

dant of Columbia, requesting the citizens to suspend all business, and close their stores and offices for the day. Detachments of nine military companies from Charleston were to be present, besides the military of Columbia" (*GM*, Jan. 21, 1848).

## WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

In the latter part of 1860 the tension in South Carolina reached a high level. Many activities such as musters, speeches, parades, torchlight processions, and oratory created a clamor throughout the state in favor of secession.

In December voters went to the polls to select delegates to the Secession Convention. For the first time, the Unionists practically ceased to function.

The Secession Convention with the Greenville delegation present met and resolved that South Carolina should secede from the Union and that a committee should draft an Ordinance of Secession — 160 to 0 in favor. Benjamin F. Perry, the champion for union, and the hero of the Unionists from the upper part of Greenville District succumbed — "I have been trying for the last thirty years to save the State from the horrors of disunion," he said. "They are now all going to the devil, and I will go with them."

"Greenville unhesitatingly rallied to the support of the Confederacy, sending more than two thousand soldiers to the Confederate armies, although the total number of voters in the county in 1860 was approximately 2200. In 1862 the 16th South Carolina Regiment was formed wholly of Greenville men, most of them of middle age. They served with great distinction" (*Greenville Paper*, DU).

### Activities In Greenville County Leading Up To The War Of Secession

The militia had been organized in the early days of the state and reorganized after the Revolutionary War in the 1790s to keep in place a trained and equipped military force. The upper part of Greenville County was the location of the Upper Regiment (1st) with the regimental muster ground at Bruton's Old Field (near present intersection of Hwy. 290 and Mush Creek Road). The upper Regiment was divided

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into two battalions: the Saluda and Tyger. The Saluda Battalion was generally located on the waters of the Saluda Rivers and the Tyger Battalion on the waters of the Tyger Rivers. These two battalions were divided into eight beat companies; therefore, when South Carolina seceded, the Militia was in place and functioning. The following publications give some insight into what went on in the upper part of Greenville County.

### A Story Of Slaughter

(By Private W.T. Shumate, 2d S.C.V., C.S.A.)

"After the battle of Sharpsburg and the Maryland campaign had ended, the Confederate forces recrossed the Potomac and encamped in the beautiful and fertile Valley of Virginia, between Martinsburg and Winchester, where they enjoyed a much needed rest of several weeks and luxuriated on the fat of that highly favored country.

"Being supplied with army shoes and winter clothing, the men were ready to move in any direction General Lee might command. In the latter part of November, 1862, we took up the line of march and passed through the ancient city of Winchester, which we left to the tender mercies of General Milroy, and his soldiers. Crossing the mountains at Chester's Gap, we passed through Culpepper in the direction of Fredricksburg, where we arrived in a cold, drizzling rain, about the 1st of December, to find ourselves confronted on the opposite side of the Rappahannock by General Burnside and his army.

"We were ordered into camp on the heights near the Telegraph Road, overlooking the city, the possession of which was soon to cost the lives of many gallant men. For some days and nights we were engaged in picketing the riverside and watching the movements of the Federal Army. Our company officers notified us that whenever Burnside attempted to cross the river two guns would fire in quick succession from our side, as a signal to prepare for his reception. General Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade was quartered in town, and did picket duty at the point where it was expected that pontoon bridges would be thrown across the river. We anxiously awaited Burnside's advance.

"On the morning of the 12th of December our slumbers

Mann Batson, *The Upper Part of Greenville County, South Carolina*  
(TAYLORS, S.C.: Faith Printing Company, 1993).



were broken by the roar of the signal guns, and soon all was bustle and confusion in camp, getting ready to move to the front. We reached our position at the foot of Lee's Hill about sunrise, and immediately began cutting a ditch with our bayonets and pocket knives to protect ourselves from the shot and shell of the enemy which fell uncomfortably close. General Lee and staff, General Longstreet and his staff, were on the top of the hill, just to our rear; a level plain of a mile, extending to the river, was in our front. On Stafford Heights, on the opposite side of the river, the Federals had a number of guns which they turned upon the defenseless town occupied by old men, women, and children and rained a perfect deluge of shot and shell into the buildings. Soon black columns of smoke ascended heavenward, angry flames roared and cracked, and it was evident that the old city was on fire in many places. Though it had every appearance of being doomed, strange to say but very few buildings were consumed. Several attempts were made by the enemy to throw pontoons across the river, but they were foiled by the unerring aim of the Mississippi rifles.

"The contest was kept up at irregular intervals until late in the afternoon, when a company or regiment of pioneers crossed the river in the upper part of town, and succeeded in turning the left flank of Barksdale's Brigade. The brave Mississippians stubbornly contested every inch of ground; and fought from street to street until dark put an end to the unequal conflict, when they were withdrawn and ordered to join their division. The sun rose on the morning of the 13th of December clear and bright; the weather was cold and crisp. It was generally believed that a great battle would be fought before the setting of the sun which had risen in such glorious splendor. After the withdrawal of the Mississippians there was no opposition to Burnside's advance. He crossed the river on four pontoon bridges amidst the cheers of his soldiers and strains of martial music; his infantry, with waving banners, accompanied by magnificent artillery and superb cavalry as they debouched into the open plain, made an imposing panoramic display of the glorious pride and pomp of war. Excitement was at fever heat. The suspense became absolutely painful as thousands of the enemy were massed in easy range. Not a gun of welcome had been fired from our batteries, which crowned the heights in their immediate front. A member of my company, who was loiter-

ing near the top of Lee's Hill, told me that General Longstreet was lying upon the ground in a sound sleep, but upon being awakened by one of his staff officers, immediately ordered the batteries to open on the advancing foe. It was said that the first discharge from our guns mortally wounded the gallant and chivalric General George D. Bayard, of the cavalry, who was the pride and the idol of the Federal Army. He was to have been married on the following Wednesday. But the enemy not to be undone in courtesy; immediately unlimbered their guns and returned the complement. A fierce artillery duel was kept up for some time, while Meade's Corps was deploying and forming in line of battle to attack Stonewall Jackson near Hamilton's Crossing on our extreme right. Kershaw's veterans were inactive spectators of the brilliant scene; they were momentarily expecting to be moved to some other part of the field.

"My company (Butler Guards) being on the extreme right of the brigade, had been thrown out on a picket a short distance in front, and did not know that brigade was ordered to the left to the support of General Tom Cobb, who was hard pressed by overwhelming numbers at the foot of Marye's Hill, until General Kershaw rode up and said in his genial tone, 'Butlers, follow me!' We made the distance in quick time to Cobb's position, midst screaming and bursting shells. My company was deployed along the street supporting Phillips' Georgia Legion, which having been engaged some hours was almost out of ammunition. Our position was at the foot of Marye's Hill; the street or road had been graded about four feet deep, a stone wall built on either side to keep the dirt from falling in. The surface of the land in our immediate front was level with the top of the stone fence, behind which we were partly concealed and well protected. The enemy, while advancing, could not see that we had any protection, and I have often thought that they believed themselves to be charging only our troops on the crest of the hill, and did not know that we had forces at the foot until within close range. The Third South Carolina occupied the ridge in our rear; and poured a destructive fire into the advancing enemy. The Washington Artillery from New Orleans was stationed on the heights to our right and as the enemy marched out of the town in vast columns, confident of victory, the artillery rapidly threw shell and shot into their ranks with fearful accuracy, killing and wounding great

numbers as shells exploded in their midst, and the solid shot, as they went caroming through the streets, tore fearful gaps, which were constantly closed up at the command 'Guide Centre!' The gallant fellows, with the precision of a brigade drill, marched on to destruction.

"Upon the enemy arriving within range of our rifles the artillery ceased to dally with death and left the final annihilation of the charging columns to the cool and deliberate aim of the infantry. Again and again they endeavored to force our position, and were met with tons of shrieking shell and solid shot — a perfect blizzard of shot, shell, fire and whistling bullets — until their ranks were fearfully decimated. Their colors often kissed the ground, but were quickly snatched from dead hands and held aloft by other gallant men, who in turn, soon bit the dust. The few survivors were hauled, bleeding, smoke-begrimed and demoralized, into the town. The last charge was made just as night had thrown her sable curtain o'er the bloody field by Meagher's celebrated Irish Brigade, which was almost destroyed. The gallant fellows deserved a better fate.

"A copy of *Harper's Illustrated Weekly* was handed me a few days after the battle, by a Federal soldier who had crossed the river under a flag of truce. The paper stated that Meagher's Brigade went into the fight 1,200 strong, and but 200 survived. It was never reorganized. A Federal battery, with reckless daring, moved up to within 150 yards of our lines during the hottest of the engagement, unlimbered and fired several shots, which passed harmlessly over our heads. Officers on horseback urging their men forward were conspicuous marks for our rifles, and but few of them escaped. Not even Confederate veterans could have displayed more courage. The company to which I belonged must have killed or wounded some three or four hundred. I fired 57 shots and short range, and my comrades equally as many. It was almost impossible to miss, as they came by thousands. Such destruction of life I have witnessed on no other battlefield. One could have walked hundreds of yards on the dead bodies without once stepping on the ground.

"The long wished-for night came at last and put an end to the dreadful carnage, but brought little sleep, as we did not know how badly the enemy was punished, and thought perchance they might make a sudden rush, under cover of darkness, and capture our line. The Butler Guards were

soon after dark placed in a street leading from town at right angles to the one we had occupied during the day. As we had no protection, we immediately fell to work with our knives, bayonets, and fingers and by midnight had cut a ditch across the street and had raised quite a formidable earth-work in front. How comfortable one feels behind a dirt pile while engaged in battle! At break of day we were in line; with our guns in hand, expecting an advance, but none was made. Sunday and Monday passed off but with little firing. On Monday afternoon a dense fog enveloped the armies, so it was impossible to see a man thirty paces, and under cover of this friendly fog, Burnside recrossed the river with his shattered and demoralized army, took up his pontoon bridges and returned beyond the Stafford Heights, where he could in silence and sadness deplore the gigantic failure of his anticipated brilliant campaign, and make his arrangements to follow in the footsteps of his defeated and unfortunate predecessors.

"If Burnside's plan of attack had been approved by his subordinate officers at a council of war held on Saturday night at his quarters, battle would have resumed at daylight next morning by placing eighteen picked regiments in columns of regiments and hurling them against our line, which they would have undoubtedly broken, as it would have been a physical impossibility for us to load and fire fast enough to keep them back.

"Our sufferings from Saturday night to Tuesday morning, standing in the snow and mud without fire or blankets, were intense. Early Tuesday morning a citizen was seen approaching our lines from the direction of town with a white handkerchief tied to a stick. He informed us that Burnside and his army had gone. The Butler Guards with some companies were deployed as skirmishers, and advancing through the streets of the deserted town, we captured a few stragglers and established our picket line on the river bank.

"In their hasty departure the enemy had abandoned large quantities of stores which were appropriated and highly appreciated by our ragged soldiers — particularly the whiskey.

"We had become somewhat selfish as to the use of the beverage, and each man helped himself according to his capacity. I filled two canteens and carried them to camp,

and occasionally, when I felt patriotic, I drank to the success of the Confederates' cause; in fact, I became patriotic so frequently that my canteens were soon emptied.

"During the fight a young Federal soldier, about 80 yards from our line, and immediately in our front, was severely wounded. When the firing was brisk he would lie flat on the ground, and when it ceased he would sit up. Though twenty years have passed since that bloody and never-to-be-forgotten day, I seem to hear his piteous cry ringing in my ears: 'If my friends cannot give me water, will my enemies give me some?' After a time, when it appeared that hostilities would not be resumed, this plaintive cry was heard by the great, big-hearted J.D. Kennedy (then in command of the 2d South Carolina Regiment) whose ears were always open to cries of distress, and he permitted a young soldier from Camden, I think, to tie a pocket handkerchief to a ramrod and go among the dead and wounded near the enemy's line, gather up as many canteens as he could find, return and fill them in a well in our rear, and go back to the wounded, whose mangled limbs he placed in easy position, moistening their parched lips with cold water, and putting the canteens in the hands of the very men who a few hours before were engaged with us in deadly combat.

"The victory being won and the campaign ended, we went into winter quarters and whiled away the long hours of inactivity in story and song. One of our boys secured two or three skyrockets, which he fired off on the night before Christmas. The Federal commander, supposing it to be a signal for an attack, had his troops under arms that night before he discovered that Johnny Reb was merely celebrating Christmas" (*E and M*, Jan. 17, 1883).

Enterprise + Mountaineer

### OUTLIERS AND DESERTERS

Large numbers of outliers and deserters hid out in the remote areas of the surrounding mountains. These outlaws gathered in bands and preyed on the people in the surrounding areas. Most of the men were away in the war and the young boys and old men were no match for these desperadoes. Another group came down into Table Rock Cove and raped a young girl. One member of this band was captured by the old men and young boys, who were not away

in service, and they killed him.

A group of well-organized outliers took possession of the Block House near the State line putting up strong resistance against the authorities. They were so well fortified that Major Ashmore requisitioned a cannon to be used by his men to bring them under control. The remote mountainous areas provided excellent cover for these outlaws. Since they were constantly hunted by the authorities and their personal inclination against work, they had to forage, pillage, and steal from the surrounding countryside to live.

### The Hospital (Rock)

Hospital Rock was one of the camp sites for the outliers. This was a long outcropping rock that jutted out from 6 to 10 feet and was about 100 feet long, facing to the southwest. The rock was above River Falls and beyond Abe's Flat.

Mrs. Henry Jones said that on one occasion a patrol went to this camp to capture the outliers hiding there. They ran off but one of them was wounded and captured. The patrol bringing him out on a litter was fired on from ambush by the outliers. When the firing started the wounded outlier jumped from the litter and outran the patrol. (This place was also called the Hospital.)

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"On the way to Mr. Simon Turner's place located a mile or so off the road, to the west we passed the plantation of Dr. F.A. Miles, where he was robbed during the war by the deserters from our army" (*E and M*, Feb. 14, 1877).

Dr. Miles' house stands today in the Terry Creek community.

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"Tandy John Goodlett joined the Confederate Army serving as a scout. While her husband was away at war Alice Goodlett depended on the faithful slaves and neighbors for protection. One of her grandchildren, Marie Cunningham, remembers hearing her tell the following story. Tandy John had somehow gotten word to his wife that the Yankee raiders were coming. Since all the horses had been used in