FROM MONTICELLO TO COUSIN E. ANDERSON'S"

*Captain Dexter Horton, Commissary Department of General Slocum's Left Wing, camped near the village of Monticello, in Fairfield County, on February 20. In the village was the Monticello Girls' School, where twenty-five young ladies were reported to be in a "starving condition." Captain Horton and some of the other officers filled an ambulance with bread, flour, sugar and coffee which they delivered to the school. "That evening," reported Captain Horton, "General Kilpatrick sent his band to us and we had a gay and festive dance. Stayed until about eleven o'clock."*

*As the army moved on to Winnsboro, they passed the plantation of Nancy Armstrong Furman, wife of Dr. Thomas Fuller Furman. Soon afterwards, she related her experiences with the army to her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Furman, who was then in Greenville. Dr. James Furman had signed the Ordinance of Secession.*

Home [Fairfield County] March 8, 1865

My dear Mary,

. . . The thing that I have long dreaded has at last overtaken us. A whole corps passed through this section on the 3d Sunday in February, and the day after. They crossed the river . . . near Dr. Glenn's<sup>2</sup> on Saturday, and on Sunday morning they came here. Dr. Furman had left Saturday morning with Weston Vance and three horses for Abbeville, in accordance with my wishes, for I supposed they would arrest every man they found. Twice after he left I started to leave

the house thinking that I could not possibly meet the Yankees. But surely a kind Providence helped me, and I was persuaded to remain. If I had gone away the house and all the buildings would probably have been burnt. As it was, they only burnt the gin house, and the smoke house, but the servants had hid some meat that they did not find. A good deal that was hidden was found.

They left such a quantity in their camps on Tuesday morning that the servants gathered up enough to do them for the year they think, and they brought me 17 or 18 hams. The worst is, that all the stock is gone. They got 20 mules and a horse and fine colt and 13 milk cows. These were in the Kincaid land (the cows I mean), and the Yankee camp was just by it. The camp stretched from Monticello to Cousin E. Anderson's,<sup>3</sup> and they destroyed and consumed nearly all the provisions in the country.

After leaving here they went on more rapidly, but burning and destroying as they went. I saved one milk cow that escaped their notice at the — place. All the poultry gone, not one left. But we are getting on very well. All the flour was taken, but I saved a little rice.

They brought the torch to several houses that they did not burn. They told the servants, and the overseer's wife that they were determined to burn this house but they did not threaten me and no torch was ever brought to it. On the whole I fared better than I expected, for I had anticipated something dreadful. Monday morning from daylight to 11 o'clock was the worst. They were constantly coming in and searching through the house but only broke one piece of furniture, the bureau upstairs. I had lost the key but for this I think it would not have been injured. They opened drawers and threw papers all over the floor. I had packed a trunk with my clothes and some of Dr. F.'s, and put it in the care of Isabel, thinking the Yankees would not trouble the servant houses. And a box with towels and table cloths was given to little Betsy's care. They soon found them on Monday morning and destroyed all but 3 or four garments and three table cloths. My clothes fell into their hands too. I had not a change of stockings till I knit a pair. I saved three dresses and two suits of flannels by wearing them. I lost my large silver spoons with the exception of one, all the forks, and the set of small knives but saved the pitchers and goblets and all the small spoons and large knives, also the castor. I have saved some sheets, but only a pair of pillow slips, all the blankets gone, and comforts, but one. Saved four maisilen[?] quilts. I have a pair of blankets

and one of sheets in a trunk I left in Cokesbury about a week before the Yankees came. I have also saved some clothing in the same trunk. Weston came home with me and he boy-like forgot to have it put on the cars. I consider now most fortunate that it was done, as I have heard that it is safe.

A brigade camped in the old field opposite the house on the gin-house lot, and all around behind the quarters, from Monday morning until Tuesday morning. It was the Cavalry that came along on Sunday, and they camped at Monticello. Only stopped here long enough to rummage through the house. Wheeler's men were skirmishing with these, all Sunday. When the main body arrived Monday morning, the General put a guard around the house, and I was not annoyed with them in the house any more, but the yard and fields were thick with them. I had hidden the castor in the corner of the yard behind a cedar under some leaves, and after the General came he spied it, and sent it to me with his compliments. I was treated very politely by the staff, and two doctors came in to see me. I have had a cough for some time, but after coming from Cokesbury I took a violent cold which increased it to such a degree that on Saturday after Dr. F. left, I was taken with a severe pain in my chest and shoulders . . . and I thought on Saturday night that I was taking pneumonia, but by taking large doses of camphor and paregoric I was relieved, and was able to be up the next day.

Cousin E. Anderson has suffered very much. The barn, warehouse, storehouse, gin house, blacksmith shop all burnt and the torch brought to the door of the dwelling house, but they were prevailed upon not to set fire to it. Rebecca was in bed, but they told her they believed it was sham, and threatened to lift her out of bed and take her out of the house. Mrs. W. lost all her corn, and meat and all her provisions I think but saved her stock and wagon by sending them over the river. They did not go over Broad river except at one or two points. The corps that was here operated between Broad and Catawba.

You will perhaps like to know how I felt. I think the camphor and paregoric must have quieted my nerves for I was astonished at my calmness. But I sincerely hope I may never again be exposed to such a trial. I propose going over to Cokesbury as soon as the weather and roads permit to see if I can buy some flour, poultry, and some other things. I forgot to tell you I lost all my cups and saucers. We drink out of some little mugs that Dr. F. used to get with medicine in them. I have been using them to put jelly in. I saved most of

"Fairfield"  
Crosby  
Lewis's  
house?

the plates. They broke all the glasses in the carriage, tore all the trimmings inside and took away the cushions. The frame is left whole. They took off the buggy and burnt it.

Our Negroes behaved very well. Only one went off—old John who used to belong to your Father. White and black were surprised at it. The poor old man is dead I fear before this from exposure and fatigue. A little boy was persuaded off but after travelling with them for two or three days he left them and found his way home. There has been a good deal of insubordination among some in the neighborhood and district. A company from Chisolm's cavalry, of Cheatham's Division, stopped on this side of the river and restored order in a good degree. Several have been shot and a great many severely whipped. Eight of Chisolm's cavalry took dinner here about a week ago, and they told me that in the fork in Richland, the Negroes had taken possession. Had divided the land among them, and gone to work for themselves. The Yankees did their best to demoralize the Negroes, telling them they were free and that they must not work for white folks any more. Mrs. James's daughter, Mrs. Yarborough, had a very bright mulatto girl. One of the Yankee officers was married to her by a Roman priest and then demanded from Mrs. Y. her best bed to sleep on. They committed all sorts of enmities, even burning or attempting to burn up people in their homes. Mr. Alston's house was burnt; set fire to it while she [Mrs. Alston] was in it. Mrs. Rabb the same. They set fire to the bed on which Jonathan Rabb's daughter ten was lying ill with measles. They set fire to the school building. It would require another sheet to tell you all I have heard and time is wanting too. With much love to all I remain your affectionate

N.A.F.

I would ask you to write but we have no P.O. nearer than Pomorin, twelve miles off.

Pomaria

Margaret Crawford Adams—

### "ARMY IN WINNSBORO . . . A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE"

*After forty miles of marching from Columbia, General Sherman and his army concentrated at Winnsboro on Tuesday, February 21. The general established headquarters in one of the buildings of the*

*Mount Zion Institute, a school first chartered in 1777. General Kilpatrick stayed in the McCants House, with its beautiful landscaped grounds. A group of officers stayed at the house known as the "Cornwallis House," where the British general maintained headquarters for several weeks in late 1780.*

*Columbia was being shelled as Margaret Crawford Adams, wife of Major James Pickett Adams, fled from her home to join the crowd of refugees in Winnsboro. Her first introduction to the army was early on Tuesday morning when the bummers entered the town and the hospitable home of Mrs. Fraser, filled with the ill and homeless.*

Our first intimation of the approach of the army was seeing a "bluecoat" rush into the house, and commence a search. He was soon followed by a number of others. The house, located on the outskirts of town, was first reached. I had "laid the table" and put on it two cooked hams, a large quantity of biscuits, and other food, supposing these men would eat like other people. One man came in, stuck his bayonet in a ham, and marched out with it; another did the same; and in a moment everything was swept off the table—plates, knives, forks, everything. A hundred men were in the house at a time, searching every part of it, breaking open doors, closets, drawers, trunks, in their "search for arms." <sup>125</sup>

The noise they made was as if they were a herd of cattle. Finally, my aunt said to a new arrival of them, "There is indeed nothing left in the house for you to take; suppose you remain here below and send one man up to search." They did this, and their fellow soon came back with empty hands. The sick lady was lying insensible, unconscious of what was going on around her. All of us took refuge in her room, as it seemed to be respected. One fellow came to the door, putting his hands on either side, and said, "I'm a bummer, I am; I'm a bucktail." I thought he should have said he was "the flower of the land," as he wore a girl's hat, with a wreath of flowers around it. I said to him, "Please do not come in here, for you will disturb that lady, who is very ill." He looked at her and said, "Oh! I have seen plenty like that; she's pretending." But he did go away. A young soldier took his seat by her bedside, and remained there all day, watching her, wiping the damp from her face, raising her up when she was deathly sick, and caring for her as tenderly as if he had been her son. He was ashamed of the conduct of his comrades. He was from New Haven.

These men came in advance of the army. What a contrast was its



entry to that of the Confederates, a few days before! An army sixty thousand strong, with bands playing, banners flying, wagons two and three abreast, disregarding roads, but driving right across the fields. The burning of Columbia seemed about to be repeated, but the burning of a number of houses seemed to satisfy hate, and the fire was stopped.

The lady of the house where I was staying—Mrs. Fraser—a fragile, timid woman, when she saw the approach of the head of the column, went out alone, stood in the road by the Presbyterian Church, waved her hand, and halted it. An officer rode up to her and said, "What do you want, madam?" "I want a guard for my house, and for two others," pointing to them. "You shall have them," he said, and he told a soldier to follow her. An officer went with her also. On their way, he saw a soldier carrying off a box of tobacco on his back. He rode against him, knocking him down, and cursing him as he rode on. When he got into the yard, he found a soldier setting fire to the kitchen. He had him arrested at once. In his fury, he called for an axe to cut away the burning part. The axe had been taken; but he thought we withheld it, and shouted at us, "Will you do nothing to help save your own property?" He was a huge man, sunk low in his saddle, on a sheepskin. He soon restored order in the yard, and left two men to guard the house.

The cats and goats seemed to feel it in the air that something was approaching, for they had disappeared, and did not appear for days. The watchdog had, in fear, crouched under the dining table, when a soldier, spying him there, shot him. All day the bummers were passing through the yard and garden, searching, prodding, digging, for hidden treasure, which, happily, they did not find. They did find, and took off, everything we had to eat. One man carried off sorghum in a trunk. Hundreds of them passed through, loaded with poultry of every kind, which hung in strings from their saddles to the ground. Others drove herds of cattle. . . .

Night closed in on us, hungry and uncomfortable. None of us went to bed, and we had no light but firelight. I was watching the sick woman and had made my cook and the woman with the young baby come into the room with me. . . .

While Sherman's army remained in Winnsboro, none of us left the house. For days after it left, we lived on bread, which we made with meal, sifted from wheat bran, or on corn, which was gathered up from where the horses had been most abundantly fed, and which

was scattered on the ground. Our guard told us we had more to fear from stragglers than from the army; but after it moved out, we were not again molested. When the people began to mingle together again, each had a thrilling tale to tell, some indeed shocking—of old men who were hung up, time and again, by the neck, to force them to disclose the hiding place of their treasure; of women who had spoken sharply to some of the soldiers, who, for so doing, were tied in chairs in their yards and made to witness the burning of their own houses.

When one of the ladies in our house said something to a gay young Prince Rupert of an officer about the unnecessary destruction of the articles in the house, he laughingly said, as he, too, proceeded to put into his pocket an elegant copy of Campbell's Poems, "Such is the fate of war."

The coming, the going, of this army was a horrible nightmare. We awoke from it to realize we were destitute. . . .

The Confederacy seemed suddenly to have changed; a glory had passed from it, and, without acknowledging it, we felt the end was near. . . .

Anonymous Girl—

↑ Rev. Malcomb Fraser's  
home  
Garden St.

### "THE STREETS WERE FILLED WITH HOMELESS FAMILIES"

\* Before leaving Winnsboro, the army destroyed about thirty buildings of the town, including the Episcopal church. The Fairfield County Courthouse, designed by Robert Mills in 1823, was spared. One of the Union officers, seeing a Masonic document on the wall, left the following order on the desk: "Leave this building alone."

Soldiers also left a message in Ebenezer Church near Monticello, where flooring and woodwork had been torn away for use in constructing a bridge across Little River. The message was addressed to "The Citizens of the County," and signed "A Yankee." The message read, "Please excuse us for defacing your house of worship. It was absolutely necessary to effect a crossing over the Creek."

An anonymous little girl, whose father, the postmaster of the town,

was in hiding some miles away in a place of safety, tells the following story.

It was about the hour for breakfast when two "bluecoats" walked into our house. They took what they pleased, and frightened the children by repeated threats to shoot down our pet, a large Newfoundland dog, named Jack.

One of our near neighbors, Mrs. Wainwright Bacot, knew General Sherman; but he denied his identity. His generals used private residences for their headquarters, but he did not.

The army was preceded by "bummers," and the little town was robbed at an early hour. The main army came in, and then fires broke out, and riot reigned. Kilpatrick, a cavalry commander, galloped in and fought fire, else the entire town would have been ashes ere the sun went down.

No guards were given until nightfall. A drunken soldier at an early hour of the day staggered into grandma's home. She put him on a cot; his drunken sleep kept him there; his gun and hat were placed at the front door; his mates, in passing, would exclaim, "This house has a guard." At any rate, that house was not plundered.

Grandma gave breakfast to several soldiers. One, on leaving the table, picked up knife, fork and spoon and put them in his pocket. She walked up to him, and took them from his pocket, saying, "I thought you were a gentleman." Grandpa gave his watch to a soldier, saying, "Here, you take it, then some of your fellows can't steal it." Our guards were drunken men, and our home was soon emptied; no food of any description was left in the pantry, the cows were driven off, and the chickens shot.

Our home was near the Baptist Church, an unfinished building, on a large lot; ours was the nearest well; the church and its grounds were used as a camp; our yard was full of soldiers, coming for water; chickens were fought in the pulpit. The Episcopal Church was burned at an early hour of the night; no other building near, so it was set on fire; the bell stolen.

The Mount Zion College building was used as a hospital. One of our soldiers, a Mr. Manigault, died there only a few days before the army entered the town, and was buried in the Episcopal graveyard. His new-made grave was dug open, his coffin placed across the grave and split open with an axe, and left so. This was done by

those who termed themselves soldiers. "Hunting for buried treasures" was the reason for such desecration.

Among my mother's "keepsakes" was a dead baby boy's hair, kept in a little silver wire case. This was rudely snatched from its sacred place and thrown into the fire.

An aunt lived a few miles from town, and had housed and nursed a sick soldier—"one of our men," she thought. He gave her minute directions as to where and how to hide provisions and valuables. When the army of the blue marched near her home, this ungrateful wretch (for he was a spy) walked up to her and said, "Here I am again." She was so frightened that her heart ceased to beat, and forever was still.

The two days that Winnsboro was occupied by Sherman's men was a period of horrors. The streets and vacant lots were filled with homeless families, many persons having nothing but the clothes they wore, when bringing bedding, raiment or provisions out of their burning homes, these were destroyed by the brutal soldiers, who jeered and exulted in their fiendish work. They stole much that was useless to them, for even Bibles were taken, one, I remember, belonging to a little girl friend, and to this day she would gladly recall it from beyond the Mason and Dixon line. This name was on the cover: "Mary R. Morrison, March 15th, 1855."

The yards and gardens were perforated with bayonets, men searching for buried treasures.

The army left no food in town, and for days the women and children gathered the corn from the deserted camps, left by the horses. This was boiled and eaten without salt.

Katharine Theus Obear—

### "THE BAND PLAYED LONG AND LOUD"

*Katharine was the daughter of the Reverend Josiah Obear who was conducting a school in Winnsboro when refugees from Columbia descended upon the town. The Obears opened their home to the homeless, but it was soon evident there was no place to hide from*

*Sherman's army. Young Katharine enjoyed the house filled with company.*

Monday morning, February 20, we were at breakfast when little Cy, Maum Charlotte's boy, came running into the dining room shouting, "Dey's done come, old marster; dey's done come. Dey's knocking down Mr. McMaster's store door." We went to the gate to look, and sure enough they were there and altogether too close. We closed the lower front door, then went upstairs.

Mrs. Finley<sup>4</sup> called Mother to her room saying, "Look at Leighton!" There the boy lay in bed, scarlet with a rash all over him, whether scarlet fever or measles, no one had time to consider. "Don't you leave me alone with this sick child. Every one come in here." So we did. Seated on chairs, the bed, trunks, and floor were Mrs. Finley, Hess and Hattie and her two children, Mrs. Carroll and her three daughters,<sup>5</sup> Mother and we three; three boarders, whose parents had come flying in, saying "There's safety in numbers," with Susan, the maid and Molsey, twenty in all. In a few minutes we heard the Yankees rushing up the stairs. The house door was thrust open, and in came three or four into the room.

One glance at Leighton was sufficient. "Back! Back! Go back!" yelled the foremost man, "Disease in here," and pell mell they tumbled down the way they came, and almost immediately a guard was placed at the back and front doors to prevent any soldiers from coming up and running the risk of infection. We began to think Leighton's rash Providential. Finding we were not going to be molested, we got bolder. Miss Lilla ventured even out on the front piazza. Up and down she walked, singing loud and clear, a verse or two of "O, yes, I am a Southern Girl—I Glory in the name," with her head held high and defiant, then turned back into the room. Scarcely was she seated, when with a terrific crash, a stone came hurling through the window just back of the sick boy's bed, covering him with tiny bits of glass, passed through that crowded room without striking a soul, and sank in the bed of coals in the fireplace. How can anyone think that Providence does not watch over those who love Him. All of the children were set to work to pick up the glass. The stone had been thrown with such force the bits were no larger than the head of a big pin.

Seeing that no soldier was allowed to come upstairs, I took cour-

age to go up into the attic, to look out of the window at the town. It looked as if everything was on fire. Columns of black smoke, mingled with flames rose high in the air. The street in front of us and the side street were blue with Yankees, who, with the wagons filled with loot and Negro wenchers, the horses, mules and cows, made a conglomerated mass extending from sidewalk to sidewalk, as busy as ants over a treasure trove of food. Leaving the attic to the others . . . I went down and getting out eight or ten pillow cases I stuffed them with clothes, sheets, towels and things prized by the family, for we all thought we were doomed, the fire spread so rapidly. . . .

It was late and we were hungry, so Molsey was sent to the kitchen to tell Maum Charlotte to bring up our dinner. She returned with the sad news that the Yankees had eaten up the last crumb. "Well," said Mrs. Finley, "go and tell Rose to send up mine." Molsey returned to gaily report, that not only was her dinner gone, but her cook had gone with it. Gone with the Yankees! Her man, Scipio, and her butler, Johnnie, had gone, too, but Johnnie later returned of his own accord.

No dinner, and an interrupted breakfast! It was hard on the little children and the sick boy. . . . I, with the other children, was gazing out of the window, at the passing panorama in the street. Presently, we gave a shout, "Judge Robertson's horses! They have taken them." Yes, there they were, his beautiful Arabians. We saw no others like them. . . .<sup>6</sup>

When night came, and no prospect of any food, Father went over to the Bratton house, not only to see if they had any bread to spare, but to find out how they were faring. He returned with a generous supply, enough for us all to have a nibble.

I doubt if there were more than six men left in the town, Father being one of them. The college was closed that week, as were all the other schools. Some time between eight or nine o'clock, we discovered that the Episcopal Church was on fire. . . .

Mrs. Finley's room that night was a sight to behold. Mattresses, sufficient for all, were brought in and laid on the floor, then we settled for the night, all fully dressed. . . . Father kept watch on the long sofa in the entry. Nothing happened during the night. . . .

The morning ushered in another day of wild confusion. . . . The soldiers . . . raided the larder, which was not very tempting. Boarding school furniture was not attractive so they left all that, but they

carried off a very large map of South Carolina, one that had been my delight . . . to find the names of the plantations I knew. Some Yankee planned revenge, for a fire was found burning briskly under the front steps, and some time after, a burning brand that had been tossed on the roof of the shop on our side. By midday it looked as if we were doomed. Fire had started on every street nearby. From the house on the site of the present Methodist Church to the Bank of Fairfield all was burned to the ground. It made so hot a fire, we could not stay in the rooms on that side of the house. The dividing fence was knocked down, and we and the servants carried a good many of the things, that we couldn't very well do without, into the Aiken's orchard. The army had nearly passed on, and we got bold. Miss Eunice and Maggie went home, and I went with them. In front their Aunt, Miss Eunice Cloud, and Mrs. Wells were talking to an officer, General Gary [Geary],<sup>7</sup> if I am not mistaken. He was waiting to see all stragglers out of the town. I stood there and listened to the conversation. Mrs. Wells took a corn dodger out of her pocket and with streaming eyes, told General Gary it was everything in the world that they, the Yankees, had left her. Just then, Lucien, her little boy, ran up and reported that a straggler had gone under the barn in the Aiken's lot. Some men were dispatched at once, with orders, that if he was found there, to secure him and carry him off. Evidently General Gary did not wish to leave the town in peril another night.

The band, stationed at the corner, played long and loud, probably the signal for all to be on the march, for by sundown they had vanished. . . .

Julia Frances Gott—

"THEY WHIPPED MRS. R."

*Twenty-four-year-old Julia Gott, daughter of William and Jane Gott, worked in the Treasury Department in Columbia, where she signed \$100.00 bills. One of General Beauregard's sisters worked in the same department and sat next to Julia. Before Sherman reached Columbia, the girls in the Treasury Department were packed off to Richmond. Julia joined members of her family at Chester, and from that place sent the following letter to her sister Annie in Edgefield.*

Chester, S.C. Feby. 27th, 1865.

My dear darling Sister,

I am so rejoiced to be able once more to write you though it is more than probable this letter may never reach its destination. Oh Annie, I can never describe to you the intense excitement through which we have passed during the past week. Every day we were in hourly expectation of a visit from Sherman's troops. Wheeler's Cavalry were here four or five days. . . . I think we should be thankful they were here for twas only on their being here that kept the raiders from us but it is distressing to see how they have devastated the country.

When Columbia was evacuated they sent all the Government stores to this place, for four days the ladies of this place just lived at the Depot. Cars were passing in rapid succession from one day's end 'till the next, families would arrive without the least baggage, some without a change of clothing, a great many lost everything they possessed. The Treasury Department went through to Charlotte. I saw a good many of the girls . . . only stayed a few hours and were very anxious for me to go to North Carolina. . . .

The men that we saw from Wheeler's Cavalry were very gentlemanly in their deportment—several of them came here for something to eat. . . . I had the pleasure of seeing Genls. Wheeler, Hume, Hampton, Ripley and Chesnut and his excellency Gov. McGrath as well as the Hon. Mosby with whom yourself and Clara traveled from Columbia. He came here and inquired for you and got sister to make him a shirt. He came after the shirt again that night and brought a young fellow with him. Mosby is not bad looking, eh!

I must tell you some of the outrages the Yankees have committed around here. An old man by the name of Brice lived in Fairfield District. He used to send Beef here for sale every week. The Yankees hung him because he would not tell where he had hid his money and silver. They robbed every house they passed, burnt a great many. They have burnt Tom Boulware's and some houses near there, burnt Mary S. DeG's gin house, cribs, &c. and took two watches and some other things from here. They stripped old Mrs. R., Kate's mother, and whipped her, destroyed everything Mrs. N. Beckham had to eat and the Boulwares and Watsons, I hear, are living off the corn left by our cavalry men in the woods. They have it to beat and make into Bread but I hope they are not that bad off. . . .