"IN THE BATTLE OF FIRST COLD HARBOR."

This battle, better known as the Battle of Gaine's Mill, was fought on the farm of Joseph Richardson Haw's grandmother Watt.

This is the only copy we have of this article. Consequently, it will not be found in Sets 1 and 2 of the writings of Joseph Richardson Haw.

Confederate Veteran for January, 1926.

TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS.

BY CAPT. CADWALLADER JONES, GREENSBORO, ALA.

Early in the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, General Lee came in person and took McGowan's Brigade out of the works near the Courthouse and put us in line to retake our works at the Bloody Angle. We followed Harris's Mississippi Brigade, overlapping them on their right. We took the works in front of us extending far up as the big tree that was shot down by Minie balls; beyond that up to the angle the works were never retaken, the Yankees holding that line for about two hundred yards. My company was on the right of the regiment, so we extended just to the tree, where the two lines overlapped, we holding one side of the works, and the Yankees holding the other side. For only a short distance, I suppose about ten yards, there was nothing between us except the works, and that is the point where the big tree was, and where I was all day.

I was all day long within only a few feet of that tree, and the nearest man to it. I looked at the bullets hitting it. The fire was so constant right there it was almost certain death to try to shoot, so we got down to where we merely held the works and did not try to shoot. Our dead were so thick on the ground at this point that in some places the men had to sit on dead bodies. They could not stand up, because it would be certain death to do so. Occasionally a man would pop up, shoot quick, and drop back; and when a man was shot he was generally killed, for he was hit in the head or neck, so he would fall in his tracks and die there. None were carried off, not even the wounded. The Yankees had an enfilading fire to the rear from the Angle in the works. Where we were, we had traverses that protected us from this fire.

A strange thing happened at this part of the line right where the tree was. Sometime in the evening all at once both lines stopped firing, when a Federal officer jumped up on the works, and, with a sword in his hands, he called out that we had surrendered by order of a Mississippi colonel, giving no name. He walked backwards and forwards, for it seemed about a minute or more, on top of the works, then all was excitement and commotion and a confusion of voices. You can't imagine what a hubbub it was. I was right by the side of Col. Clyburn, of Lancaster, who was in command of the regiment. I was commanding my company. Colonel Clyburn was holloaing, "Shoot, men, shoot!" and I was holloaing, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" We thought they had surrendered; they thought we had surrendered. It was such a hot place, both sides were about ready to quit. The works were so constructed here that our line did not cover a ravine in front of us, not more than a hundred yards, which the Yankees held, so we could not see them except when they would rise up to fire, and they could not see us because we were protected by our works. In the confusion some men were holloaing to shoot, some not to shoot, and some to come over. The Yankees were calling all along the line, but I could not hear all they said. They had the butts of their guns turned toward us and were calling: "Come over! Come over!" They stood about ten deep in this ravine, and we were nearly as thick behind our works. They were in full view of us and right where I was at the tree, I don't think they were over one hundred yards distant. It has taken me a long time to write this, but this confusion did not last, I suppose, over a minute or two.

All at once a gun was fired and all popped down again in their places, and the usual firing went on and the affair was over.

I have never seen any account of this, and I have never seen anyone who was there with me, and I feel a hesitancy in writing it, for fear it will not be believed; but I have given it exactly as I remember it, now over fifty years ago.

That tree fell after midnight, falling diagonally across our works, and wounding many men. I never knew how many. We were withdrawn before day to a line a short distance in our rear, and the next morning not a live Yankee could be seen; they had retreated in the night, but the dead were left so thick you could almost walk on them.

The next day I took W. L. Roach, a sergeant of my company, with me and we went to see that tree. Of course we knew then that the Yankees had retreated. The tree was cut down entirely by Minie balls, and it was twenty-two inches in diameter. The stump has been sawed off at the ground and is now in the Museum at Washington, D. C.

When we got back to our regiment, Colonel Bookter, who was then in command of the regiment, ordered us under arrest and told me to stay in my tent the balance of the day and not to come out till the morning. He ordered W. L. Roach to be put in the guardhouse for the same time. The Colonel was an intimate and personal companion and friend of mine, and this made me so mad at the time I could almost have killed him.

I had intended to tell of the narrow escape I had in those works at the tree. I was sitting against one of the traverses close to the works when, some time in the evening, a Yankee popped up and aimed his gun just over the works right at me, fired and popped down again. He had his bayonet on his gun and was so close I could have caught hold of it. He missed his mark. It was done in a second and I saw him no more. It was the hottest place I had been in during the war. We were in one place from early one morning a little after sunrise till just before day the next morning, behind the works near the big tree. This tree was the only one shot down, but there were many small trees all along the line that were shot all to pieces, the splinters from them sticking into the men's clothing, to their annoyance.

The works were hastily constructed by driving down a double row of stakes like a tomato trellis and filled in with poles and dirt till they were three or four feet thick and breast high. Good works, and we held them.

[Captain Jones, now in his eighty-third year, was first lieutenant of the 12th South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He took an active part in the battle of Spotsylvania and gave these incidents of that experience in a letter to his brother, Col. Wilie Jones, of Columbia, S. C.]

IN THE BATTLE OF FIRST COLD HARBOR.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA. *

I have read, with interest, "First Lessons in War," by I. G. Bradwell, in the October VETERAN. His account of the part taken by his command in the battle of first Cold Harbor is no doubt correct, but when he undertakes to describe the battle and battle fields on the Confederate right, he is very much in error. He speaks of our men being decimated by the fire of the enemy in their chosen position behind "Powhite Creek"; that the enemy occupied a hill on the east side of the creek and millpond (Gaines's Mill), made more difficult to cross by the trees cut to fall into them, and so forth

Gaines's millpond and mill are a mile or more from the hill, or bluff, as some historians call it. The mill and pond are on the north side of the road leading from New Bridge over the Chickahominy Swamp to old Cold Harbor. The water, after flowing over the overspout wheel close to the road, crosses the road in a somewhat southeast direction, takes the name of Powhite, and flows through Gaines's farm, which is also called Powhite, and on to the Chickahominy swamp.

* Battle

It runs about at a right angle to both battle lines forming the right terminus of the Confederate line and the Yankee left terminus. Longstreet's Corps passed over this road to reach Fitzjohn Porter's line of battle, which was formed behind a small stream called Boson Swamp, on the Watt, Joe Adams, and McGhee farms.

A Massachusetts regiment, bringing up the rear of Porter's army on its retreat from Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam, halted at the mill and delayed our troops for a short time while Porter was forming his line of battle.

The plateau, and bluff occupied by the Yanks was a part of my grandmother Watt's farm, and Boson Swamp formed one of the dividing lines between it and Gaines's farm, flowing in a slight curve around the foot of the bluff. When a boy, I waded in the stream and it was nowhere up to my knees. The position on the Confederate right was naturally very strong; underbrush, briers, and the deep banks of the stream were very formidable, but on the center and left the land was of a more gentle slope. I am confident that neither Boson Swamp or Chickahominy were much swollen on the 27th of June, 1862, when this battle was fought. At the time Seven Pines was fought, nearly a month previous, the Chickahominy was flooded, and McClellan's roads and bridges were very incomplete, but on the 27th both roads and bridges were in good condition, the road in rear of this position especially so. Nor do I think the Yanks were so badly demoralized as the writer thinks. Fitzjohn Porter fought this battle, and he also fought at the battle of Malvern Hill, which was certainly a victory for the Yanks, as the Confederates were repulsed all along the line.

Walter Harrison, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of Pickett's Division, in his book called "Pickett's Men," describes vividly the final capture of this position by Pickett's Brigade, supported by R. H. Anderson's Brigade of South Carolina. Harrison was in the charge and within ten paces of General Pickett when he was wounded. Comrade Bradwell says: "In this battle ground is a Federal Cemetery in which stands an urn which contains the remains, or parts, of eighteen thousand Yankee soldiers killed in this fight and the one which took place here June 2 and 3, 1864. The Cold Harbor National Cemetery contains bodies of Federal soldiers gathered from the two battles of Cold Harbor and other battles in the surrounding territory. I had visited this cemetery shortly after it was established, and had seen a large mound said to contain unknown dead, and was sure that all of the dead were buried under the sod. To refresh my memory, I visited Hampton National Cemetery and interviewed the keeper, who had recently been the keeper of Cold Harbor. He told me there were eight hundred and eighty-nine unknown buried in the mound, and a total of nineteen hundred and seventy-one in the cemetery. At my written request, the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, has sent me a full list of National Cemeteries in the United States and the number of interments in each, and this is the official report for Cold Harbor, Va.: "Area in acres, 1¾; unknown interred, 1,338; known, 633; total, 1,971."

It may be of interest to know that there are interred in all National Cemeteries, from Louisiana to Alaska, 399,579 soldiers. Of this number about 10,000 are Confederates. This report is for quarter ending March 31, 1925. No doubt many of these have been buried from Soldiers' Homes and other places since the War between the States.

Secession was ratified in Virginia by a popular vote of 96,750 to 32,134, in 1861.—*Dixie Book of Days.*

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

William Hay, Surgeon, C. S. A.

CONTRIBUTED BY JAMES HAY, WASHINGTON D. C.

William Hay was born at Farnley, in Clarke County, Va., on January 19, 1833, the son of James and Eliza Gwynn Burwell Hay. His first paternal ancestor in this country was William Hay, who came to Virginia from Kilsythe, Scotland, in the year 1772.

Dr. Hay was educated at private schools in Virginia. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in 1858, and began the practice of his profession at Millwood, Clarke County, Va., in the summer of that year. As a member of the Clarke Rifles, a militia company, he went to Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid in 1859.

At the beginning of the War between the States he was first lieutenant of the Clarke Rifles, which was Company C, of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and took part in the first battle of Manassas, commanding his company during that battle after the captain of the company had been severely wounded in the early part of the action.

In the fall of 1861, he was made a surgeon of the Confederate army and was assigned to duty as surgeon of the 33rd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He remained with his regiment until the summer of 1862, taking part in the raid to Romney, W. Va., and was with the regiment during its activities in West Virginia and elsewhere.

In the summer of 1862, Dr. Hay was assigned to duty as surgeon in charge of the hospital at Staunton, Va. This was one of the largest hospitals in Virginia, and the fact that so young a man was given this important post attested the esteem in which he was held by his superiors. His duties were of the most responsible character, and he discharged them with conspicuous ability. He had the reputation of being one of the most expert operating surgeons in the service, and his executive ability was universally recognized. He had in full measure the love and admiration of his associates, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers under his charge.

During the battle of the Wilderness, in the early summer of 1864, he was ordered to duty in the field, and while there contracted a cold, which upon his return to Staunton developed into pneumonia, of which he died on June 4, 1864, and was buried with full military honors in the cemetery at Staunton, Va. After the war his remains were removed to the Old Chapel in Clarke County, Va.

SPARTAN WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

H. R. Edmunds, of Leesburg, Fla., refers to the "Spartan Mothers of North Carolina" as recorded in late numbers of the Veteran, and says: "My mother reared seven children, all girls but myself, and, when the time came for me to go into the army of the Confederacy, she sent me very cheerfully, and I think she showed just as much of the Spartan spirit as the mother who sent seven sons. My company was sent to Richmond to be drilled before we went into actual service, and as I was starting off, my sweetheart gave me a dandelion blossom. I asked her what it meant, and she said I had been playing the *dandy* all my life, now I would have to play the *lion*. Well, the first fight I was in a ball struck the side of my head and knocked me down, and I couldn't get up. The Yankees came along and took me prisoner, but they paroled me and let me go home. I went to see my sweetheart and became engaged, then shortly was exchanged and went back to the ranks. Soon I was in another engagement and was severely wounded, a three-ounce ball going through the left side of

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

by

Joseph Richardson Haw

Confederate Veteran for October, 1924

blockading squadron, and every effort to get off was unavailing. We signalled distress to Fort Fisher. News was flashed to Wilmington that the Advance must be captured or sunk when it grew a little lighter. The lifeboats began to drop into the water to carry the escaped prisoners to shore, just then the steamer floated off, and, going around the sand bar, made for Fort Fisher. Then we were safe!

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON, VA.

about Aug 8 1861

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The burning of Hampton, Va., the oldest English town in North America, by its friends and inhabitants was a patriotic act unequaled in the history of the War between the States.

This historic old town, located in Elizabeth City County, on the lower end of the Virginia peninsula, between the deep waters of the York, the James, and Chesapeake Bay, within three miles of Fortress Monroe, has been at the head of the column in every war since the country was settled.

The English found here in 1607 a small tribe of friendly Indians, called the Kecoughtan, who gave them hospitable welcome to their small village of eighteen houses and some twenty men. These Indians had large cornfields and lived sumptuously on fish, oysters, and game, with cornbread, which the English, under Capt. John Smith, enjoyed frequently at their hands.

In 1610, to avenge a murder committed by an Indian tribe some distance from them, the British sacked the village, killed twelve or fourteen of the inhabitants, and chased the remainder away. The next spring, 1611, the place was occupied by the British, fortified, and later laid out as a town, and has been in existence ever since. The town was fortunate in escaping the massacre of March, 1622. A fort was built at Old Point as early as 1609. In 1620, at the request of the citizens, the Indian name Kecoughtan was changed to Elizabeth City, after the daughter of King James I. In 1705 the town of Hampton was chartered by act of legislature in honor of the Earl of Southhampton, so we have now Elizabeth City County, and the town of Hampton.

At the beginning of the French and Indian Wars, General Braddock arrived in Hampton Roads, paid a visit to the governor of the State, then sailed around to Alexandria, and continued his march to his disastrous defeat. A large old-style cannon marks the beginning of the Braddock Road, placed by the D. A. R.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, when Lord Dunmore, the last English governor of Virginia, after burning Norfolk, attempted to land in Hampton with his motley crew of Tories and negroes, the citizens drove him off with "their trusty rifles," and captured several of his small ships. There were several other encounters with the British in which the citizens of the county and town acquitted themselves with great gallantry and bravery.

In the War of 1812, Hampton suffered severely. On the 25th of June, 1813, the British, under Admiral Cockburn, after having been repulsed near Norfolk, "turned to glut their vengeance on the little town of Hampton." Sending a force of 2,500 men, he then sailed to the mouth of Hampton Creek and shelled the town. The place was defended by 450 Virginia militia under Colonel Crutchfield, with seven small cannon. Taken in the flank by the British land force, they were compelled to abandon the town and retreat up the Peninsula, leaving it in full possession of the enemy, who held it for two days and then left it, after committing many outrages on the people. In the language of Governor Barbour, of Virginia, "private houses were plundered; gray hairs were exposed to wanton insult; a sick man was murdered in his bed; females were publicly borne off to suffer the last degree of unutterable violence, and the house of God given over to sacreligous outrage." The church communion plate was carried off, the church used as barracks, and the churchyard or cemetery as a slaughter pen.

+ Laning

By the census of 1860, Elizabeth City County had a white population of 3,180, but the next year she sent to the defense of the State one cavalry company, the Old Dominion Dragoons, Company, D, 3rd Regiment, Virginia Cavalry; one artillery company the Washington Artillery; and two companies of infantry of the 32nd Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division; besides many officers and privates to other commands, making in all more than three hundred and fifty volunteers.

The first battle of the war, Big Bethel, was fought just ten miles from Hampton, and Virginia troops took an active part in the battle. The Richmond Howitzers furnished the artillery. The only man killed in this battle, Henry Wyatt, of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, was a native of Virginia. Hampton remained in the hands of the enemy the whole war. It was converted into a negro camp, and thousands of negro men, women, and children were crowded into shacks and tents, many of whom sickened and died. "Beast" Butler commanded Fort Monroe a good part of the war, and kept up secret communication with Richmond through Miss Betty Van Lew, who was afterwards rewarded with the postmastership of Richmond by General Grant, when President, for her disloyalty to her State.

Both Grant and McClellan made Fort Monroe and vicinity their base of supplies; and large fleets of the navy were assembled in Hampton Roads to go forth to reduce Southern seacoast towns.

In the Spanish War, Hampton sent to Cuba, under General Fitz Lee, one company of infantry, Company D, 4th Virginia Regiment, which served two years, until honorably discharged, in the army of occupation.

In the World War, Hampton and vicinity sent to the front beside her men of the selective draft, a fine company of field artillery, Battery D. This battery, which had served on the Mexican Border, was used to drill other companies until late in the war, when it was sent to France. Forty-four commissioned officers were promoted from the ranks of this company to other commands. This battery has been reorganized and is now at Camp Bragg, N. C., for training, and will be ready for any emergency that may arise in the future.

Col. Jefferson C. Philips had charge of the troops that burned Hampton, and this account of the burning is in his own words:

"At that time the forces of General Magruder had moved up toward Hampton till they reached the north bank of Newbridge Creek, where they halted, and from the actions of General Magruder it was evident that he not only invited an attack from the enemy, but was anxious for them to attack. He moved his men about on that line, keeping them in touch so as to be ready to support any point. There was no demonstration on the part of the enemy. This was kept up the entire day, but no attack was made, and, with the exception of an occasional horseman at a distance, speeding away as if to carry information to Old Point or Newport News, none of them were seen.

"Late in the afternoon an order came to me to report to Magruder. I found him at the residence of Maj. George Wray, on the Back River Road—with his staff. He handed me a Northern paper and, pointing to an item which said that

the Federal forces contemplated occupying Hampton as winter quarters, said he had concluded to burn Hampton. He ordered me to take four companies, two cavalry and two infantry, and to proceed to Hampton that night and burn it.

"The companies designated were the Old Dominion Dragoons, of which I was captain, and the Mecklenburg Cavalry, Captain Goode; the Warwick Beauregards, Captain Curtis; and the York Rangers, Captain Sinclair.

"General Magruder also stated that Colonel Hodges, who would accompany us with his force, would furnish me with men to hold the cavalry horses, while my men burned the town, and also furnish a guard for the foot of the bridge.

"Accordingly, shortly after dark, we took up the line of march for the town, crossing Newmarket Bridge, which had been destroyed but partially repaired for this occasion, moved straight down the county road, stopping on the outside of the west wall of Old St. John's churchyard. Here we dismounted, the horses being taken in charge by some of Colonel Hodge's men. I then sent Lieut. G. B. Jones to inform Col. W. W. Jones and the old citizens of the town that we were in Hampton with orders to burn it.

"Colonel Hodges had furnished me with a lieutenant and twenty men, whom I placed at the foot of Hampton Bridge, telling them that if they were fired upon they would be supported. I then returned to the cross streets and made arrangements to carry out my orders, giving directions that each company should fire one quarter of the town as divided at the cross streets. They went immediately to work. About this time firing was heard at the bridge, and I sent to Colonel Hodges for reënforcements. He sent a company down at a double quick, which, on arriving at the bridge, immediately commenced firing and continued it till the fire of the enemy ceased.

"While this was going on, the soldiers had been busy and flames were seen bursting from the buildings on all sides, till it appeared that the whole town was a mass of flames.

"Having finished our work, we returned to the church wall. On my way there I remember meeting Lieut. John Wray, who had under his protection Mrs. Latimer, an old resident, and her bundle. She was very much alarmed, and I advised that she be taken to the house of Mr. Richardson, on what was known as the Beanpress lot, on county road, near Hampton, but now inside the town limits.

"As soon as arrangements were made, we started back, retracing our steps as on entering, marching up the Sawyer's Swamp road to the farm of Col. C. K. Mallory. There I found General Magruder, and reported to him that the town had been burned. We spent the remainder of the night on the grass in Colonel Mallory's yard.

"Very few houses escaped destruction, but on visiting the ruins sometime after that, I found one house—Joseph Philips's—in the part of the town I traveled through which had escaped, although somewhat burned."

Colonel Philips was promoted to colonel, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. His home was in Elizabeth City County, and many of his men lived in Hampton.

THE CAPTURED DISPATCHES.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

While General Lee was at Berryville, Va., on his advance into Pennsylvania, in a letter, dated the 20th of June, giving President Davis a summary of existing conditions with the army and its achievements since the beginning of the campaign, he concludes thus: "If any of the brigades which I left behind for the protecti
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"THE HAW BOYS IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES"

by

Joseph Richardson Haw

Confederate Veteran for July, 1925

Beauregard, whom we loved and honored and trusted to the end. But of all the great and skillful generals of the Confederacy, Johnston was regarded as the best one for us on this march, and we were proud of his wise and adroit command of us in his two last battles, Averysboro and Bentonville. He reviewed his small army at Smithfield, and his men always cheered him to the echo.

Only little remnants of his former great Western army, however, were now with us.

When the tidings reached us at Smithfield that Sherman was again moving toward us, we were ordered to pass on by way of Raleigh, Hillsboro, and Company Shops (now Burlington) to Greensboro, N. C. While we were camping near this last place General Lee's men began to pass by us, having been paroled at Appomattox. Johnston's surrender came nearly three weeks later. We claimed to have still about 35,000 men, while Sherman was said to have 110,000; Grant, 180,000; Canby (coming through Tennessee), 60,000—a grand total of 350,000. With only one man therefore against ten, Johnston realized that to fight longer would be only to go down defeated. Indeed, said he: "It would be but murder." Hence, his negotations and final agreement of terms with Sherman on the 26th of April, at the Bennett House.

With the oft circuitous and rambling routes of our march from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., I should estimate that we had walked at least five hundred miles. And those of us who hailed from the southern portion of South Carolina had to go on foot some three hundred to three hundred and fifty miles to get back home after Johnston's surrender.

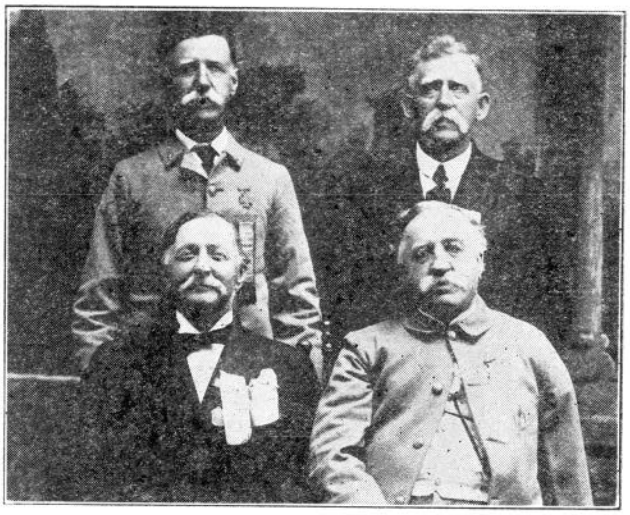
Along the way, on our return home, we met little else than tender words and kind treatment. This was especially so on the part of our noble, true, and gloriously patriotic women, who were ever ready to share with the Confederate soldier the last morsel that they were able to give. Everywhere they were ready to cheer and cherish; to feed the hungry and emaciated Confederate; and, in spite of our rags and dirt, the dear old "mothers" along the way would insist on our sleeping in the best beds at their command.

THE HAW BOYS IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

By Joseph R. Haw

Tradition says John Haw, the immigrant, ran away from his home in England and came to America because his parents wished him to become a preacher. He landed in Eastern Virginia and, after varied experiences, married a Miss Carleton and settled on Oak Grove Farm, in Hanover County, adjoining Studley, the birthplace of Patrick Henry. He died about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, leaving as heir one son, John Haw II, who, dying early in the nineteenth century, left two sons, minors, John Haw III, and Richardson Tyre Haw, also a daughter. John Haw III fell heir to Oak Grave farm and a water mill for grinding corn, and Richardson T. Haw to a farm one mile from Oak Grove.

Late in the eighteenth century there arrived in Richmond, Va., four members of the Watt family from the North of Ireland. The two brothers, George and Hugh, remained in Richmond as merchants, while the two sisters settled in Pennsylvania, where Pittsburgh now stands. Hugh Watt married Sarah Bohanan Kidd and moved to her farm, Springfield, on the Chickahominy River, in Hanover County, eight miles from Richmond. The hardest part of the first battle of Cold Harbor, 1862, was fought on this farm. John Haw III married Mary Austin Watt, daughter of Hugh Watt, and Richardson Haw married Margaret Mills Watt, her sister. As a result of these marriages, there were children of John and Mary A. Haw, two daughters and five sons; of Richardson and Margaret Haw, seven daughters and two sons. When the presidential election of 1860 occurred, Richardson Haw having died, there remained only eight male representatives of the Haw family in America. When the War between the Sates ended, six of these had served in the Confederate army; one, John Haw, being too old, and one, John Osborn Haw, too young. In the group picture are the four brothers, sons of John and Mary Austin Watt Haw; in the lower row are John Hugh and George Pitman Haw, twins, born July, 1838, and still living in their eighty-seventh year. In the upper row are Joseph R. Haw, born December, 1845, now in his eightieth year, and William Haw, born September, 1840, who died at Ashland, Va., in August, 1911. The single picture is of Edwin Haw, born December, 1843; died March, 1874. The one in uniform is Richardson Wallace Haw, son of Richardson and Margaret Haw, born May, 1838, and died in Chesterfield County, November, 1901. John H. and George P. Haw, twins, William, their brother, and Richardson Haw, their double first cousin, were members of the Hanover Grays. When Virginia seceded, the Hanover Grays entered the service of the State on the 23rd of April, 1861, and later became Company I of the 15th Virginia Infantry, serving under Gen. Bankhead Magruder on the Virginia Peninsula. With not more than 11,500 men General Magruder defeated General Butler at Big Bethel, then fortified and held a defensive line of fourteen miles against McClellan with the Grand Army of the Potomac, 118,000 strong, until Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived. The regiment fought at Dam No. 1, Williamsburg, and Barramsville. In the seven days fighting in 1862, Magruder held the thin line around Richmond while General Lee, with Hill, Longstreet, Jackson, and others, executed the flank movement which relieved



FOUR OF THE HAW BROTHERS OF VIRGINIA.

Richmond and defeated McClellan, the regiment fighting at Malvern Hill and at Sharpsburg.

In the retreat from the Peninsula to Richmond, John H. Haw was taken with a severe case of typhoid fever and was unfit for duty for a year. George P. Haw was elected first lieutenant in 1862 and commanded the company at Sharpsburg, it being then in Semmes's Brigade, McLaws's Division. Worn down by long marches, the company was reduced to sixteen men, and Lieutenant Haw was its only officer present. Three were killed and eleven wounded, Lieut, George P. Haw losing his left arm.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, the regiment was put in Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and went with Longstreet on the Suffolk expedition in the winter of 1862-63, gathering supplies for the army. The men suffered a great deal from exposure, being poorly supplied with shoes and clothing, many being barefooted. In 1863 the brigade defended General Lee's communications in Virginia until after the battle of Gettysburg. It captured and held Manassas and Chester Gap, securing a safe retreat for General Lee's army.

RICHARDSON HAW.

The winter of 1863-64 the brigade spent in an active campaign in Southwest Virginia and Tennessee, protecting Longstreet's communications, marching through sleet and snow, wading frozen rivers, many of them barefooted, the frozen roads cutting the blood from their feet, and camping with no shelter save the canopy of heaven.

In 1864 the brigade fought at New Bern, N. C., and, on May 16, at Drewry's Bluff, where Ben Butler was whipped; then with Lee at Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and the capture of the Howlett House Line; in 1865 it fought Sheridan at Ashland, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek. After the loss of his arm, Lieut. George P. Haw was assigned to light duty as conscript officer in his native county of Hanover, Va.

John H. Haw returned to his company early in 1864, and, as first sergeant, was with his command in the Tennessee and North Carolina campaigns, and fought at Drewry's Bluff, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and the Howlett House; was then transferred to the ordnance department at Selma, Ala., Navy Yard, where large siege guns were made of the fine Alabama iron for the navy and coast defense.

Sergt. William Haw was wounded at Drewry's Bluff, and at Five Forks was shot through both arms and his body just below the heart, captured, and remained in a Yankee prison hospital at Newport News until August, 1865. He was a splendid soldier and never absent from his command except on account of sickness or wounds.

Edwin Haw joined the regiment in the fall of 1864, took part in the fighting at Ashland, Va., Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek; was wounded at Five Forks, and paroled at Lynchburg, April 13, 1865.

Richardson W. Haw served through the whole war in the regiment and surrendered at Appomattox; was wounded at Drewry's Bluff. When the war ended, he was brevet lieutenant in charge of the ambulance corps of his regiment.

Joseph R. Haw, the youngest of the five sons, entered the service September, 1863; was assigned to the ordnance department and employed in the C. S. A. Armory at Richmond, where the Harper's Ferry machinery had been installed for making rifles All civilian employees of the government were put on a military footing and into battalions and a brigade under Gen. G. W. C. Lee for the protection of Richmond. The brigade was ordered out on many occasions to meet raids, and, in September, 1864, manned the works in front of Fort Harrison, which had been captured by the Yankees and held by them. On the 1st of March, 1864, the brigade met and defeated a detachment of Kilpatrick's command under Dahlgren, inside the outer works near West Hampton. Only three battalions came up in time to take part in the fighting, the first, or Armory Battalion, Scruggs's Battalion, and Henley's Battalion. The first battalion was more than a mile in advance of the brigade and met the enemy, double their number, and checked them, giving time for the next two battalions to form a safe line of battle. Joseph R. Haw, a member of Company A, 1st Battalion, was with his command in this fight and did his part faithfully also in the lines in front of Fort Harrison, where the constant picket duty in a flooded swamp for four months was very trying. On the evacuation of Richmond, Sunday, April 2, 1865, the employees of the ordnance departmnt were ordered to take the train for Danville, Va. A small number assembled at the depot, Joseph R. Haw among them, and took a freight train loaded with ordnance supplies (bullet molds, lead, etc.), past midnight, arriving at Danville on the 3rd after dark. J. R. Haw remained in Danville until General Lee surrendered; then, with a comrade, Albert Cuthbert, of Georgia, a member of the Jeff Davis Legion, walked to Bush Hill, near High Point, N. C., sixty-five miles, where he met with and joined Company A, 4th Tennessee (Shaw's) Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade, Dibrell's Division escort to President Davis; marched with them to Washington, Ga., where he was paid off in silver and gold and paroled May 10, 1865. He received $25.75.

EDWIN HAW.

Three of Richardson Tyre Haw's daughters—Sally Kidd, Cornelia, and Helen Marr—were matrons in Camp Winder Hospital, and six of them married men in the Confederate service.

At the close of the war George P. Haw entered the law class at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and graduated in 1867. His diploma, signed by Gen. R. E. Lee, President, is one of his most cherished possessions. He was Commonwealth Attorney for Hanover County for more than thirty years, retiring from a lucrative practive a few years ago. Now in his eighty-seventh year, he resides with a devoted daughter at Dundee, still attending and working in the Samuel Davies Group of Presbyterian Churches, of which he has been an active ruling elder for more than sixty years. Enjoying the society of his children and grandchildren, looking back without regret on a well-spent life full of earnest work and accomplishments, with the love and esteem of neighbors and friends.

John H. and William Haw, assisted by their father, leased the site of Putney Mills on the Pamunkey River (Sheridan having burned the mill), rebuilt the mill and a machine shop, and carried on this work for some years, rebuilding burned mills and contracting. They then dissolved partnership.

John H. Haw purchased the Old Piping Tree Farm and Ferry on the Pamunkey River and became a farmer. Quoting from a Richmond paper: "He has eschewed both politics and matrimony, but he is a mighty fox hunter, having more than a State-wide reputation, and the hounds raised at his kennels stand ace high in sporting circles. Until a few years ago he used to give house parties for his young relatives and their friends, invitations to which were highly valued." He is still active in his eighty-seventh year.

Joseph R. Haw, entered the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, in 1874, and graduated in 1876 in the full course of agriculture and mechanics; then spent one year as postgraduate and instructor. He was employed as foreman and superintendent in machine shops and as civil engineer on railroad construction until 1896, when he entered the Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., at Fort Monroe, Va., as engineer in classified service; was retired under the Civil Service in 1922; was married in 1891 to Miss Mamie Cumming, and has one son, Maj. Joseph C. Haw, West Point Military Academy, Class 1915, Coast Artillery Corp. U. S. A. He now resides in Hampton, Va., and is quite active for seventy-nine years.

ON THE DEAD LINE.

BY J. J. SMITH, COVINGTON, GA.

I was born December 20, 1840, near Lynchburg, Va. On the first call for volunteers, I joined the first volunteers from my county and went with them to Richmond for examination. My first wound of the great war was gotten here by being rejected on account of a leg that had previously been broken in a railroad wreck. However, the next year I tried again and joined the company from home that helped form Davidson's Artillery, where I was soon afterwards appointed sergeant.

So many of my boyhood friends in this company were such fine, superior fellows that they were transferred here and there as officers, and their places had to be filled with recruits. I swapped places with Tom Dawes, private in Anderson's Battery. Tom was eager to swap with me because he had a brother and other relatives in Davidson's Artillery. So he took my place and I took his as a private in Anderson's Battery, where I was subsequently made gunner.

This exchange separated us, his command fighting around Northern Virginia, while my section was sent to the west around Vicksburg. It was a striking coincidence that Tom, in far-away Virginia, was killed the same day that I was severely wounded and laid in the "dead line" near the Mississippi.

It was on the morning of May 1, 1863, when we were sent with a detachment of men to prevent Grant from landing at Port Gibson. We had been firing so heavily that we could not see beyond our guns. So I climbed up on a shanty to try to get a look over and beyond the smoke. No sooner had I gained this view than I saw the enemy close upon us, and the sharpshooters centered their fire on me, giving me four flesh wounds and one that was pronounced fatal.

I cannot refrain from telling of the wonderful courage of our first lieutenant, who was killed at this time. Lieutenant Norgrove was his name, and a braver man never went into battle. He had sworn that he would never be taken alive. Helpless and wounded, I was lying partly under a log and saw the Yankees charge upon him, yelling to him to surrender. He refused and kept fighting against the whole bunch, having only an iron rod as a weapon. The major who led the attack against him told me afterwards that this was the bravest man he met in the war and that he regretted to kill him.

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"HAW'S SHOP COMMUNITY, OF VIRGINIA"

by

Joseph Richardson Haw

Confederate Veteran for September, 1925.

rural scenes greeted my vision that I remember to have seen before or since. For miles, yes, as far as the vision would permit, toward the east a plain of unbroken forest—save the numerous interspersed farms which dotted the vast expanse, each with comfortable farmhouse and other essential buildings—was spread out before me. When I turned to the west, the view which presented itself was equally charming. Until the rhythmic tread of the Confederate soldier echoed through the valleys and gorges of this grand panorama, the blighting touch of war was perhaps never known in it. What a contrast with similar sections of the "Old Dominion!"

As the command moved down the western side of the mountain numerous charred fragments of the Confederate train, which was captured and destroyed on the morning of the 5th of July, were in evidence. A large part of the vehicles attached to Ewell's corps were included in this capture, including the entire train—wagons, forges, and ambulances—of Col. Thomas H. Carter's Battalion, and which included such vehicles of Reese's (Jeff Davis) Battery. This catastrophe left the entire command of the battalion without cooking utensils, hence there was no opportunity to borrow from neighbors.

This destitute condition of the men caused their ingenuity to launch many makeshifts, some of which had been previously developed by similar trials. Every old Confederate soldier remembers the split Yankee canteen, each half of which could be readily turned into a helpful convenience. A frying pan, a stewpan, and a corn and roasting ear grater are a few of the useful implements into which they were usually transformed. How often have the olfactories of the Confederate soldier been regaled by the welcome odor of the frying bacon, the juice from which added to the flour and meal gave zest to the bread. What Confederate soldier has never seen the metal ramrod of the musket, entwined with prepared flour dough, leaning to the heat of the log or rail fire, to be baked into nutritious bread. The same old soldier has seen the bark slipped from certain trees in the early spring, and the sections divided equally, each of which made an excellent substitute for a bread tray. He has seen sections of the same bark spread with prepared dough, made of both corn meal and wheat flour, and stood at the proper angle before the same fire and baked into nourishing bread. The makeshifts noted comprise but a few of the many expedients which the necessities of the Confederate soldier compelled him to devise. His descendants, who are well provided with all comforts and necessities through the courage and industry of their ancestor, can never fully appreciate the burdens and privations of that ancestor during his four years' service as a Confederate soldier.

Reaching Hagerstown about noon on the 7th, the troops of the Second Corps, Ewell's, and perhaps the entire Army of Northern Virginia, rested there without serious disturbance until the evening of the 11th, when Rodes's Division and Carter's Battalion of Artillery were moved through and about a mile and a quarter west of Hagerstown on the National road.

HAW'S SHOP COMMUNITY, OF VIRGINIA.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

Early in the nineteenth century, John Haw III began the manufacture of farming and milling machinery at the east end of his farm, where the road to Hanover Courthouse crosses the Richmond Road. The water power at the mill, which was only a mile from the shop, was used to drive the sawmill, foundry, and machine shop until, a fire having destroyed the mill, steam power was substituted for water power and the machinery moved up to the crossroads. Nothing daunted by adversity, John Haw pushed his work ahead, adding to his plant equipment and skilled labor as business increased until, between 1850-60, he was fully prepared to compete with any similiar plant in the State.

At this time Tidewater Virginia was at high-water mark of financial and social prosperity. Mr. Edmund Ruffin, one of the best theoretical and practical farmers in the whole South, had introduced improved methods of farming, and the abundance of green sand, marl, and oyster shell lime freely applied to the river lands had so increased their fertility that, to quote Mr. Ruffin, "seventeen million dollars were added to the assessed value of the land in this section between the years 1830-50." Wheat, the principal money crop, found a ready market at Richmond Flouring Mills, at that time probably the equal of any in the world. The flour made by them of this wheat was preferred above all others by South America and Australia, as it stood the long sea voyage better than any other flour made in America. The farms were very large, and each farmer endeavored to have his farm fully equipped with all the machinery necessary to build and keep up repairs and prepare all of his crops for market, such as sawmills, grist mills, threshers, etc. John Haw had won the confidence of the Tidewater farmers and other districts, and prospects were very bright in 1860-61 for the shop. Orders were booked to keep it running at full capacity for the 1861 season, and peace and prosperity reigned. Three sons of John Haw and one of his nephews were employed in this plant. His skilled workmen and apprentices were from highly respectable families, mostly well-to-do farmers of strict integrity, who, after giving their sons the benefit of such private schools as were available, preferred to give them a trade rather than a profession of doubtful utility.

The Haw's Shop Community was exceptionally temperate, law abiding, and patriotic. There was a Presbyterian Church, Salem, and a schoolhouse at the Shop; and, one mile farther on the Richmond Road, Enon Methodist Church. The schoolhouse had been built for a Temperance Hall in the time of the noted John B. Gough, temperance lecturer. Salem Church membership had been moved up from Hanovertown, a colonial port for shipping tobacco, and no doubt its members had in early days listened to the stirring eloquence of Samuel Davies, the pioneer dissenter, whose eloquence and fervent patriotism so inspired Patrick Henry. The pastors of the Church were men of refinement and education. One of them Henry Osborn, becoming a college professor and writer of note on scientific subjects.

Several years before the War between the States, the Rev. Tom Hooper, a nephew of John Haw, a brilliant young preacher, became pastor of this Church, and his earnest manner, fine address, and excellent delivery drew many to hear him, among them some of the élite of the land. On the Sabbath day the church and churchyard would present an interesting picture when the fine, silver-mounted coaches, drawn by slick, highly bred horses, shining in silver-mounted harness, drove up near the door to deliver their precious load of feminine beauty. There was the Courthouse contingent from the Courtland Estate, William O. Winston, his wife and two handsome daughters, Miss Betty, soon to become the bride of the handsome, gallant, dashing cavalry officer, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser; and Miss Sally, equally as pretty and attractive. The Signal Hill family of Bickerton Winston, his wife (who was Miss Bankhead) and daughters, Misses Margaret and Janey, the latter to become the wife of Major Waldow, of Savannah, Ga., a gallant cavalry officer; and the Dundee

cavalcade led by the head of the house, Dr. Lucian Price, mounted on his well-groomed, spirited black steed, followed by the family coach containing Mrs. Price, the English governess, and daughters, Misses Lizzie and Nannie, the former soon to become the wife of Dr. Johnny Fontaine, Jeb Stuart's medical director, who, after a short, brilliant career, lost his life while ministering to the mortally wounded General Donavant on on the field of battle. Following the carriage came the large bus drawn by a team of four, bearing the select boarders of the Dundee Private School, a bevy of handsome girls. Nearer the church may be mentioned the Pollards, of Williamsville, the Doctor and his accomplished wife and daughter, Miss Ellen, afterwards Mrs. Converse, of Louisville, Ky.; and the widow Pollard, from Buckeye, with her charming, curly-headed girls; not to mention many others and the cavalcade of gallant young men, who rode after the carriages on horseback.

After John Brown's invasion of Virginia in October, 1859, this abortive forerunner of what the people of the South were to expect from the Grand Old Party acted as a bugle call to arms, and in every community volunteer companies were formed. Among them the Hanover Grays, made up of the men of the lower end of Hanover County, including the Haw's Shop Community.

In the exciting presidential election campaign of 1860, the schoolhouse was used as a "Bell and Everett Clubhouse," and a flag bearing their names was unfurled to the breeze. Weekly meetings were held and there were warm debates between Democrats of the Calhoun and Yancey following, who championed the Breckinridge and Lane ticket and secession, and the Bell and Everett followers, who stood for the Union and the Constitution. On one occasion a Bell and Everett speaker asked his opponent if the South seceded what would they do for arms of defense, as the South had no supply. His opponent answered promptly with great vehemence; "We will fight them with flintlock muskets and double-barrelled shotguns, and, if these give out, we will fight them with these things that God Almighty gave us (shaking both fists in a most belligerent manner), until we wear them off up to the elbows." He never fired a gun nor volunteered.

At the election, John Haw, an Old Line Whig, his twin sons, and his nephew, R. W. Haw, voted the Bell and Everett ticket, the three last casting their first vote. Most of the shop employees eligible voted the same ticket, thus entering their protest against the rash act of secession and helping to carry the State for this conservative ticket. The next six months were filled with anxiety and suspense. The Southern States having seceded, Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to coerce the South, and Virginia cast her lot with the Confederacy.

When the Hanover Grays reached the Peninsula and went into camp, news was received that they were without tents or shelter of any kind. The schoolhouse and churchyard became a scene of activity. A meeting was held, and a committee of one appointed to go to Richmond to buy tent cloth, take the measure of the proper sized tents, and report. The cloth having arrived, the busy hands of the ladies of the community soon had very good wall tents made, which added much to the comfort of the boys.

In the meantime, the first battle of the war had been fought on the Peninsula at Big Bethel, but no particulars as to the casualties could be had, so with much anxiety and tears the tent making went on to completion. Scarcely were the tents shipped when an earnest call came from the Richmond hospitals asking to be relieved of their convalescent patients. The community rallied at once to meet their very urgent demand. The schoolhouse was converted into a very comfortable hospital ward, and another building near into a dining room and kitchen.

Farmers supplied abundant provisions, such as fresh lamb, mutton, chickens, hams, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and milk. Competent negro cooks prepared the food, supervised by matchless Virginia housewives of the community. Young ladies brought flowers to adorn the wards and sang the popular songs of the day to cheer the homesick lads. The memory of those pleasant days of convalescence clung to some of the lads through all the strenuous days of the war, and from their far Southern homes they recalled the scenes and heard again the songs sung by the maidens of this community.

John Haw and his wife, a Christian woman of remarkable executive ability, not only contributed liberally to the community hospital both time and material, but cared for convalescents all through the summer and fall at Oak Grove, their hospitable home, bringing them out from the St. Charles Hotel Hospital in Richmond and returning them when they had recuperated.

In the spring of 1862, McClellan landed his great army at Fortress Monroe, marched up the Peninsula, and besieged Richmond. His cavalry established a picket post at Haw's Shop to protect the right flank of his army. In June Jeb Stuart surprised his picket post by capturing the vidette near Oak Grove, chased the company back on the regiment, routed it, and rode around McClellan's army. On the 27th of the same month, the battle of Cold Harbor, sometimes called Gaines's Mill, was fought mainly on Springfield, the Watt Farm. Mrs. Sarah Bohanan Watt, a widow over seventy-five years old and sick in bed, was carried to a place of safety, the house taken for a Yankee hospital and filled with wounded. Mrs. Watt never returned to her home. She died in a few months at Oak Grove, the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Haw.

When the Haw boys volunteered and entered the Southern army, Haw's Shop was closed down, as nearly all of the white employees entered the service. It was suggested that the machinery be moved to Richmond and that John Haw have the men detailed and manufacture ammunition for the government. To this his sons would not agree, as it was thought by the men at the front to be cowardly to serve in what were called "bombproof" positions. Realizing that this valuable property would be destroyed by the enemy, John Haw, after McClellan had retired, sold it to the Tredegar Works of Richmond. Failing to invest the money in valuable real estate or other sound property, it was a total loss. Repeated raids by Stoneman, Spiers, Kilpatrick, Sheridan, the cavalry battle of Haw's Shop, and Grant's army swept the farm of everything worth taking—fences, crops, horses, mules, cows, hogs, chickens, turkeys, and vehicles—nothing was lacking to make the farm a barren desert but the sowing of salt on the land. The Tidewater District, once so prosperous, was now prostrate in poverty.

How John Haw and his boys and former employees returned to their homes, devoted themselves to the task of redeeming the land, helping to rout the scalawags and carpetbaggers and bring the land back to its fertility and productiveness is but the story of the whole section. The task was hard and strenuous. Many fell by the way, not equal to the strain; but Tidewater Virginia is again prosperous and her present generation true to the faith of the fathers.

"THE LAST OF THE C.S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT"

by

Joseph Richardson Haw

Confederate Veteran for December, 1926, and January, 1927.

(His experiences when he went south to keep on fighting after Richmond was evacuated in 1865.)

trees, the music of the wind in the pines along Front Avenue. What a silence clings about the old neglected plantations in the low country of South Carolina! What a place for memory to "just dream the time away"; how the little snowdrops touch your heart in the tenderest way because they bring to you the sweetest days you will ever know again. These wild flowers—the yellow jasmine, the Cherokee roses—are always beautiful because they grow everywhere out in the warm sunlight, with no one to take care of them on the old plantation, no one to love them but Mother Nature, who makes them so sweet.

But it is autumn now and the days have been going so swiftly, yet the old plantation looks just the same, except the wind seems to play a different tune through the tall pine tops and the air shows a brighter sparkle, the great live oaks standing like huge giants along the wide avenues, and the sunlight falls so clearly down on the long pine needles and the white sandy roads across the wide marshland near Wallace Bridge; the river flows by the black and muddy banks, sweeping under the new Savannah and Charleston Highway Bridge in the ebb toward the sea.

THE LAST OF C. S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The full history of the Confederate States Ordnance Department in book form would make very interesting reading. To Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, appointed by President Davis, at the beginning of the war, is due the creation of a very efficient Ordnance Department "literally out of nothing," to quote Jennings C. Wise in "The Long Arm of Lee." "It is not too much to say that General Gorgas was himself, in a large measure, the Ordnance Department."

When the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, all the machine shops, foundries, and rolling mills, including the large plant of the Tredegar Company, the one plant in the entire South available as a cannon foundry and rolling mill, were put to work on ordnance material. The machinery of the United States Harper's Ferry armory was installed in the Virginia State armory for the manufacture of the rifle musket similar to the Springfield arm used by the enemy. This armory was located at the foot, or southern end, of Fifth Street, between the James River and Kanawha Canal and the river fronting on the canal. It was a very substantial brick building, two stories high, forming a quadrangle inclosing a considerable area, the right and left sides dropping down on terraces to the river. On the upper terrace there was a very nice brick dwelling, surrounded by small grounds adorned with flowers and shrubbery, occupied by General Gorgas and family. Here it was that the celebrated General Gorgas, of Panama fame, spent four years of his boyhood. The water power of the James River was used to drive the machinery of both the armory and the Tredegar Company, which adjoined the armory.

The civilian employees of the government had been called out to man the trenches in September, 1864. The armory employees had been called in about the first of February, 1865, to dismantle the armory and ship the machinery to Danville, Va. This task had been about completed by the end of March. Saturday, April 1, was a typical April day. In Richmond the trees were putting forth their young leaves, the grass in the Capital Square was a beautiful green, and all nature was clothing itself in garments of spring. In company with my mother, I went down town and did some shopping, bought calico for thirty-five dollars per yard and handkerchiefs at twenty-five dollars each. Sunday was clear and bright, and I attended Dr. Moses D. Hoge's Church. There had been no startling news previous to this, and the streets were as quiet as though nothing unusual was going on. After preaching his sermon, Dr. Hoge stated that General Lee's lines had been broken through near Petersburg, and that Richmond would have to be evacuated at once. Edward A. Pollard, in his history of the war, gives a touching account of the scene between Dr. Hoge and his devoted people. I left the church as soon as the benediction was pronounced. That afternoon while passing the Capitol, I witnessed a man making a bonfire of unsigned money, very near the building.

The employees of the armory were ordered to assemble at the Danville depot to entrain for Danville. A very few, not more than twenty, including my brother-in-law, C. P. Cross, and myself, met at the depot about dark and waited until long past midnight. While thus waiting, we learned that the government storehouses were open and that goods, clothing, etc., could be had for the taking. Several of our party went around on Cary Street and reported the scene as *beyond description.* The storehouses were wide open and filled with men, women, and children, white and black. For light, they were burning bits of paper and dropping them on the floor still burning. One man, probably a soldier, fell through the elevator hatch, and nobody bothered themselves about him, so bent were they on plunder. We were finally ordered to board a box freight car, loaded with a quantity of bullet molds and pig lead. In one end of the car there were several mattresses and other household furniture, belonging, I presumed, to some ordnance officer. When morning dawned and we could see about us, we found the tops of the cars filled with soldiers from the hospitals, many of them badly wounded, but determined to escape capture and imprisonment, if possible. The train moved very slowly and did not reach Danville until dark on Monday night, having taken fifteen hours to travel about one hundred and fifty miles. We found the machines from the armory scattered about on the ground at the depot.

On Tuesday, April 4, we reported at the small arsenal and were given quarters in a building belonging to the Exchange Hotel. We were not required to do any duty and so had a season of suspense. Anxious to get news from General Lee's army, in which two of my brothers, in Pickett's Division, were fighting, I visited a newspaper office, where the paper was being printed on the blank side of wall paper, and with very little news in it. A visit to the hospitals gave no tidings from the front. Several people were taking their friends home. Several of us went foraging and bought very good fresh fish, red horse and suckers, caught in traps set in Dan River, for two and three dollars a piece.

While passing the depot one day, I was attracted by a man standing on a box acting as auctioneer. He was an elderly man, too old for military service, and evidently had come from his home in North Carolina with boxes for men of a North Carolina regiment. Finding he could not reach them, he was selling the contents of the boxes at auction. It was to me a pitiful and pathetic scene. He would hold up a string of dried pumpkins, and cry, "How much for this?"—or a poke of beans or peas, a large cake of gingerbread, a few apples or black walnuts, a piece of bacon or a pair of home-knit socks, until the box was sold out, then go through another. Where was the soldier boy for whom a loving heart had prepared this little treat? Was it well with him or was he lying cold and dead in front of Fort Steadman or on the banks of Sailor's Creek? Who could tell? President Davis and cabinet were in Danville at this time, and it was expected that the seat of government would be there. The President

delivered an address to the people, in which he said we never would yield one foot of Virginia soil to the enemy, but would return again and again to rescue it. He also said it would be wrong to say that the taking of Richmond was not injurious to our cause, that it was a great blow, but not one from which we could not rally, and if the people willed it they could be free.

Sunday, April 9, was a bright, quiet day, but a day of great suspense. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who had followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from Richmond, preached in the Presbyterian church a very appropriate sermon to a full house. On Monday afternoon we were ordered to report at a warehouse at 8 P.M., where we were informed that General Lee had surrendered the day before, and that there were some government supplies which would be issued to the men of the Ordnance Department. I find it difficult to describe my feelings on receiving this dreadful news. I went out of the warehouse and wept bitterly at this, my first great sorrow, and would have none of the supplies offered.

Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, the gallant cavalry officer who had fought his way out at Appomattox, arrived in Danville with Barringer's Brigade of North Carolina Cavalry, and offered to lead them anywhere. On Tuesday there was some disorder and robbery of government stores, which was put down by the military. Our party was joined about this time by Albert Cuthbert, of Georgia, a member of the Jeff Davis Legion. He was of a prominent Georgia family and a slave owner previous to the war. Being convinced that slavery was wrong, he manumitted his slaves and moved north and was living near New York. When his State seceded, he went home and enlisted to fight for the Southern cause. He had been transferred to the Ordnance Department and employed in the armory at Richmond, and in 1864 had been ordered to his regiment, then in 1865 ordered back to Richmond, and met us in Danville. He had just left his regiment with Johnston's army in North Carolina, and said that under Johnston's proclamation, calling for absentees to return to their commands, men were coming into camp by the hundreds. Cuthbert, who believed that the struggle would be continued, said he would return to his regiment and I, being of the same mind, decided to go with him. So on the 11th we packed our knapsacks, bade good-by to our friends, and took our seats in a train at the depot of the Piedmont Air Line Railroad. We waited in vain for the train to start for Greensboro, and then took the country road afoot, making about three miles before dark. We stopped at a farmer's whose house was filled with soldiers, some of them officers just out of prison, Grant having consented to an exchange when too late in the season for our men to reach their commands to join in the campaign. We had been asleep but a few hours when the farmer announced that his stable had been entered and several of his horses stolen. The officers offered to pursue the thieves, and Cuthbert and I, thus awakened, took the road and walked until the sun was well up in the sky, stopping near Yanceyville for breakfast. There were several daughters and one son in the family, and these young people were very happy, the son having just returned from prison. We walked all day and stopped at the very nice home of a Mr. Graves and were hospitably received and entertained. I was more than surprised to find the country so prosperous and the people so well supplied with provisions. This can be accounted for by the fact that Zebulon Vance, the governor of North Carolina, was one of the most patriotic, loyal, and efficient governors of the Confederate States. The State government had maintained a fleet of blockade runners, bringing in supplies of provisions and clothing for citizens and soldiers, having even furnished the Confederate government with supplies, such as shoes, etc.

At a little place called Locust Hill we found a merchant still selling goods for Confederate money. I purchased a pocketknife for twenty-five dollars, and a large, broad-brimmed white hat, which I think was made of wool, for one hundred dollars.

On the night of the 13th we stopped at an ordinary about eight miles from Greensboro; had very good fare for twenty dollars each. We reached Greensboro about noon on the 14th, found President Davis and cabinet there, also Governor Smith, of Virginia. Cuthbert had a consultation with Major Ambler, who in some way was connected with the C. S. A. government, who gave it as his opinion that the war was over and that nothing more could be accomplished. We, however, continued our journey and spent the night about three miles south of Greensboro. On Saturday, the 15th, we walked all day and reached Bush Hill, near High Point, that night and secured lodging with a Quaker family. There was a government harness factory here. Our host was a practicing physician, and the brother worked in the harness factory. This Easter Sabbath proved an eventful day for me.

After walking for some time I saw coming my way a squad of Confederate cavalry. As soon as they got in speaking distance one of the party said: "Where are you going, soldier?" I repeated my story, that the war was about over and I was going to my home in Virginia. "O, no," said he, "the war isn't over. Our division has been detailed to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River. We are pressing horses now, and if you will go with us we will give you the next horse we press." I accepted the offer at once. The first horse pressed was not a very good one for cavalry, but they gave him to me and I mounted to "jine the cavalry." The next horse was a very good young one which went to the leader of the party, John Vanhouser, who was just out of prison and needed a mount.

We passed High Point, came up with the command, and went into camp for the night. The command, a small cavalry division, had been detached from Johnston's army by General Beauregard to escort President Davis. It consisted of Gen. George G. Dibrell's Division, which comprised Williams's Brigade, commanded by Gen. W. C. P. Breckinridge; Dibrell's Tennessee Brigade, under Col. W. S. McLemore; and Hewitt's Battery, under Lieutenant Roberts. My comrades were members of Company A, 4th Tennessee Battalion, known as Shaw's Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade. The company was made up in Jackson County, Tenn., and was commanded by Captain Collins. Lieut. George H. Morgan was the head of our mess. He was a young man of excellent Christian character, genial disposition, much beloved by the boys and very kind to me. On Monday, the 17th, we passed through Lexington, where I saw some of my comrades of the Ordnance Department from Danville and asked them to apprise my friends in Richmond of my whereabouts and my probable destination. On the 18th we marched until about ten o'clock and camped near the Yadkin River until a railroad bridge could be repaired for the command to cross. On the 19th we passed through Salisbury and camped near Concord. There was at Salisbury a camp for Yankee prisoners, also a camp for "Galvanized Yanks," that is, Yanks who had deserted and joined the C. S. A. We took up the march about 10 P.M. and reached Charlotte early on the morning of the 20th. I was very nearly played out. I had marched in the last eight days sixty-five miles on foot and nearly a hundred mounted, bareback, and this night's march caused me intense suffering. President Davis remained in

Charlotte about a week, and we camped near there, changing camp several times. This rest in camp was very acceptable to me. Everything was very interesting to me, a country boy who for the previous eighteen months had been existing in the besieged city of Richmond, or in the muddy trenches, defending it. As we marched along the road, men in the fields, white and black, were plowing the young corn, beautiful colts were following their dams up and down the corn rows, fruit trees and flowers were blooming around comfortable homes. The fields were well fenced, and everything bespoke comfort and, to outward appearance, happiness. All of this could not fail to have its effect upon the spirits of the men.

General Gorgas, chief of ordinance, was at Charlotte with President Davis at this time. In an article in the "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," he says: "The labors and responsibilities of my department closed practically at Charlotte, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865, when the President left that place with an escort for the Trans-Mississippi. My last stated official duty was to examine a cadet in the Confederate service for promotion to commissioned officer in the ordnance department. He passed the ordeal in triumph and got his commission, which I dare say he prized very highly, as he ought to do considering the august body that signed the certificate" (General Lawton, Quartermaster General; General Gilmer, Chief Engineer; and General Gorgas).

Quoting from Capt. M. H. Clark, chief clerk and confidential officer of the executive office of President Davis's cabinet, who left Richmond with the President and who says in his account of the trip south: "I learned that at Charlotte a large accession was made to the cavalry force, including Gen. Basil Duke and his brigade; General Vaughn and some other detachments from Southwest Virginia; General Ferguson and other scattering battalions made quite a full force, about 4,000, which was taken charge of by Gen. John C. Breckinridge in his position as major general." He also says that General Duke had just previous to this won the most complete victory in his career, attacking and driving away from Marion, Va., a large force of General Stoneman's mounted infantry, who left dead and wounded on the ground, man for man, as many as Duke had under his command, "a brilliant sunset in the closing career of this Kentucky soldier."

Shaw's battalion had taken part in this fight, and a member of Company A had won the post of poet laureate for the company by writing a poem celebrating the victory. Captain Clark states that Capt. Givens Campbell, of the 9th Kentucky, and his company were detached for special service with the President, his men being used as scouts and couriers. I saw the President only once on this trip. We had halted and gone into camp about noon, temporarily, on the side of the road, when Mr. Davis, mounted on his fine bay, accompanied by his staff and cabinet, passed, appearing just as he did frequently on the streets of Richmond.

While near Charlotte we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln on the 14th of April. I do not recall that a single soldier expressed the least exultation, all of us taking it as a very serious matter and very unfortunate for us.

About the 25th we started on the march south and camped near the Catawba River. I think it was about this time the men began to talk of going home, and it was reported the command had already started for Tennessee. In discussing the matter I told my comrades if it were so, I would not continue with the command, but would start for my home in Virginia. They told me to go to see General Dibrell and ask him where we were going. To this idea of an insignificant private approaching a brigadier in person I stoutly demurred. They insisted I need have no fear, that the General would treat me kindly, and so forth. As there seemed to be no other way to decide this, to me, a very important matter, I went to the General's headquarters and found him camped on the banks of the Catawba River in a small A tent with a sentinel in front. I told the sentinel I wished to speak to the general. "There he is in the tent; go in and see him," he answered. Thus unannounced, I bowed my head and crept into the tent. The General and some of his staff were seated on some wheat straw, as there were no seats in the tent, while an operator was manipulating a telegraph instrument. I stated my case, told him I had joined his command at Greensboro to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River, but that the men were talking about going home, and in that case I would go home myself. He answered me in a sentence of five words: "We are not going home." I thanked him and beat a retreat to the tattoo of a very rapid pulse as my heart began to resume its normal condition.

The railroad bridge having been destroyed, the command forded the river, the men with small horses crossing by ferry. Our next camp was in Yorkville, S. C.

(Continued in January number.)

TRIGG'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY J. M. WEISER, DUBLIN, VA.

Chickamauga, "The Valley of Death"! How well its original meaning fitted on those eventful days, September 19-20, 1863, when the armies of the Confederacy and of the Union joined in what was one of the greatest and most spectacular battles of the war. Its roar, on account of the length of the lines of battle in action at the same time, was deafening, and said to have been heard at one point one hundred and sixty-eight miles in an airline. I saw a twenty-four-pounder Parrot, the report from which, by itself, would carry for twenty miles, repeatedly discharged, saw the flash and recoil of the gun, and yet could not distinguish its individual sound in the tremendous roar of musketry, and I was probably much less than a hundred yards away.

My attention has been recently called to this battle by an article in the September VETERAN, telling of the "drummer boy of Chickamauga." I belonged to Trigg's Brigade, which captured a brigade of Granger's Federal reserve. Possibly I saw this drummer boy, though I cannot now recall; but I may be able to explain the drummer boy's story of his deadly shot. Just about the time mentioned, Jim Chinault, an orderly, or courier, on Colonel Trigg's brigade staff, was shot dead from his horse, and may have been mistaken for a Confederate colonel. I relate the cirumstance for what it is worth.

The part taken by Trigg's Brigade I think worth recording, though not mentioned in a reference in a former issue of the VETERAN including many other commands.

We belonged to Bragg's third battle line, his reserve. We were called upon late in the afternoon of the 20th to attack the Federal line, which had stood firmly up to that time against the assaults of Longstreet. As we passed over his line, one of his men remarked: "Boys, you're going to catch hell now." He spoke truly, as the loss in our own regiment, the 54th Virginia, of over one hundred men proved, but we gave more than we caught and swept on in a magnificent charge carrying everything before us till we were halted suddenly just as we were about to take possession of a battery which had no defenders left, all either shot down or put to flight. Without orders, we began "fixing bayonets." Colonel Trigg came riding along the front. "Let us go get that battery," we were shouting. It was already ours, but we wished to demonstrate our ownership by laying our paws on

Among the soldiers of this army who saved themselves from capture with the greatest difficulty was Maj. William McKinley, who afterwards was elected President of the United States. It so impressed him that he never forgot his experience in this affair.

General Breckinridge's failure to push in a little farther so as to block the Valley Pike alone saved them.

What old Jube would have done with so large a bunch of prisoners at a time when all Southern prisons were overflowing with captives is a question.

LAST OF C. S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

(Continued from December number.)

It was on Sunday, the 30th, after passing through Cross Keys and over the Enoree River, that we learned from a Kentucky soldier, seated on the yard fence in front of a farmer's residence, that Captain Williams, of the 9th Kentucky Regiment, had been killed in a fight with a civilian that morning, and that his body was in the house awaiting burial. When we came up with the brigade that night, I learned from Lieutenant Morgan something more of the affair, as his brother, Capt. Job M. Morgan, quartermaster of the 8th Tennessee, was a witness of the killing.

On May 1, we marched until near the Saluda River and went into camp to await our turn to be ferried across. At Abbeville we came up with the Confederate States treasure in charge of Capt. William H. Parker, Superintendent of the Confederate Naval Academy. The steamer Jamestown was the school ship and the home of the Academy. It was kept in James River between Richmond and Drewry's Bluff. On the 2nd of April, Captain Parker was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, S. K. Mallory, to take charge of the Confederate treasure with his corps of midshipmen and entrain for Danville. From that time until the 2nd of May he had guarded it, conveyed it from Richmond to Danville, through North and South Carolina, into Georgia, and back to Abbeville by railroad and wagon train. Here, by order of Secretary Mallory, he turned it over to Gen. Basil Duke intact. Captain Parker, in his account of this trip, published in the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 16, 1893, pays a glowing tribute to his corps of officers and midshipmen for their discipline, integrity, and fidelity under the most trying circumstances. The corps consisted of officers besides Captain Parker: Captain Rochelle, Surgeon Garrison, Paymaster Wheeler, Lieutenants McGuire, Peek, Sanxy, and Armistead, and about sixty midshipmen. On the 4th of May, while still in camp near the Savannah River, we were paid off in specie. A blanket was spread on the ground, on which a bucket of Mexican silver dollars was distributed in little piles, one for each member of the company, twenty in each pile, and gold and small change added to make very nearly $26. Although I had been with them a very short time, they very kindly shared equally with me, giving me very nearly $26. Some years ago there were stories written about the disposal of this money which reflected on Wheeler's men. To refute these fictions, I will give as brief an account as possible of its disposal, quoting from M. H. Clark, whom I have already mentioned, and who was appointed by President Davis as Assistant Treasurer, and who acted as the last Treasurer of the C. S. A. government.

The whole amount of the treasure which, it appears, reached Charlotte, is put at $327,022. Major General Breckinridge took command of the troops at Abbeville and marched with them across the Savannah River. Dibrell's Brigade stopped near the river, while the others went on to Washington. By request of the men, General Breckinridge stopped the train and took out $108,322.90, which, at $26 each, would pay off 4,166 men, and this was paid out on the next day, the 4th of May. Other payments included the President's guard, consisting of disabled Confederate soldiers commanded by three one-armed officers, Captain Coe, Lieutenants Brown and Dickinson, unattached officers; Captain Parker and the midshipmen and officers; a few men of the Marine Corps; a part of General York's Brigade, and many other government employees. President Davis ordered the specie silver, amounting to about $40,000, to be paid over to Major Moses, quartermaster, to buy rations for paroled soldiers on the way to their homes to relieve citizens of the burden of feeding them. Captain Clark says the last payment, made at Washington, Ga., was $86,000 in gold coin and bullion to a trusted naval officer to be taken out of the country to be held for the Treasury Department. In the article I have quoted from Captain Parker says that this was not done, that it was not taken out of the country, and that this money was not accounted for. No attack was ever made on the Confederate Treasury. It was guarded faithfully from Richmond to Washington, Ga., and nearly all of it disbursed there, nor did Mr. Davis receive any of it in person. The train was never with him. He found it at Abbeville and left it there, and Captain Clark says he did not pay out any money to him.

There was no rioting at Washington, though the town was filled with soldiers under no command. Money from the banks of Richmond, accompanied by the bank's officers, amounting to about $230,000 which had been with the train up to this time, was turned over to these officers. I have seen it stated that a mob captured this money and divided it among themselves; that the banks tried very hard to recover their money, but never did succeed.

We had learned on the 3rd that General Johnston had surrendered on the 26th of April, and that General Dibrell considered his division entitled to the same terms. On the 5th, we moved camp up the river to where the Broad flows into the Savannah, a beautiful camping ground in a grove of oaks and hickory, with bowlders of gray rock scattered through the wood and the river convenient for bathing. It was now generally known that the President had left the cavalry and that negotiations were now in progress for surrender. Men talked of going home and began to prepare for that event. Many of them expected to take up farm life again and raise horses for the then depleted market. With this end in view there was a lively trading of horses, and a mare that possessed the qualities of a breeder rose steadily in value, and many a silver dollar went in boot between a gelding and a mare, while the possessor of a large white stallion was the envy of the command. Going home to many of these Tennesseeans and Kentuckians was a rather serious business, as they would meet neighbors against whom they had been fighting for four years. Several of our company continued their journey to the Mississippi River and, no doubt, got over that stream. We remained in camp here until the morning of the 8th, when we marched to Washington, Ga., for the purpose of being paroled. There was a very small force of Yankees in the town, probably a company. Several of the best scribes were busy filling out the parole blanks. On the morning of the 10th, to my surprise, the bugler sounded "boots and saddles," and the command broke camp and moved out on the road to take up the line of march. The Federal officers having received orders to parole the divisions, allowing none to keep their horses save the officers, General Dibrell decided to march his men as near their homes as possible, so that they could disperse and retain their horses. Learning that some of the men who were dismounted were

going to take their paroles and go home by rail, I rode my horse down to the provost marshal's office, and, in company with the dismounted men, got my parole. I then rode back to the company, bade them a long farewell, and turned my face homeward.

In 1866, I received a letter from Lieut. J. H. Morgan saying that at Chattanooga, Tenn., the men of Dibrell's command were halted and their horses taken from them by the Yankees; that an order was issued soon afterwards restoring the horses, but that many of them were not returned. Some years ago Congress appropriated $30,000 to pay for these horses that were thus taken contrary to the terms of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and the men were reimbursed. Lieutenant Morgan became Attorney General of Tennessee and died about 1900.

Federal cavalry having torn up the road through South Carolina made it necessary for me to ride to Chester to take the train. I met Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, in citizen dress, traveling in a one-horse spring wagon, drawn by the sorrel stallion which he had brought all the way from Richmond. The wagon seemed to be loaded with personal property. He stopped to make inquiries about the road, etc., which I answered as best I could, and we then passed on.

I spent the night in Abbeville, and on the 12th I passed through Cokesbury and crossed the Saluda at a ferry. Everything was very quiet as I rode through South Carolina. As a rule, the negroes had not left the plantations, and I could see them at work in the fields every day. I shall never forget these last views of a closing era. I remember passing a field of young corn across which there marched slowly, with hoes in hand, about twenty negro men and women, fighting grass. They were neatly dressed and kept the line dressed as straight as a company of soldiers. Behind them walked, with head erect and stately tread, a negro man clad in a dark Prince Albert coat, dark pants, white collar, and necktie. "You are having the work done?" I said. "Yes, sah, I am gwine to have some of it done." On Sunday the 14th I crossed Broad River. It was a quiet, bright Sabbath day, and along the road I could not help observing the order with which the negroes observed it. There was a group of negro quarters on the roadside, and the negroes were seated in front of them. Everything was in the best of order, the negro women dressed in neat, clean homespun checks, with clean white handkerchiefs tied turban fashion around their heads, all looking the picture of health and contentment. This was the last picture of the old time, for when I reached Virginia the liberty license idea had filled the negroes' heads and they had crowded to the cities.

Early in the afternoon I stopped at a house near Chester to get lunch and the lady gave me a slice of ham and a slice of bread. Her son, when I told him I would have to leave my horse, gave me a twenty-dollar bank note, stating solemnly that it was good Yankee money. As there was, for very good reasons, nothing better to do, I gave him the horse and Colt revolver for the bank note. This was just four weeks since I had, on Easter Sunday, "jined the cavalry." I entered Chester just before dark. The place was filled with paroled soldiers. I saw no Yankees. I took the train for Charlotte on Monday morning, May 15, and found my parole good for railroad fare to my home, as an order had been issued granting this privilege for sixty days to all paroled soldiers. At Charlotte I was joined by R. F. Bell, a young soldier of the 30th Virginia Regiment, on his way to his home in Spotsylvania County, Va. He was accompanied by a member of Barringer's Brigade, who had two very bad saber cuts on the head, received in a charge in the last fighting in Virginia. Bell was not yet eighteen years old. He was sick in a hospital in Richmond and paid a negro ten dollars to carry him on his back to the depot to leave the city, and kept going until he reached South Carolina.

In Charlotte I discovered that my twenty-dollar bank note would not pay for two drinks of lemonade; had to produce the hard specie. Learned here that some of Johnston's army received one dollar and fifteen cents pay in silver when paroled.

On the 16th we took the train for Danville, where I found, to my disgust, that the train for Richmond in the morning would be a freight. Bell secured sleeping room on a flat car and made our blanket bed with a Pennsylvania Yankee returning home on furlough. The Yank was very happy and took a great liking to Bell. Thus was the bloody chasm spanned when two Rebel boys slept peaceably under the same blanket with a Yankee soldier. At Burkville Junction we took the top of a box car on a freight train for Petersburg, arriving just before night. Early the next morning I went out on the street to buy something to eat. The town was patrolled by Yankee sentinels at almost every square. The first one halted me and asked if I had a knife. I asked him what he wanted with it, and he said "to cut those military buttons off!" said I could cut them off or go to see the provost marshal. I had at some expense and trouble procured Virginia State buttons and valued them very highly, so I started for the provost marshal's office, and as soon as out of the sight of the sentinel, cut them off and put them in my pocket. This was a general order, and many paroled soldiers evaded it by covering the brass buttons with cloth. Many of us had no change of citizen's clothes to wear. On the 18th Bell and I took train for Richmond. At Manchester we found the bridges burned, and we crossed on a pontoon bridge. At Franklin Street I met my one-armed brother, Lieut. George P. Haw, on his way to Newport News prison camp and hospital to visit my brother William, who had been desperately wounded at Five Forks and was confined in that camp, called the "Bull Pen." Bell and I remained in Richmond that night and on the 19th walked about the town to see the effects of the fire. We found a good part of Main and Cary Streets in ruins and Yankee sentinels at almost every square. Numbers of negroes were loafing on the streets, having come in to town to fully realize their freedom. On the 20th of May we took train on the Virginia Central Railroad (now the Chespeake and Ohio) for our homes. R. F. Bell was a brother of J. B. Bell, bookbinder, stationer, etc., of Lynchburg, Va. He died in that town about 1903.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

SKETCHES COMPILED BY MRS. A. A. WOODSON, EDGEFIELD, S. C.

When the First Provisional Congress of the Confederacy met in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, the delegates from South Carolina were W. Barnwell Rhett, Christopher G. Memminger, William Porcher Miles, James Chestnut, Jr., Robert W. Barnwell, William W. Boyce, Lawrence M. Keitt, and Thomas J. Withers. When the President for the infant government was chosen, the vote of the entire delegation was for Jefferson Davis, and all of these gentlemen were likewise present at the signing of the Constitution which, while it was formulated on lines adopted by the Constitution of the United States, differed from it in several vital points. South Carolina was allowed two Senators and six Representatives, and the Senators chosen were Robert W. Barnwell and James M. Orr.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, writing of the Constitutional Convention, says: "The Constitution of the Confederate States as