

April 1903

# The North Carolina Booklet.

April 1903

GREAT EVENTS IN . . . . .  
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

No 12



## The Last Days of the War.

—BY—  
HENRY T. BAHNSON.



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# The North Carolina Booklet.

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**The Last Days of the War.**

—BY—

HENRY T. BAHNSON.

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1903.

**'Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.'**

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE WAR.

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AS SEEN BY A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE,  
HENRY T. BAHNSON,  
Co. B, 1st, N. C. Batt'n. S. S., A. N. V.

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Apparently not many privates survived the war. At least very few have spoken or written about it. Perhaps like me they feel they have'nt much to brag of. Then, too, nobody expects much from a private; therefore, he is not obliged, as his superiors are, to explain, and contradict, and generally prevaricate, in an effort to sustain his reputation.

The glowing accounts of battles and campaigns, have nearly always been written by general officers, or by non-participants who style themselves historians. It seems hardly fair that we privates should be entirely ignored; because, without us, there would have been no generals, nor would there have been a war to write about.

In choosing my subject, "The Last Days of the War, as Seen by a Private," I certainly have no desire to parody Gen. Gordon's famous lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy." He was my general and I entertain only respect and admiration for the man. I have never heard his lecture and if in any way I differ from his statements, such discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that we looked at events from different standpoints. The general rode on horseback and I went afoot.

Before daylight on the morning of Sunday, April 2nd, 1865, a couple of us were at the little stream that supplied our camp with water. Our command was temporarily in reserve, on the north bank of the Appomattox river, and the night before we two had received permits to visit our friends on the lines in front of Petersburg. We were industriously scrubbing ourselves for the occasion, and I was about to put on my clean underclothes, having made arrangements to wash the suit I had worn four weeks on the campaign, when our occupation was suddenly arrested.

The steady monotonous firing by the pickets in the rifle pits across the river, which we were accustomed to hear all through the night, ceased for a moment. This ominous silence was broken by an outburst of hoarse huzzas which the still night air bore to our quickened ears with alarming distinctness. The dropping musketry fire, deepening into a sullen roar, and broken only by the quickly recurring, ear-splitting, crack of field artillery and the jar of bursting shells, left no doubt in our minds that our lines had been assaulted and a big battle had begun. Our holiday was spoiled, and in a few minutes we were on the way to the scene. Crossing the river and passing through Petersburg we were halted in a ravine behind the breastworks, where we learned that a part of the advanced lines, occupied by Clingman's and Scales' Brigades, had been captured by the enemy. The firing was still kept up, and shells burst over our heads, or rolled and spun and darted and hissed about our feet in a dreadfully demoralizing way. Then, too, the wounded men, pale-faced and bloody, some borne on litters, others limping and tottering, and passing

us in crowds, had no tendency to enliven our spirits. It was a real relief to be ordered forward. On reaching the reserve line of breast-works, we were ordered to take position in a ditch (called a covered way), which led in a slanting and zigzag direction to the advanced lines captured earlier, and now held by the enemy. The bottom of the ditch was stiff blue clay, through which the water trickled. Our feet stuck fast to the sticky stuff, and more than once I had to stop and dig out my shoe. Every few steps we came upon a dead man, nearly always shot through the head. When we finally halted we were not more than a hundred yards from the enemy, and just in front of us was a battery of five pieces, which had been captured and was now turned against us. The artillerymen were busily throwing up earth to protect themselves. Our brigade was ordered to charge the breast-works, and thirteen of us were detailed to go as close to the battery as possible, and pick off the artillerymen to prevent their firing on our troops in the charge. We crept along the ditch some thirty or more yards, and when the order to charge was given we fired at the artillerymen. Our execution was terrible at such close range, and in a few seconds so many were killed or wounded that the rest ducked down behind their improvised breast-works. They only fired three of the five guns, and these did no execution; but many of our men, including Maj. Wilson and Lieut. Shultz, were wounded or killed by the galling infantry fire, and the charge effected little or nothing. Our firing, however, and our exposed position made us a target for the enemy, and two of our little party were killed. One of them, Abner Crews, from this county, was next to me.

We had made a furrow with our guns in the top of the ditch bank to protect our heads, and through this we fired alternately. I was waiting for him to shoot but he was so slow, that I grew impatient and pushed him to attract his attention. We were squatting on a narrow ledge and my push destroyed his balance. Before I could catch him he toppled over, and as his face turned toward me I saw a bullet hole midway between his eyebrows. Our bodies had been touching from knee to shoulder, but not a quiver did I feel when his life so suddenly went out. The killing and wounding of my comrades thoroughly aroused the brutal part of my nature. The desire for revenge made my aim deliberate, and I felt a fiendish delight, as I saw a man sink down or tumble over after my shot. Of course there were others firing with me, and I cannot say with certainty that I killed anyone. I thank God fervently for this possible doubt. Even now I shudder when I recall the frenzy that possessed me on this occasion, and indeed in every battle when the excitement of conflict had overcome the natural fear and dread which always preceded it. The consciousness of danger was lost, and with wounds and death on all sides, the desire to aid in the carnage became an all-engrossing passion. The foulest blasphemy rolled from the tongue; every instinct of humanity was obliterated; the man was transformed into a raging lion or a ravening wolf. I have seen a prize fight with all its disgusting concomitants, and I am sure every old soldier will agree with me when I declare my deliberate conviction that the prize ring is the quintessence of refinement—an object lesson of forbearance and morality, when compared with the hellish brutality of



a battlefield. Several men were left behind in the charge, and these crawled to us and cleaned and loaded our guns. One of them, a captain, volunteered to go back to the lines and bring us more ammunition, ours was exhausted by as the continuous firing. He had gone but a few steps when a shell tore off his arm at the shoulder. I hastened to his assistance, as fast as the sticky mud would let me, but just as I reached him he fell back in my arms dead. I went for the ammunition, and when I returned our volunteer re-inforcements had left us, and another of our party had been killed; the whole top of his head torn off.

Annoyed by our destructive fire, the enemy had concentrated their attention upon us, and balls and shells literally rained in our direction. Fortunately we were protected by the ditch in the bottom of which we were crouched but the artillery swept away the bank and nearly buried us. I was at the angle of the ditch nearest the enemy, and happening to glance around in their direction, I saw a party of blue coats within a few yards of us. The ditch was so narrow that they could only walk two abreast, and as they saw my head the foremost men fired, but missed me. We held our guns in the ditch and fired down it for a minute or two, then cautiously peeping around the angle we saw the ditch clear, except for six or eight men lying on its bottom.

To stay where we were seemed certain death. About twenty yards to our left was an abandoned breast-work, with embrasures for three guns. To reach it however, we had to pass over the level ground. We chose a moment when there was a dense smoke from the bursting shells.

One of our number was killed in the attempt; completely torn to pieces by a shell. Evidently our movement was unseen, for we had hardly got to our new quarters, when the place we had left was literally torn out of the ground by mortar shells thrown from three batteries on the enemies' lines. I counted thirteen shells in the air at one time, all converging to the same spot. Half stifled as we were by the sulphurous fumes, and almost buried by flying masses of earth torn up by their explosion, we could not help admiring the beautiful rings of smoke, ascending a hundred or more feet in the air, as the mortars belched them forth on their murderous mission.

In our new position we were exactly between two heavy batteries which kept up an artillery duel. It was some time, however, before we could realize that we actually saw rifled shells flying through the air. A dark speck would appear out of the smoke from a cannon, and in a second it had grown to a mass, apparently as large as a man's head. As it passed over us we felt faint and had to gasp for breath in the rarified air.

It was noon when we shifted our quarters, and we remained, (nine of us) alone throughout the day and far into the night. We had enough to eat if we had been hungry, but such was not the case. Our thirst, though, was insatiable. Again and again one would run or crawl to the ditch and fill several canteens from its foul bottom, full of dead men and spattered with blood and brains, but how refreshing to our parched mouths and throats that water was.

During the day the enemy made repeated charges on our lines. Fort Mahone was only a few hundred yards to our

right, and our firing did considerable damage to the charging columns. Again and again the attack upon it was repulsed, until the ground in front of it was covered with dead and wounded men. Finally when the ammunition of its garrison was exhausted the fort was carried just before night by assault, its brave defenders disputing every inch of the ground with the bayonet; the only time during the war I saw this awkward part of a soldiers' accoutrement put to its legitimate use.

All that long day, God's holy Sabbath, we shot and were shot at. Our shoulders were so sore from the rebound of the guns, that we had to pad them with our blankets. Even after night fell the balls were flying thickly and shells bursting about us. After some hours, however, we noticed that the firing was only from the lines of the enemy.

My comrades had put themselves under my direction and I sent a man back through the ditch to see what was the matter. He did not return and fearing that he had been killed, I went myself, taking another man along, in case of accident, and arranging a signal to call my companions. We made straight for the battery behind us, preferring the chance of being shot, to floundering in the mud and stumbling over the dead men in the ditch. We were too stiff to run, but a few minutes brought us safely to the fort. There was perfect silence inside it. No one responded to our call. We crawled up along side of a gun and to our horror found it spiked. As I dropped to the ground inside, I stepped on a wounded man, and from him—poor fellow, left there all alone to die—we learned that our troops had evacuated the lines two hours before. The six men we had left behind

responded quickly to our signal and together we made our way back to Petersburg. The city was in indescribable confusion. Men and women thronged the streets in every sort of deshabelle—some drinking and cursing, others praying and wringing their hands. Many homes were open and deserted, and piles of household goods littered the streets. Great fires were burning in various places. When we reached the Pocohontas bridge, some men were pouring turpentine over the planking. We had hardly crossed when with a hiss and a roar as of a rushing wind, the long structure burst into flames. As we ascended the hill, the light from the burning bridge and the fires in Petersburg, brought out the minutest object in glaring distinctness; and when we got to the top, the glow of burning Richmond, 22 miles away, cast our shadows behind us, while every few minutes the ground trembled and jarred under our feet, as the magazines along the lines were blown up. I fully sympathize with the sentiment expressed somewhat differently by a comrade, that the judgment day had come.

Apparently we had been forgotten up to this time, but here we found a courier awaiting us, with orders to set fire to the stores and ammunition at Dunlap's Station, on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and then rejoin the army in retreat on the river road. We found the great sheds and long trains of cars already burning in places, and taking only time to spread the fire where the cars had not ignited, we hurried on, leaving a number of women and children, whom we had plainly warned of their danger, dragging clothing and provisions out from the flames. As we left, the cars of ammunition began to explode, and we

could see women and children blown about in every direction over the ground. The air was filled with burning cartridges, like shooting stars, the balls of which rained down on us. We were all bruised about the head and shoulders, but none of us were seriously hurt, although many shells, likewise, exploded or fell around us.

As we got back to the road we could hear again the hoarse huzzas which announced that the enemy had discovered our retreat and were taking possession of our lines. Presently we caught up with a train of wagons and scattered out amongst them trying to steal a ride. I found an ambulance, closely buttoned up all around, with the driver asleep. Loosening the back curtain, I peeped in, and in the darkness made out the forms of two men lying in the bed. I could not hear them breathe, and putting my hand on the head of one, I felt it was cold and his hair matted and sticky. Both were dead. Finding an oil-cloth on the bottom of the ambulance, I spread it over them and lay down between them. How long I slept I do not know, but sometime after daylight I was awakened by the driver pulling my hair and cursing me for daring to ride in the general's private ambulance. I don't remember his name, but, poor fellow, dead as he was, he had done me a great service, for my cramped and stiffened limbs would never have carried me the long miles I had slept and jolted away by his side.

On rejoining our command we were immediately ordered on the skirmish lines. Without food or rest we were busily engaged in prizing wagons and horses out of the deep mud,

or repelling attacks of the enemy's cavalry on the long wagon train.

At Amelia Court House we were drawn up in line to await an attack. I was leaning on a rail fence, surrounding a grove of large oaks. A lot of caissons and ammunition wagons were hauled into the grove, and some artillerymen were cutting the wheels and boxes of ammunition to pieces with axes. I was so tired that I hardly noticed what was going on, when suddenly I found myself lying on my back breathless, with rails piled over me, and I could see wheels, pieces of ammunition chests and great branches of trees, sailing in the air away above me, while shells were bursting in every direction. The great pile of ammunition had exploded, whether designedly or not, I do not know. One of our skirmishers had a broken leg, and all of us were stunned and bruised, but much more damage was done in our line of battle, several hundred yards behind us. The enemy did not appear, so we skirmishers were again sent to our tiresome task of protecting wagon trains. Several nights we acted as rear guard, and tried ineffectually to keep up the stragglers. They lay asleep singly or in squads, in the woods and fields where they had dropped, dispirited and exhausted, and outnumbered us a hundred to one. They had thrown away their guns, and only encumbered us, so we left them lying as they were.

In one of our skirmishes with the enemy, the shank of my shoe was cut through by a ball, and the bottom of my feet badly bruised. I was stooping forward, the pain jerked my knee up till it struck my chin, and I bit my tongue most painfully. For a moment I was sure I was wounded

all over. Another time the blanket on my shoulder was cut and torn nearly into by a ball. Later on, however, I got another blanket. Some cavalry that we had driven from the wagon train made a stand at a little house on a hill. As we advanced against them over an open field, one of them shot at me sixteen times with his carbine. I danced about pretty lively, dodging his balls, but managed meanwhile to load my gun, and he turned I sent my bullet through his thigh, and killed his horse. His comrade helped him off, but on his saddle I found a splendid blanket to make good the loss of mine. The cavalry still hung around, and we found that they had forced the lady of the house to cook their breakfast. While some of us fought them off, the rest of us ate their rations; the only meal we had the whole way from Petersburg to Appomattox. The kitchen had a window toward the enemy and doubtless in revenge for the loss of their breakfast, they kept up a constant fire at the window. The balls whizzed through it and struck the other side of the room, but that brave woman never stooped as she passed the window in going from the fireplace to the table.

The bridge across Sailor's creek had broken down and hundreds of our wagons were detained. The enemy were pressing us hotly, and Gen. Gordon rallied three or four hundred of us to protect the wagons. We formed a horse-shoe with the curve to the front, and by his orders held our fire until the enemy, charging our whole line were only a few yards from us. Such destruction I never saw. Nearly every man was on the ground, but some were only playing off, because they joined the fresh regiment which came up

in a few minutes to a second charge. We repeated our tactics and again drove them back with terrible loss. In the meantime, however, they had brought up their artillery, and Gen. Gordon, seeing further resistance was hopeless, gave us orders to save ourselves, he showing us the way by galloping his horse down the hill and fording the creek. We followed as fast as we could with shells hurtling and bursting over our heads. That night we were twice sent across the high bridge near Farmville to repel the approaching enemy. The last time as we started back to the Farmville side, a panic ensued, and in an instant the bridge was a mass of wriggling humanity, wedged so tightly that moving and even breathing seemed impossible. Many were trampled under foot, and one man I saw forced up above our shoulders, cling for a moment to the parapet, and with a wild scream disappear over the side. Next morning at Farmville some packages of French soup material, done up in tin foil, were issued, the only rations I received during the seven days of retreat. I got a lump of dried onions about as large as two fingers, and was munching them industriously, when shots were heard just in our front, and the bugle called the skirmishers to advance. The enemy's skirmish line had crept within fifty yards of us, but being unsupported they slowly gave away before us, for a mile or more. At such close range their fire was very effective, and a number of our men, including the officers in command were killed or wounded. Our line became much scattered and in pursuing a man in front, I found myself with only two comrades in sight, on a little eminence overlooking a field in which were two railroad cuts. My man



dropped his gun, and, falling to the ground, rolled over and over down the hill, until he tumbled into the second of the two cuts. Thinking I could capture a prisoner, I called my two comrades to head him off, and ran to the further end of the cut. Just before I reached it, a mounted officer dashed out of the other end. He lay flat on his horse's neck, and as I fired at him I saw the blue fuzz fly from his back, but he rode on apparently uninjured. (I learned afterwards that he was a major-general from Pittsburg, Pa.)

Stepping on the railroad I found the cut full of Blue Coats, every man with hands up, and crying. "Don't shoot Johnnie! We give up Johnnie! For God's sake don't shoot!" To say I was surprised wouldn't begin to express my feelings. If one of them had pointed a gun at me, it would have afforded me infinite pleasure, under the circumstances, to give up myself, but they seemed so anxious to surrender that I leveled my gun at them, and with a variety of emphatic and peremptory expletives, hurried them out before they had a chance to change their minds. As we got out of the cut, my two comrades and eight others who had joined them came up. In the second cut were some more equally willing to give up, and we drove them all out before us. Then one of our prisoners looking around, in surprise, exclaimed: "Why, is this all of you? You yelled so we thought Lee's whole army was after us."

They were enlightened too late. I reckon we ought to have pitied the poor fellows, but we didn't have time, for within three or four hundred yards of us came another line of their skirmishers, at the top of their speed, calling on

their comrades to stop, and cursing and threatening to shoot us. We jeered them and dared them to shoot, knowing they would hit a dozen of their men to one of us. But we didn't feel as funny as we pretended, for in spite of all our urging and threatening and jabbing with guns, our prisoners would stumble and blunder and go slow, and the enemy's line was within 50 yards of us when Gen. Gordon saw our predicament and sent a force to our relief. Once behind our own men we took it leisurely and counted our prisoners. We had 103; 21 commissioned officers, several still carrying their swords, a dozen or more non-commissioned officers and the rest privates, composing the better part of the Veteran Fifty-ninth New York and Seventh Michigan Regiments.

Gen. Gordon complimented us and told us to turn our prisoners over to the provost guard but we didn't try very hard to find them at once. Our prisoners were clever fellows and gladly shared with us the rations they had in their haversacks. Stopping at a little branch to wash our powder-grimed faces, we found to our surprise, and our captives disgust, that only one man of our eleven had a load in his gun.

When we got back to the rear a stout colonel, whose spotless uniform and white complexion had not been acquired in field service, undertook to pull the blanket off the shoulders of one of the prisoners with whom I was chatting. I only said, don't, but I very solemnly aimed my gun at the most prominent part of his well filled uniform—and he didn't.

How the next day or two passed I hardly know. We were constantly fighting on the skirmish line, but so worn out, and hungry and sleepy that my recollection is a maze of physical and mental misery. I can remember our skirmish line lying in front of a battery in action to protect it against a charge of the enemy, when the premature bursting of a shell from one of our guns tore open the head of a comrade and spattered his brains over me. Then, too, I remember coming across Dr. Shaffner one night at a camp-fire, and his kind gift of a piece of cold corn-bread. It was all he had to give, but it was a God-send to me. He also took charge of an officer's belt and pistol I had captured some days before, and brought them home for me.

As we truded wearily along one morning, we were startled by the sounds of a conflict in front of us. All our fighting up to this time had been with the enemy on our flanks and rear. We were hurried forward and just at dawn we reached a little cross road village—Appomattox Court House. We were deployed in skirmish line and within half a mile came upon a strong force of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle and supported by artillery. After feeling their position, we were ordered back to the court house. My old brigade, a few hundred strong, had just come up and were wheeling into line as Gen. Lee rode close by us. He looked care-worn and haggard. The boys broke out into their usual cheer of welcome, but his only response was shading his face with his hat, and, bowing his head almost to the mane of his old familiar gray horse, Traveler, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. It was my last sight of our beloved and revered commander.

The line was ordered forward, and as we were deployed on their left we could see the whole movement. It was my fortune to witness several charges during the war, including the famous third day's attack on the heights of Gettysburg, but I never saw one so magnificently executed as this. Our men advanced as regularly as though on parade, and as the shells and grape shot ploughed through the ranks, the files closed up without the slightest faltering. Presently they broke into a double quick, and with the old time yell, and an irresistible rush, they carried the enemy's position, capturing several guns and a number of prisoners. It was North Carolina's last oblation to the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the meantime, we on the skirmish line became engaged with some dismounted cavalry. A man named Alfred Long, from Yadkin county, and myself had gotten to a small house, and were firing from the corner of it. I shot at three men who were crossing a ditch on a rail, less than a hundred yards away. The middle man dropped into the ditch, and I noticed his companions draw him up and lay him on the bank, crossing his hands and covering his face with his hat. Just at this moment several balls whistled over us from our rear, and turning round we saw five of the enemy's cavalry at the yard fence, within fifty feet of us. Our skirmish line was several hundred yards behind them, in full retreat, and could do nothing but surrender. I bent my faithful gun under the house, and narrowly escaped being shot by my captors for the senseless act. After some cursing and parleying, however, they contented themselves with taking my hat, and the good blanket I had captured a few days

before. Their moderation was due to the fact that nothing else I had, seemed to them worth taking. One of them conducted Long and myself to their advancing lines. We passed by the poor fellow I had shot. His coat was torn in the center of his breast and between his folded hands, the frothy blood had welled up. I could not resist the impulse, and gently raising his hat, I gazed on a boyish, beardless face, whose peaceful expression was marred only by the stony stare of his widely open eyes. I have learned by heart all the sophisms that prate of patriotism, fighting for the right, defending homes and fire-sides, etc., etc., but will a just God, who has commanded: "Thou shalt do no murder," be satisfied with such empty platitudes?

On our way out we met Gen. Sheridan, who seemed to me a coarse-featured, short-necked, chunky man, with redundant length of arms, and riding a horse two or three sizes too large for him. Long and myself were so tired and worn out that we had to hang on to the saddle skirts of our guard. Our strange appearance attracted the general's attention and halting us, he asked me how many men Gen. Lee had with him. I told him 70,000 or 80,000, and he invited me to the bad place with a fluency and versatility of expression that indicated a thorough acquaintance with the resources of profanity. Everybody knows Sheridan was a great soldier. I have since been told that he was handsome. He may have been. I was a better judge of cursing in those days than I was of good looks. Just before we met Gen. Sheridan we noticed that firing had ceased on the lines, and we could recognize Gen. Gordon, with another man carrying a white flag, riding toward

the little white house where we had been captured. There Sheridan and Gordon met, and shortly afterward we were informed that Gen. Lee had surrendered our army. Later on I learned the advisability of being civil to a darkey behind a gun. We met a colored soldier and I foolishly replied to some of his taunts, when without warning he leveled his gun at my head. I remember looking into the gun barrel and closing my eyes in expectation of immediate death. However, my guard spoilt his aim by cutting his head open with his sabre and the charge went harmlessly over my shoulder.

We were kept prisoners for a week, and during that time we had nothing given us to eat. Hampton's cavalry had destroyed Grant's wagon trains, and our captors had not enough for themselves. How we chewed roots, and bark and buds, and sucked the inside of our grimy haversacks, and skewered up our waist-bands, and drank water by the gallon to lessen the aching void of hunger, is painful to remember, and prosy and monotonous to tell about. One day a poor fellow prisoner, who felt himself dying, gave me a couple of spare-ribs in return for some little attention I had shown. I don't know how he had got them or how long he had carried them. They were so soft they didn't need chewing, and the most of the meat had stuck fast to the inside of his dirty haversack; but you may be sure I didn't lose any of it on that account. Many of our friends who had been paroled at Appomattox Court House, passed us with pleasant greetings. One of them on horse-back overtook Gen. Grimes, my division commander, and told him I was a prisoner. Although he was on his way home he

rode three miles back to intercede for my release. It availed nothing, but I shall never forget his kindness. I grieved for a friend, indeed, when long after the war, the ball of an ambushed assassin brought his gallant life to an untimely close.

I will not weary you with an account of our return home. We were paroled at Farmville, and begging food by the way, sometimes welcomed—often repulsed, we walked by slow stages on account of our weakness, to Clover Station on the R. and D. R. R., where we found a train which carried us to Danville. Here we appropriated a construction train, and standing on a flat car, rode to a burned bridge, ten miles from Greensboro. Walking on, I reached home the second morning thereafter. I had been mourned for as dead. Some of my company had taken the description, given by a burying detail, of a young fellow resembling me, and marked his grave with a board on which they carved my name. My welcome home can be imagined.

I had lost 38 pounds in three weeks, and was so emaciated and filthy that my father at first failed to recognize me. As I emerged from the nasty clothing I had worn night and day for seven consecutive weeks, and enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath, and donned clean garments, and again sat in a chair and ate with a fork, and drank water from a glass, and joined in the family prayers, and slept in a bed, the glamour and illusions of the pomp and pride, and circumstances of glorious war, were forever dispelled. I certainly wasn't built for a soldier. I don't want to impugn the veracity nor would I curtail the pleasure of these old soldiers who speak and write so enthusias-

tically of the duty of patriotism, and the glory of war. But must express my selfish regret that they so successfully concealed their real feelings at the time. If any single one among the thousands I saw felt at all happy or contented, he failed utterly to show it. I know if I had been half so badly scared as everybody around me looked, I never would have stayed to go into a single battle.

Speaking for myself, I have few pleasant recollections of the war? To my mind come only sad, and grim, and gloomy memories:—the forms of my comrades and friends hurried to an untimely death by disease and wounds; left a prey to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field—at best hastily and unceremoniously shoveled into a shallow trench; if haply surviving, maimed and crippled, and marred in health and usefulness; the privations and sufferings from fatigue and hunger, and heat and cold, and filth and nakedness, in comfortless camp, on toilsome march, in ruthless conflict, in loathsome hospital, in pitiless prison; fields deserted, homesteads and towns pillaged and burned, graves violated, sanctuaries defiled; Sabbaths desecrated; the havoc and ruin, the wanton waste and destruction, the merciless carnage; the unutterable agony of heart-rending grief that hung like the smoke of torment over the tens of thousands of bereaved and desolated homes. The abomination of desolation!

May justice and righteousness dwell in this land; may mutual toleration and forbearance take the place of sectional jealousy and bitterness; may the God of love so completely fill the hearts and minds of this people, that the God of battles can nevermore find room in their thoughts; may the reign of the Prince of Peace speedily begin, and and His dominion extend over all God's beautiful earth!

*By Henry L. McKim*



## Resignation of first Editors

With this issue of the Booklet its present editors retire. Before doing so, we desire to thank our friends for their many kindnesses, without which we could not have made the Booklet a success. The object with which the work was undertaken, was to raise a sufficient amount of money, that some appropriate memorial might be erected to the memory of the patriotic women of the Edenton Tea Party, held Oct. 25, 1774. As yet, the sum obtained from the Booklets have been so small, and a substantial memorial seems so far in the future, that we beg the Booklet itself, maybe accepted, as a loving tribute, and memorial, until something more enduring can be obtained. With us, the work has been a labor of love. If by chance some of these Booklets have fallen in the hands of any descendants of these patriotic women, and their hearts have been quickened with the glow of pride, in their heroic ancestresses, and they feel that they too would like the privilege of contributing to the memorial, we feel that our labor has not been in vain.

The Booklet will be continued by Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, and we hope that the many kindnesses shown us, will be extended to her.

Very truly,

MISS MARTHA HELEN HAYWOOD,

MRS. HUBERT HAYWOOD,

Editors N. C. Booklet.

*At next meeting  
Mrs G. E. Moffatt elected Co-Editor*

Carolina becomes a Royal Province 1729  
State divided into North and South Carolina

Regulators resisted unjust taxation June 6, 1765  
Granville NC at Natbush

Battle of Bunker Hill June 17<sup>th</sup> 1775

First Continental Congress Sept 5, 1774  
Regulators in Anson - 1768.

Resistance to the Stamp act, in N.C.  
occurred in Greensboro - Brunswick - 20  
miles South of Wilmington <sup>NC</sup> Nov 28<sup>th</sup> - 1765  
see Vol 1 Herald No 3 - also Oct 19<sup>th</sup> 1765

Battle of Lexington Mass. - Apr 19<sup>th</sup> 1775  
" " Concord " " " "

" " Bunker Hill " June 17<sup>th</sup> 1775  
At Halifax C. H.

First open & public declaration of Independence by the proper authority of any one of the Colonies on record. Apr 12<sup>th</sup> 1776

(From Jones; Defence of N.C.  
Journal of Conviction pp-11, 12)

Wiley Reader pp 202; 203 -

declaring independence in concurrence with other Colonies  
Halifax "Resolutions" Apr 12, 1776 proposed  
(Phaler's History p-82)

adapted May 22<sup>d</sup> - 1776

30th of Lexington April 19<sup>th</sup> 1775  
Battle of Alamance N.C. May 16<sup>th</sup> 1771  
Concord April 19<sup>th</sup> 1775

Destruction of Tea Boston Mass - 1773  
"Edenton Tea Party. Oct 25<sup>th</sup> 1774  
"Mecklenburg Declaration, May 20<sup>th</sup> 1775

**Battles of Revolution Fought in North Carolina.**

National Declaration of Independence July 4<sup>th</sup> 1776

- Moores Creek Bridge, . . . . .	Feb'y 27th, 1776
- Ramsour's Mill, . . . . .	June 20th, 1780
Pacolet River, . . . . .	July 14th, 1780
Earles Ford, . . . . .	July 18th, 1780
Cane Creek, . . . . .	Sept. 12th, 1780
Wahab's Plantation <i>or Waxhaws</i> . . . . .	Sept. 21st, 1780
Charlotte . . . . .	Sept. 26th, 1780
Wilmington, . . . . .	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Cowans Ford, . . . . .	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Torrence Tavern, . . . . .	Feb'y 1st, 1781
Shallow Ford . . . . .	Feb'y 6th, 1781
Bruce's Cross Roads, . . . . .	Feb'y 12th, 1781
Haw River, . . . . .	Feb'y 25th, 1781
Clapp's Mill . . . . .	March 2nd, 1781
Whitsell's Mill, . . . . .	March 6th, 1781
- Guilford Court House, . . . . .	March 15th, 1781
Hillsboro, . . . . .	April 25th. 1781
- Hillsboro, . . . . .	Sept. 13th, 1781
Sudleys Mill, (Cane Creek.) . . . . .	Sept. 13th, 1781
<i>Kings Mountain (S.C.)</i> . . . . .	<i>Oct 7<sup>th</sup> 1781</i>

Resistance to the Stamp Act November 28<sup>th</sup> 1765  
"Boston Mass. N.C.

Battle of Alamance N.C. May 16<sup>th</sup> 1771



Historic facts

1619. First Colonial Assembly at Jamestown Va
1607. First Settlement Jamestown Va
1620. Slaves first introduced in Virginia by the Dutch.
1620. Landing of the Pilgrims. Mass.
1625. Manhattan Island settled by the Dutch.
1627. Leading Mass. Colonists pay 9000 for their territory.
1651. North Carolina's first settlement at the mouth of Cheroan River
1665. Clarendon Colony settled near Wilmington N.C.
1675. Commencement of King Philip's war
1719. First Presbyterian Church founded in New York

- 1729 - Carolina becomes a Royal Province
- May 29-30 1765 } State divided North and South.  
 1765 } Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act
1773. Destruction of 342 Chests of Tea  
 in Boston Harbor
- Oct 25<sup>th</sup> 1774 The Execution Tea Party -
1775. Ships and 10,000 men ordered  
 to America
- 1776 St. Paul's Edenton Vestry acclamation June 19<sup>th</sup> 1776
1781. Battle of King Mountain S. C
1791. Dec 15<sup>th</sup> Constitution of the US  
 amended 15 times to Dec 30<sup>th</sup> 1870
1783. 17<sup>th</sup> " Jan 29<sup>th</sup> - The independence of the United  
 States was formally acknowledged  
 by England and George Washington  
 was chosen President  
 "Immortal"