



Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular engagements and personal adventures are especially requested. All contributions should be sent to the Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

WAR REMINISCENCES OF A LOUISIANIAN

BY H. H. BAKER, of New Orleans.

My family and friends have often asked me to jot down some of the many experiences of mine while a soldier in the ranks fighting under what we thought the most beautiful banner in the world—the Stars and Bars of the Confederate States of America. I had been reared almost like a girl by my kind, loving and indulgent mother, who, though strict with her seven children, two girls and five boys, was self-sacrificing and ever ready to sacrifice their welfare; therefore, it was a great shock when her five boys called in the army. I was retiring and even shrinking in my disposition. I suppose because I had not been through with many people, Pensacola was a provincial village, and there were but few Americans in the town at that time, but when the bugle called us to the front I forgot it all, and boy as I was, I stood side by side with bearded men.

The room and pinioned his hands behind him until he was well secured and arrested. I was again through this incident when passing through the campus. I saw that I was about to meet Biddell coming from the opposite direction, and I made up my mind that there was going to be a fight. I was surprised, however, to see him approaching me with an extended hand, at the same time saying, "You are all right, get into trouble call on me. I will stand by you through thick and thin." This was my first experience as a soldier, but my last, as my tent-mate, uniform and bearing, and picked out for the first company, still frowned ominously at us from across the channel. A secret movement was started among the noncommissioned officers and privates of our battalion to take Fort Pickens, and pick the Confederate commander of the district, heard of the project in some unknown way and sent for our officers, who, by the way, knew nothing about it, and told them that "he would hold them to a strict accountability if the expedition was carried out against him." "I will not be the first officer in the Confederate army to shed blood." His prompt action put a stop to the expedition and Fort Pickens remained a Union stronghold to the end of the war.

wealthy and patriotic Jews of Richmond. Mr. brother, P. M. Baker, who was a member of the Louisiana Guards at that time, was detailed to take care of me during my illness. He acted as grand master of ceremonies. We needed him, too, to receive the visitors, who came in great numbers to extend their sympathy and offer financial assistance if needed. Carriages were lavishly rolling up to our door, with the most beautiful women in Richmond carrying flowers and dainty sweetmeats and delicious morsels of every description to tempt the appetite. Tarlton and I were fretfully eager to catch a glimpse of these lovely girls, who were so lavishly bestowing the honors, cherishing the hope that some future day we might know them. Who does not remember the wit and beauty of those exquisitely charming women who, assigned with grace in the captain's of the Louisiana Guards, were Misses Page Walker, Hattie and Constance Cary, Kate Brander, Jennie Cary, of Baltimore, and many others whom I knew afterwards.

As soon as I was able to be moved I was urged by Mrs. Kennon to come to her home, where she had arranged me back to health. Mrs. Kennon was a Miss Fisher of North Carolina, and she knew of our family, and therefore I needed no introduction. She was a sweet and lovely character, and I shall never forget the kindness and lovingly she watched over me during my stay there. When I was able to walk, with the aid of a stick, I accepted the kind hospitality of Colonel Baker, who had a beautiful country home in the city of Richmond. My stay there proved a great delight to me. Nothing was left undone by his noble wife and charming daughters to make my stay delightful, and "deceitful" was, during my stay, my Virginia home. Mrs. Kennon always spoke of me as her "soldier boy." Durant Da Ponte, who was a great friend of my brother Marion, enjoyed the friendship of many people in Virginia, and I appreciate the fact that such a pleasant road had been paved for me there. No doubt my youth and inexperience appealed to him, but I am sure he entertained for me, besides, a very warm regard, as I was a member of the same organization. Three years ago to-day the veterans of the Washington Artillery assembled at a banquet at the St. Charles Hotel, to commemorate the forty-second anniversary of the departure of the regiment to the front. It was a grand affair, and I was very glad to see the brave and dashing soldier, General W. J. Behan, presiding on that occasion. My brother Page was to have been present, but at the last moment was prevented by illness, but I was there, however, to render a toast to the press. On my right sat Colonel B. F. Eshelman, whom the boys adored, and on my left sat that old warrior, our guest, General E. P. Alexander, who commanded the artillery of the Confederate army. Both of these splendid officers and gallant soldiers have since joined the silent army. To-night what is left of our gallant old command will assemble at a banquet at the Grunwald Hotel, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Appomattox. New Orleans to the seat of war in Virginia.

In this brief and hurried narrative I regret that I cannot extend my story to the operations of our battalion around that dear old city, Petersburg, which nestles so peacefully in the arms of the Appomattox, and where so many of my fondest memories cluster. It was in the "Cockade City" that our ragged and half-starved boys encountered untold hardships, for we not only had to stand guard day after day, but we had to dig trenches, dig and wheeling tons of earth in barrows high up on the casements behind which we crouched to lessen our danger from attack. The heroism of the good people of Petersburg should be an example for future generations to emulate, and their patriotism and self-sacrifice will live in history along with the deeds of our noble soldiers. How brave and cultured women, though bereft of every comfort and sorely pressed for the necessities of life, found time and means to administer to the crying wants of the Confederate soldiers, and gave freely and generously of their scant means, even sending out to the trenches, under treacherous conditions, the hungry, worn and weary men, who night and day were at their posts of duty, without the necessities to keep body and soul together.

We would be in our trenches at night with our eyes upturned, watching the play of the deadly fireworks, mortar shells with fuse aflame, darting across the heavens in graceful curves, and exploding in grand meteoric display. No matter how brightly shined the eye, it was appalling, because it meant, possibly, the destruction of the besieged city. These frightful messengers of death crashed through sacred edifices, rendered the streets a scene of confusion, and living in that beautiful city almost unbearable. The people of Petersburg, however, were made of fine metal, and through it all were undaunted and determined to resist to the last. The stubborn determination and the grim and daring bravery of the people at that time, I must cite an incident. One lady asked me to go and rescue an old lady from her residence, which had been shot and shelled by the enemy's batteries. I sought her and urged her to go to a place of safety with me. She replied: "Let them do their worst. I will not be driven from my home." I pointed to the heap of brick and mortar lying on the floors, caused by the crushing of shot and shell through the walls of the building, to no avail. She would not stir from her home. This was the sublime heroism, which like a burning fire, kept aglow in the breasts of these grand people during the trying times of the siege of Petersburg. The same determination and the same spirit of patriotism and heroism shined in the hearts of every Confederate soldier. It is wonderful, then, that our worn and ragged little army should have held in check for so many weary months the grand and imposing army of the Union, composed, as it was, mainly of drafts upon the nations of the world. It has been said, and said truly, that "when the Confederate army laid down their arms at Appomattox they did not surrender to Grant's army, but to all the nations of the world."

My heart throbs with varied and conflicting emotions when I review my career as a soldier, but above all else the sad recollection of those who served so faithfully who have been left behind on the battlefields. And then, again, since the war so many have gone from us to their last resting place, and these who have remained at Bull Run have answered their last roll call. My dear brother, Page M. Baker, with whom I had been associated for a half-century, one year ago passed over the silent river, to rest under the trees, leaving me no more than a few lines, which were all that I was left with. My only child, Constance, was budding into womanhood, he was taken from her. The first chapter of my experience in the army, and as it is written entirely for my family, I trust I may not be charged with egotism, for I have never sought notoriety, but on the contrary, I have always avoided anything so-called of vainglory. I have simply related incidents just as they happened when my mind was young and retentive, that is all.

The Times-Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

(Continued From Last Sunday.) His granddaughter, Mrs. A. R. Bartlett, of Warren, Va., says that John Hampton married first a Miss Hunt, by whom he had issue a son, Silas Hunt, who died of tuberculosis in 1837, and a daughter, Eliza Brent, who likewise died of consumption between 1837-'39. He married secondly, Elizabeth Brent, probably a daughter of this wife, and for the third time, May 8, 1821, to Susan Fowke Johnson, Mrs. Bartenstein's grandmother, by whom he had issue two daughters, Mary F. and Catharine F. Hampton.

Dr. Henry Hampton, second son of Henry Hampton, Sr., of "Buckland," Prince William county, Va., was a son of a Miss Cary, according to various traditions, was born in 1759 in Prince William county, Va., and died in July, 1834, in his eighty-fifth year. He was living in the summer of 1834, when he was 75 years of age. Anthony Hampton, on the Virginia side of the Big Sandy River, in what is now Wayne county, about seven miles above the mouth of the river. He is buried in the family graveyard at that place, and his grave is said to be marked by a stone.

Dr. Hampton's grandson, William Hampton, Esq., of Catlettsburg, Ky., who was born in 1808, and therefore twenty-six years old when his grandfather died, says in some memoranda of the Hampton family which he writes before he died in 1887: "Dr. Hampton was a man of great refinement, personal appearance, handsome, and of great intellectual power. He practiced medicine successfully, and was a surgeon in the War of the Revolution." The inherited half of his father's estate, a Prince William county, and Kanawha county, Va., which he seems to have lived in his native county until October 2, 1789, when he sold his home-place of 228 acres in Prince William to Drummond Wheeler, and removed to Fauquier county, where he practiced law and medicine, and until the year 1809, when he removed his family to the soldiers' claim lands on the Ohio, part of which are now in the city of Huntington, W. Va. December 8, 1798, he purchased from his brother, William Hampton, and wife, Elizabeth, a tract of land on the Ohio for \$200. Dr. Hampton built a substantial home near where Marshall College now stands in the upper end of Huntington, about two miles below the Guyandotte River. Between 1809 and 1810, he purchased from the estate of John H. B. Hunter, 1,800 acres of land, in addition to his 300 acres from his father and brother.

His descendants are very positive that he served in the Revolution as a surgeon or assistant surgeon, and that his original discharge from the army was in existence a few years ago. The record of the Revolution at Richmond and Washington show the service of a Cary Henry Hampton as a surgeon's mate from Virginia, but no Henry in any part of the service. As I have not been able to find mention of a Cary H. Hampton in any of the records of the Revolution, where the Hampton family lived, I am of opinion that Dr. Cary Henry Hampton and Dr. Henry Hampton were one and the same person. Dr. Hampton was married in 1778 to Elizabeth Plunkett, in Fairfax county, by an Episcopal clergyman, and the only surviving registers, an entry of the marriage, is in the records of the county.