

XXXVIII.

COMPANY K, FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

Roll of Company "K," Fourteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers:

D. C. Tomkins, Captain, resigned in 1862. O. W. Allen, First Lieutenant; resigned in 1862. W. L. Stevens, Second Lieutenant; resigned in 1863. James H. Allen, Third Lieutenant; promoted to Captain in 1863. J. A. Landrum, First Sergeant; killed in battle May 12th, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. B. B. Bryan, Second Sergeant; made Second Lieutenant; disabled in battle 3rd of May, 1864. Simeon Cogburn, Third Sergeant; made Second Lieutenant; severely wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863. E. L. Strother, Fourth Sergeant; wounded near Richmond, Va., detailed to Pioneer Company. E. R. Mobley, Fifth Sergeant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3rd, 1863. J. R. Hill, Sixth Sergeant; wounded. R. G. Johnson, First Corporal; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., 13th December, 1863. E. M. Outzs, Third Corporal; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., 13th December, 1863. J. C. Buzhardt, 4th Corporal; severely wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3rd, 1863. R. S. Tombs, Fifth Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg, 1st July, 1863. J. U. Werts, Sixth Corporal; died since the war.

PRIVATES.

A. B. Adams, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1st July, 1863; W. H. W. Adams; W. J. Adams, wounded near Richmond—transferred to supporting force at home; W. S. Allen, appointed Second Lieutenant for distinguished valor at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12th, 1864, and assigned to Company "K," Fourteenth, South Carolina Volunteers, as Brevet Captain; A. B. Amaker, wounded near Richmond, 1862, discharged 28th December, 1864; R. D. Amaker, wounded; Alex Adkins, died since the war; Oliver Adkins, eye shot out near Richmond, Va., discharged; H. R. Adkins, recruit; Jesse Berry, died of disease at Richmond; J. P. Berry, died of wounds near Richmond; A. M. Buzhardt, died of wounds in hands of enemy;

J. W. Bushardt, discharged; Wm. Bledsoe; V. B. Bledsoe, died of disease at Richmond, 1862; Benj. Busby; D. P. Butler; Goshwin Bryan, killed in battle near Richmond; Lewis Bledsoe, died at home of measles; J. H. Cygurn, died of disease in hospital at Richmond, 1862; Charbar Dean, severely wounded; J. L. Doherty, killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; Wm. Dodgen; Wm. Durst; Benedict Dean, died at home of measles; A. B. Dean, received in place of Peter Rogers; Joshua Edwards; J. H. Edwards, detailed to Pioneer Company; Gibson P. Faulkner, severely wounded near Richmond; G. W. Free killed at Gettysburg 3rd July, 1863; L. M. Free, detailed to Pioneer Company; John Faulkner, severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; Thos. Faulkner; Whit Glausier, severely wounded - Wilderness, 1864; J. M. Goleman, killed near Richmond; U. J. Goleman, severely wounded near Richmond; W. J. Graham, killed near Richmond; W. D. Graddick; Jno. A. Green, wounded and transferred to cavalry; H. F. Green, detailed to brass band; Joseph Harling, died at hospital; Lemuel Harling; James Harling, died at hospital; Rufus Harling, wounded at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, also at Wilderness; T. B. Harvey, died of wounds in hospital; Whit Harvey; Milledge Hall, died of disease at hospital; W. M. Harris, wounded; P. B. Head, wounded and discharged; B. R. Hill; Mahlon Hearn, killed at Second Manassas; W. F. Horn, died after war from old wounds; Cornelius Horn; D. B. Johnston, died of disease at hospital; Allen King, killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; M. C. Little, killed at Chancellorsville, Va.; L. O. Loveface, belonged to brass band; R. M. Martin, belonged to brass band; B. W. Mayson; J. M. May, killed near Richmond, Va.; Silas Morse, furnished a substitute; Solomon Morse, joined Laurens Artillery without leave; W. H. Mounce, deserted in battle of the Wilderness; E. V. Mobley, discharged and joined cavalry; John Malay, substitute for Stevens Tompkins - deserted; Willis Neal, died of wounds at hospital; W. H. Neal, died of wounds at hospital; John Ousta; Martin Ousta; Andrew Ousta, killed near Richmond; John W. Ousta; James Ousta, killed at Gettysburg; Marlon Ousta; F. M. Ousta; W. H. Ousta, severely wounded; J. L. Ousta, killed at Wilderness; J. H. Ousta; B. F. Ousta; George Ousta, killed at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; Franklin Ousta, lost an arm at Spottsylvania

C. H. 12th May, 1864; Jesse Parkman, killed near Richmond; J. S. Pollattle, left command without leave; H. D. Quattlebaum, died of disease at hospital; Larkin Rice, wounded at Noel Station; James Riley, discharged; Williamson Rice, killed at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; Peter Rodgers, exchanged for A. B. Dean; J. L. Russell; Martin Rodgers; A. J. Rome; J. Asa Stevens, wounded; Lafayette Stevens, severely wounded; M. W. Stevens, killed at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; Thos. Steedhan, died of disease at hospital; John Sheppard; B. N. Strother; J. L. Timmerman, killed near Richmond; A. J. Timmerman; B. M. Timmerman, died of disease in hospital; B. W. Timmerman, discharged; E. Timmerman, severely wounded at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; G. M. Timmerman, severely wounded at Gettysburg 1st July, 1863; J. H. Timmerman; J. L. Timmerman, died of disease in hospital; R. W. Timmerman, died of disease in hospital; F. Timmerman, killed; W. E. Timmerman; Jno. Tompkins, died of wounds; Stevens Tompkins, furnished Jno. Malay substitute; W. H. Turner; George Turner, furnished Jno. Malay substitute; James Taylor, exchanged for Franklin Ousta; George Turner; James Taylor; A. C. Werts; M. W. Wooten, killed at the Wilderness. Total, officers, 16; privates, 114; total, rank and file, 130. Killed in battle, 22; died of disease, 14; died of wounds, one since the war, 7; total number of deaths, 43. Wounds received, not fatal, 26.

The deaths in this company is thus seen to be about one-third of the whole number of enlisted men in it. This I find to be above the average - it is rarely greater - sometimes less.

As part of the history of Company "K" and of the Fourteenth Regiment, I insert the following, clipped from the Charleston News and Courier:

CLARK'S HILL, S. C., July 30th, 1861.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

As a subscriber to your valuable paper, I ask the favor of you to publish my letter of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the colors of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment. I was a member of that regiment and feel interested as to final disposal of its colors. By complying with the above you will confer a favor.

Respectfully,

RUFUS HARLING.

In the early days of 1865 McGowan's Brigade was holding the right wing of General Lee's army. Early in the morning we were ordered to move out of our works, by the right flank, in the direction of the South Side Railroad, to cover the retreating and shattered forces of Lee's army, and soon after we had gotten on the march Captain Dunlap's Battalion of sharpshooters was ordered to the rear, deployed, and ordered to fall back in rear of the brigade. Soon after crossing a small stream we heard the roaring as that of distant thunder, which we soon discovered to be the mighty host of Sheridan's Cavalry in hot pursuit, and each cavalryman seemed to have a man behind him. As soon as they would come within range, the men behind would dismount and fire on us. We would return the fire as often as possible. Thus for some distance we were hotly pursued.

As soon as the brigade reached the South Side Railroad it halted, and formed a line of battle. Hastily piling up some rails as a protection from the advancing foe, which was a welcome cover to the hard pressed sharpshooters, we fell in with the brigade as we found it, but not long to rest, for soon the enemy emerged from the woods into the open field in a splendid line of infantry to charge a little remnant of men. As they advanced across an open field they were allowed to come within easy range of our rifles. It then seemed that every man was determined to make his shots count, for after two or three volleys the enemy fell back in disorder to the woods from where they came. Receiving reinforcements, rapidly formed and moved to our left, and with their overwhelming forces we were compelled to retreat in disorder.

After crossing the railroad in the direction of the Appomattox River, I came up with the Color-Bearer of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, and around him were about twenty-five men of the First, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Regiments. Not having time to consult as to the better way of safety, we moved hastily on to the Appomattox River, thinking we might cross and join Longstreet's Corps, which was thought to be retreating up the river from Richmond. Finding the river considerably swollen and no way of crossing, we made our way up the river as best we could. Night coming on, we lay our wornout selves down to sleep,

and a glorious sleep it was, such as we had not had in several nights. Next morning we were up early, ate a scanty breakfast, and continued to move up the river, thinking perhaps we might find some way of escape. On reaching a hill we found the enemy had gotten ahead of us, and that we must soon be made prisoners. We then collected around the Color-Bearer, and determined to conceal the colors of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment. Then I, assisted by two others, raised a large, flat rock, under which our Color-Bearer placed the colors of the Fourteenth Regiment.

Captain W. L. Delph, now of Augusta, Ga., recently informed me that a gentleman by the name of Bunch, from the lower part of this State, was sent back to Virginia after the colors of the First South Carolina Regiment, which were placed with the colors of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, under the same rock, and that Bunch also got the colors of the Fourteenth Regiment. If so, where are they? Any information respecting them will be thankfully received.

RUFUS HARLING,
Clark's Hill, S. C.

ATTENTION, COMPANY K, FOURTEENTH REGIMENT,
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

CLARK, S. C., June 6th, 1896.

Editor Edgefield Chronicle:

DEAR SIR: The casualties of my company were published when you were editor of the Advertiser, A. Simkins, D. R. Durisoe, and E. Keese, proprietors. I would like to say something about my dear old captain's gallantry on this bloody occasion, but incompetency will not allow me.

The first day of July this year falls on Wednesday, the same day of the week and the month on which was fought the bloody battle of Gettysburg, the most eventful and disastrous battle of the war. I have in my scrap book a clipping from the Edgefield Advertiser of 1863, giving the casualties of our company in that battle. I copy the list of killed and wounded. Ponder over the list, dear old survivors and comrades, and remember the dear boys who fell on this memorable day.

"Killed.—Sergeant E. R. Mobley, G. W. Free, James Ouzts, Jesse Parkman, Wilkerson Rice, M. W. Stevens

"Wounded.—Lieutenant S. Cogburn, foot severe; Sergeant J. C. Buzzard, arm severe; Corporal J. N. Werts, shoulder slight; Corporal W. D. Gradick, thigh severe; W. H. Ouzts, head slight; privates A. B. Adams, back severe; W. H. W. Adams, leg severe; R. D. Amaker, head slight; John L. Doby, thigh severe; Joshua Edwards, thigh slight; John Faulkner, head and shoulder severe; T. B. Harvey, leg slight; Whit Harvley, neck severe; James Harling, thigh severe; Rufus Harling, face severe; Allen King, left arm amputated; B. W. Mason, thigh severe; Martin Ouzts, thigh severe; Franklin Ouzts, leg slight; George Ouzts, head mortally; Larkin Rice, side slight; B. M. Timmerman, hand slight; Edward Timmerman, face severe; G. M. Timmerman, head slight; Geo. Taylor, shocked with shell; James Taylor, back slight; R. S. Towles, leg severe; A. C. Werts, arm slight.

"Missing.—Marion Ouzts and J. T. Timmerman.

"Killed, 6; wounded, 29; missing, 2; total, 37.

"[Signed.]

J. H. ALLEN,

"Lieutenant Commanding Company K."

This was the most disastrous battle of the war to our company. Its casualties on that day were equal to all the rest from that time to the close of the war. As well as my memory serves me, we went into the battle with 43 men. Thirty-seven were killed and wounded, only six being able to march back to old Virginia. Well do I remember our orders from the brave Query, "Hold your fire men and close in on the enemy."

RUFUS HARLING,

Company K, Fourteenth South Carolina Volunteers.

HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.

For the following brief sketch of the history of Company "K," Fourteenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, I am indebted to the graphic pen of Mr. Rufus Harling, who was a member of the company:

Company K was organized in 1861, under command of the following officers: D. C. Tompkins, Captain; O. W. Allen, First Lieutenant; W. L. Stevens, Second Lieutenant; Jos. H. Allen, Third Lieutenant.

This company was organized from that portion of Edgefield

County commonly known as the "Dutch Settlement," situated on old Sleepy Creek, whose fore-parents were from the "Old Country"—there were no aristocrats among them. They owned but few slaves, but were sturdy yeomen, and did their own work. Always had plenty of "hog and hominy" at home, as the result of their own labor. Their time for schooling was from January till planting time; and from laying by till gathering time. Their chief amusements were going to corn-shuckings, log-rollings, and quiltings; but the happiest time for them was when on Christmas eve, with their "little brown jug," they went serenading, and "ate, drank, and were merry," till Christmas was over. Early in 1861 some of them began to go to Edgefield Court House, and there they heard some of the fiery speeches about the "infernal Yankees" trying to rob us of our rights. They saw other men called "Minute Men" wearing a badge, commonly known as a cockade. Some of them got a badge and wore it home, it being looked upon by many with amazement, as being something very honorable to wear the red cockade. Soon thereafter this company was formed and organized. Being supplied with the general paraphernalia which go to make up a soldier's outfit, they were bid by their dear mothers and wives to go to the front and to do their duty for their country.

Soon letters came from the dear boys from the Camp of Instruction at Pole Cat. Next came letters from Pocotaligo, saying "we are expecting a fight soon," and, as was expected, the Yankees landed and a fight occurred, in which this company took part. After the battle was over two privates of this company went out on the battle field and captured a prisoner, the first captured in South Carolina. These two privates, Lemuel Harling and Russell Rhodes, went through the war and are still living. August, 1892. Really some of these men thought the war was about over, as they had whipped the Yankees; but they soon learned that they had turned up in Virginia and that they must go there.

I, being at that time a fifteen-year-old boy, at home, trying to help my father make bread and meat for these men, will leave the history of Company "K" blank up to April 12th, 1863.

During all this time I was miserable for fear the war would terminate before I would take a hand in the struggle. I could hear of the battles of Manassas and around Richmond, all resulting in victories for the Confederates. I then would have been glad to have heard of a defeat, because I thought it would prolong the struggle and give me an opportunity to take a hand. After awhile the welcome news came that Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Allen were at home on furlough and would return to the army early in 1863. Being anxious to return with them I feared my father would not let me go, as he had already sent four sons to the front. Besides, being only seventeen years of age, which was unfavorable to me.

On Sunday, the 12th of April, 1863, father and myself went to church at Little Steven's Creek. There we met Captain W. L. Stevens and Lieutenant Jim Allen, who informed us that they would leave next morning for Virginia. After a short conversation father took Lieutenant Allen aside, and I heard him say: "Jim, take care of my boy," and at the same time wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. Lieutenant Allen said: "Have your boy to meet us at Chappells to-morrow morning." We returned home and heartily ate dinner. Mother soon got my bundle ready, which consisted of two suits of clothes, needles, and darning thread, and plenty of victuals, well cooked, to last me a week. About 3 o'clock father had two horses saddled and at the gate, one for me and one for the servant, who was to take me to the neighborhood of Ninety-Six, so as to be convenient to take the train next morning for Columbia. I did but little sleeping for fear the train would leave me; but I was there in good time, and as soon as the train rolled up I got aboard for the first time, still holding to my bundle. As the train moved off I looked to see the last of the negro and the horses. Then for the first time tears came to my eyes, because it first dawned upon me that I was in reality leaving home and all that was dear to me, perhaps never more to return. When we reached Chappells, Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Allen boarded the train. I then felt perfectly safe. It was but a few hours run from there to Columbia, the Capital of the State, which I had never before seen. We spent the night there; next morning took the train for Charlotte, N. C. and changed cars there for Raleigh;

then Weldon; there to Petersburg, Virginia; from there to Richmond, where we spent the night. Next day boarded the train for Guinea Station, which ended our journey on the train. We then set out to find the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, which was camped at a place called Camp Gregg. It took its name from the brave General Gregg, who was killed at Fredericksburg in 1862. He was Brigadier-General and was commanding the First, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth South Carolina Regiments. After three miles walk we found our Company "K" in high spirits, flushed with the victory gained at Fredericksburg. This was April 18th, 1863, that I spent my first night in camp. Next day my name was enrolled as a member of Company "K," and with the regiment I went to do picket duty on the Rappahannock. Remained on picket twenty-four hours—was then relieved and we returned to camp. We did not remain there three days, for about the 25th of April, early in the morning, the sudden booming of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg was a signal that the enemy were crossing the river.

Soon everything was astir. Orders had been issued to be ready with three days' rations to move at a moment's notice. Soon the long roll began to beat, and the hurried orders were to "fall in." We moved in the direction of Fredericksburg, and soon learned that Joe Hooker had crossed the river in heavy force. Before night set in we were in line of battle fronting the enemy, awaiting their advance. We remained fronting them for two days without any fighting, save a few artillery shots exchanged at long range. Early in the morning about the last of April orders came to move again. We learned the enemy had made a feint at Fredericksburg and had crossed the river about twelve miles higher up. We found them strongly fortified at a place called Chancellorsville. We bivouacked in front of them the first night, and about 9 o'clock next morning, being a part of General Jackson's command, we moved off as though we were on the retreat, but before sunset we found ourselves completely in rear of the enemy, whipping them most desperately and putting them in wild confusion. Night coming on, and General Jackson being mortally wounded, put a stop to the career of his victorious troops until the next morning.

At daylight we advanced again under command of J. E. B. Stuart, who was singing, "Old Joe Hooker, get out of the Wilderness!" and the boys shouting: "Remember Jackson!" It seemed that every man bent forward and did his whole duty. The enemy was moved from their strong breastworks into the tangled thickets of the wilderness, and such destruction I hope never to see again. Men fell almost in heaps. The woods being dry, caught fire from the bursting of shells, and I saw many men with every remnant of clothing burnt off, presenting the most sickening appearance imaginable—this being a memorable picture of the first Sabbath in May, 1863.

Night coming on, the enemy having been whipped, both seemed content to remain quiet—but there was not much sleep for fear of a surprise. The next day it began to rain and continued to do so all day. No regular engagement took place,—only sharp picket firing. By the next morning the enemy had recrossed the river, leaving many thousands of their dead in the hands of the victorious Confederates. We all returned to Camp Gregg, leaving many of our brave boys and messmates sleeping their last sleep. We remained in camp perhaps a month unmolested. During this time Company "K" was getting in fresh troops from the hospital and other sources, until we about regained our loss at Chancellorsville.

About the first of June the booming of cannon was again heard in the direction of Fredericksburg. Couriers again began to dart up to our Field Officers' tent with dispatches. Many men began to pack up to move, even without further orders. Soon the long roll beat again and we took up the march towards Fredericksburg. We were now leaving Camp Gregg never more to return to it.

Soon we found ourselves occupying the same ground as formerly fronting the enemy at Fredericksburg. We remained there several days. The enemy were at bay and did not advance. It seemed that Gen. Lee got restless for a fight and moved his army around the right wing of Hooker's, and of course the enemy withdrew from Fredericksburg. We moved on for several days without coming in contact with them. We found ourselves on the borders of the Potomac River, and it was then even known by the privates that another great battle would be fought north of the Potomac. The whole army

crossed over, the bands playing: "Maryland, my Maryland!" The troops were in the highest spirits—flushed by the victory they had won at Chancellorsville. Shouting and yelling almost continually, they did not seem to think of defeat.

We still moved north—had not as yet seen the foe. We then found we had marched through Maryland and were in Pennsylvania. We rested for a day or so and then moved again. Across the Blue Ridge Mountains, and then we bivouacked in the Cumberland Valley. And sad, sad indeed that it was the last before the last sleep of so many of our brave boys.

Early in the morning of July 1st we were ordered to "fall in," and we hastily moved in the direction of Gettysburg. It was not long before we heard an occasional roar of the cannon, and it then became known that our advance lines had at last found the enemy, and that we, too, would soon be engaged in battle. As we came nearer the more constant and rapid could the firing be heard. About 10 o'clock we came in sight of the enemy. Without halting we filed out of the road to the right and formed line of battle in the edge of the woods. There we saw the wounded who had been engaged with the enemy returning—some stating they had been cut up badly and a great many had been captured. Col. Perrin commanded McGowan's brigade, to which the Fourteenth South Carolina belonged. Col. J. M. Brown commanding the Regiment, ordered the Regiment to lie down until other Regiments could form on our left. We could see the enemy just in the edge of the town behind a strong rock fence waiting for us to advance. The ground over which we had to advance was open—nothing to shield us from the shot of the enemy. At the word "Attention" we formed in open field, in plain view of the enemy. The orders were, "hold your fire men, and close in with the enemy." We advanced in splendid order and when in 200 yards of the enemy they opened a terrific fire on us with both artillery and musketry, sending the missiles of death into our faces and plowing great gaps through our ranks. Still we obeyed orders to hold our fire. We advanced—filling up the space made by our fallen, and when we had gotten within about fifty yards where the enemy were posted, our lines wavered, caused by filling up the spaces, and it now seemed that

our thin lines were destined to almost complete annihilation. We were fired upon from right, left, and centre, and to retreat would have been complete destruction. Just at this time Col. Perrin, seeing our situation, came charging through our lines and at a time when it seemed that no living being could escape the thick flying missiles of death. But the brave Colonel dashed along our thin lines, waving and pointing his sword at the enemy. The men redoubled their resolutions and made a dash for and captured the rock fence. The enemy fled in disorder. Then came our time for sending the death-dealing shots into their broken ranks,—equally as they had of pouring it into our unfortunate faces as we had advanced.

Soon the town of Gettysburg was in our possession. McGowan's brigade, under the command of the brave Perrin, had won the day, but at a great sacrifice. At least one-half his command had been killed or wounded and was compelled to halt. Had another as equally good brigade then come up to follow the pursuit of the flying enemy, the three days battle at Gettysburg would have ended in a complete victory to the Confederates.

Just here let me say in honor to the brave Colonel Perrin, that his dashing through our lines at its most critical period, was the most daring and gallant act I have ever seen executed. And to him your humble writer gives credit for the victory won on the first day of July at Gettysburg. He was complimented by Gen. Lee and on the field made Brigadier-General.

I will now close my chapter and give the record of Company "K" from Dutch settlement, which belonged to the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment. It was then commanded by Capt. J. H. Allen, and, as well as I remember, the strength of his company at Gettysburg was 43; and I am in possession of the list of casualties sent by him to the Edgefield Advertiser. It read thus: killed, 6; wounded, 29; missing, 2; total, 37—leaving only 6 to march back in ranks to Virginia. Besides the 6 killed, I remember 3, at least, died of their wounds at the Field Hospital in less than 26 hours.

The above casualties will show something of the severity of the battle of Gettysburg. But this little remnant of Company "K" safely retreated with the Army of Virginia, and finally winter-quartered in 1863, at Orange Court House, on the banks

of the Rapidan; and had comparatively a good long rest. And then we had preaching and prayer-meetings in camp.

During the winter our company recruited to almost its former strength, and we afterwards took part in all the important battles under Gen. Lee. There were the Battle of the Wilderness, Battle of the Hornet, or Spottsylvania C. H., Noel's Station, Second Cold Harbor, Ridley's Shops, Deep Bottom, New Market Heights, around Petersburg, Jones' House, Reams' Station, Hatcher's Run, and on the South Side Railroad at Trevillian Station. But in all these close regular engagements Company "K's" losses did not exceed that of the battle of Gettysburg.

The small remnant of this company surrendered at Appomattox under command of Captain W. S. Allen. Then, in their well-worn old uniforms, came to their homes on Sleepy Creek without a penny with which to begin the battle of life. But they had not forgotten their former occupations, and any one visiting them now would not find men of fine dress, but sit down to dine with them you would be filled with home-raised ham and plenty of other good things to make any one content and happy.

Dear reader, the writer of this is quietly and comfortably at home, with his wife and little boys, striving to serve the Master in remembrance of His goodness to me, and praying that I may meet my dear unfortunate comrades gone before.

R. H.

MRS. LUCINDA HORNE.

The History of Edgefield cannot be complete without some notice of Mrs. Lucinda Horne, and I feel that I could never forgive myself were I to send this book into the world without her name in it.

In 1861 Cornelius Horne and his wife Lucinda were living in Edgefield County near Kirksey's. They had only one child, William F. Horne, who was grown up. Husband and son both enlisted in Company "K," Fourteenth South Carolina Volunteers, and as they had no home or other children, and her whole life being wrapped up in the lives of her husband and son, she also volunteered and went to the front with them. She remained with them until the close of the war, undergoing

all the hardships incident to a soldier's life. She was loved and respected by every member of McGowan's Brigade. She was with her husband and son in all of General Jackson's hard marches always on hand when the regiment went into camp and prepared their scanty meals. When in winterquarters she took in washing besides her own, thus making some money, which added to their supplies. Her husband and son wore cleaner clothes and which were nicely patched by her industry through her love for them. Always just before a battle she would find out where the field hospital would be and she was always there to minister to the wounded and dying. "I remember," writes Mr. Rufus Harling to me, "while we were in line of battle near Petersburg in September, 1864, we had a fight at a place called Jones' Farm, and in this battle her son William was wounded, and then the kind hearted mother was ready to wait on her only son. She went with him to the hospital in Richmond and nursed him so as to be able to return home with him. Her son lived, I think, about 12 years after the war and then died of the wound received at the battle of Jones' Farm. After the son's death she travelled with her husband in a small covered wagon, peddling until just before her death, which was early in March, 1896.

"Mrs. Horne met with a reunion of the old Fourteenth Regiment at Greenwood, S. C., in August, 1891, and she was unanimously elected an honorary member of the same (the Veterans Association) and was carried to dinner by our old surviving Colonel J. N. Brown. I have often thought that had it not been for this good woman I might have been numbed with the many whose bones have been left in Virginia, as she gave me some good soup when I was sick, which seemed to revive me after a spell of sickness."

In their journeys through the country this loving and devoted couple, whom only death could part, sometimes ran great risks from high water. On one occasion they undertook to cross Half Way Swamp Creek when the water was too deep and they came very near drowning. Providentially they escaped with their lives and but little damage to their goods.

This couple, whose love and devotion to each other no words can express, were scarcely ever apart from the beginning of the war until the death of Horne.

"She was buried at Chestnut Hill beside the son she followed so faithfully throughout the war. She was eighty-two years old, and has left her husband behind to mourn her loss."

After the war Mr. and Mrs. Horne and their son were living happily together when the son was so unfortunate as to be thrown by a mule he was riding, and the fall so injured his wound as to cause his death. The son had married some time before his death.

I feel that this brief record has not done justice to this heroic woman's career, but I have not the material to write more, and I could not do less.

COMPANY I, TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Roll of Company "I," Twenty-fourth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. I am indebted to Rev. E. Capers, Colonel commanding Twenty-fourth Regiment, for kindly copying and sending me this roll:

A. J. Hammond, Captain; L. B. Weber, First Lieutenant; Jas. M. Lanham, Second Lieutenant; R. S. Key, Third Lieutenant; Thos. J. Adams, Orderly; J. H. Adams, Second Sergeant; B. U. Lanham, Third Sergeant; T. H. Curry, Fifth Sergeant; S. B. Lanham, First Corporal; J. H. Yeldell, Second Corporal; T. L. Tucker, Third Corporal; J. S. Reynolds, Fourth Corporal.

PRIVATES.

M. Medlock, J. W. Carpenter, J. M. Lanham, T. P. Anderson, John A. Mays, A. Sharpton, Jr., J. Kimbrell, Ezra Moore, Samuel Cook, John Bryant, H. A. Drasing, George R. Morgan, Wm. Grisham, J. Grisham, Jno. Miles, G. W. King, J. M. Riley, Jno. Shippe, John Mallet, L. H. Keitt, S. W. Sullivan, E. Reese, S. J. W. Clarke, D. Y. Clarke, W. L. Coleman, James F. Burton, J. E. Muse, Wm. Quarles, Robert Breckenridge, Jas. Larke, Jas. Padgett, John Leigh, Jno. Mays, James Howard, Wm. Harden, F. M. Coleman, W. P. Delph, R. A. Adams, W. E. Rodgers, Wm. Bryant, Wm. Clarke, S. Clarke, Jere. Cartledge, Samuel Cartledge, W. L. Miles, R. H. Williams, Jno. Hardy, J. Moore, Nicholas Bodie, Jno. Duncan, J. W. Buff, George Allen, Jno. Permenter, Benj. Burton, Charlie Burton, R. Murrall, Adam E. Carpenter. Total, 69.