

a letter to the Editor. Fairfax S. C. February 19, 1932.

~~Dear Sir,~~

Just a few memories of the many songs that General William T. Sherman & his Army did to South Carolina. I was just a young child 9 years of age (1865) but remember as well as if it was today when a gang of men came to our home late in the evening & took my Father's horses & saddled them caught our chickens & geese tied loads of them put them across the horses backs & glooped off with them. Then others of them tore the tops of our beehives off took what honey they wanted then turned the hives over to what was left then killed our meat hogs out of the pen butchered them took the meat & carried it a way to their camp & suppress. This was late one evening then the next morning at sunrise the whole Army began to pass our home. Then they began to finish taking what was left from what had been taken the evening before. They broke in Smoke house, took every piece of our house & said please a curse word & emptied the smoke house the kitchen cornhouse & every thing they could see.

but before they got all the corn one
 called himself a captain, ^{he told} my little
 brothers if they would put some corn
 in our house ~~the~~ he would not let
 the others bother it. so the little ^{children} got about
 3 bushels in ~~our~~ dwelling house & that
 was lury math full of food left
 for a family of eleven to eat.
 except about 1 or 2 lbs of bacon shurms.
 army did not happen to find. but they
 took every thing of any value they
 could find ^{they burned} several tenant houses that no
 one was living in.