

abreur, Beau Ideal

at most charming au-
aft, in holy light.
ed tomb
adows of the night
the gloom;
s beneath the sod
and devotion
ell—next to his God!
riot's portion."

the gallant Butler fell
was spared to render
the State on many a
contested battlefield.
olina demanded of him
cheerfully he gave it.

Gettysburg.

Gen. Hampton was
Says the gallant Wells
Hampton and His Cav-
of six chambers of
apped, this pistol hav-
to much wet weath-
ght before, and a fed-
in getting in a sabre
of his head and fore-
one discharge did its
ds, seeing one of his
ed, Hampton dashed to
when the trooper es-
ederal, a good sword-
on his new adversary.
the wound in the head
what with the general's
enabled the federal to
guard, inflicting a bad
head; but it was the
e, for Hampton's sabre
own to the chin, a feat
and newspapers airily
heroes, but which is
ed, and never, except
arm and skilful hand.
a shrapnel struck him
gh, and he was obliged
permit his wounds to

anges now from Vir-
Carolina. Hampton's
d covered themselves
the time had come
and Second South Car-
ere to return home to
ble after the terrible
he Army of Northern
of those who marched
er destined to return
did come back were
eterans, "veterans" in
of the word, a word
d at times. On the
Gen. J. E. B. Stuart,
at Yellow Tavern,

other commands in the "C. S. A.", and
that they were well officered proved
itself later. Upon the arrival of the
"New Issue" of cavalry, there was a
disposition to jeer at the men, because
of the fact that they had up to that
time served on the coast and had seen
but little active service.

Our cavalry reached Virginia, when
the infantry of Lee's army had been
offering rewards "for a dead cavalry-
man." Of course, it was said in a
jest, for that army was composed of
too gallant a class of men to utterly
ignore the services rendered by the
old "brigade," which had earned lau-
rels for Hampton and Butler, and for
every man serving under the battle
flag of the Confederacy.

The campaign of 1864 opened with
the fight at "Hawe's Shop," in quick
succession "Trevillian Station,"
"Nance's Shop," and now the "New
Issue" had become veterans. For ser-
vices in that Trevillian campaign,
Gen. M. C. Butler was made major
general and that at the ripe age of 28.
It is useless for me to attempt here
to write the history in full of the cam-
paigns of 1864, abler pens than mine
have done this, so I pass on to a period
when the men who left South Carolina
only a short time as the months flew
by, would soon return reduced in num-
bers, nearly starved, all tattered and
torn, yet conscious that under the
eyes of Lee, Hampton and Butler (for
these two names are closely linked to-
gether), as soldiers they had rendered
good and faithful service to their
State, and to the government whose
cause they had espoused to the death.

On the 27th of October, the battle of
"Burgess' Mill" occurred. Here Gen.
Hampton was called upon again to
witness the death of his son Preston,
a gallant young fellow, who had but
just attained his twenty-first birthday.
A general favorite throughout the
command and his death deplored by
officers and men with whom he came
in contact. His brother Wade, who
was on the staff of Gen. Joseph E.
Johnstone with the rank of major,
hearing that a battle was imminent,
volunteered to serve on his father's
staff that day, fell seriously wounded,
and Maj. T. G. Barker, former adju-
tant of the "Hampton Legion," later
brigade, and division adjutant general
for Gen. Hampton, and his "Fidus
Achates," fell seriously wounded, and
not far away some of his couriers were
either killed or wounded. It was a
sad and terrible day to those connected
with headquarters. Preston was the
beau ideal of a soldier, tall, well pro-
portioned, a beautiful face, hair as
black as a raven's wing, clear, deep
blue eyes, and when mounted every
inch the soldier. The story is told of
him that in the heat of the fight in
that terrible conflict at Brandy Sta-
tion, his father going into action,
threw off his overcoat in order that his
sword arm might be free and handed
it to "Preston," his orderly. "Press"
held it a second, then cast it on the
ground, saying in an understone: "I
came here to fight, not to carry
coats," and dashing on was soon by
his father's side in the charge. A grim
old sergeant was heard to exclaim: "A
chip of the old block."

A few days after Christmas the di-
vision commanded by Gen. M. C. But-
ler was ordered to Columbia to meet
Sherman. Under that order they
marched and safely reached their des-
tination. What befell that city time
nor space does not permit me to tell—

achieved, turned his sword into a
plowshare, and was probably the first,
certainly among the very first, to in-
augurate on a large scale the culture
of cotton—

"The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish
mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the
sea with ships * * *
And only bounds its blessings by man-
kind."

But cotton does far more than this—
it clothes the masses of the entire
world. You might stop forever the
production of wheat, on which the
Western nations chiefly subsist, or
rice, which feeds the countless millions
of Asia; yet the people would not
starve, but would adapt themselves to
some other form of food, which boun-
teous mother earth would yield to
them in return for their labor. But
destroy forever the cotton plant, and
the masses of the world would be
naked, would perish of cold—only the
members of the plutocracy would sur-
vive (survival of the unfittest), sump-
tuously clothed in purple and fine linen
bought with gold ill-gotten from the
sweat of the people. York wore the
white rose and Lancaster the red, but
the cotton-flower is the symbol of dem-
ocracy—it is in the helmet of the peo-
ple fighting the battle of life.

And this invaluable heritage is
chiefly the gift of a Hampton, and his
grandson, our own Hampton, was one
of the largest, if not the largest, of
the cotton planters of the world, up
to the beginning of the war of 1861-65.
But, thus rendered wealthy himself,
he did not selfishly absorb the benefits
of this prosperity, but with open hand
made his honorably acquired riches
an instrument "gladdening rich and
poor." He did not do this by osten-
tation, plutocratic, sensational, vul-
gar "gifts" of comparatively little of
the money stolen from the public, as
is the up-to-date fad of multi-mil-
lionaires, but by genuine charity,
where the left hand knoweth not what
the right hand doeth, and by generous
hospitality.

And then one thinks of Hampton,
when the clouds of the sectional con-
test began to darken the sunny skies
of the South. Thoroughly believing in
the legal and moral right of secession
(as all educated people everywhere
did in the bottom of their hearts, if
not befogged by the eloquent sophis-
tries of Webster afterward tactily re-
canted), he yet deprecated its exercise
at the election of Lincoln, but when
his sovereign, the people, decreed for
secession, he was among the first to
buckle on his armor, and the last to
divest himself of it. Without previous
military training, a citizen-soldier, he
won by sheer merit the insignia of a
lieutenant general of cavalry, one of
the only two that held that rank in
the Confederate army. If Forrest, also

statesman, built by the people's money,
by their affection, should be erected
at the capital city of his native State.
But your labor of love should not end
there. Charleston, whose greatest
honor it is to have given him birth,
should raise toward the heavens a
token of her appreciation in bronze
and granite; and so should every town
in the South, nay, at the North, also.

Not for his sake—he needs it not—
but for your own let your children and
your children's children to the re-
motest generation read, in the uni-
versal language of art, the history of
this man's career, which is the history
of "the times that tried men's souls."
The day will surely come sooner or
later, unless all history is a lie, when
the country will stand sorely in need
of Hampton's political heir. In the
meantime, study his methods. Every
prosperous farm and busy factory,
every church and school house, every
thriving town and happy home is a
monument to Hampton. But though
the public has a good heart, it pos-
sesses but a short memory. Therefore
it is that the lessons of the past should
be taught by noble monuments that
compel attention—so that he who runs
may read—in spite of himself, must
read.

Edward L. Wells.



GOVERNOR HAMPTON.

Striking 'Photo by Reckling Which
Few Have Ever Seen.

* The Tomb of Hampton *

In Trinity Church cemetery, in sight
of the equestrian statute and under
the sheltering arms of a great oak
tree, rests the body of Lieut. Gen.
Wade Hampton, over him a tomb of
pure white marble, and upon it written:

Sacred to the Memory of
Wade Hampton,
1861—Lieutenant General C. S. A.—1865,
Son of

man in search of bear, deer and game. He is tall, about six feet, well proportioned and sits lightly and easily in his saddle. His horse of sufficient height and weight to bear easily the graceful rider, master and horse know each other, and every movement indicates it, for a horseman should have "an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and woman's hand."

His helmet of the French dragoon regulation, of black leather, silver mounted, white horse hair streaming in the wind. The coat of dark blue broadcloth, silver bell buttons, coat trimmed with silver braid, "buck-skin" trousers, and jack-boots reaching to the knees, suspended at his side the cavalry sabre of that period. From the holsters of his saddle projected the butt of brass mounted horseman-pistols.

It is a gala day in old Columbia, for following the parade, the "tournament;" there are prizes to be awarded the best horseman, swordsman and pistol shot. Cast your eyes along the smooth even stretch of road, and you will notice three posts the height of a man mounted—a wooden arm projects and pendant a wire from which a brass ring is suspended, the fourth post sustains the Turk's head, the fifth a circular target painted white with a black center. With the sword in "terce point," the rider is expected to take the three rings, and with the "right cut" sever the head and then slinging the sabre to wrist, draw pistol and pierce the bulls eye.

Hampton, The Victor.

On each side of the track, carriages containing ladies, buggies with hand-come couples, watch the riders as each in turn tries his own mettle and the mettle of this steed. Over the immense crowd a stillness reigns. Suddenly from out of the cloud of dust, a horseman emerges and a universal shout proclaims Hampton the victor.

Joe Randall, the colored bugler of the troop, makes the welkin ring as the name of the winner is announced. How many interested in the sport of that day, anticipated that nine years later, the members of that troop would be in active service—under their then captain—in the Army of Northern Virginia.

It was from just such material that Hampton organized the finest cavalry in the world. To fish, to ride and to shoot well was a part of a boy's education. Thus it happened that the services of these youngsters were called into play as couriers and scouts at cavalry headquarters. Gen. Hampton could readily find his way through the trackless forests of Mississippi, Virginia or the Carolinas with an ease which surprised his friends and enemies alike.

Hampton, the Woodsman.

With instructions from him, his scouts and couriers could find him no matter the distance they were compelled to ride in order to bring or con-

duct of crimes to the general was pathetic, and amounted almost to adoration. His hold upon all classes of people amounted to something more than the extraordinary.

The homes of the Hamptons and Prestons nestled in the valley, surrounded on all sides by lovely mountains. At the back door "Chiney Top" commenced and its peak rested under a cloud, or maybe upheld it, away in the distance. Whitesides loomed up, its side forming a beautiful palisade glistening in the sun. It was indeed a haven of rest—a veritable land of plenty. In the spring-house, hanging over the clear crystal water, could be seen venison, wild turkey, mutton, beef, partridges, pheasants, no fish, for there were none there until later when the general, and his brothers, Cols. Christopher and Frank Hampton, stocked the streams with mountain trout.

But all was anxiety now among those who had planted homes in this lovely region. There was a cloud seen no bigger than a man's hand at first, yet it was growing larger and larger—the forerunner of what would eventually prove a terrific storm. The cloud looked ominous, grew blacker and more terrible and at last burst over the South. The war for Southern independence had commenced—ushered in by the firing upon Fort Sumter, April 11, 1861.

Three Generations of Warriors.

Through three generations the Hamptons have been represented in the army:

First Wade Hampton, colonel in the Revolution, who saved the day at Eutaw; in 1808 made brigadier general and in 1813 major general in the United States army.

His son, Wade Hampton, was born in Columbia, April 21, 1791, and died at "Walnut Ridge" plantation, Mississippi, Feb. 9, 1858. He was a pupil of Dr. Waddell's celebrated academy and graduated at the South Carolina college. Devoted to field sports, he became celebrated as a fine shot, a deer hunter and his magnificent horsemanship carried him far ahead in the mad race to run "Master Reynard" to earth. His stable attracted many to visit his country seat, "Millwood," near Columbia. Imported stock purchased in England, some were from the stud of William IV. As a boy I can remember "Monarch," the sire of many a princely colt.

Col. Wade Hampton was the soul of honor and with a thorough knowledge of the code duello, many a serious difficulty has he adjusted, without resorting to the field. He believed that the code as written was to prevent and not to create duels. At New Orleans he was detached from the Dragoon regiment, formerly commanded by his father, to serve on the staff of Gen. Jackson, that high strung, sturdy old veteran who feared neither man nor God. It was Col. Wade Hampton who dashed across the country with



A BROW LEONINE AND KINGLY.

Photo by Bell of Washington Which Shows General Hampton at the Height of His Ripest Maturity.

believed by them to be truth eternal."

It is an established fact that that one command furnished to the armies of the Confederacy two lieutenant generals—Hampton and Stephen D. Lee—one major general, the intrepid M. C. Butler; three brigadier generals, James Connor, M. W. Gary and T. M. Logan—surely a splendid record. Thus far Hampton had been wounded twice: at the First Manassas and again upon the bloody field of Seven Pines.

The Brigadier.

On July 28, 1862, he was transferred to the cavalry with the rank of brigadier general, his brigade consisting of First and Second South Carolina, Jeff Davis legion, Cob legion, First North Carolina and Tenth Virginia cavalry. Perhaps one of the most brilliant fights in which Hampton was engaged was at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. It was a veritable cavalry engagement against heavy odds. Here the gallant Lieut. Col. Frank Hampton, overwhelmed by numbers, received his mortal wound, using his sabre as long as strength permitted, finally dying a hero's death. Col. Hampton was one of the finest looking men mounted that I can remember, the sweetest disposition, and generous to all with whom he came in contact. I recall one memorable day: There was a tournament and he appeared in the lists as herald. On a large and powerful horse, clad in armor from head to heel, his superb bearing, large body but graceful carriage, un-helmeted, with curly hair, bronzed features, and clear blue eyes. As he rode into the arena it reminded me of that character in Scott's "Talisman," Sir Kenneth, one of the most beautiful as

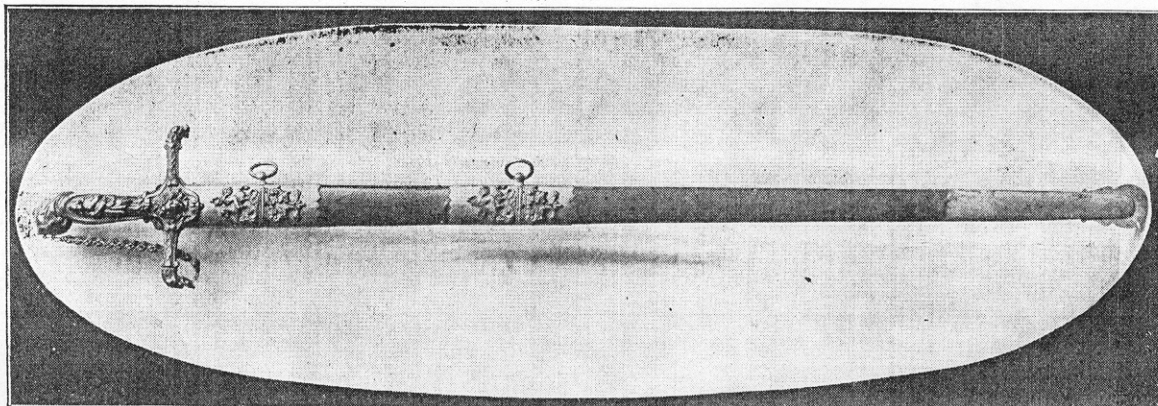
Hampton became commander of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia with relative rank, year 1864. Butler's brigade about to be organized and consisted of the Fourth, South Carolina, all designating it as the "New Issue" compared to the term "Vendevous of the difference taken from the coast war." Until ordered here, in they had not met as a Fourth South Carolina cavalry and one troop of that command knowledge had up to that mental assignment. Troop Fourth was in former days the world as the "Char Dragoons," but in 1733 a Great Britain they were "Charles Town Horse Guards" they were dubbed.

At any rate it was in happened as a private in brigade passed in review Hampton on the ground, as the "race course" of days. As our squadron pined that Gen. Hampton the full uniform of his represented by the artist stuhl, in that splendid stuhl Hampton now on the grounds and about to be a second time I met him in dress was in Richmond given by the president of the federate States of America around him grouped the wonderful days—men who old regime represented at home and abroad and that the cause of the South just and as sacred to time could make it.

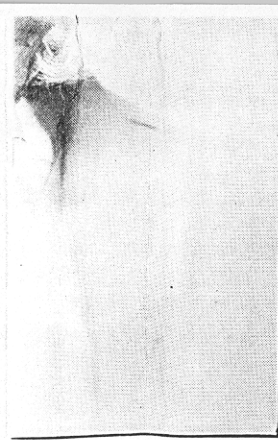
A Simple Uniform.

Later the uniform worn was as simple as an uniform could be made and it been difficult to have the semi-military looking, the commander of Lee's the Army of Northern Virginia insignia of his rank on his saccue alone designated other officers. His headquarters popular place for the gathering principal officers of all relations existing between and his personal staff was and there was not a man with his headquarters who willingly have died for occasion arisen to surrender. From the adjutant general's best follower had learned.

Soon after that review course, the brigade marched to Virginia. The regiment the men better uniformed



The Sword of Hampton, Perpetuated in the Bronze Memorial.



KINGLY.
vs General Hampton at His

on became commander of the of the Army of Northern Vir- with relative rank, this in the 864. Butler's brigade was now to be organized and that brigade of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Carolina, all designated at that e as the "New Issue," as com- to the term "Veterans." The ous of the different commands from the coast was at Colum- until ordered here, in many cases ad not met as a unit. The South Carolina came overland, a troop of that command to my lge had up to that time no regi- assignment! Troop K of the was in former days known to rld as the "Charleston Light ns," but in 1733 as loyal to Britain they were named the s Town Horse Guards." "Kid they were dubbed.

rate it was in that troop I d as a private when Butler's passed in review before Gen. on the ground, formerly used "race course" of ante-bellum as our squadron passed, I no- at Gen. Hampton, dressed in uniform of his grade, just as ted by the artist, Mr. Ruck- that splendid statue to Gen. n now on the State house and about to be unveiled. The time I met him in regulation as in Richmond at a reception the president of the "Con- States of America," and him grouped the giants of those ul days—men who under the time represented the "Union," e and abroad and now believed e cause of the South was as d as sacred to its people as uld make it.

A Simple Uniform.
the uniform worn by the gen- as simple as an undress uni- ld be made and it would have ficult to have recognized in il-military looking horseman, mander of Lee's cavalry of y of Northern Virginia; the of his rank on the collar of ne alone designated him above eers. His headquarters was a place for the gathering of the officers of all ranks, and the existing between the "chief" personal staff was charming, e was not a man connected e headquarters who would not ave died for him had the arisen to surrender that life. e adjutant general to the hum- lower had learned to love him. after that review at the race the brigade marched overland ia. The regiments were full, better unified than many

at least you know), how nobly he bore in old age his burthen of years, and the still heavier weight of undeserved misfortune, misfortunes coming to him through unselfish devotion to the wel- fare of his people. Courageous, cheer- ful, with always a winning smile for friends (and all that would be, were his friends) and a heart incapable of bearing enmity to any one, he at last closed his eyes peacefully murmuring: "God bless all my people, black and white."

But of all the chapters of Hampton's glorious and picturesque story none holds the entranced interest so well as that of his civil and quasi-military career during Reconstruction. Very proper it is that the first noble statue to this preeminently great soldier and

in publications to quote the language of the great fire fiend. It might be well for me to give the precise lan- guage of the creature:

"In my official report of this con- flagration I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was in my opin- ion a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Caro- lina."—Sherman's Memoirs, page 285.

Again: "Having utterly ruined Col- umbia, the right wing began its march northward toward Winnsboro." —Page 288.

The residence of Gen. Hampton was burned, "Millwood," built by Col. Wade Hampton, was destroyed—the former home of Wade Hampton the first of the name. The "Woodlands," then owned by Col. Frank Hampton, killed at Brandy Station, was also commit- ted to the flames; the Hampton man- sion on Blanding street was ordered burned, but was saved through the mother superior of the convent here, and was later restored to the Preston family.

Upon the evacuation Gen. Hampton proceeded in the direction of North Carolina. Some heavy fighting was done, viz.: at Munroe's house, where Kilpatrick narrowly escaped capture; next the affair in the main street of Fayetteville, Averysboro, and last of all, Bentonville. At Greensboro the curtain fell. I was separated from Gen. Hampton there, and never saw him again until the eventful campaign of 1876 commenced. I cheerfully and wil- lingly joined the "Red Shirts" and endeavored "to do my duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call me."

AN "APPRECIATION"

By Edward H. Wells

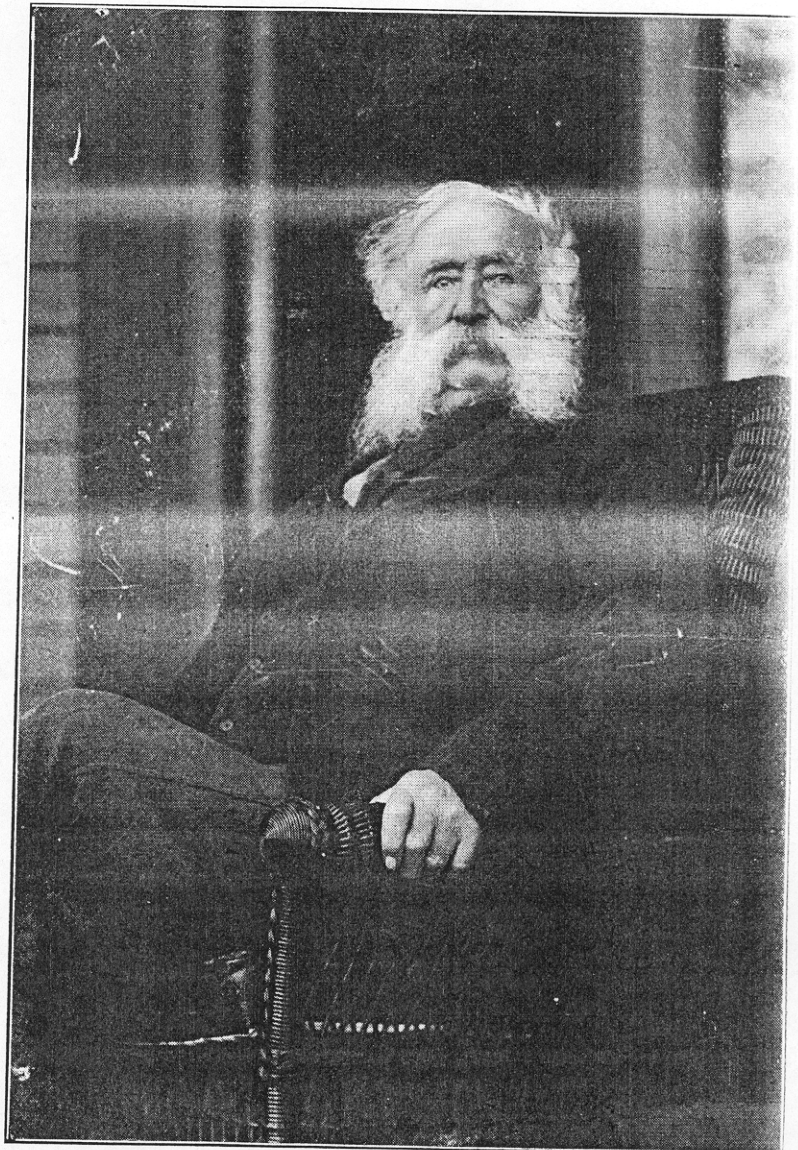
Mr. Edward L. Wells of Charleston, life-long friend of Gen. Hampton and author of a forthcoming book, "Hampton and Reconstruction" and of a well known book, "Hampton and His Cavalry," has been asked by The State to contribute something in the way of his recollections of the commander under whom Mr. Wells served in Vir- ginia. He has responded as follows:

It is easy to write many words about Wade Hampton, but hard to write a few. To begin is but to follow the natural promptings of the heart, but to stop is difficult, so prolific in in- terest is the subject. One's mind pic- tures him in youth in all the manly beauty and lovable character that at- tracted the good will and affection of young and old—heir to a name gilded with glory in two foreign wars, the only foreign wars of much con- sequence, in a military point of view, in which the country has ever been engaged. We hear the thrilling thun- der of his horse's hoofs as his grand- sire charges on the battlefields for freedom from imperial despotism. We see his sire, an aide to Jackson at New Orleans, galloping on his thor- oughbred through trackless forests bearing to the country the news of the most remarkable victory ever won on this (or any other) soil against a foreign foe. We remember that this same grandsire, when liberty had been

Died in Columbia, April 11th, 1871. Whole-hearted, Faithful and Lo-

"My sword I gave to him that s- succeed me in my pilgrimage and courage and skill to him that can it. My marks and my scars I g- with me to witness for me that I f- fought His battles who will now my rewarder. When the day tha- must go hence was come, many ac- companied him to the riverside, into w- as he went he said: 'Death, whe- thy sting?'"

"So he passed over and all the t- pets sounded for him on the outs-



GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

"GOD BLESS THEM ALL"

The following lines were written by Mr. L. T. Levin, shortly after the death of Gen. Hampton.

"All my people—black and white,
God bless them all,"
Were the last words that,
From his lips did fall.
As he lived, he died—without
One selfish thought,
And, dying, for his people
God's blessing sought.

His people, for whose cause,
He shed his precious blood;
His people, for whom he always
And fearlessly stood;
As stalwart as the oak,
That overhangs his grave,
His people whom he'd have
Gladly died to save!