

**HISTORY OF THE FOURTH
REGIMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA
VOLUNTEERS, FROM THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR
UNTIL LEE'S SURRENDER.**

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History of the Fourth regiment of South Carolina volunteers, from the commencement of the war until Lee's surrender. by J. W. Reid

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J. W. REID

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HISTORY
OF THE
Fourth Regiment
S. C. VOLUNTEERS,
FROM THE
Commencement of the War until
Lee's Surrender.

BY J. W. REID.

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INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER: The Fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers was made up principally from Greenville, Anderson and Pickens (which then embraced what is now Oconee) Counties.

The field officers were J. B. E. Sloan, Colonel; Charles S. Mattison, Lieutenant-Colonel, James Whitner, Major. Samuel Wilkes was Adjutant, A. C. Cooley, Surgeon, —Burnham, Assistant Surgeon, Henry Cauble, Commissary.

The Captains of Companies were Kilpatrick, Humphreys, Dean, Anderson, Pool, Hawthorne, Long, Hollingsworth, Griffin and Shanklin, with a full quota of Lieutenants and non-commissioned officers.

This Regiment was called out April 14th, 1861, and went to Columbia, S. C., from which place I wrote my first letter home, and from that time on I endeavored to give an account of our travels until the Regiment ceased to be even a battalion, in July, 1862. As the reader will see, I wrote a great many letters to my family during this period, which were all taken care of and which I have here copied from the originals, leaving nothing out, except a few things of a private nature. I have also used precisely the same language that I did in the letters, because I could use no better

In writing the letters at that time I stated nothing but facts in regard to our movements, or what I thought to be facts, and I can also say that I still think them facts.

A goodly number of my old companions in arms and others, knowing that these letters had been preserved, have urged me for several years back to have them

published. I have at length concluded to do so, hoping they may to some extent interest the reader and benefit the writer. Please pass over all errors, as I have never studied grammar a day in my life, and am by no means a learned man. I hope that grammar is not what you want, but a plain statement of facts. These pages are written so the most illiterate person can understand, and if so, most assuredly a scholar can. Without further remarks, I will say, "Such as I have, give I unto thee."

Very respectfully yours,

Greenville Co., S. C.

J. W. REID.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT
—OF—
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1861.

There has nothing important transpired since I wrote you a few days ago. Since the taking of Fort Sumter I have heard of no more fighting, but as the ball has opened there is no telling at present how or when it may end, but it cannot reasonably be doubted by any one that is familiar with the present situation of affairs, that there will be fighting to do, and a great deal of it.

I have no doubt in my mind but that we will be sent on to Virginia soon. Everything seems to point that way. Virginia is where the Federal army is concentrating its forces, and there is where I think we will meet them; and if we do go I will try to keep you posted on our movements, our ups and downs, our outs and ins—at least, so long as I am able to do so—until hostilities cease, should I be spared through it all. Let our united prayers be that I may be spared.

Since coming to Columbia I have met up with a great many of our friends and acquaintances from Greenville and some of our relations; also, some from Pendleton and other places. Your brother Robinson Tripp's two eldest sons, William and Elias, are here, and your cousin, Ware Childers. David Kessler of Pendleton is also here. I shall not at present give you the names of acquaintances that I have formed here. I may have occasion in future letters to refer to some of them, and sad to contemplate, it is probable that I may have to chronicle the death of some of them.

Our boys here are very jubilant over the taking of Fort Sumter, and so am I. But the the taking of Fort Sumter is not exactly taking or whipping into submis-

sion the Yankee nation, or Yankee army. That thing remains to be done hereafter, if at all. It will not be done in a day. Big men seem willing to drink all the blood that will be spilled in this war. I do not feel quite drouthy enough to do so myself, and I think they will have to be as big as they feel before they do so. They may possibly be able to drink all they themselves have shed, but I fear they will not be able to take the whole bottle. Time will show.

We are still drilling every day, but so far as I am concerned I could drill them as well as they can drill me, as you know I have been a commissioned officer ever since I was eighteen years old, and already understand military tactics and army regulations very well. Nevertheless I drill with the balance of them. When we are not drilling the time is pretty much taken up by drinking popskull, frying pan cakes and bruising around generally. You may ask: Why fry pan cakes? Ans: Because the dough sticks to our hands and we don't know how to get it off. Please send me a receipt. We make the latter with a spoon.

Most of the boys here think that we are just going to have a frolic. I think so too, but I fear that we will have to dance something besides hornpipes and jigs.

It reminds me of

" A Highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion ;
He heard the distant cannon roar
And saw the smiling Ocean."

Our immediate neighbors are mostly all well. Mr. J. J. Land is sick, but not dangerously so. I will write soon, Providence permitting.

Yours as ever, J. W. REID.

NOTE.—I had written two or three letters to my wife before this one, but as I had given her no instructions to keep them, they were therefore not taken care of as those I wrote afterwards. However, they contained nothing that would interest the reader of to-day. Neither will those that will follow the preceding letter for some time, but in order to pre-

serve a connected account of the movements of the glorious Fourth, they are inserted. It ceased to be even a battalion in the latter part of 1862. When I arrive at that point I will inform you as near as I can of what became of the few that were left of the "Bloody Old Fourth," as it was familiarly known. Now, dear reader, follow me and get it all.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 14, 1861.

Everything and everybody is in commotion here to-day. We have orders to make ready to start to Virginia to-morrow. I suppose there is no doubt but that we will go, and if so, the Lord alone knows when we will get back. Most assuredly, with some of us at least, that time will never come. But don't let the thought of that disturb you at all. Try to think that I will be among those who will get back, and I will try and think the same; in fact I do think I will. There seems to be something within me that assures me that I will get back, and still I am by no means certain of it; neither can I be, but still I feel as as though I would. Since coming to Columbia I have visited all the places of note in the city; and although I had been here often before, I had never been to the lunatic asylum before. I expect I should have been there long ago. It may be that they can bring insane persons to sanity there. I can't say, but I can say that it would work the other way with me, for I was not there but a short time, and in less than three hours afterwards I hardly knew whether I was a rebel soldier or an Irish Yankee. There is, however, a glimmering possibility that going to the ayslum was not the prime cause of my insanity, as several of the boys swear that they have seen me so before from causes too delicate to mention. At any rate I did not again visit the ayslum, but I did visit Hunt again.

There were several herefrom about home and from Greenville to see us off in the morning. If we do go you will hear of it in a day or two. I send you my carpet bag and contents by Mr. E. J. Earle. He can tell you more than I now have time to write. I send you my likeness by Mr. Earle also.