







MARCHING THROUGH NEW HAVEN.
(See page 60.)

HISTORY
OF THE
FIRST LIGHT BATTERY
CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,
1861-1865.

PERSONAL RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES.

THE STORY OF THE BATTERY
FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED FROM
OFFICIAL RECORDS, PERSONAL INTERVIEWS, PRIVATE DIARIES, WAR
HISTORIES AND INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCES.

ILLUSTRATED
BY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, ETCHINGS, PORTRAITS AND MAPS.

HISTORIAN,
HERBERT W. BEECHER.

VOLUME I.

NEW YORK:
A. T. DE LA MARE Ptg. and Pub. Co., Ltd.,
2 TO 8 DUANE STREET.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen:
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low—
Like a night storm rising slow—
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by,
On your own free threshold die.

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;
Strike together while you can,
Like the strong arm of one man.

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North speak to the South;
Speak the word befitting both.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

30 SEP 1905
D. of D.



TO THE
IMMORTAL
AND
GLORIOUS MEMORY
OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEMBERS
OF THE
FIRST LIGHT BATTERY
CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY

WHO
RESPONDING TO THE CALL OF DUTY AND PATRIOTISM, SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES
AND SEALED THEIR LOVE OF THE FLAG WITH THEIR BLOOD
ON MANY BATTLEFIELDS

THIS
MEMORIAL HISTORY OF PATRIOTIC SERVICE
AND UNFLINCHING COURAGE IS

FRATERNALLY DEDICATED

BY THE
HISTORIAN AND
EDITOR

PREFACE.



OMPILING a history of a volunteer organization nearly forty years after its inception, when many of its members have passed through the "gates ajar" and the others are scattered throughout the country, must necessarily be an arduous undertaking, and without the hearty co-operation of those within reach, an absolute impossibility.

The historian, believing that the record of the Battery was worth preserving in imperishable shape, determined to do all that was possible to make the history as perfect as circumstances would allow. It was his desire that the story of the Battery should be told by its members as nearly as possible in their own words. To obtain this result he has written hundreds of letters, traveled thousands of miles, interviewed many of the surviving comrades and the descendants of those who have passed from the earth-life, in order that this history may be a valued possession through succeeding generations.

The historian called to his assistance a staff of writers and artists, to whom he tenders his sincere acknowledgments, and especially to John De Morgan, who has performed the onerous duties of editor so satisfactorily. Mr. De Morgan was well qualified for the undertaking, both by education and instinct. Educated in an English university, he made history his chief study, and became associated with some of the most brilliant literary and political thinkers of Europe. He espoused the cause of the Union during the War of the Rebellion, and has written largely on the subject on both sides of the Atlantic. In recent years he visited the battlefields of the South and became especially conversant with those with which the First Connecticut Light Battery was so closely identified. In the present work he has

been indefatigable in making researches, compiling data and editing the stories told by the comrades.

The historian acknowledges with grateful thanks the assistance he has received from Comrades Edward Griswold and John T. Sloan, who have worked energetically to make the history complete and authentic; from General Alfred P. Rockwell, Captain James B. Clinton, and Major Seward; from Lieutenants Theron Upson, Sylvanus Dickinson, George P. Bliss, John S. Cannon and Hezekiah B. Smith; from Comrades William M. Fowler, Sanford, Wells, Huntington and others, who by correspondence and advice have contributed to the accuracy of the work.

Some of the comrades kept diaries during the war and these were placed at the historian's disposal. Charles A. Hotchkiss wrote very voluminously and with great intelligence of the Battery's doings from the first enlistment to the final mustering out. Though he has passed from this earth-life and entered into his rest, his diary, used copiously in this history, will perpetuate his memory. The diaries kept by Lieutenant Clark and Comrades Henry Tallmadge, Oliver K. Abels, Ebenezer Wakeley, Jr., Francis V. Brown and J. H. Holbrook have been of very great use in supplying valuable data.

Every incident relating to the movements of the Battery and its co-operation with other regiments and organizations has been verified and corroborated by the editor by diligent research through hundreds of volumes, including the "Official Reports of the War of the Rebellion" (200 volumes), "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," the histories written by Abbott, Lossing, the Comte de Paris, Horace Greeley, Ridpath, Rossiter Johnson, Humphreys, Carleton and others; "The Memoirs of General Grant," "The Life and Times of General Grant," memoirs of Sheridan, Sherman, Butler, Beauregard, Longstreet, Early, Jefferson Davis, etc. The regimental histories of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers, the 15th Connecticut, the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, the 79th New York (Highlanders) and others. Magazine articles from the pens of "Baldy" Smith, Quincy A. Gillmore, Isaac I. Stevens, Hawley, Graves, Gordon, Humphreys, John Morgan, Kilmer, Mrs. Pickett and several other writers, Union and Confederate, whose knowledge and experience have proved to be of great value.

As each chapter was written, printed proofs were sent to the officers and to the comrades who participated in the events there detailed, and many valuable criticisms, additions, corrections and suggestions were received, more especially from General Rockwell, Comrades Griswold, John T. Sloan and Theron Upson. These were all carefully gone over by the editor, and in some instances the chapter was entirely rewritten by him. Every day new matter was received, and this had to be edited, classified and verified, rendering the progress of the work necessarily slow. Every letter received, each item and newspaper clipping bearing on the story of the Battery was carefully examined and its statements verified under the supervision of Mr. De Morgan, who on several occasions attended the reunions, and conferences of the comrades in order that no fact should escape attention.

It was the historian's desire that the reader of this book should be able to get some idea of the individual sacrifices, of the sufferings both in camp and on the field, of the heroic self-abnegation of the citizen soldiers, as well as the spirit of the times, of the sentiments of the private soldiers and the influence of public opinion on men and officers. The reader is earnestly asked not to mistake a statement of fact for a criticism of the conduct of the war, for it has been the historian's wish that nothing should appear which would reopen old sores or be construed into an arraignment of the Government or of the commanding officers.

And now the labors of the historian and his able assistants, editor, writers and artists, are over. The book, with its stories as told by the comrades of what they saw and heard and did, goes forth to the survivors and their families. Everything has been done to make it worthy of the citizen soldiers who offered their lives for the sacred cause of human freedom.

The book is unique among the regimental histories hitherto published because it is the private soldier's own story, the narrative of camp life as well as active service, tracing day by day the individual history of the comrades, doing justice to all and telling a plain, unvarnished tale of a soldier's routine of duty, with its intermissions of pleasure and excitement. It tells how the bond of sympathy becomes close between comrades who pursue the same routine, go to rest and rise up at the call of the bugle, served with the same food and drink, wearing the same clothes, all obeying

the same orders, having to endure the hardships and perils side by side, and all engaged in one common purpose with tens of thousands of others. Only those who have experienced it can really know how entirely the time of a soldier is occupied, for even the odd minutes between drills, roll-calls, guard and fatigue duty are utilized in cleaning equipments, darning socks, mending clothes, writing home, or improvising some new amusement for himself and tent mates.

The history of a regiment must be dear to its members, and the historian of the First Connecticut Light Battery feels a pleasurable pride in thus testifying to his comrades his appreciation of their good fellowship by handing down to posterity this record of the doings of his fellow-comrades during the troublous times of 1861 to 1865, when the nation was shaken to its foundation and the dark clouds hung heavily over the land, and from which they, with him, saw the glorious light of Freedom burst with a new message of "peace and good-will to all mankind," making it impossible to forget the lessons of that great war, for

Though thousands lie cold in the graves of the wars,
Those who survive them shall never prove, never,
False to the flag of the stripes and the stars!

May, 1901.



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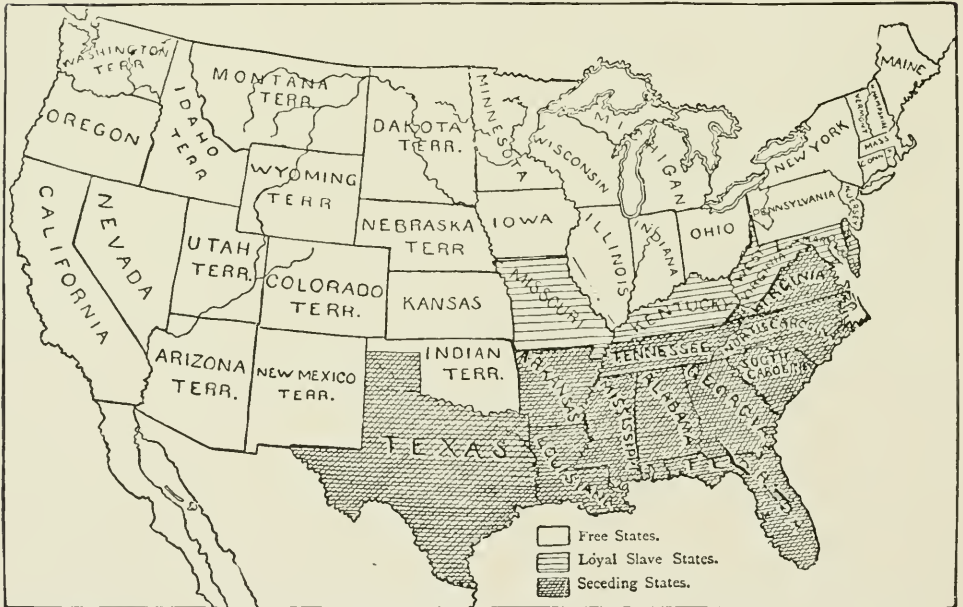
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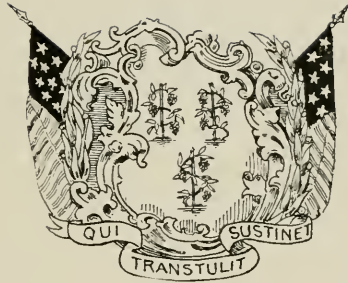
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INTRODUCTION.

“Republics furnish the world with a greater number of brave and excellent characters than kingdoms.”—*Macchiavelli*.

“In this world two things only are immortal—Fame and a People!”—*Richelieu*.

IN compiling a history of the First Light Battery of the Connecticut Volunteer Artillery we have two purposes in view. We wish to perpetuate the memory of that gallant body of men who sacrificed home and health and, in many cases, life because their country asked their aid, and, secondly, to show that a republic can always depend on its sons to defend it against external and internal enemies.

Histories of the great War of the Rebellion have been written, chronicles of various regiments have been published, the deeds of heroism have been sung in deathless poetry and recited in thrilling prose, but in all there seems to be an idea that the deeds of gallant daring, the victories which won the admiration of the world, the tremendous sacrifices of the war should all be credited to the officers. We read of the heroism of some general or other officer, but seldom of the deeds of personal courage performed by the privates, and yet the War of the Rebellion was essentially a war of the people; the battles were won, not by the brilliant genius of generals so much as by the bravery, the courage, the intelligence of the privates.

The War of the Rebellion differed from all preceding wars because the men who fought were not professional soldiers, but volunteers, and in many cases their officers were volunteers also.

Each responded to the patriotic call, not for selfish gain or the desire to slay their fellow men, but purely because they loved their country, honored its flag and wished to see the great republic firmly and permanently established.

In this history the editor has endeavored to do justice to all, treating officers and men as gallant comrades, giving credit where due and extolling individual bravery whether in officer or private.

This work is intended to be more than a record of battles fought; it is designed to give a true insight into camp life with all its pathos and humor, with personal incidents and episodes which will be treasured by our descendants.

The Battery was made up of men who were ready to make a breastwork of their manly bosoms to shield the flag they loved. For country's sake they made a sacrifice of property, of home comfort and health, and showed that they were willing to seal their love with their blood.

Among the comrades were found men of culture, men of social position, men endeared to the domestic circle, men who placed country first in everything they did. Without rank, without title, without anticipated distinction, animated only by the highest and noblest sentiments, these men enlisted as privates, ready to bear the labors, the toils and marches, the fights, to endure hunger and thirst and fatigue, with weary days and sleepless nights all for the one thing—the liberty of every child born under the Stars and Stripes.

Heroism is not confined to the battlefield. The men who gave up life at college, left comfortable homes and good positions to endure the hardships of camp life were heroes though they never were under fire.

None but the soldier can know of the heroism required to submit to the stern discipline, the conquering of an independent spirit, or the sinking of self in the soldier.

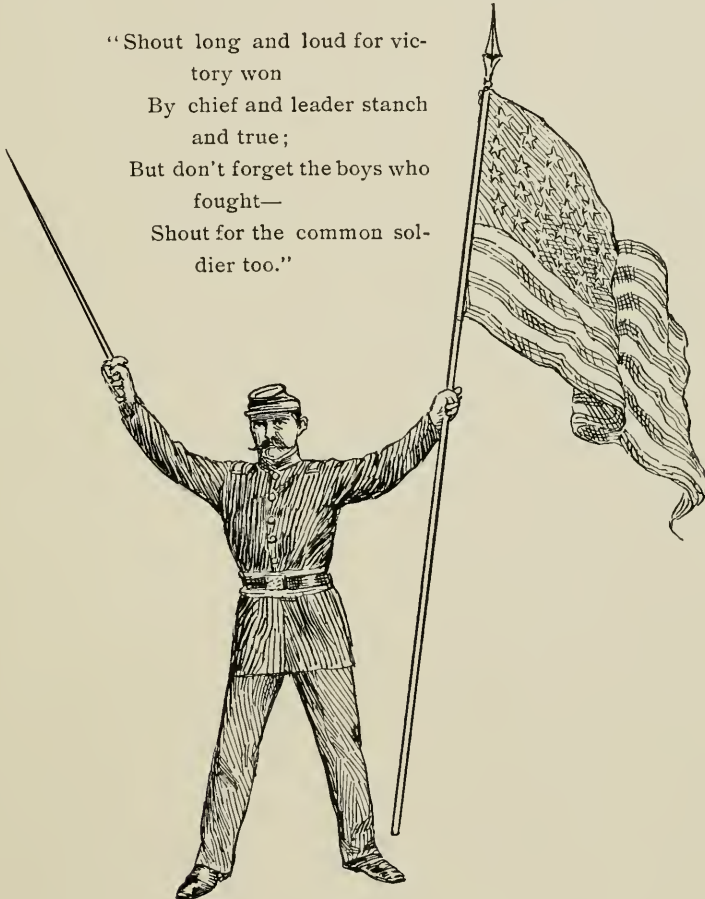
Only those who have experienced it can know the courage which is requisite to enable a man to bear the semi-starvation, the disease, the unsanitary surroundings of camp life.

To all the comrades, whether they faced the deadly bullets of the enemy or uncomplainingly bore the hardships of the camp, we wish to do justice and extol their heroism.

The War of the Rebellion was a glorious war, and the nation will honor the names of the great generals as long as history lives, but let us not forget that their success was obtained by the private soldiers, at the cost of patriot blood, of shattered bones and mangled muscles and blood-stained corpses.

We desire to pay tribute to the good fellowship of the officers and to bear witness to the loving work and earnest courage of every member of the First Connecticut Light Battery, and to each reader we say—

“Shout long and loud for victory won
By chief and leader stanch and true;
But don't forget the boys who fought—
Shout for the common soldier too.”

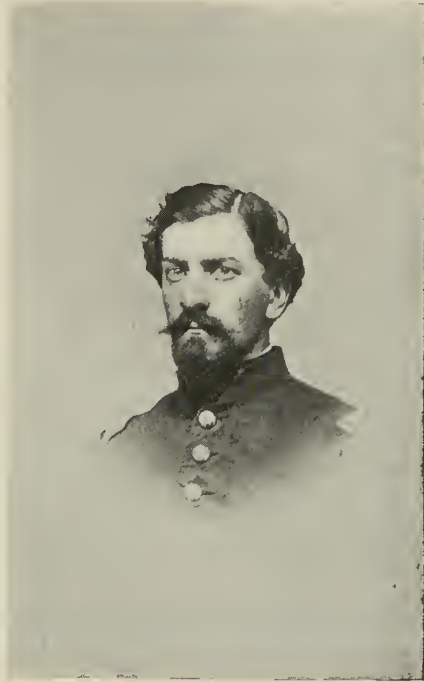


The days of calm at length are won,
 And sitting thus, with folded hands
We talk of great deeds greatly done,
While all the future seems to run
 A silvery tide o'er golden sands.

Who bore the flag—who won the day?
 The young proud manhood of the land,
Called from the forge and plow away,
They seized the weapons of the fray
 With eager but untutored hand;

They swarmed o'er all the roads that led
 To where the peril hottest burned—
By night, by day, their hurrying tread
Still southward to the struggle sped,
 Nor ever from their purpose turned.

COL. CHAS. G. HALPINE.



CAPT. ALFRED P. ROCKWELL.



LIEUT. SELDON T. PORTER.



LIEUT. WM. T. SEWARD.



LIEUT. JOHN S. CANNON.



LIEUT. GEORGE METCALF.



DR. G. A. HURLBUT.



CAPT. JAMES B. CLINTON.



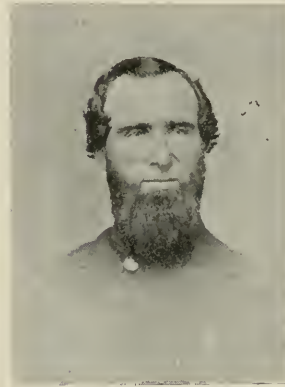
LIEUT. HEZEKIAH B. SMITH.



LIEUT. THERON UPSON.



LIEUT. SAMUEL W. SCRANTON.



LIEUT. GEORGE P. BLISS.



LIEUT. S. C. DICKINSON.



LIEUT. A. E. CLARK.

“ WE WANT MORE BATTERIES.”—McClellan.

Head Quarters First Battery Connecticut Light Artillery,

New Haven, October 1861.

DEAR SIR:

A call having been made on this State for a BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY, and Gov. BUCKINGHAM having authorized the raising of the same, this communication is sent to secure your active co-operation in recruiting such a Company of *Artillerymen* as shall be an honor to Connecticut.

It will be the only Battery in the field from this State, and will comprise

SIX PIECES OF BRASS RIFLED ORDINANCE.

to be commanded by the most experienced artillerist that can be obtained, and before leaving for the seat of war will receive a complete outfit.

Men are wanted who will enter into the service with a will to sustain our Government, and this appeal is made to you to do what you can to further the cause. *If you cannot go, get some one to go in your place.*

TERMS OF ENLISTMENT.

United States pay, per month, - - - - -	\$13.00
Bounty from State of Connecticut, per year, - - -	30.00
Bounty to Soldier's wife, per month, - - - - -	6.00
Bounty to wife and child, per month, - - - - -	8.00
Bounty to wife and two children, per month, - - -	10.00

Making the pay of Privates who enlist in Connecticut Companies, range from \$15.50 to \$25.50, according to size of family. In addition, \$100 Bounty from the United States when honorably discharged.

The Recruiting Office is open to all.

JOHN S. CANNON,

265 Chapel Street, (*Late Journal and Courier Office.*)

To His Excellency, William A. Buckingham,
 Governor and Commander-in-Chief, C. M.

Sir:

We, the subscribers, able-bodied citizens, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, residing in the town of.....
 in said State, respectfully petition your Excellency to organize us into a Company of
 to be annexed to the Regiment Connecticut
 Volunteers, for service in the Federal Government, for three years, or for the war: and
 hereby pledge ourselves, if so organized, to obey all laws, rules and regulations for the
 government of the Army of the United States, which are or may be established.

Dated at..... this..... day of..... 1861

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

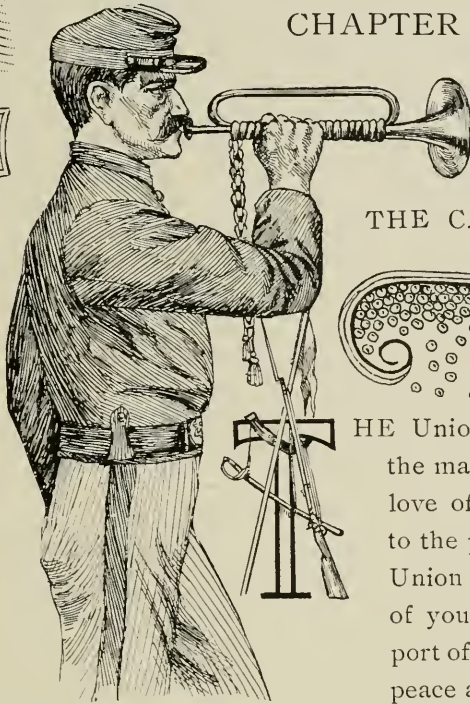
DATE, 1861.	NAME IN FULL.	RESIDENCE.	AGE.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	OCCUPATION.
Oct. 3	Selden T. Porter	Andover	34	Married	Paper Mfg.
Oct. 3	John S. Cannon	New Haven	26	Married	Merchant
Oct. 3	Geo. Metcalf	Hartford	35	Married	Manufacturer
Oct. 6	Wm. T. Seward	Guilford	29	Single	Merchant
Oct. 5	Geo. P. Bliss	Hebron	30	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 7	Chas. E. Jillson	Hartford	21	Single	Soldier
Oct. 14	Hezekiah B. Smith, Jr..	New London	21	Married	Boat Builder
Oct. 8	James B. Clinton	New Haven	28	Single	Clerk
Oct. 8	Horatio W. Evarts	Guilford	21	Single	Soldier
Oct. 12	Reuben Spencer	Farmington.	34	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 20	Sylvanus C. Dickinson . .	Milford	25	Single	Clerk
Oct. 15	Henry Grow	Meriden	23	Single	Soldier
Oct. 7	Elijah C. Tuttle	New Haven	39	Single	Policeman
Oct. 20	John H. Merwin	Milford.	20	Single	Clerk
Nov. 3	Thomas M. Lord	New Haven	36	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 8	Hethcote G. Landon . . .	Guilford	23	Married	Farmer
Nov. 15	Wm. L. Graham	Milford.	43	Married	Millwright
Oct. 17	Alexander W. Welton . . .	Cheshire	22	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 5	John F. Bliss	Hebron	22	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 9	Henry M. Huntington . . .	Milford	29	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 6	Edward F. Phelps	East Windsor.	29	Married	Clerk
Oct. 14	William D. Shepard	New London	25	Single	Machinist
Oct. 26	Henry Rich	Meriden	33	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 7	Warren H. Bissell	Hebron.	25	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 6	Chas. A. Hotchkiss	New Haven	31	Single	Farmer
Nov. 22	George S. Bissell.	Vernon.	38	Married	Blacksmith
Oct. 5	Harvey N. Johnson	Hebron	26	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 5	Wm. H. Hanna	Hebron	26	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 5	James J. Taylor	Hebron	22	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 25	Leeds Brown	East Granby	49	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 14	John R. Hull	Bridgeport	31	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 10	John E. Albro	Warehouse Point	38	Married	Teamster
Nov. 7	Oliver K. Abels	Warehouse Point.	25	Married	Teamster
Nov. 20	Henry S. Allen	New Haven.	30	Single	Teamster
Oct. 23	Eugene Atwater	Plymouth	19	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 15	Curtis Bacon	Simsbury	22	Single	Farmer

DATE, 1861.	NAME IN FULL.	RESIDENCE.	AGE.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	OCCUPATION.
Oct. 13.	Morrison Bacon	Simsbury	24	Single	Farmer
Nov. 30.	Edwin S. Bailey	Hebron	33	Married	Farmer
Dec. 3.	Samuel Barnes	Cheshire	23	Single	Farmer
Nov. 29.	Herbert W. Beecher	New Haven	21	Single	Clerk
Oct. 7.	Chas. N. Bissell	Hebron	18	Single	Farmer
Oct. 9.	Alfred G. Bishop	Guilford	19	Single	Farmer
Oct. 17.	Edwin O. Blatchley	Guilford	30	Single	Seaman
Nov. 21.	Gilbert W. Blake	North Madison	19	Single	Farmer
Oct. 18.	Ralph Blodgett	East Windsor	20	Single	Farmer
Nov. 17.	Loren Bradford	Hebron	30	Married	Farmer
Nov. 28.	Bradley Barlow	New Haven	36		Blacksmith
Oct. 25.	Francis V. Brown	East Granby	20	Single	Millwright
Nov. 7.	William Brown	Hebron	28	Married	Farmer
Oct. 16.	Henry B. Bullard	Guilford	26	Single	Farmer
Nov. 6.	John Chapman	Meriden	21	Single	Clerk
Oct. 20.	Arthur E. Clark	Milford	22	Single	School Teacher
Oct. 15.	Charles Coss	Hartford	38	Married	Painter
Oct. 23.	David Crossley	Simsbury	23	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 26.	Edgar G. Davis	Guilford	27	Single	Farmer
Oct. 9.	Geo W. Durgin	Guilford	40	Married	Farmer
Dec. 1.	Amassa L. Doolittle	Cheshire	28	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 18.	Horace A. Doolittle	Cheshire	23	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 18.	Joseph R. Doolittle	Cheshire	19	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 6.	Alexander Doran	Bridgeport	18	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 25.	Geo. Duff	Andover	18	Single	Farmer
Oct. 25.	Hobart M. Dolph	Cheshire	25	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 25.	Chas. N. Ellis		20	Single	
Oct. 15.	John C. English	New Haven	18	Single	Clerk
Oct. 9.	Edward G. Evarts	Guilford	19	Single	Farmer
Oct. 9.	Chas. E. Evarts	Guilford	22		Farmer
Oct. 9.	James Farrell	Enfield	28	Married	
Oct. 20.	Wm. M. Fowler	Milford	19	Single	Clerk
Nov. 14.	Lewis L. Fuller	Hartford	35	Married	Boat Maker
Nov. 7.	Chas. W. Gesner	New Haven	18	Single	Baker
Oct. 26.	James H. Gladding	Wethersfield	37	Married	
Oct. 5.	George Gillette	Hebron	24	Single	Farmer
Nov. 12.	Nathan Gillette	Hebron	39	Married	Farmer
Oct. 12.	Geo. A. Goodale	Hebron	24	Married	Farmer
Nov. 20.	Edwin Gridley	Derby	40	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 9.	Edward Griswold	Guilford	22	Single	Farmer
Nov. 21.	Jacob T. Guptil	Meriden	27	Married	Farmer
Nov. 7.	Dwight H. Hall	Guilford	23	Single	Farmer
Nov. 7.	Marcus M. Hall	Guilford	25	Single	Painter
Nov. 9.	Titus A. Hall	Guilford	18	Single	Butcher
Nov. 22.	James Hayes	Granby	44	Married	Farmer
Oct. 5.	George Hanna	Hebron	30	Married	Farmer
Oct. 5.	Andrew J. Hanks	Hebron	20	Single	Clerk
Dec. 2.	Andrew Holbrook	Seymour	25	Single	Farmer
Oct. 8.	John A. Holmes	Hebron	18	Single	Farmer
Nov. 6.	James Holly	Windsor Locks	19	Single	Teamster
Nov. 18.	Henry Holman	Winsted	21	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 18.	Joseph H. Hull	Prospect	35	Married	Farmer
Oct. 8.	Samuel H. Hull	Guilford	21	Single	Farmer
Oct. 23.	George R. Ingram	Vernon	25	Single	Farmer
Oct. 21.	Wm. B. Ives	Branford	31	Married	Joiner
Dec. 2.	Francis E. Johnson	Bristol	25	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 13.	Luman C. Jerome		34		Horse Doctor
Oct. 26.	Hart Landon	Guilford	19	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 9.	Henry S. Lawrence	Meriden	25	Married	Mechanic

DATE, 1861.	NAME IN FULL.	RESIDENCE.	AGE.	MARRIED OR SINGLE	OCCUPATION.
Oct. 5 .	Alfred E. Leonard . . .	Hebron	19	Single	Farmer
Nov. 26 .	Chas. W. Lane	North Madison . . .	20	Single	Farmer
Oct. 23 .	Wm. G. McNary	Manchester	23	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 27 .	William McNary	Manchester	44	Married	Mechanic
Nov. 19 .	John Miller	Falls Village	22	Married	Hostler
Oct. 5 .	Alfred A. Minor	Hebron	19	Single	Farmer
Nov. 30 .	Chas. J. Minor	Hebron	23	Married	Farmer
Oct. 21 .	John Monarch	Manchester	21	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 10 .	John J. Moy	North Guilford . . .	28	Single	Farmer
Dec. 2 .	Andrew Nolan	Milford	23	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 9 .	Edward P. Norton . . .	Guilford	26	Married	Farmer
Nov. 3 .	Elias O. Norton	Guilford	18	Single	Farmer
Oct. 22 .	Jonathan G. Norton . .	Guilford	26	Married	Farmer
Nov. 3 .	Stephen H. Norton . . .	Guilford	21		
Oct. 9 .	Wm. B. Norton	Guilford	20	Single	Farmer
Nov. 20 .	Emery Norwood		25		
Oct. 9 .	Leroy B. Pease	Hartford	19	Single	Printer
Nov. 6 .	Moses Phelps	East Long Meadow .	24	Single	Teamster
Oct. 7 .	Henry E. Peck	New Haven	22	Single	Clerk
Nov. 22 .	Frederick A. Pettibone	Granby	22	Single	Joiner
Dec. 2 .	Geo. W. Penhallow . . .	New London	32	Single	Seaman
Oct. 18 .	Geo. F. Remington . . .	Guilford	24	Married	Farmer
Nov. 5 .	James H. Reynolds . . .	Meriden	25	Married	Mechanic
Oct. .	Edwin B. Reynolds . . .	Columbia	32	Married	Farmer
Oct. 16 .	Chas. Richardson	Bolton	29	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 7 .	Luther G. Riggs	Bridgeport	24	Married	Printer
Oct. 15 .	Jonathan Riggs	Bridgeport	44	Married	Painter
Oct. 15 .	Edward M. B. Roberts . .	East Hartford	21	Single	Clerk
Oct. 15 .	Norman A. Sackett . . .	Bloomfield	35	Married	Teacher
Nov. 6 .	Daniel F. Scranton . . .	Guilford	28	Single	Mechanic
Dec. 6 .	Jonathan Savory	East Windsor	43	Married	Joiner
Oct. 27 .	Samuel W. Scranton . . .	Fair Haven	25	Single	Mechanic
Oct. 5 .	John Shaw	Hebron	23	Single	Wagon Maker
Oct. 10 .	Patrick Shields	Meriden	21	Single	Farmer
Nov. 15 .	John Shine	Milford	35	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 23 .	Harvey D. Skinner	East Hartford	22	Single	Farmer
Oct. 27 .	John T. Sloan	Fair Haven	18	Single	Teacher
Oct. 7 .	Henry P. Smith	New Haven	21	Married	Seaman
Nov. 25 .	Lyman Southwick	Cromwell	23	Married	Farmer
Nov. 7 .	Geo. H. Starr	Guilford	18	Single	Clerk
Nov. 17 .	Samuel N. Stevens	Hebron	25	Married	Farmer
Oct. 3 .	Chas. A. Sykes	Hatfield, Mass	22	Single	Farmer
Oct. 25 .	Lewis Sykes	Hatfield, Mass	25	Single	Farmer
Oct. 31 .	Henry H. Spencer	Bolton	23	Married	Farmer
Oct. 5 .	Alonzo Taylor	Hebron	20	Single	
Nov. 4 .	Henry H. Tallmadge . . .		24	Single	
Nov. 3 .	James H. Thompson . . .	Hebron	41	Married	Machinist
Nov. 10 .	Francis H. Thompson . .	Hebron	19	Single	Machinist
Oct. 27 .	Andrew H. Turner	Fair Haven	26	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 8 .	Hezekiah Tuttle	Guilford	33	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 29 .	Lyman N. Tuttle	New Haven	38	Married	Mechanic
Oct. 5 .	Theron Upson	New Haven	26	Single	Druggist
Oct. 20 .	Geo. Van Horn	Milford	20	Single	Soldier
Oct. 31 .	Ebenezer Wakeley	Bridgeport	18	Single	Clerk
Nov. 21 .	Welcome E. Watson	Plainfield	23	Single	Sailor
Nov. 25 .	Levi J. Warner	East Long Meadow .	20	Single	
Oct. 3 .	James H. Wells	Windsor Locks	18	Single	Mechanic
Nov. 16 .	Hiram Wentworth	New Milford	35	Single	Farmer
Dec. 2 .	John Loomis	Hebron	24	Single	Mechanic



CHAPTER 1.



THE CALL TO ARMS!

THE Union ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty, and the love of the one ought to endear you to the preservation of the other. The Union is the main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.”

In these prophetic words did George Washington bid farewell to the Congress of the nation he had helped to found. Sixty-four years later a convention assembled at Charleston, S. C., and after three days' deliberation passed a resolution that the union between South Carolina and the other States be dissolved. A month later Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas had passed similar resolutions, and on the 4th day of February, 1861, delegates from six of the seceded States assembled at Montgomery, Ala., and formed a new government under the name of the Confederate States of America.

The President of the United States, James Buchanan, believed with Washington that the Union should be maintained, but he held the opinion that the Constitution did not give him any constitutional power to

prevent secession by force. His successor, Abraham Lincoln, had been elected, but not inaugurated, and the secessionists took advantage of Buchanan's weakness to attempt the dissolution of the Union.

The country seemed on the verge of ruin. The national Government was paralyzed. The army was stationed on remote frontiers, the small navy sailed on distant seas.

Everything seemed to favor the secessionists when Lincoln was inaugurated. In a thoughtful, calm address the new President,

"Who had been born a destined work to do,"

declared his fixed purpose to uphold the Constitution, enforce the laws, and preserve the integrity of the Union. He announced that he should repossess the forts, arsenals and public property which had been seized by the Confederate authorities. That was the signal for war. Fort Sumter was fired on, and after thirty-four hours' bombardment the garrison was forced to capitulate and Major Anderson surrendered Charleston Harbor to Gen. P. T. Beauregard.

The news of this startling event set the country on fire. No one believed that the South would use violence. Civil war had seemed but a memory of ancient history not to be thought of in modern times. The country became consolidated into two great sectional parties, Unionists and Secessionists—North and South—Federals and Confederates.

The President called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months in the overthrow of the secession movement.

Critics thought the number excessive; others laughed at the three months and declared that a month would see the rebellious States supplicating for mercy, but it was soon shown that a spirit had been raised in the South which would cause the shedding of rivers of blood before it was subdued.

The South laughed at the call, and Le Roy Pope Walker, Jefferson Davis' Secretary of War, prophesied that the Confederate flag "that now flaunts the breeze here will float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May. Let them try Southern chivalry," he said, "and test the extent of Southern resources, and it may float eventually over Faneuil Hall in Boston."

The Confederates had able leaders, men who, through a false idea that

allegiance to the State was more binding than allegiance to the Nation, gave the South a vast superiority at first over the North. In the ranks of the Secessionists were brilliant generals and well trained soldiers. Norfolk Navy Yard was seized, the Armory of the U. S., at Harper's Ferry, captured, and Virginia was filled with trained soldiers and volunteers in such numbers that the Federal City of Washington was in danger. The first call for volunteers was made by Lincoln on April 14, 1861, and on May 3 he issued another call for soldiers. This time it was set at 83,000, and the term of service at three years or during the war.

Europe sneered at the call, predicting all sorts of disaster for the United States, men who had long secretly hated our country because they were opposed to the recognition of the Rights of man as a basis of government now openly pointed to the feebleness of a Republic, and when the third call was made for 300,000 more, the laughter was long and loud.

Europe had built up its power on force, and maintained it by large standing armies. "War," said a great statesman, "can only be successfully prosecuted when the army is well seasoned and the raw recruits who have responded to President Lincoln's call will only hasten the downfall of the Republic by their inefficiency on the field."

The experiment was to be tried of a war without trained men, a war by citizen soldiers who left the desk, the farm and the workshop in answer to their country's call.

The people realized that the Confederacy was not to be so easily subdued. Patriotic blood was stirred. Men walked the streets with serious and determined faces. The good citizens of Connecticut, hardy, earnest and patriotic, heard the call and at once offered themselves to the Governor, ready, willing and anxious to go to the front in defence of liberty and liberty's flag.

There had been a seething though suppressed antagonism between New England and the South from the very earliest history of New England. Two hundred years ago almost at the same time two vessels set sail for this country, the one landed a band of pilgrims on New England's rock bound coast, the other went up the James River and landed at Jamestown the first slaves. There is no doubt that whatever may have been the thought and intention of the politicians at the commencement of the war, the people

of New England believed that it was to be a war of freedom *vs.* slavery.

Some of Connecticut's sons could not wait for the Governor's call but hastened to offer themselves, some waited until they could choose the branch of the service for which they felt best adapted.

On September 20, 1861, Governor Buckingham issued a call for Connecticut's quota of the 300,000 men who from all parts of the North were ready, in response to that call, to join with heart in the song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong!" The Governor decided to send to the front as a portion of the State's quota a fully equipped Light Battery. The announcement was received with enthusiasm, and within a few days the Governor had appointed Seldon T. Porter, of Hebron; John S. Cannon, of New Haven; George I. Metcalf, of Hartford, and William T. Seward, of Guilford, as Lieutenants to recruit said Battery, which was to consist of 156 enlisted men and officers and six guns.

"I propose to make this Light Battery as good as any in the service," said the Governor to W. T. Seward, "I have the promise of a West Pointer for Captain, and shall reserve the right to appoint the First Lieutenant, the Junior First and both Second Lieutenants shall be elected by the enlisted men when the quota is filled."

The Battery was composed of men recruited from all parts of the State, and it has often been said that no better men ever formed a company for military service.

William T. Seward had been a member of the New Haven Blues, of the State Militia, but when the war broke out he was in business, in the South, with his father. He had only just escaped, with his aged father, from the Confederates, when the Governor of Connecticut issued his call for a Light Battery. Seward within a few minutes had, after reading the call, joined hands with Edward Griswold and offered to recruit in Guilford for the Battery. Guilford proved its patriotism by sending 36 enlisted men to join the Battery. John S. Cannon was equally energetic in New Haven issuing a printed call for men, and by tongue and pen rousing the enthusiasm of the citizens. Porter, of Hebron, and Metcalf, of Hartford, were just as patriotic and earnest, and in a few days the battery was ready to go to the State Camp.

It was an impressive sight when the Guilford contingent left. The whole population turned out to see them off. A drum corps, consisting of

Majors Augustus P. Hall, John Griswold and Amos Griswold acted as escort, and as the contingent marched out of the Music Hall, one hundred of the "Fathers of Guilford," (old militiamen) were drawn up in line to join in the march. These veterans were under command of Col. John Burgess and Lieut. Col. Henry W. Chittenden, and the companies were commanded by Capt. Joel Griswold, Richard Fowler, Jonathan Bishop and George Bartlett. Grand old men were those "Fathers of Guilford"! They represented a century of patriotism. Closely allied to the veterans of the revolution, of the war of 1812, and the Mexican war, they again testified their devotion to their country by encouraging their sons and grandsons. Too old to volunteer, they could bid the younger ones do their duty, and though they kept a brave face as their sons and grandsons marched to the war, it could be seen that they inwardly realized that the parting with some would be until the Archangel's trump shall sound.

Some of the younger element did not feel as patriotic. They did not want their sons to go. "There are plenty to go without you," they said in their selfishness. Do not let us blame them, for what pang can fill the heart with more misery than the parting of a mother from her son? How she must grieve over the thought of the dangers to which he would be exposed. The hardships of camp life, the possible starvation, the exposure to storms; the terrible life-destroying bullets, the bursting of the shells, the shrieks of the wounded, the awful death which would be the lot of many, all must pass before the parent's mind at that moment of parting.

One young Guilford man thought it his duty to enlist—in fact he heard the girls say that they would never speak to a boy who was afraid to go to the front—so he put down his name. His minister had told him it was his duty, but his father and mother urged him to stay at home. Enthusiasm won, and he marched with the boys to the camp. His parents cried; they knew he would never return; their lack of Spartan courage was demoralizing the crowd, every one of which had some relative in the army, either at the front, in camp or on the way to camp. A sturdy veteran, with not a tear in his eye, walked up to the agonized parents and exclaimed:

"For God's sake, dont send the boys away from us like that."

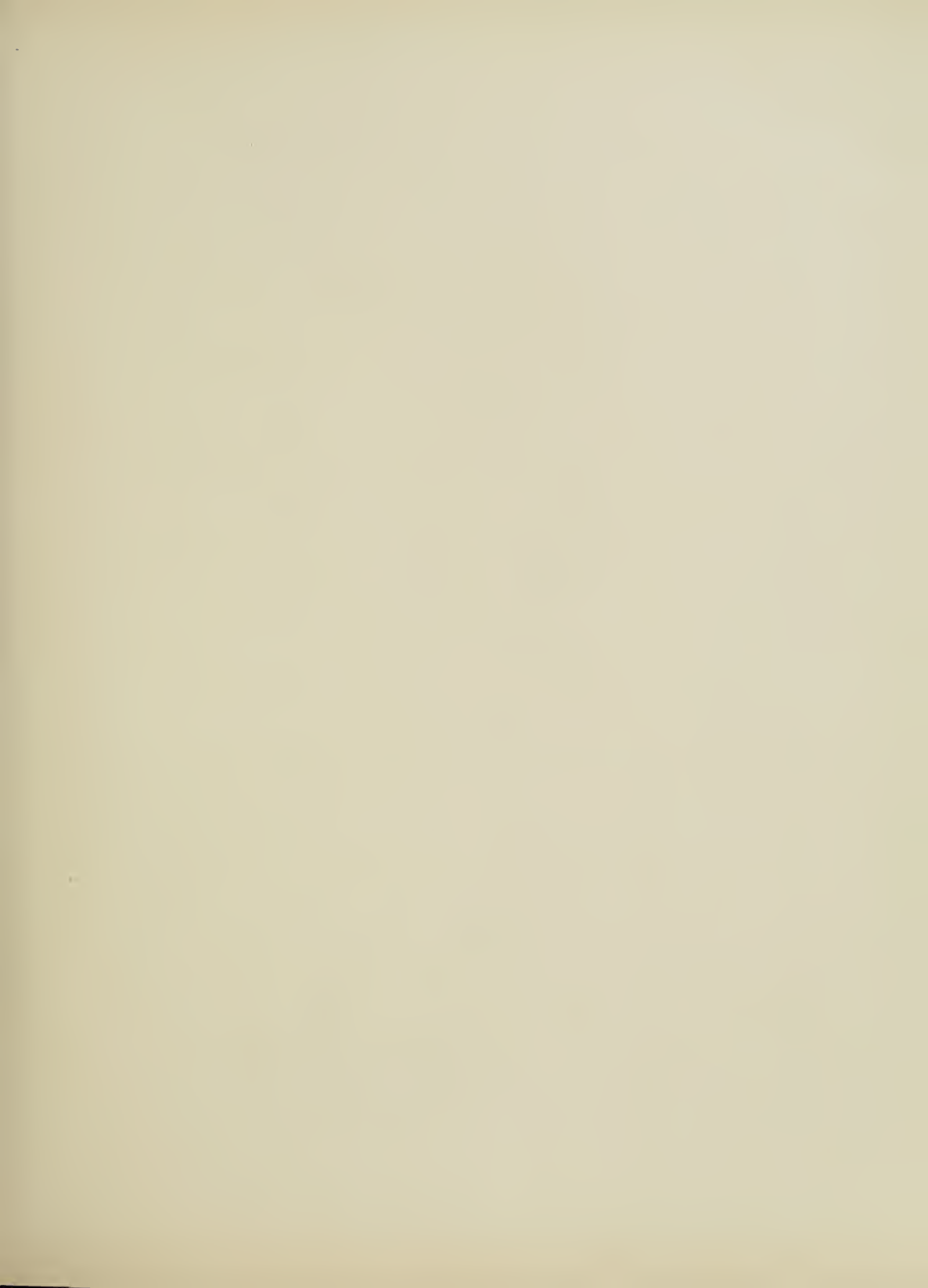
There was a loud cheer for the man, for they knew that all his sons had left him to go and fight.

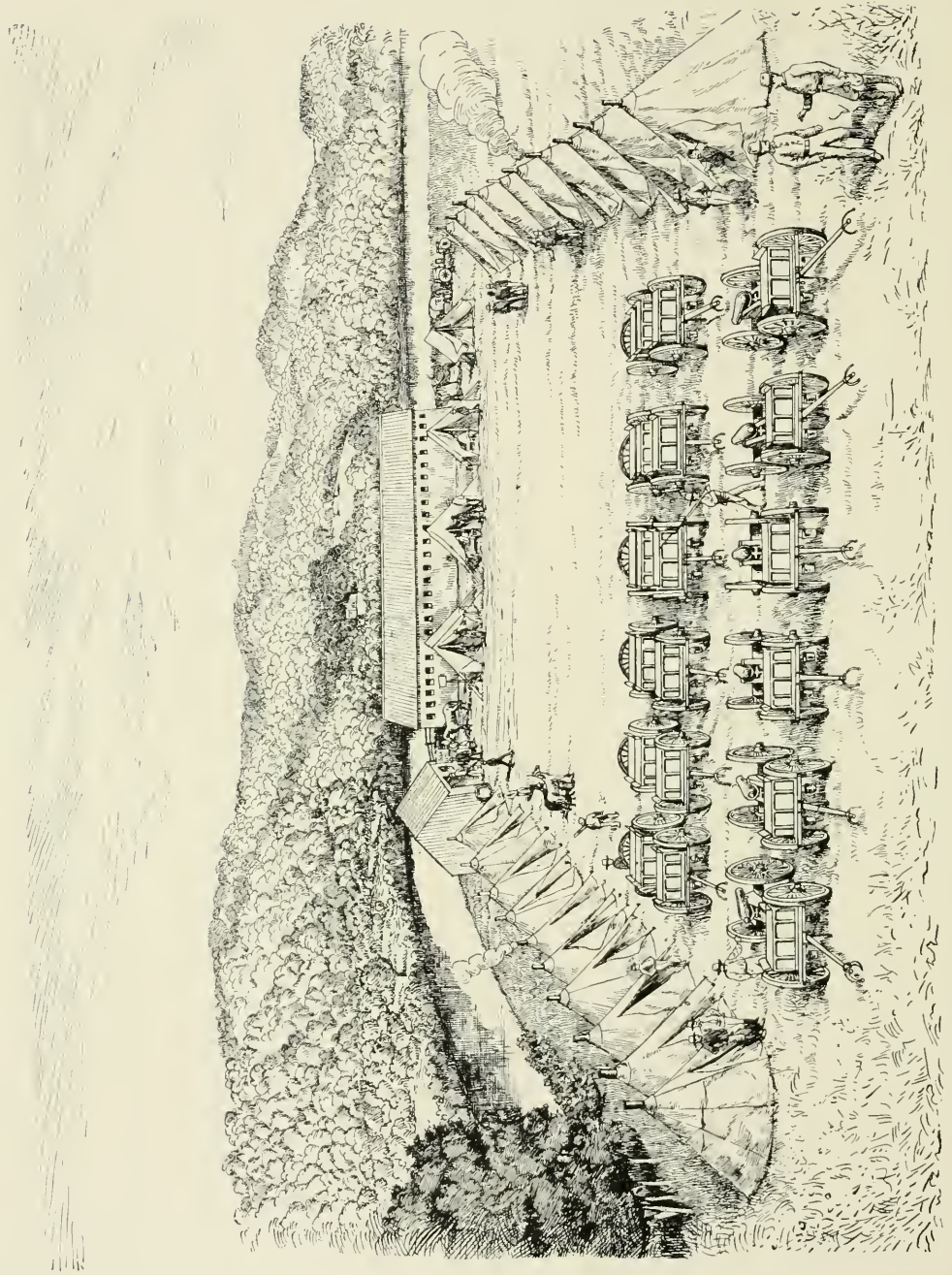
In speaking of that march to the depot, Edward Griswold, thirty years after, wrote: "We can never forget those old patriots, their erect forms, firm step and patriotic spirit. How they marched, how we felt, the road lined with people, the flags waving, the 'God bless you' of the ladies; the way we were sent off made us feel that we could have whipped the whole rebel army that morning. We wondered if we were dreaming, if we were really going to war and to participate in such scenes of war as had been told us around the fireside by our patriotic grandsires." And every man felt the same as did comrade Griswold.

The story of Guilford's send off could be repeated of each town which sent a contingent, for patriotism was at fever heat, and everyone was proud of the brave boys, who left home and all its pleasures to endure the hardships and horrors of a sanguinary war.

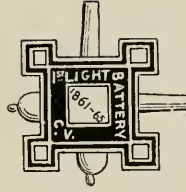
When the battery was ready to go to camp it was a credit to the State. Lawyers, merchants, college students, clerks, mechanics and laborers met together as comrades, each actuated by but one impulse, love of country, each pledged to stand together as comrades:

"Till Freedom's Flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
From Northern lake to Southern strand!
Till friend and foe, at the command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one voiced, 'God save the land!'
And love the land that God hath saved!"





CAMP TYLER, HANOVER, CT.

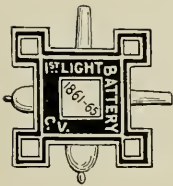


CHAPTER II.

CAMP TYLER.

“God of the Free! Upon Thy breath
Our Flag is for the Right unrolled
As broad and brave as when its Stars
First lit the hallowed time of old.

“For Duty still its folds shall fly,
For Honor still its glories burn,
Where Truth, Religion, Valor, guard
The patriot’s sword and martyr’s urn.”



ON the 18th of October, 1861, a sufficient number of men having been enrolled, orders were issued for them to go into camp at Hanover village, in the town of Meriden.

The camp was delightfully situated on a large open space in the bend of the river, the hills in the background adding beauty to the scene. No spot could have been better adapted for transforming citizens, who had been accustomed to all the freedom of civilian life, into soldiers who must obey the word of command and become like so many parts of one great machine, operated by one mind and will.

The first thing a recruit has to learn is an unquestioning obedience, and for a sovereign citizen accustomed to act as his own inclination suggested it was a very hard lesson to acquire. Many a time the recruit felt that the order was wrong, or that he knew better than the officer, “clothed in a little brief authority,” but it was his duty to act as ordered, without demur, or question:

“Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die.”

Our people knew very little about soldiering when the war broke out and the task of creating a vast army began. What a change it was from the life the men had been living before enlisting! At home, locks and bolts kept away intruders; in camp, the only locks were pieces of string which anyone could untie. At home, the tightly closed windows and doors kept out the rain, and snow and wind, while a good fire in the stoves prevented the cold from striking into the bones; in camp, the rain wetted the men to the skin, and in their wet clothes they had to stay until they were dry; the wind whistled through the tents, making the stoutest shiver; the snow drifted under the canvas and found its way to the bundle of straw which Uncle Sam provided as a bed for his defenders.

The order went from the Adjutant-General to Seward and Cannon and Porter and Metcalf, "Proceed to Hanover and report to Major Boardman of the Cavalry."

There was joy among the men as they marched, out of step it is true, through the streets of New Haven and Hartford and Guilford and Hebron, amid the enthusiasm of the people, cheered by the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, the cheers of the men and the "God bless you" of the women.

Not a man thought of the dangers to be encountered, of the privations to be endured, each was filled with a holy desire to fight for his country and his country's flag. Each man had an irrepressible spirit which nothing could daunt. Many a story has been told by the comrades about that intensity of patriotic feeling. The Guilford comrades love to tell of the way in which Brother Edwin O. Blatchley refused to stay at home though gently repulsed. Good-hearted, worthy comrade as he proved himself, yet it was only by his indomitable perseverance that he was mustered in the Battery.



EDWIN O. BLATCHLEY,
of Guilford.

When it was known that W. T. Seward was recruiting for the Battery Blatchley was the very first to apply, but he was somewhat under the influence of that insinuating enemy which has brought some of the bravest of men to their knees.

Lieut. Seward liked "Sod," as the boys called him, but he did not want

to take an advantage of his condition, so advised him to wait until later. Thirty-six years afterwards Major Seward recalls his experience with Blatchley and tells the story as follows :

“When about half way to the depot at Guilford, on our way to the camp, my first applicant, Edwin O. Blatchley, known as ‘Sod’ Blatchley, still a trifle under alcoholic influence, linked his hand on my arm and said:

“‘Billy, I’m going with you.’

“He was very anxious to sign the roll, but I told him that I could not allow him to do so, he could go along with us, but his chance of being mustered into the United States Volunteer Army depended entirely on his conduct. I shall never forget the look he gave me.

“‘That’s all right, Billy,’ he said, ‘I’m no slouch. I’ll be all right.’

“When we reached Branford ‘Sod’ left the cars, ran across the street to a gin-mill, procured a bottle of spirit and got back to his seat before the cars started. He was very quiet and looked as innocent as a baby until the train was going at a pretty lively speed, then he drew the bottle from under his coat, took a drink and generously tried to pass it round. I intercepted it and flung the bottle and contents out of the window. ‘Sod’ was furious, but only for a minute. He knew that I had done right and as he sank back in his seat he muttered, ‘Good fellow, Billy. I’ll be all right.’ He settled down and was soon fast asleep.

“When the train reached New Haven he was still asleep. ‘All out!’ shouted the brakeman, ‘Change for Meriden!’ Blatchley did not hear and no one thought to wake him. The train was backed into the carhouse and the men went through to clean the cars. There was ‘Sod,’ fast asleep. The cleaners shook him. He opened his eyes and asked what was the matter. He saw the men, greasy, grimy and dirty, and his half-unconscious brain was unable to grasp the situation. He fancied he was captured by the Secessionists and he rose to his feet inclined to show fight. Then he was told that he was in New Haven.

“Gradually the truth dawned upon his clouded faculties. He was repentant.

“‘I want to go to Meriden. Where are the Guilford boys?’

“‘Gone.’

“‘You don’t mean it; they would never have left me like this.’

“‘It is true.’

“For a minute he was mad, but only for that brief space of time. He gave a shout for Old Glory and got out of the car thoroughly sobered and ashamed of himself. Did his resolve weaken? Did he inquire what time the next train went back to Guilford? No, Blatchley was made of heroic stuff, and, like a true soldier and man, he made the best of the situation. He had no money to spare, so he took to the track and footed it every bit of the way to the camp, arriving there sometime during the night, reporting to me in the morning, smiling, jovial and repentant.

“‘I was a fool, but you couldn’t get rid of me, Billy,’ was all he said.”

In good order the Guilford and New Haven men arrived at the camp and sought for Major Boardman, but he had not arrived. No one knew exactly what to do, but Quartermaster Allen, of the Governor’s Staff, was there and he acted as Commissary for the time.

Tents were given out and the majority looked at them with wondering eyes, for they could have solved a difficult mathematical problem as easily as they could have erected those tents.

While they were wondering how to proceed they saw a tent gradually assuming shape on one side of the camp ground. A piece of canvas cannot make itself into a habitable tent without human assistance, so the matter was investigated, and it was found that some of the recruits had served as three months’ men under the first call and therefore understood how to go to work.

A little instruction was given, and then all set to work with such enthusiasm that not a man thought anything about eating. As Lieut. Cannon said at a re-union: “The first day at Camp Tyler was a very important day with me. We had our tents to pitch and the ground to lay out, all the rations to draw and the materials in the commissary stores to put away. It was a very busy day and it was six o’clock at night before I happened to think that I had not had any dinner. I had forgotten all about eating in the excitement. Each man had been furnished with a bed tick and was expected to go to a farmer’s barn and fill it with straw.”

While the men were busy pitching the tents the sound of fifes tooting and bass drums beating and the tramp of many feet roused the enthusiasm of the workers. There is something inspiring in martial music.

A few minutes later Lieut. Porter with a squad of recruits was seen entering the camp ground. His squad was headed by a drum and fife corps, and Lieut. Porter marched his men round the camp to the music of his small band. The drum did not seem loud enough among those hills, so he kept shouting to the drummer:

“Pound her! Pound her!”

The Lieutenant wanted the noise to be as great as his patriotic fervor.

Lieuts. Cannon and Seward reported to Lieut. Porter how many men they had and how they had obtained their supplies. He quickly followed their example, and his men were furnished with adequate supplies.

The Governor had placed Lieut. Porter in command, and so next morning he assumed control. Instead of giving a military order in a military fashion, he shouted in a loud voice, as he marched round the camp in a pair of long boots:

“Turn out! Turn out! Last time around! Last time around!”

Each time he marched round it was the same, each time was announced as the “last time around.” The order was obeyed, but not in accordance with the rules of a military camp, for the men turned out just as they were in a go-as-you-please style.

Lieut. Porter was not alone in his unmilitary orders, for all over the country, in the patriotic North and in the Secessionist South, men who had never drawn a sword or shouldered a musket were elected or appointed officers, and good soldiers most proved themselves to be. There is a story told, and well authenticated, of an Arkansas Cavalry Colonel, who, up to the close of the war, used this order for mounting his men:

“First—‘Prepare fer tur git onto yer creeters!’

“Second order—‘Git!’”

Though such orders were not found in any manual, the Colonel’s regiment did good service and he proved himself the bravest of men.

It is amusing at this day, so many years later, to look back and recall how the brave, good-hearted Lieutenant used to march the boys round in the morning until all were in line for roll-call. Some laggards did not always respond—they had not got used to a soldier’s life—so they turned over on their straw mattress to have another “forty winks,” but the order went forth to drag them from their beds and land them in the snow, or mud, barefooted

as they were. Very few needed a second dose of such an awakener.

“How we enjoyed that first night in camp,” said a comrade when relating his experiences. “how we enjoyed those first rations dealt out to us, sitting on the ground, with tin cup and plate, and how well we slept. It was a new experience, but an enjoyable one. We felt like boys out for a picnic.”

In those first days the men chose their own tent companions, and so while some tents had only seven occupants others had as many as thirteen. How the boys made the hills echo back their songs and merry laughter! If that was soldiering, it was a pleasant experience.

There was one drawback, the nights were cold. Did that trouble the gallant recruits? No, but it was a vexation to the farmers of the district. On one side of the camp a nice snake fence divided the farm from the camp. The boys saw it and admired its symmetrical beauty. Big fires that illumined the sky were lighted in the camp, and round the cheerful blaze the boys sang songs and told stories. Some of the recruits had seen service, having served ninety days; they told how they had met the enemy at Bull Run, and having seen the daring Secessionists, had returned to Washington as fast as legs could carry them, just to tell the President that the Southerners meant to fight.

Some, however, had seen enough to realize that war was a serious matter. One, who had been in the Second Connecticut Infantry, said: “I was at Bull Run and saw some frightful scenes. We were at halt, when a comrade captured a prisoner, a German belonging to the Eighth South Carolina Regiment. I went with the comrade and his prisoner to Major Colburn for instructions as to how to dispose of him. The prisoner asked one privilege as his last, which the Major humanely granted. He said his brother lay a short distance off, in a dying condition, and he wished to see him. I bade him lead the way, and I followed.

“He took me to an old log hut but a few rods from where our regiment was halted. On the north side, in the shade, we found the wounded man. Our prisoner spoke to him, he opened his eyes, the film of death had already overspread them, and the tide of life was fast ebbing. He was covered with blood, and the swarms of flies and mosquitoes, which were fattening upon his life's blood, indicated that he had lain there some time.

They clasped hands together, muttered a few words in the German language, supplicating the Throne of Grace for their families at home, kissed and bade each other a final adieu; the prisoner remarking, as we led him away, for the column was moving, 'Brother, you are dying, and I am a prisoner!' The German had been shot with a musket ball in the back, just over his hip; from which we inferred that he was on the retreat when the deadly ball overtook him. I knew then that war was not a nice pastime."

The fires were getting low and the men turned in for the night and dreamt of home, of wives and sweethearts, of the glories and horrors of war.

As the blaze of the camp fires lighted up the hills and reflected bright pictures on the face of the river, the farmers, from their comfortable homes, looked towards the camp and uttered many a "God bless them," as they thought of the gallant sons of Connecticut who were going to defend the flag.

"Mighty glad they've got a fire," said one farmer, as he piled more logs on his own hearth; "'pears to me it 'ud be tarnation cold without."

"Yes, the brave fellows deserve the best we can do for them," answered his wife.

"If our boy had lived he'd have been with them."

"Yes, 'spect he would, Dan'l."

"I'd have disowned him if he hadn't."

"It would have been his duty, though it would have broken my heart."

The old couple went to bed and fell asleep with the sound of the noisy singing round the camp fire which the clear night bore on the wind to their pleasant home.

In the morning, the farmer returned to the house for breakfast after his early work on the farm looking after the cows. His face was disfigured by a scowl, his hands were clenched, and his wife saw something had vexed him.

"What is it, Dan'l?"

"Gol darn it, those tarnation thieves—those tin soldiers ——."

"What?"

"Have stolen my fence. Not a rail is left, gol darn 'em!"

"But, Dan'l, they wanted a fire ——."

“ Fire, bah, pretty soldiers to be afraid of a bit of cold.”

“ But you said only last night ——.”

“ I was a fool. I'll make the State pay that I will, and darn me if I don't put a stop to their thieving ——.”

“ Dan'l, if our boy had been alive, he'd ——.”

“ You're right, dear wife. It's tough on me, but they are going to fight for us.”

It was not to be expected that every man who had signed the roll would be as enthusiastic after a night or two in the camp, the only wonder was that so few wanted to withdraw. There was one amusing instance of this changeability.

One recruit had experienced enough of camp life before the second day was over. Though he sat by the camp fire, he shivered and shook worse than anybody with the ague. His face was red with fever and all thought the best thing to do was to put him to bed. Blankets enough to have crushed an ordinary man were piled on him, hot stones were placed all round his body, but still he shook

“ As if a fierce Icelandic rain,
Or horrible Arctic hurricane,
Were driving and freezing body and brain.”

At times the heat would be too much for him and he would gently raise the blankets to let out some of the hot air, but the boys quickly tucked them round him again. Towards morning he began again to

“ Shudder and shiver and quake,
Twist and struggle, and writhe and groan,
Till joints were loose and sinews slack,
Till every bone was a torturing thing,
And every nerve was a hornet's sting!”

In the morning he was very sick, in fact almost dead with the sweating and shaking. He was sent home, but ordered to rejoin in a week. Home life cured him, but no sooner did he rejoin than life became a burden wherever he might be. He got delirious, he taxed all the skill of the surgeon, doctors were sent for to consult and some declared that he was only shamming; others that his sufferings were real but caused by fear—that he had an attack of “Gunpowder Fever.” For days he was like one

dead, his muscles were rigid and he had to be fed with a spoon. His delirium at times bordered on insanity, and at last it was resolved to send him home, discharged from the service. A few days at home was sufficient to insure a cure. He was again the happy, jolly fellow without a care or trouble.

He was no coward, his spirit was full of patriotic fervor, but his nerves were so sensitive that he could never control them. Later he re-enlisted, but his record was known, and it was thought better to let him be the stay of his family at home rather than a soldier of Uncle Sam.

While waiting for the Mustering Officer, discipline was not very strict. Guard duty was performed after a loose fashion. One night the rain was coming down in torrents, freezing as it fell. The comrade on guard duty did not relish his position, and no wonder; he had to continue his lonely march to and fro all the evening. It was hard to see the logs blazing in the distance and the men sitting around the fire, but when taps sounded the stillness became oppressive. Ten o'clock came and nothing could be heard but the patter of rain on the tents. The night was bitterly cold, but the sentinel grew so tired of his monotonous marching that he sat down and nearly froze. He thought of home and the comforts he had abandoned, but he did not regret enlisting. It was not too late, for he had not been mustered in, so he could have retired. He was just as enthusiastic as ever, though the silence and rain and cold damped his spirits.

He tried to remember a song to sing, but though he had been accounted a good singer and had always a song ready for any occasion, at that time he could not remember anything but a nursery rhyme, which he had not heard since his boyhood's early days. It haunted his mind and the silence of the night was broken by the strains:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

He commenced the verse over again, this time louder; then his voice gained strength and half the camp might have heard him before he stopped of his own accord, but from a tent near the camp line came the loud voice of a comrade shouting:

“Shut up! Give that calf more rope!”

Again the voice of the sentinel started:

“Mary had a little——”

He got no farther for a regular fusilade of boots and other missiles fell so close to the astonished sentry that he began to think the whole Secessionist army had invaded the camp.

Not one of the recruits liked guard duty, it was the most unpleasant part of camp life. Every stratagem was resorted to in order to escape, and many a man would have willingly paid a comrade to take his place. A comrade tells an amusing story of this objection to guard duty and what a man would endure to escape it.

“One night we had a Northeaster,” he said: “the snow was coming down furiously. We had just stowed in good for the night, and were telling stories and having a good time. I remember there were eight of us in that tent, and we were as comfortable as bugs in a rug. We heard the Orderly Sergeant coming along the line. Presently he called out, asking if a certain comrade was in the tent. My comrade whispered, ‘Don’t answer, for he is after a man to go on guard duty, and it is awful to be out in that storm.’ No one answered, but the question was repeated, and the comrade asked what was wanted.

“‘You are detailed for guard,’ was the Sergeant’s answer.

“‘My Lord! Just as I got turned in, and now I must go out in that terrible snowstorm.’

“In the tent with us was the Battery blacksmith, a powerful fellow, as full of fun as an egg is full of meat. He turned to the reluctant guard and said:

“‘If you will let me slap you on your naked body ten times as your mother used to do, I will take your place.’

“‘I’ll stand anything rather than endure a night out there.’

“The comrade bared that portion of his anatomy which had often felt the weight of his mother’s slipper, and the large hand of the blacksmith came down with such a fearful slap that the victim gave a great yell and jumped around for a few minutes.

“‘I can’t stand that, I’ll go on guard,’ he said, but in a few moments the stinging ceased but the snow grew worse. He looked out of the tent

and shivered. Turning to the blacksmith he told him to give him the other nine slaps, for any physical torture was preferable to guard duty that night. Another slap was administered and he howled worse than before, but after a brief rest he took the balance, and the blacksmith answered to the Sergeant of the Guard for duty. In the morning the blacksmith looked a wreck, he had not been relieved all night, and for the consolation of his comrade, whose place he had taken, he said that no physical suffering could be equal to that night's torture in the storm, and that it was the worst bargain he ever made."

On October 26 there was the greatest excitement in camp, for it was known that the United States Officer had arrived, and that before night the recruits would be mustered into the service of the United States.

Lieut. Chamberlain performed his work in a business-like manner, and sixty men took the oath of allegiance and became a part of the United States Army. It was a proud day for those men and until their last earthly breath is drawn they will delight in speaking of themselves as "Charter Members of the First Light Battery of Connecticut Volunteers."

Then commenced the real work of camp life. Very few of the members had any idea of military duty. Comrade Charles E. Jillson had served three months in Company B, First Connecticut Infantry, and had re-enlisted in the Battery, and Comrade Henry E. Peck had been also in the war, having answered the three months' call and seen service in Company G, Second Connecticut Infantry. These two comrades were looked up to as being prodigies in their line as well as great heroes. They gave the Battery the first military instruction the members received, but as they knew only infantry drill the men merely learned how to perform the simple movements of marching, facing, etc.

Comrade Peck only stayed eleven months with the Battery. His war record commenced when the first call was made, he enlisting on the 22d of April, 1861. He was mustered in, May 7, at Brewster Park, New Haven. The Second



CHARLES E. JILLSON.

Sergt. Co. B, 1st Conn. Infantry, April 23, 1861, to July 31, 1861. Mustered 1st Sergt. Conn. Light Battery, Oct. 26, 1861.

Infantry embarked for Washington, May 10, on the steamer "Cahawba," and went into camp at Meridian Hill, where it stayed until the 16th of June. In the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, the regiment acquitted itself with great credit, maintaining its regimental formations throughout the action, and demonstrating by its coolness under fire the excellence of its material and the thoroughness of its discipline. In that engagement and afterwards in saving and escorting to Washington the arms, ammunition, camp equipage and a miscellaneous variety of stores left behind and deserted by other regiments, the Connecticut regiments proved that they inherited the pluck, patriotism and courage of their revolutionary fathers. Comrade Peck was mustered out with the regiment on August 7, 1861, and on October 7, in the same year, he wrote his name on the enlistment blank of the First Connecticut Light Battery. He was discharged September 19, 1862. His war record was not ended, for after a short period of home life he enlisted in the First Connecticut Volunteer Cavalry as a Private, March 9, 1863. He was promoted Corporal April 28, 1863, and became Sergeant May 1, in the same year. At the skirmish on June 10, 1864, at Old Church Tavern, Virginia, he was captured by the Confederates, and died at Millen, Ga., on November 3, 1864. Such was the war record of one of the comrades who taught the men of the First Light Battery their first drill.

On November 2, a bitterly cold day, the order to fall in was given, and to the great and inexpressible joy of the comrades a good overcoat was passed to each. The uniforming was done by instalments, for it was not until November 6 that shoes and hats were received.

On the morning of the 7th of November there was excitement in camp, for the order was given to proceed to Meriden and fetch the guns.

All knew that there would be fun, for the horses were unused to such work. An old soldier selected the horses, and he had a peculiar idea of adaptability. If a horse would kick, he thought he would make a good battery horse; if he did not use his hind heels vigorously he was sent to the cavalry.

One day a gentleman brought into camp as fine a pair of carriage horses as ever were driven. He wanted to sell them.

"I can do nothing with them," he said, "they kick, run away, and have every bad habit possible."

“We are not paying fancy prices,” the officer said.

“I know that; give me the regulation price and take them.”

The Government only paid \$125 each for the horses, though this particular team was worth five times as much.

“Don’t attempt to use them except harnessed to a gun,” was the late owner’s parting advice.

The horses well deserved the character they had. They were wild and vicious. Comrade Griswold tried to exercise them, but he acknowledged that they were not to his liking, and Comrade Elias Norton took them in hand. When the order came to go to Meriden for the guns, Comrade Henry Spencer asked the privilege of taking this particular team. He was a fine horseman and had looked with admiring eyes on the team from the very first moment they had entered camp.

He got to Meriden all right and hitched up to a gun. For some time the horses behaved themselves splendidly and many a time did Spencer look back with a glance which said as expressively as words: “I told you so!”

About half way from Meriden to Camp Tyler the road was cut out of the side of the hill and very steep. On one side rose the hill, while on the other side of the road a deep ravine imperilled travelers. The gun began running down on the horses. That was more than they could stand. They started to run. Comrade Spencer pulled the lines, but they cared not for that, they were going to be master. Up the hill slowly approached two yoke of oxen hitched to a load of wood. Spencer had the right of way, but the horses and oxen were at loggerheads, each wanted to choose the same part of the road. One of the wheels of the gun hit the hub of the wood wagon and in an instant there was a crashing down the ravine and wood, wagon and oxen were heaped in inextricable confusion at the bottom. Spencer landed the gun safely in camp.

Those horses one day nearly killed Comrade Elias Norton, and only Comrade Spencer could do anything with them. They were of very little use to the army, for they both died of glanders on the way from New York to Beaufort. Their faithful attendant, Comrade Spencer, fell sick with the same disease and died February 8, 1862. Poor fellow, he lost his life, the country a brave man, the army a good soldier, through his devotion to the vicious brutes.

When the guns were in camp it became more than ever necessary to maintain the semblance of military life. Guard duty was performed after a fashion, and the Corporal of the Guard had plenty of business in attending to calls from all parts of the camp. One of those first nights tested the courage of the Guard for the rain came down in torrents, freezing as it fell. So easy going was everything at that time that an officer took a sentry off duty "because it was raining too fast," and bade him seek the shelter of his tent. One comrade says: "I shall never forget my first and only guard duty. It was a frosty night in early November and the stars shone brightly in a moonless sky. The mountains to the north of us, over toward Kensington, stood out boldly against the sky, a landmark towards which my eyes involuntarily turned whenever I faced it in my lonely walk. I was in the clothes I had worn from home, and the old, useless musket was the only thing soldierly about me. I was very vigilant, though, for it was said that Lieut. Metcalf was fond of 'running post' and of sometimes taking away the musket from the sentinel. Back and forth I walked till every minute seemed an hour, and when I was finally relieved I had been on guard four hours. So ended the most disagreeable post of guard duty for me, for I never again 'walked post.' I think often of that winter in camp, how cold it was, and yet how warm we were in our tents with the little stoves the State gave us. How grand and soldierly our drill seemed to us then when we used to hitch up and march round the lot, and yet, in the light of our later experience, how crude it all was."

Every day brought its news, and how eagerly every item was discussed. It mattered very little whether the news was true or merely hearsay rumor. Each day it was reported that the Battery was surely going at once to the front, but by night the faces of the comrades grew long and doleful when it was known that the rumor was but a canard.

Governor Buckingham was determined that the First Light Battery should have an able commander, so he allowed it to be known that he had offered the Captaincy to Emory Upton, who was graduated from West Point in 1831. To the regret of the Governor, and every member of the Battery, the offer was declined. But, even now, the comrades look back on the record of General Upton and think how near they were to being identified with him during the struggle. In the war Upton served as aid to General

Tyler, was wounded at Bull Run, and took part in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. At Spottsylvania he was again wounded, but was present at the battle of Cold Harbor, the siege of Petersburg, the Shenandoah campaign and elsewhere. He was promoted through the various grades, and at the end of the war had the brevet rank of Major-General. His treatise on "Infantry Tactics," was adopted by the Government in 1867, and he became Commander at West Point.

On November 14 every man was elated at the news that the Governor and General Daniel Tyler, in whose honor the camp had been named, would review the Battery.

The officers did their best to give the camp a military appearance, and the men believed that there was not a more soldierly looking body of men to be found in the whole of the New England States. General Tyler addressed them, and every comrade felt proud when the General said:

"Light Batteries are the real aristocracy of the Army, and infantrymen considered it an honor to visit the camp of a Light Battery."

After General Tyler had made his address the Governor announced that as he had reserved the right to appoint a First Lieutenant, he should avail himself of the opportunity and appoint Seldon T. Porter, of Andover, First Lieutenant of the First Connecticut Light Battery. The announcement was received with cheers, and every man was ready to give the Lieutenant all the honor due to his rank. The other commissioned officers were then elected by the men. On a count it was found that William T. Seward, of Guilford, had been elected Junior First Lieutenant, but Lieut. Seward declined the office, and John S. Cannon, of New Haven, was elected, with William T. Seward and George Metcalf as Second Lieutenants.

A few days after the election of commissioned officers, a committee was appointed to consider the adaptability of candidates and to make nominations. It may be that the members of that committee were the best men for the offices; at this late day all are pleased to think so, for when the committee presented its report it was found that the members had nominated each other. On the day the men were mustered in there had been some smoldering flames of dissatisfaction, for certain men had induced their friends to enlist, under the impression that they would get some kind of office.

Especially was this true of the Hebron squad, but when the grumbling was at its height, Comrade Warren Bissell said he was not going to back out if he never got an office. His brave stand influenced the others, and all agreed to take the oath, whatever might be their fate. However, when the organization was about to be completed, the hopes of those who had been promised an office, or had been led to believe they would get one, were raised, and they listened to the reading of the report of the nominating committee.

The names were read off and only one man objected. Comrade William Fowler spoke out in meeting, saying:

"I would rather have my arm cut off than have a nomination in that way."

The others accepted and by unanimous vote were elected; but as a comrade has since said:

"If a mule had been nominated he would have been elected."

Though the feeling was far from pleasant at the time all acquiesced in the decision and gave a hearty support to the newly elected officers, who proved themselves good comrades and gallant men.

Every day new recruits came and were mustered in, one being James



JAMES H. REYNOLDS,
OF MERIDEN.

Mustered in November 14, 1861.
Served three years. Wounded
May 10, 1864, at Chester Station,
Virginia.

Reynolds, who, having been in the regular artillery, was of great service in the Battery, showing the men the standing gun and other artillery drills.

Comrade and Historian Herbert W. Beecher joined at this time. He had already known something of military life, having served in the Second Connecticut Infantry. The quick march from Bull Run had convinced him of the superiority of a regiment in which he would have the advantage of riding instead of walking, so he chose the Light Battery. When the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter reached Mallory & Tuttle's store in Fair Haven, where he was employed, he distinguished himself in a way which might have led to very serious consequences. In his haste to show his loyalty and zeal he ran up the flag "Union" down. People remembered that he was a Virginian,

and had only come north because his friends desired him to be on the right side when trouble commenced. Some wanted to lynch him, but cooler heads recalled how the Beechers had been good New Englanders from the very earliest time, and that in the State the Beecher family was as loyal as any. When the youth was shown his mistake he quickly lowered the flag, ran it up the right way and saluted it with boyish enthusiasm. When the Rev. John Davenport led a company of emigrants and settled at New Haven in 1638, establishing the colony of New Haven, which included Guilford, Milford, Stamford and Branford, Comrade Beecher's ancestor was one of the incorporators of the colony.

At one of the re-unions Comrade Beecher related his first experience with the Battery:

“I was brought up in Virginia,” he said, “where roads were bad and everyone had to ride horseback. Almost the first thing I can remember was being on the back of a horse, and while still a young child was considered a fair horseman. When I reached Camp Tyler and looked over the Battery I thought it was composed of the worst lot of horsemen I had ever seen. I was overheard saying so, and for my criticism got detailed as a rider. Most men tried to avoid taking care of horses, as it gave the driver extra work, so they would purposely act awkwardly about a horse. I did not understand the game at first, but I soon ‘tumbled to it,’ as we should say now. There was a shed built for a stable and the horses were hitched, in the alley, heel to heel. I was given a pair of horses, one of them was a kicker. I went to him and said, ‘Whoa, boy!’ For saying that I received a kick which sent me across the alley against the horse on the other side. As he did not like my company any better than the first horse, he sent me back again, and I was again greeted with another kick. That was my first fight with the Battery and I got the worst of it. I soon learned that all the horses were kickers. I like to look back to those days at Camp Tyler, to the nights when we used to sit round the stove in a large building singing songs and telling stories. How we used to shout out ‘John Brown’s Body,’ and ask in the loudest tones:

“‘Oh, say does the Star Spangled Banner still wave,
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?’”

“And then we would sing with stentorian voices the glories of the ‘Red White and Blue.’ The weather was cold and we had hard work to keep from freezing. We used to wrap our blankets and overcoats round us when we went to sleep, and in the morning we had to go down to the river and break the ice before we could wash our faces.”

The comrades bought Manuals of Artillery drill which they studied when they were not cutting wood, policing the camp, drilling, cleaning horses, singing songs in the old cook shanty, or flirting with the girls who daily visited the camp. The State had erected a shanty in which the meals were cooked by a Chinaman, and in this shanty, around the big cook stove, the men sat and discussed the war and expressed their fears that they would never go to the front.

All seemed to agree that it was a glorious experience, and if that was a soldier's life who would ever want to be a civilian?

Although the First Connecticut Cavalry was camped in the field adjoining the Battery street, yet the favorite resort of the young ladies was the artillery camp. Each day the boys were visited by be vies of young ladies who showed their patriotism by doing all they could to make the soldier's life a happy one. Their smiling faces and flashing eyes, their ready wit and brilliant repartee, their acts of friendship and words of encouragement turned the hearts of many, and flirtation occupied the time which should have been devoted to the study of military tactics.

“For smiling lasses, brimming glasses,
Greeted us when daylight passes,
And then we sang to the skies above,
A soldier's life is the life we love.”

In all their civilian days the men of the Light Battery had never experienced so much attention from the ladies. All sorts of delicacies, warm under-clothing, much needed by men who were sleeping under canvas for the first time in their lives, and everything the dear, fair ones of Meriden could think of were brought to the camp.

Ladies of an uncertain age, whose eyes needed the aid of science to enable them to see clearly, and some girls just graduated from school, vied with each other in making the boys who loved their country and were going to fight for it comfortable.

Then the river and pond were frozen over and had a surface as smooth as glass. Of course, the girls considered it a great privilege to skate with real, live soldiers, even though those soldiers had never been under fire and scarcely knew whether powder or ball should go into the gun first. How the girls would coquettishly put up their feet to have the skate straps fastened, and how strange it was that there was always something wrong with the straps, if one might judge by the number of times they had to be looked after. The soldiers would kneel on one knee and the fair damsel raise her foot so that it rested on his other knee, the strap would be adjusted, and again the two would go skimming over the smooth surface of the frozen river.

The girls were good skaters and plenty of fun was obtained that winter, though on one occasion a skating adventure nearly ended in a tragedy.

Comrade Griswold was as good a skater as he was a man, and that was saying a great deal. He generally managed to get the best lady skater as a partner. On one very cold night with a pretty girl by his side, whose cheeks glowed with the crimson of health, and whose tiny feet seemed to glide over the smooth ice like those of a fairy, he skated up the river quite a long way.

Perhaps Comrade Griswold had an object in view—it may be that he wished his companion to get tired so that in resting before returning there might be an opportunity for a little innocent flirting. Anyway, he suggested that they should go to the east side to an old wharf, the scene of many a pleasant flirtation.

With hands crossed and forms erect, these two graceful skaters proceeded at a rapid pace until within a few feet of the wharf.

Both were looking forward to a good rest, when a change came o'er the spirit of their dream.

“Splash! Splash!”

It was an instantaneous plunge into the water for the couple.

As both went down Comrade Griswold seized the girl and tried to lift her up on the ice. His feet did not touch the bottom, but he trod water and gave her another push upward.

She did not lose her presence of mind but caught hold of the ice and crawled out.

Mark Hall was skating and saw the ice give way. Instantly he grabbed hold of a rail and sent it skimming along the ice towards the struggling couple. The rail flew with great force. A new terror seized upon Comrade Griswold, his quick perception told him that if the rail struck his companion it would kill her or maim her for life. He jumped up in the water, caught his hand on the ice, and, with almost miraculous quickness, sent the rail spinning in another direction.

The girl was saved. Edward Griswold was a hero, and if it had been known who had purposely cut the ice there might have been a lynching at Camp Tyler.

When the danger was over the girl laughed merrily at her plight, for her clothes were frozen stiff and she appeared like a living, moving statue.

Had not Comrade Griswold been a man of honor he might have lost his heart to her, but he knew she was betrothed to his cousin, whose name was Edwin. This similarity of names caused many funny experiences. On one occasion Comrade Griswold called on the young lady with a message from his cousin. She was always brimful of happy fun and mischief, and after a few moments she slipped across the street and told her sister that Ed. had come. The sister was busy kneading bread, and, filling her hands with flour, crossed the street, and entering the parlor quietly threw her arms round Edward Griswold's neck, filling his eyes and ears full of flour. When she found it was Edward, whom she had never before seen, and not Edwin, her sister's *fiancé*, she threw her apron over her head and ran from the house, much to her sister's amusement and Comrade Griswold's confusion.

Though there was a pretense and show of guard duty—the sentry patrolling his beat regularly with musket over his shoulder—the guard was but a pretense, for the sink was outside the guard line and so the boys used to go and come just as they felt inclined. One frosty night there was such a rush for the sink that it was a matter of wonder whether the doctor should not be consulted, but the knowing ones laughed, for they had been let into the secret. Two comrades, having leave of absence, visited Meriden, and on their return carried with them a jug of good whiskey. The cold was intense, and several times the comrades stopped to warm their almost frozen fingers. The night was dark and unpleasant, but they knew the guard would watch

them come in and perhaps challenge the jug of whiskey, so they put the jug down on the ice and cautiously proceeded to reconnoitre. All was right, they could slip in with their precious burden easily and unchallenged, but when they went back for the whiskey they failed to locate it. For an hour they searched up and down the ice, going on their hands and knees and feeling their way until they were well nigh frozen, though their thoughts and words were warm enough to have melted the thickest ice.

They walked into camp at last, but without the precious luxury. Word was passed around that somewhere on the ice there was a gallon of Bourbon. It was strange how many had to pass through the guard line that night. For hours the search continued, and when the boys returned it was guessed that the whiskey came with them, but no jug was seen. The Battery was a jovial place for the remaining hours of that night, for, as one comrade said, "all felt elated and inspired by the search."

It seems to be human nature to want that which is forbidden, and so it proved in Camp Tyler. It was against the rules to have whiskey in the camp, and this rule seemed to make men want whiskey who never thought of touching it before, and many resorted to all sorts of stratagems to obtain it.

The sutler, a man named Rogers, from Meriden, was perfectly willing to sell the fiery compound to the men, so long as he felt it would not be known; so he did not sell to all, but only to those whom he felt he could trust. This apparent favoritism angered some of the men, and most of their comrades felt it a slur on the Battery.

One evening, while sitting round the camp fire, the subject of the sutler's favoritism was mentioned. Some were very angry, others laughed, but those who laughed were the ones who could get whiskey on the sly at any time.

"If he refused me, I'd wreck his shanty," said one.

"What right has he anyway to refuse one of the country's defenders?"

"Wouldn't it be fun if he should find his business ruined?" whispered one of the mildest men in the Battery.

Presently one of the men rose to his feet, then another, and soon all were standing. No one spoke, yet each felt that a raid on the sutler was about to be made.

No one knew who was the leader; it really seemed as though the same idea occurred to each man.

All left the camp fire, and, with one accord, began to run.

Some of the cavalry guessed what was in the wind and joined the race.

A rush was made for the sutler's tent.

What good was it for him to resist?

Not a man had the right to leave the camp, for it was after tattoo, but having left—well, as one expressed it—“they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,” so a little more lawlessness would not matter.

The sutler saw all his valued stores disappear. Whiskey, about which he dare not complain, for he had no right to sell it; cheese, canned goods, everything he had was seized, and much got rid of without asking leave. “Stolen kisses are sweet,” says the old proverb, and so the men found the stolen dainties far nicer than if they had bought and paid for them.

The officers were seen approaching. Lieut. Porter shouted to his men :

“Go back to camp, every one of you!”

The men laughed and ran, but not one cared for the officer's command. Lieut. Cannon tried his best to get the men back; the other officers appeared to be strict, but, after all, officers and men were only human, and perhaps the officers would have liked to have joined in the raid had not pride and dignity forbade.

Not a red cent's worth was left after the raid was over, and the officers knew that to punish the ringleaders would be to punish every man in the Battery, so the affair was passed over quietly.

That was not the only time the sutler's tent was raided. One night George Durgin was on guard, when Comrade Blatchley crept up quietly and said that he had heard that the sutler had a good lot of beer and he meant to have some.

“How are you going to manage it, Sod?” asked Comrade Durgin.

“I wouldn't be surprised if a barrel came rolling down the hill into camp presently,” was the answer.

A few minutes later the Sentry was surprised at finding a barrel rolling toward him.

He challenged it like a good Sentry, but no notice was taken of the challenge, so he arrested the barrel, and in a few moments Comrade Blatchley was on the scene with a pail and cup. A hole was made in the barrel and the pail filled.

Comrade George Bliss was Officer of the Guard, and as he passed and saw a musket standing, doing duty as Sentry, he thought he would investigate.

He found Comrade Durgin standing by a pail, drinking out of a tin cup.

“What have you got there?”

“Water!” was the answer as the Sentry saluted.

“I’ll take a drink.”

Quaking and trembling, but not daring to refuse, Comrade Durgin gave the officer a cup of beer. Comrade Bliss drank it, handed the cup back to the Sentry and said:

“That is very good water, I’ll take another drink.”

When the sutler looked for that barrel the next morning, he found it floating down the stream empty.

The authorities did not neglect the spiritual wants of the men, even if they denied them spirituous rations. Each Sunday, services were conducted in the camp, to which both Cavalry and the Battery were invited.

Some officers considered it respectable to have services, others were deeply religious, but whatever the prompting motive, the religious observances were maintained with regularity.

A good story was told by one of the Cavalrymen, who had re-enlisted after having served his ninety days in response to the first call.

“I was in camp at Meridian Hill, near Washington,” he said, “and overheard a conversation about the spiritual condition of the soldiers. The Colonel of my regiment was noted for the liberal use of words which made the air very blue for some time after he had spoken.

“A long-faced, psalm singing son of a gun, who had been appointed a kind of roving missionary Chaplain, called on my Colonel, and with a nasal twang, and his eyes turned up until the whites, only, could be seen, said: ‘The Lord has sent me to see you, Colonel.’

“The Colonel bit his mustache, but did not speak for a moment. He motioned to an empty box in front of a tent and the Chaplain sat down.

“I shall never forget that Chaplain. He wore a white stock with a bow big enough for Gabriel's wings, the whole thing must have contained enough stuff for a girl's dress. The Colonel looked at him, as he sat twiddling his thumbs and turning up the whites of his eyes, just like a dying duck in a thunder storm.

“‘Fire away,’ said the Colonel at length.

“‘The Chaplain commenced in a sing-song voice—‘Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army.’

“‘You bet you bottom dollar I have,” the officer replied.

“‘Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?’

“‘The Colonel stroked his mustache, picked his teeth with his knife with which he had just been paring his nails, thought for a minute and then answered:

“‘Well, damme, I don't know.’

“‘A lively interest has been awakened in the — Massachusetts,’ said the chaplain. ‘The Lord has blessed his servants above his desserts and yesterday ten were baptized. And there was great joy in heaven.’

“My colonel jumped to his feet and called to his aide: ‘Sergeant Major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism, I'll be d——d if I'll allow any —— Massachusett Regiment to get ahead of me ’”

The comrade told the story and declared that it was absolutely true.

One Sunday the Rev. W. H. Miller visited Camp Tyler to preach to the soldiers. The morning was cold and the service was held in the wooden cook house and mess room.

The young preacher was anxious to rivet the attention of the men so he took for his text the romantic story of Gideon. He grew eloquent and told of the earnestness of the prophet. He, with dramatic power, described how Gideon ordered the men to go down to the river side and drink. From the drinkers he would choose the army of the Lord. Three hundred men laid down and lapped water like dogs, and these men Gideon selected as his army.

While the soldiers were listening to the dramatically told incident there was a scene enacted which startled both preacher and hearers.

“Sod” Blatchley had risen to his feet and in a loud voice challenged the statement.

“What are you giving us?” he shouted, “Gideon gave them whiskey.”

A church is hardly the place for argument and the men tried to silence Blatchley, but “Sod” was in a disputing mood and insisted that no General would choose water lappers for soldiers. Comrade Griswold took Blatchley’s arm and tried to lead him out of the building. “Sod” kept on muttering:

“That may be in the Bible, but it isn’t Gospel. Give me whiskey for my lapping.”

The near presence of the Cavalry made the camp more lively, though the farmers said that the more soldiers there were, the fewer chickens they could keep. The Cavalry blamed it all on the Light Artillery, and the Battery men retaliated by saying that they had no need to forage, as the ladies brought them all the luxuries they wanted.

There was a sort of rivalry in pride between the two branches of the service, and each thought the other a grade lower. This led to a display of drilling for the benefit of visitors to the camp.

One day the men of the Battery were playing football when a company of Cavalry undertook to ride through the street headed by a drum and fife corps. They made all the noise possible in order to impress their importance on the Battery. The men went on playing, and one of the boys kicked the ball with such vigor that it struck the Cavalry officer’s horse and scared it.

Had the ball been fired with hostile intent from an enemy’s cannon, it could not have caused more consternation.

The horse reared and plunged, the officer was sent flying over its head.

The Cavalry was indignant, the Battery secretly jubilant; it was a victory of the Artillery over the Cavalry. The officer picked himself up, his bright uniform looking far from imposing.

“Who kicked that ball?” he demanded.

There was no reply. Not a man would inform against his comrade. It was an accident, then why should any fuss be made over it?

The officer was furious; his pride had received a fall; he felt humiliated.

The comrade who had kicked the ball was badly scared. He made sure he would be imprisoned, perhaps shot, and in his fear he climbed over the horses and hid in the hay, and could not be induced to come out until after dark.

“To-morrow will be Thanksgiving,” said one of the boys the night before that National feast. Many had received furlough to go home for the day, but many lived too far away, and there was nothing for them to do but stay in camp. It was a gloomy outlook for them.

Early in the morning, almost before reveille, the good people of Meriden began coming to the camp, carrying good old-fashioned pumpkin pies, roasted turkeys, great pails of cranberry sauce, and all sorts of good things. Then when the dinner hour came, a long mess table was rigged up, and the ladies of Meriden waited on the soldiers. It was almost as good as being at home.

The memory of the kindness of the ladies of Meriden will last as long as history and children’s children will tell the story how their grandfathers were treated by the fair sex at that time when the nation was torn asunder by civil war.

O woman, how much patriot fire
 Thy breath has woke to flame !
 How many heroes were not such
 But for thy consecrating touch,
 None less than God can name.

To tell all the humorous episodes of Camp Tyler would fill a book. So many incidents and experiences partook of the comic that even a generation after, the comrades laugh heartily as they recall the time spent at the Camp.

One night a comrade was returning to camp from Meriden. He had made a big resolve to take back two jugs of whiskey. Before it was time to start he had imbibed the idea that the easiest way to carry the whiskey was to drink it, so he set to work to see how much he could lighten the weight of one of the jugs.

Now, the more he put inside, the greater the desire to carry it all that way. His stomach was, like his appetite for liquor, very capacious.

At last, feeling more jolly than he had done since he put on Uncle Sam’s uniform, he started for the camp. He kept up an incessant conversation with himself though at times he would hold out the full jug and apostrophize it.

In crossing the ice he slipped and fell. He held the jug up above his head, determined to save that even at the risk of his own life.

When he gathered himself up and sat on the ice he put his hand up to

his face, there was a strange feeling in his nose. He drew his hand away quickly, for he fancied his nose was as big as his face.

“Now that’s funny. I never thought of it before. I always thought my nose was on my face, but now I know my face is attached to my nose.”

So pleased was he with his discovery that he repeated it, and after a time got the idea that his head was only a small appendage to his nose. Then he stroked the jug affectionately and addressed it as though it were a human being.

“If you hadn’t held me up I might have broken my skull,” he said, “it was good of you, but then I always knew whiskey was a good thing.”

While addressing the jug of spirit he was found by a comrade and taken back to camp.

Every day there were rumors that wooden barracks were to be erected, but each night saw the same tents, and after a time no notice was taken of the rumors.

At last there came the news that the Battery was to form part of the forces of Gen. Benjamin Franklin Butler, and the spirits of the men beat with patriotic pride. They remembered how Butler had been one of the very first to raise a regiment and proceed to Washington to save the capital. Rugged, erratic, peculiar Butler might be, but every soldier loved him.

On January 8, 1862, Lieut. Porter gave out the news that General Butler was going to review the Battery that day.

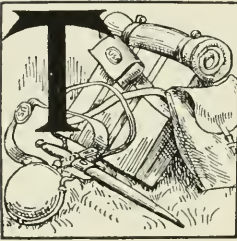
What a straightening up of the camp there was! How each man brushed his uniform and tried to look like a brave soldier.

Butler was pleased with the Battery and said many complimentary things to the officers. He left and the Battery remained, but only for one week more.

The very day after Gen. Butler reviewed the Battery, the order came to prepare to leave camp, and on January 13, the First Connecticut Light Battery left Camp Tyler never to return.

CHAPTER III.

FROM NEW HAVEN TO PORT ROYAL.



THOUGH every man in the Battery had been wishing for the order to go to the front, yet when on Saturday, the eleventh of January, it was definitely known that early on Monday the Battery was to march to New Haven and there take the steamer for New York, the men felt their hearts throb with a new excitement.

Leaving their native State, it might be for ever, was a serious matter, because it meant parting from wife and mother, from sister and father, from the dear girl whose face was imaged on the heart, and that parting might be a last farewell, for war was to them a near reality. And yet, those brave sweethearts and mothers were proud of the men who had

“Donned the peerless uniform
Of good old Uncle Sam.”

Many a noble woman, as she bade the dear one farewell, felt in her heart, if she did not utter the words:

“You’re dearer to me than I thought—
Since in this steadfast hue
Your form was draped, its impress takes
A depth such as a hero’s makes—
All hail, my own true blue!

Prouder am I to see you thus—
Though it precludes good-bye—
Than were you crowned perchance a king
Whose name in action ne’er did ring,
Whose soul gives fame the lie.

Go, save our country! she is first—
Stand guard until you fall
Or till the danger overcome
Shall respite the alarum drum—
I will delay recall.

Go, where along the lurid front
The Union vanguards tramp!
Do your whole duty, danger spurn,
When Freedom's laureled, then return—
These arms shall be your camp!"

"Break camp at daybreak!"

That was the order and each man made his preparations and with fluttering heart bade his friends farewell.

Shortly after it was known through the camp that marching orders had come, Blatchley was missing.

What did it mean? Could it be that he had grown nervous at the thought of going to the front? Not even his worst enemy, if there had been one, would have hinted that he was a coward. No, "Sod" was as brave as any man in the Battery, but he was missing.

Sunday at *reveille*, he did not respond, at roll call he was still absent, and at taps his mates mourned his absence. Well for him that discipline was still lax or he would have been branded as a deserter.

On Monday the men were up at half-past three and breakfasted at four. There was much to be done, tents to strike, knapsacks to pack, guns and caissons to make ready, horses to be groomed and harnessed, and more than had entered into the calculations of the officers.

At roll call on that eventful morning every man, save one, answered to his name. The absentee was Blatchley. All his comrades felt sorry, all missed him, yet not one would say a word against him except that he was foolish to absent himself.

It was nine o'clock before the order to march was given. With a ringing cheer the men swung into line and began their march. As they were leaving camp, a man was seen running towards them, waving his hands and shouting:

"Am I in time?"

It was Blatchley. The soft-hearted fellow had tramped to Guilford and

back, twenty-five miles each way, just to bid his mother farewell. His love of his mother was almost a passion and those who most condemned his weakness could never speak against him, because all recognized that a man who loved his mother, as he did, must be good at heart.

It was soon seen that he had imbibed freely during his long tramp and had reached a very hilarious condition. Lieut. Seward ordered him to be tied to the rear of a baggage wagon and kept there until he had somewhat recovered. Then commenced one of the hardest marches ever undertaken in the Nutmeg State. The roads were like a sheet of ice, the horses smooth shod, the drivers excited and somewhat flurried. Going down hill the horses slipped so badly that the carriage wheels had to be chained to keep the guns from sliding head off or running into the horses.

After a mile had been traversed all attempts to maintain order and regularity ceased, and the next seventeen miles were covered in a go-as-you-please fashion. The cold wind was sharp and cut the faces like glass; the men shivered, their eyelashes were like icicles, their beards were frozen stiff. At last the wind moderated a little and the sun tried to shine, giving a silvery sheen to the frost-covered trees.

On nearing New Haven, Lieut. Porter tried to get the Battery into something like military order, for it was known that the Governor's Horse Guards were to meet the Battery and escort it through the city.

On Whitney Avenue, the Second Company of the Governor's Horse Guards and the Thirteenth Connecticut Infantry, Major Richard Holcomb, commanding, awaited the Battery.

The streets were lined with people, from every house a flag was flying, women waved their handkerchiefs, men threw up their hats and shouted themselves hoarse, as the Battery marched through the city.

The cheers were sweet music to those men, their hearts throbbed with patriotic pride; they already felt like heroes. The people gathered around them and made them realize that the State bade them "Godspeed."

They might be only raw recruits, their horses, after that long march, might not look like the well-groomed steeds of the Guards; the discipline might not be as perfect as that of trained soldiers; but what mattered those details? The people recognized that they were offering themselves willingly to save the Nation.

The *New Haven Journal and Courier*, under date of January 14, 1862, had the following account of the entry into and march through the Elm City:

The announcement that the First Connecticut Light Battery would arrive here yesterday afternoon to take passage to New York drew out an unexpectedly large crowd of spectators and friends, as the Battery was very largely filled from this vicinity. Hundreds of people from the country were in town to participate in the last good-bye. The Battery took up its march from Meriden at nine in the morning, escorted by Major Lyon and eight or ten of the other officers of the cavalry corps, and about the same number of the privates. The Battery marched at the rate of three miles an hour, and the cavalry officers soon concluded that the best way would be to gallop into New Haven in advance, take dinner at the New Haven Hotel and be ready to do escort duty with full stomachs and fresh horses. The Second Governor's Horse Guards, Major Ingersoll, and the recruits for the Thirteenth C. V., under Major Holcomb, turned out at about half-past two o'clock, and on the announcement of the approach of the Battery proceeded out to Whitney ave. to receive it. It was not a mile from the city, and the usual courtesies were exchanged, after which the line of march was taken up through the city amid crowds of people who lined the sidewalks. Adj't. Gen'l Williams, Q. M. Gen'l Aiken and Asst. Q. M. Gen'l Foster, Q. M. Gen'l Bunce and Ex. Q. M. Gen'l Prince were in the escort. The display was a fine one, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators, whose hopes and prayers went with the gallant soldiers who responded to the call of their country. The appearance of the Battery was a gratifying one in reference to material and equipment. The carriages for the two Parrott twelve-pounders were vacant, the guns being not ready, but in every other respect they were thoroughly provided for. The horses indeed were not very fine specimens of the best breeds of our own State, nor was their grooming such as to set them off to the best advantage, but with a few exceptions they looked like good strong workers, and capable of being trained into efficient animals. It must be remarked that the Battery has had no instruction in its peculiar duties, and that its excellent appearance is due to the unaided efforts of inexperienced officers. With this fact in mind those who saw it cannot but be highly gratified with the success it has achieved, as well as being satisfied with the substantial character of its men, and their thorough outfit. The Battery was escorted through some of the principal streets to the New York steamboat wharf, where it embarked on the Elm City for Governor's Island.

Arrived at Belle Dock, the Battery embarked on the steamer Elm City. The horses were not unharnessed but were crowded on the main deck, standing close together, each alternate horse having his head in the opposite direction.

Those of the comrades who had friends in the city were allowed a few hours' furlough, while those who were strangers did duty on board.

Late in the evening, Comrade Hart Landon, who was on guard duty on the deck, saw a guard of soldiers approaching with some one under arrest.

As they drew nearer it was seen that the prisoner was dear old "Sod," who had once more succumbed to the enemy and been rescued by some friendly comrades, who would not leave him until he was safely on board.

"That's the last we shall see of 'Sod,'" exclaimed a Guilford man as Blatchley was taken on board; but his prediction did not prove to be a true one.

It was nearly midnight before the Elm City left the dock for New York.

When it came to guard duty it was found that very few were fitted to have the care of horses crowded into such close quarters. The lack of discipline, the friendly visits paid in the city and the many good things to which some of the comrades had been treated so hospitably, rendered many unfit. There was no one who seemed to have authority to relieve the guard, and the comrades first assigned to that duty might have been compelled to stand guard all night, or desert their post, which would have been punishable by arrest, only for an accident. The horses were packed so close together that the guard could only get around by climbing over their backs or under their bellies.

Some of the horses got tangled up in their harness and fell down. The first and most natural thing for a horse to do under such circumstances is to kick. One of the horses made such vigorous use of his steel-shod heels that he kicked a hole through a thin partition which divided the deck from the store room. One of the guards, while trying to get the horse up and at the same time keep the other horses from stamping him to death, crawled near the hole and accidentally peeped through.

"I'm glad I'm on guard," he thought, as he looked again. No "Peeping Tom" of Coventry was ever more inquisitive than that comrade, and after getting the horse on his feet, he used his strength to make that hole larger, and then crawled through, forgetful of his duty. He feasted his eyes on wine, whiskey, brandy and all sorts of liquors. It did not take long to fill his canteen. His comrade was curious also, but being a temperance man the bottles of spirit had no allurements for him.

By some telepathic means the men below learned of the precious find, and there was no further difficulty in getting relieved from guard duty the balance of the night. The most disagreeable duty became the one most sought after, and a merrier lot of men could not be found than those who had

been on guard during the night. The canteens were filled, and every man, who was not strictly a temperance man, had drunk as much as he could carry. Fortunately for the Battery the great majority were men of sterling temperance principles.

Lieut. Porter was furious, he stamped about the deck and worried himself nearly silly in the endeavor to find out how the men had been able to smuggle so much liquor on board. He examined the canteens, and as he looked into the face of each man, asked:

“Where did you get it?”

The comrade saluted and answered without any hesitation:

“Bought it, sir!”

Not until the *Elm City* was unloaded was the secret discovered, and the owners made an affidavit that five hundred dollars' worth of liquors and stores had disappeared during that one night on the Sound. The Government had to pay the bill, though many very angry letters passed between the parties before a settlement was effected.

The *Elm City* arrived at its dock, Peck Slip, at about half-past five in the morning, but no one was allowed to land. Two hours later the Captain gave orders to steam to Governor's Island and there to drop anchor, not near enough for any of the men to land, for it was feared some might take “French leave” if they got the chance. The Captain went on shore to see the Commandant and found that the Battery horses could not be accommodated on the Island and were to be taken to stables at East 24th street.

Whether the Captain misunderstood or whether Lieut. Porter was to blame will never be clearly known, but a mistake was made, and the *Elm City* steamed up the North River, and men and horses disembarked at West 22d street, only to find that the stables were at 24th street, East River.

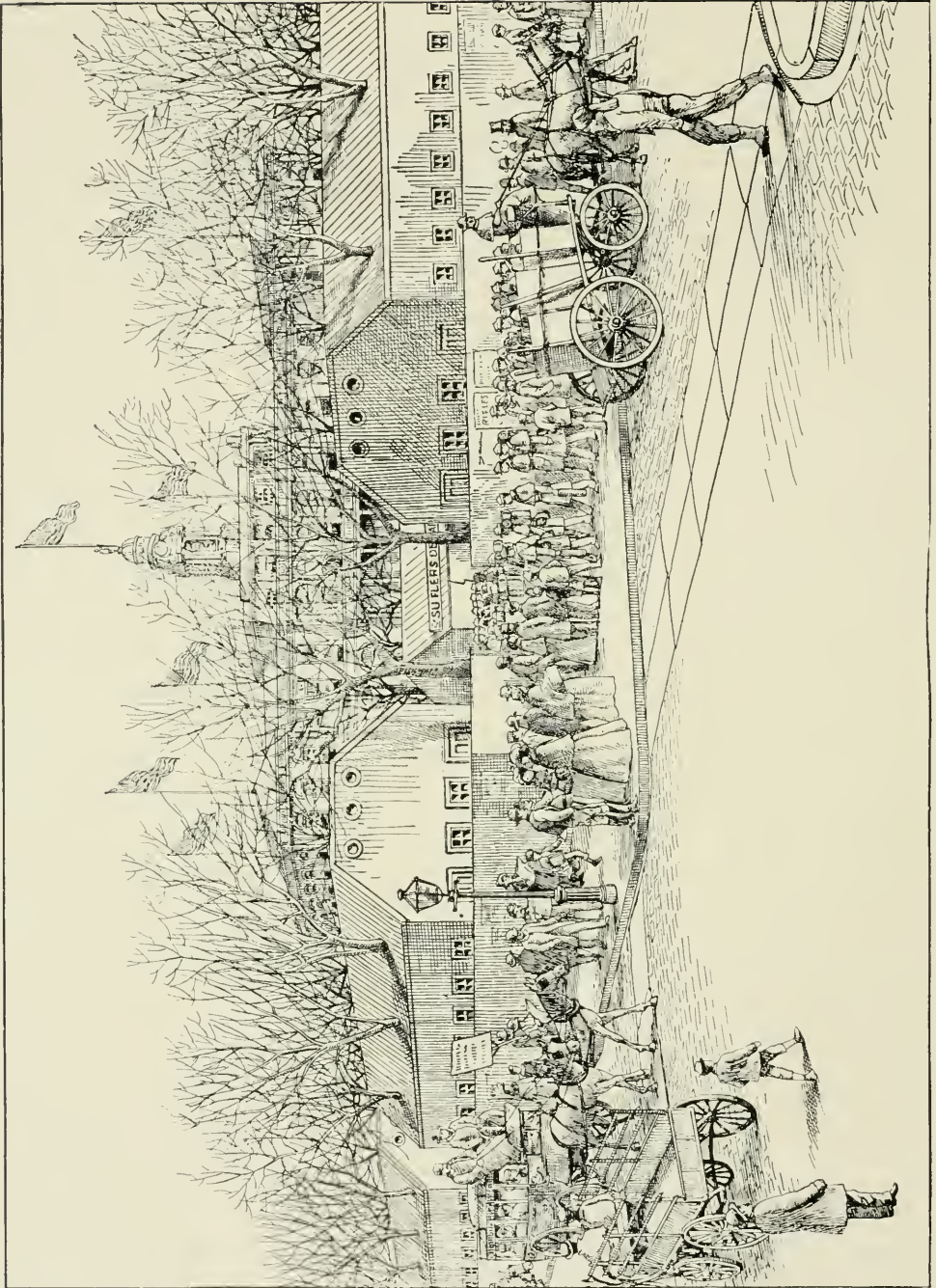
Nothing could be done but march across the city with guns and wagons and all the equipments of war. The people cheered the Battery, though many of the comrades still wonder why they did, for neither officers nor men looked very slick or soldier-like after an unpleasant night on the steamer.

The officers tried to be correct in their military bearing, but they had not slept much and they were not in good condition, while a number of the men had filled their canteens too often from the ship's stores and those who were not exceedingly lively had headache, heavy eyes and unsteady feet, though to the credit of the Battery, be it said, the majority had resisted temptation and they saw that nothing should be done to bring disgrace on the service or a blot on the history of the State they loved. Every one acknowledged that a finer body of intelligent citizens had never been recruited than those composing the First Light Battery Connecticut Volunteers.

The horses were stabled, the guns housed and the march down town commenced. The men were to be quartered at the Park Barracks, in front of the City Hall, on the site of the present New York Post Office. It was late in the day before the barracks were reached, and every man was ready for his supper. The soup tasted good and was thoroughly enjoyed by the comrades, who had fasted nearly all day.

There was no guard duty at the barracks, every man having full liberty to go as he pleased and do what he liked, and it was rather surprising that no one took advantage of the freedom, even Blatchley realized that his honor was at stake and behaved splendidly.

The men went round and saw the sights. Barnum was showing some wonderful things at his Museum, and those who could spare the money patronized the show. In a great tank Barnum had a living whale, fifteen feet long, and in a cage, not far off, was the big bear which had distinguished itself by killing a hunter known as "Grisler" Adams. Then there was the hippopotamus and other animals, and a giantess only eighteen years old, but weighing 426 pounds. In the Museum theatre a play entitled "Oneida" was performed, and a comrade wrote in his diary: "It was the best play I had ever seen—twenty-eight girls on the stage at one time, all dressed in the most splendid style." Then Laura Keane was in town playing "Our American Cousin," with Sothorn, who afterwards became so famous in the then small part of Lord Dundreary. Bryant's Minstrels also came in for a fair share of patronage from the citizens of the Nutmeg State.



PARK BARRACKS, NEW YORK.

On the twenty-first of January a most important event happened. After breakfast every man was ordered to put on his dress coat and be ready to receive the new Captain.

Everyone wondered what he would be like. Up to that time soldiering had been a sort of a go-as-you-please game, for it could not have been otherwise seeing that the officers were as ignorant of army discipline as the men.

Gov. Buckingham's choice had fallen on Alfred P. Rockwell, of Norwich, Conn., son of ex-Congressman John A. Rockwell. Capt. Rockwell was twenty-seven years old when he was appointed to the command of the First Light Battery. His military knowledge and experience had been gained during some months spent in the regular artillery camp (Camp Duncan), on the plain east of the Capitol at Washington. Provided by Gov. Buckingham with a nominal commission, without pay, as Second Lieutenant of the Second Light Battery (not organized at that time), he went to Washington to learn his new trade. Gen. Barry assigned him for duty, temporarily attached to Capt. Tidball's battery of regulars. Here he served, making good use of his opportunities, till he was given the command of the First Light Battery. Capt. Rockwell was highly educated, a student of rare acquirements, and so well versed in the theory of artillery practice that he often attempted the impossible in trying to carry out the precepts of the books.

What did the Captain think of his new command? What did the men think of him?

Capt. Rockwell says he was most seriously impressed with a knowledge of his own inexperience in the grave responsibilities of that untried position. He saw that the men were untrained and undisciplined, but his experience with regular batteries caused him to recognize at once that the members of the First Light Battery were their superiors in every other respect, and later he acknowledged that they had won his respect and regard by their character and soldierly qualities.

On the uniform supplied to the Battery, there was one thing which attracted the attention of the new Captain. Down the outer seam of the trouser leg ran a small red cord. Alas, it was the same size and color as that worn by the officers. Such a thing would never do, it must be removed, and when the Captain deigned to speak to his new command it was to give

the order to take off that red cord. In the memory the most trivial things often live longest, and while many of the weightier events have passed from the minds of the comrades who are living to-day, there is not one who cannot recall, without hesitation, that first order given by Capt. Rockwell:

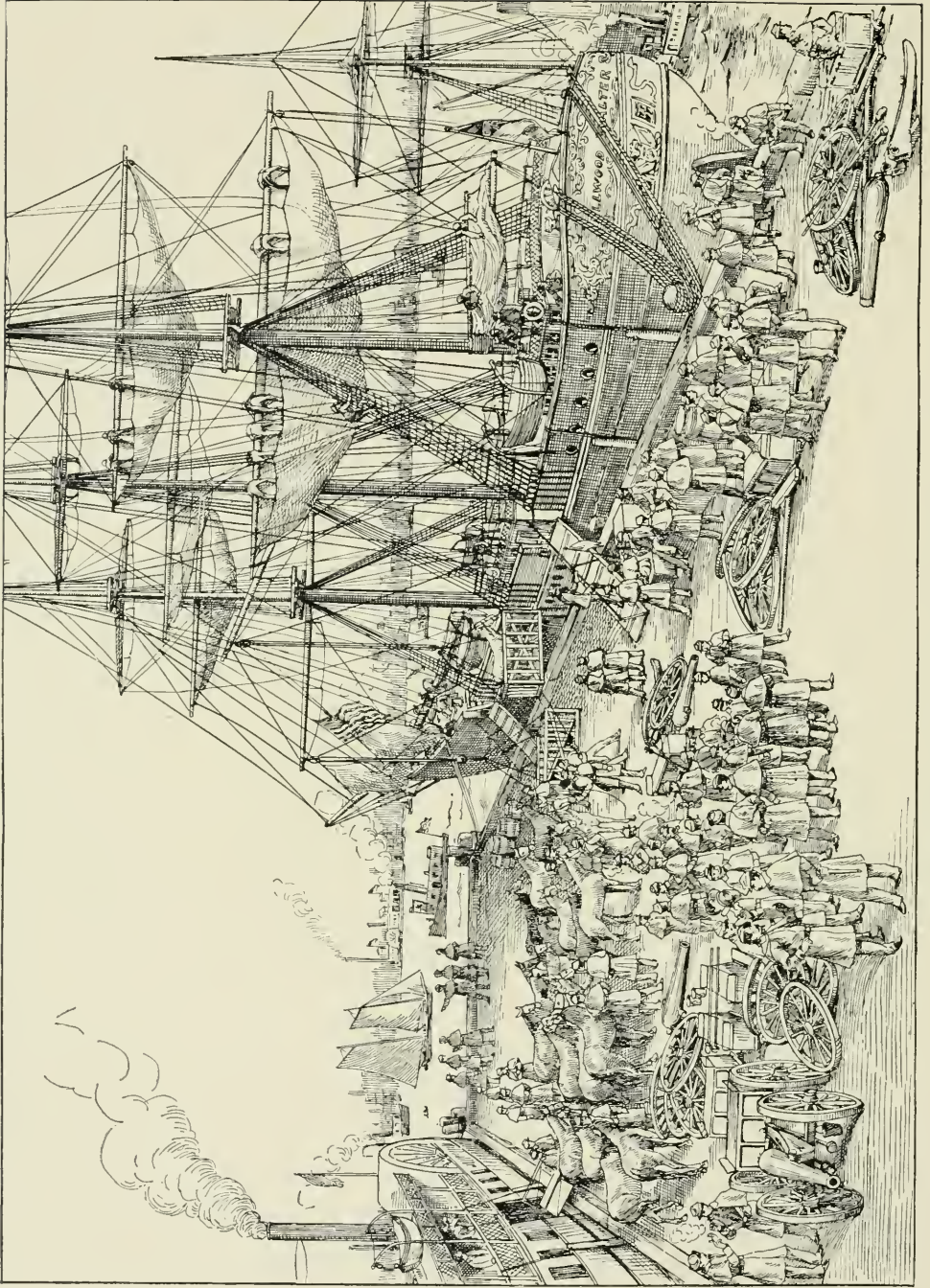
“Remove that red cord!”

While the Battery was located at the Park Barracks, either the atmosphere or the Croton water disagreed with many of the comrades and the doctor was called on frequently. The army doctor stationed there was a pompous individual who seemed to think his duty consisted in ordering everyone to go to his assistant, for he rarely prescribed himself, unless an officer was his patient. In ordering the comrade to go to his assistant he would assume an attitude of importance and act as though he were the general commanding the district.

The assistant would inquire the symptoms, but before the trembling soldier could half reply he was given a big dose of syrup of squills. A man might be doubled up with a cramp, or suffering from neuralgia, he was sure to be given a dose of squills; if he had diarrhoea, he got squills; if his trouble was constipation, still the medicine was the same. Headaches, blistered feet and corns, stomach-ache and weakness of the back, cold in the head, or rheumatism in the legs, it made no difference, a dose of squills was the universal panacea.

The Battery surgeon, Dr. Hurlbut, had a very observant colored servant, who acted as hospital steward. This wide-awake colored boy saw the marvelous cures wrought by the wonderful contents of the black bottle, and he thought that some of the glory and credit might be his if he acted rightly. He got a big black bottle—it had to be black, perhaps he thought there was magic in the color—and filled it from the hospital stores with syrup of squills. With this bottle in his hand he would go around among the comrades asking if they didn't feel badly. His voice was sympathetic, but his manner was determined, for he insisted that each one should have his dose of squills, and if he were not sick, why still a dose of squills might prevent ailment.

A large packet ship of the Black Ball line, the Ellwood Walter, Capt. Chadwick, of Lyme, had been chartered to take the Battery to Port Royal, South Carolina. There was much to be done before the ship was ready for



EMBARKING ON BOARD ELLWOOD WALTER.

the troops. Berths had to be built, stalls made between decks and guns and ammunition loaded.

The lumber put on board was covered with ice, it had been exposed to the frost and snow of that inclement season; but out of this frozen lumber bunks had to be made and the comrades had to thaw it out with the warmth of their bodies.

Several days were occupied in loading the guns and caissons, so that they might stand the voyage, and the ammunition in the least likely place for a shot from the enemy to reach it. Then there were a hundred and sixty horses to be hoisted on board and lowered between decks. The horse was run into a crate, which was then hoisted by hand power by a rope and pulley block fixed to the yard, the yard was swung around and the crate lowered to the lower deck, where it was opened and the horse driven out. When the horses were all on board, the personal belongings of the men stored away, berths were apportioned and all the details of guard duty arranged, and the ship was ready to sail.

On the evening of the 23d of January the men slept on board the *Ellwood Walter* for the first time, in bunks whose boards were still ice covered, and on Friday morning at twenty minutes to eleven the order was given to draw in the gangplank, let go the ropes, and amid the cheers of a large crowd on the dock the ship floated out into the stream, being towed by the tug "*Commodore Vanderbilt*" into the waters of New York bay. When off Staten Island the Captain decided that it would be unsafe to venture out while such a gale was blowing, so the ship anchored and all hands were summoned to dinner, and such a dinner! The Government had contracted for the best food, but it had neglected to provide a cook, and the ship's cook was the worst that ever boiled a mess of beans or roasted a joint. Within sound of the sunset gun at the headquarters of the Army of the Atlantic coast, the men who had lived well at home, had been fed on dainties at Camp Tyler, petted and pampered somewhat by their indulgent friends, sat down to a dinner of bacon. From good living to army rations was a shock to sensitive stomachs, and though the men learned to laugh at "contractors' bacon" in later days, they then thought it fit for nothing else but to be used as grease for their shoes.

When the roll was called four men did not answer to their names: Bradley Barlow, artificer, who later returned to the Battery; Welcome E. Watson, who disgraced his name and family by deserting; Henry Smith and "Sod" Blatchley. These two latter were known to be on board, Blatchley being unable to get on deck because of a final stimulant he had taken before going on board, and Smith, who was sleeping off the effects of a debauch. Lieut. Seward sent for Smith, but he refused to obey the command; then the Lieutenant, not wanting to have anyone punished, went down himself and caught hold of Smith's arm to drag him out of his bunk. Smith became ugly and struck viciously at his superior; Lieut. Seward seized a barrel cover and dealt the recalcitrant a clip in the side, saving himself from getting a black eye. With real good heartedness the officer did not order Smith under arrest but allowed the attempted assault to go unpunished.

The gale increased in fury and the *Ellwood Walter* dragged her anchor and fouled with the ship *Autocrat*. The troop ship was considerably damaged, the spanker boom was broken, the cabin windows stove in and the small boats smashed into splinters. A steam tug worked all the morning trying to separate the two ships, and only by severing the anchor chain could it be effected. On Sunday it was resolved to try and obtain the lost anchor, but a new trouble arose. The ship's men refuse to work on Sunday unless they had an extra ration of grog. In vain the Captain pleaded with them, telling them that the ship was chartered by the Government and that they were liable to punishment. They snapped their fingers at him and positively refused to make one move without the grog. The men won, the grog was served out, and before night the anchor was recovered.

"We shall have nothing but trouble this voyage," said one of the comrades.

"What makes you say that?"

"We started on a Friday, and who ever knew any good luck follow such an action?"

Very few were superstitious, so they laughed at the idea, but the comrade muttered under his breath:

"Laugh if you like, but we shall see who is right."

As though the prophecy was to be fulfilled, another trouble delayed the

ship for a time. Capt. Rockwell was taken sick and had to be put ashore on Staten Island.

In a strong northwest wind the *Ellwood Walter* poked its nose out to sea at half-past five on Monday morning, leaving the tug and pilot about three miles out, and with sails spread the good ship, one of the largest of its kind afloat, started on its long voyage.

"With a wind like this we shall reach Port Royal in four days," the Captain said, and the men were all excitement at the thought. Some who knew that only seven days' rations had been served out, hoped the Captain was right, for three days had already passed and no more food had been taken on board.

Very few of the men had ever been on a full-rigged ship, and still fewer had been on the ocean. To them it was a grand sight to see the full-spread sails and to hear the rattling of the ropes. For two days but little headway was made, the wind was very high and the Captain was afraid to spread too much canvas.

On the third day out the weather was almost sultry, comrades were on deck in thin jackets, smoking, playing cards and reading, but before night-fall the wind began to blow and the ship to toss in such an unpleasant manner that those who had been smoking threw their pipes overboard and crawled down stairs. The non-commissioned officers were put in a room together, and that night they all became very sick; they had given away their tobacco, the smell of the smoke nauseated them, and several made a vow that if only they reached land again they would never smoke—oh, no, never again. The accommodations on board were of the poorest kind; one instance will suffice to show how badly the ship's owners had prepared to cater to the wants of the heroic men who were going to fight to save the nation. Although there were twelve non-commissioned officers in one room, there was but one pail, and so when one was sick and used the pail he would pass it to the next, and so on. It can easily be understood how conducive to health such a procedure must be.

When off Cape Hatteras a little cloud was seen in the direction of land. Orders were given for the clewing of sails, and it was done none too quickly. As the wind struck the ship the horses in trying to keep their feet, made a noise like thunder. It was feared that they might get loose and roll to one

side of the ship, which would surely have caused her to capsize. Volunteers were called for to help the sailors make the stalls more secure, but few were able to respond to the call, as several were suffering from black measles and some with horse distemper, while others were so frightened that they could not stir; those on deck clung to something that was stationary or to one another. Some were huddled in the centre of a coil of rope on top of the boatswain's quarters, and came near being carried overboard as a sea sent the rope sliding overboard, Comrade Edwin S. Bailey being saved only by landing astride the rail.

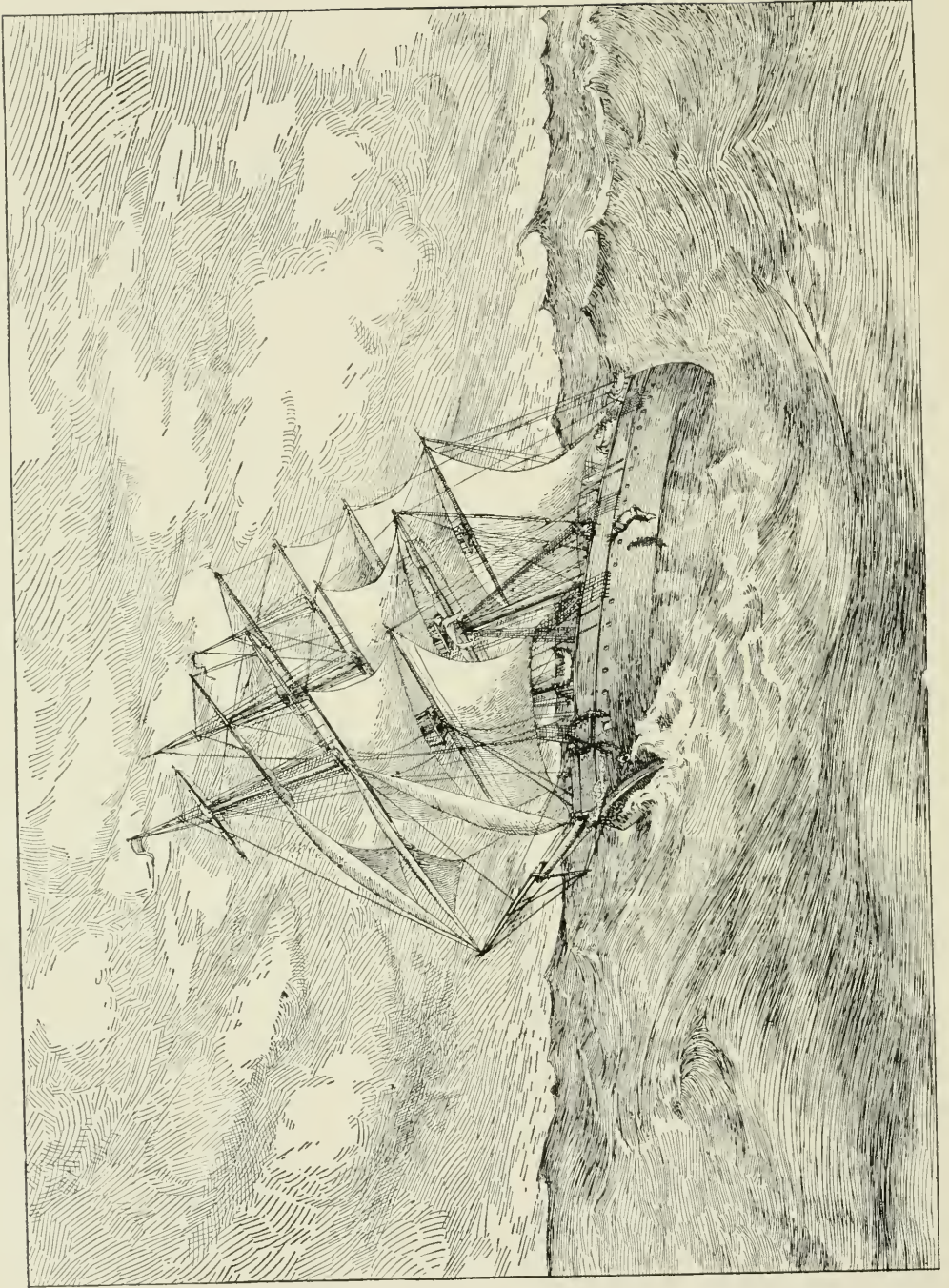
The comrades were poor sailors, only about twelve escaping seasickness, and these men had to perform all the duties of attending to the horses, nursing the sick and all the other details of a military life on board ship. Conspicuous among those not sick during the voyage were Comrades John T. Sloan, Edwin O. Blatchley, George Durgin, Mark Hall, Titus Hall, Henry Smith, Charles W. Gesner, Wm. M. Fowler and Geo. Penhallow.

Comrade Seward pays this tribute to the unselfish labors of Comrade Blatchley on board the Elwood Walter:

“On the passage down to Hilton Head on the Elwood Walter, which was very rough and stormy, ‘Sod,’ having followed the sea, did not suffer from seasickness, and showed his usefulness by actually doing ten men's work during the entire voyage. While at the start many of the comrades rather wished he was not going, his kind ministrations to both men and horses gave them a glimpse of his big heartedness, and from that time on he was beloved by the entire command. Born in the same town, I had known him from childhood up, and before I was fifteen years old I knew what a kindly big heart was encased in that uncouth frame.”

The horses had to be fed and watered every day, and comrades who were not sick were detailed for this duty. All the horses had distemper, and the smell between the decks, where they were confined, was something too horrible for description, the only fresh air reaching them was pumped in by means of a small wind sail. Very few of the comrades had stomachs strong enough to stand this foul atmosphere, and several got horse-distemper and other diseases.

The horses suffered frightfully, they were all in a lather during a storm, and each morning some were found dead. It was necessary that the dead



THROWING THE DEAD HORSES OVERBOARD

carcasses should be thrown overboard, but how to get them up was a difficult problem. Mark Hall, who had been a butcher, suggested that the horses' legs should be cut off and then the bodies could be hauled up. Comrades Titus Hall, Henry Smith, John T. Sloan, Blatchley, Mark Hall and Geo. W. Penhallow did most of the work. It was a ghastly sight to see Comrade Hall balancing himself as well as he could while he swung a sharp axe and severed the legs from the bodies of the dead horses.

“Those days and nights will never be forgotten by the living members of the Battery. When the storm abated, and the Captain told us that we had nearly crossed the ocean, our ship was again headed for Port Royal, and volunteers were plenty to help the sailors pull on any so-called Port Royal ropes,” wrote Comrade Griswold in his reminiscences of the Battery. “But what a condition of things! Thirteen horses had been killed and had to be hoisted overboard. Many of the men in the forecabin lay as still as if dead. It made anyone sick to go near the hatches or stairway. The doctor and the writer (Comrade Griswold) undertook to care for the sick, but the attempt to go down those stairs would have to be made many times before we succeeded. Finally, all were brought on deck; those with the black measles were placed in the boatswain's quarters, and for days it was impossible to get a word or smile from some of them.” So wrote one of the observant members of the Battery. Is it any wonder that Comrade Talmadge should have written in his diary (which he kindly placed at the disposal of the Editor), “Everyone was seasick, officers and all. The sorriest looking crowd that was ever seen, I as bad as the rest. All were talking of home and wishing they had stayed there.”

While Dr Hurlbut and Comrade Griswold were attending the sick in the hold, Comrade William M. Fowler was in charge of the six comrades who were suffering from black measles and other contagious diseases in the boatswain's quarters. Comrade Fowler declares that from the day he took charge to the very end of the voyage he neither saw the doctor nor received any medicines, but was left to depend on his own knowledge and the use of water and a small piece of lemon given by one of the sailors, instead of suitable drugs. Doubtless the doctor was himself suffering from the offensive atmosphere of the hold, and was unable to render any assistance. Comrade Fowler was an able nurse; his loving attention was constant; he

moistened the parched lips and bathed the fevered forehead; he was soft and gentle as a woman, and never once did a murmur escape him, though in one instance his life was in great danger.

A comrade was sick with typhoid fever, and in the last stage of the fever became very delirious. Comrade Wm. M. Fowler had hung up his



“TOADSTICKER.”

side arms, consisting of a pistol and a two-edged sword, commonly called a “toadsticker.” The comrade, weary with watching, fell asleep and was awakened by hearing a noise. He looked up and saw

the delirious fever-stricken comrade standing over him, his eyes glaring wildly, flourishing the savage-looking toadsticker over his head, as if about to cut it off. Only by prompt action and presence of mind was the weapon taken away from the sick man, who had evidently taken advantage of the comrade's sleep to secure the weapon.

Until the end of the voyage Comrade Fowler dare not go to sleep, for no sooner did he close his eyes than he was again roused by the mad fever-stricken patient, whose stare seemed to pierce to the very soul of the drowsy nurse.

One night the steamer Atlantic was sighted and the Ellwood Walter fired a signal gun. Instead of answering, the Atlantic put out all her lights and turned on all the steam possible, thinking that the shot had been fired by a Confederate privateer.

“How did you occupy your time on the Ellwood Walter?” Comrade Henry S. Lawrence was asked, and he characteristically answered, “The most of my time was taken up in throwing dead horses and the contents of my stomach overboard.”

Another comrade says: “We were the greatest lot of sailors that ever went to sea. Our horses were between decks, and one of these, a little mare, was known as the ‘Cheerful Kicker.’ Every lunge that the vessel would give caused her to squeal and kick around. I remember how at every roll of the ship, Comrade Frank Thompson would say: ‘There we go, Pa,’ and ‘We shall never see Ma again, shall we Pa?’ After that we always called our comrade, ‘Pa Thompson.’”

Rations were beginning to run short just as the appetites of the comrades grew healthier. Water was also very low, the barrels being nearly emptied. Comrades suffered from the shortness of sugar, coffee and water; the beans, old and sprouted; the rice, which was of the poorest quality, and the bacon lasted very well, but were made almost unfit for food by the bad cooking of the ship's cook.

One day a comrade was going past the cook's galley and smelled some biscuits that reminded him of home. There were a lot cooked for the officers. Meeting "Sod" he said:

"Here is a chance to get some of those biscuits. I will divert the cook's attention."

The cook had just taken a full pan of them from the oven and put them down near the door. The comrade on the opposite side of the galley called the cook's attention to something, while "Sod" reached out and took two big tins filled with hot biscuits. The tins were only just out of the oven, and it was a wonder how "Sod" could hold them, but he succeeded in getting them below, and a number of the comrades had hot biscuits for supper that night. The cook never found out who had taken them, and he had to go to work and make more for the officers.

For the benefit of the officers a quarter of fresh beef had been provided, and it was hung up in the rigging of the ship. Each day Comrades Sloan and Blatchley would manage to cut big slices from it until it got too "high" for their tastes. The officers were all too sick to eat it, or the comrades who helped themselves so liberally without orders might have been severely punished for stealing and otherwise behaving in a manner prejudicial to good discipline and unbecoming privates toward their superior officers.

While the Battery was in New York a comrade, Andrew H. Turner, received a present of a bottle of bay rum from a captain trading with the West Indies. He stored it in his bunk, and every day his friends would go down and take a sniff of the rum. One day the bottle was missing. His heart was nearly broken, and he tried to find who had been guilty of the theft, but in vain. It was evident that some comrade had imagined that it was good to drink, and had taken it for that purpose.

While pumping water from the barrels in the hold of the ship for the horses, part of the detail occupied the time skirmishing round for food that

had been stored in the hold and consigned to sutlers, traders and officers. They found cheese, dried apples and jellies. Small augers were used to bore into boxes and barrels to find if they contained food. The hold was as dark as the darkest midnight and candles and matches were the only light obtainable. One comrade would hold a light while another bored the holes. On one occasion the comrade bored into a barrel of powder, and as his comrade was about to examine the contents, the one who was using the auger exclaimed in an excited manner:

“Jesus Christ, it’s powder!”

In another moment the ship might have been blown up. After that they were a little more careful about the light and examined the boxes and barrels with great caution. After extracting the contents of the barrels they put the heads in again very nicely, and not until the one to whom they were consigned opened them was it known that they had been tampered with.

Two days before landing a gun was got up on deck for signal purposes. The deck was slippery and the weather foggy. Many thought the enemy had been sighted and the gun was to repel any attack. All were excited. Many did not relish a fight on the deck of a ship, but in war everything had to be taken as it came. The first man in the Battery to be wounded was Sergeant Grow, who, in mounting cannon on that occasion, had his finger tip cut off. Comrade Grow later applied for a pension but it was not granted.



HENRY GROW,
of Meriden.

Enlisted Oct. 8, 1861, mustered
Sergt.; promoted Q. M. Sergt.
May 5, 1863; re-enlisted Vet. Dec.
19, 1863; promoted Dec. 20, 1864;
mustered out June 11, 1865.

On the morning of February the 4th Port Royal was sighted, and a number of shots were fired from the deck signalling those on shore. A steamer was seen making towards the Ellwood Walter. The captain knew that it was friendly and called out:

“Stand by to take a tow line to Hilton Head.”

As the steamer approached it was seen to be a United States gunboat, and accompanying it was the U. S. frigate Wabash, which had gone out of the harbor to meet and welcome the incoming Ellwood Walter and the First Connecticut Light Battery.



HILTON HEAD, S. C.

Although the men had endured the miseries of eleven days on the stormy seas, with the attendant horrors of seasickness and short rations, they sent up a cheer in answer to the salute of the Wabash. The sight of land was one of the most glorious that could be imagined.

By seven o'clock that evening the Ellwood Walter was at anchor off Hilton Head, surrounded by a hundred boats of all sorts and sizes, fifty being gunboats, some armed tugs and several men-of-war.

It was pleasant to be in the calm waters of the harbor and all the comrades highly appreciated the change.

In the morning the officers went ashore and reported to General Hunter, and on their return the company clerk brought on board a small piece of smoked beef. The comrades gathered around him, each anxious to have a taste of wholesome food once more. The clerk cut the beef into small pieces and there was a regular scramble to obtain a piece of the dainty.

In the afternoon the Ellwood Walter was towed by the steamer Ben De Ford up the river to Beaufort, a distance of fifteen miles.



HENRY B. BULLARD,
of New Haven, Conn.

Enlisted Oct. 16, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 2, 1861; died of disease
contracted on Ellwood Walter,
Feb. 6, 1862; buried Beaufort, S. C.

Just after reaching the anchorage opposite Beaufort the first death in the Battery occurred. Comrade Henry B. Bullard, of Guilford, who had been sick with typhoid fever for a week, succumbed, and his comrades found him a resting place under some giant yellow pines just outside the city.

It was with heavy hearts that the comrades set about the task of burying their dead brother. Not one but wondered how soon new graves might have to be made, and those who were then engaged in the solemn duty might be the next to be laid under the sod. It was not Comrade Bullard's fortune to fight under the flag of his country, he died of disease, not from an enemy's bullet, but his heroism was the same. He had died for his country; he had given his life for his flag:

“His hands were folded on his breast,
There is no other thing expressed,
But long disquiet merged in rest.”

Had he lived he would have brought no discredit on old Connecticut's flag; in the thickest of the fight, in the miseries of camp life, in all the hardships to be endured, he would have been at his post a worthy comrade, a brave man, a good citizen. And in his far-off grave beneath the pines he was not forgotten by his comrades, who prayed oft:

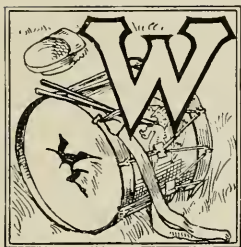
“Let angels spread their wings above;
Let flowers forever bloom;
Let bays, green bays, spring forth to mark
Our Comrade's sacred tomb.”



ON PICKET—BEAUFORT

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY CAMP LIFE IN BEAUFORT.



HAT a relief it was to see land after such a hard time on the ocean. To men who had so recently left the ice and snow of the North, whose last glimpse of land was the snow-covered hills of Staten Island, it was a strange sight; almost like a fairy dream to see roses in bloom, flowers in all the glory of their summer beauty, palms lifting their heads into the clouds, oranges still hanging on the trees; to hear the birds singing, and find a land of gayety instead of gloom.

Although Beaufort was one of the principal shipping points in the South, and the water deep enough for any ocean-going ship, yet there were no docks, so the Ellwood Walter had to be unloaded, as was the custom there, by means of flatboats. What a work it was! Horses, guns and ammunition had to be hoisted out of the hold, swung over the side of the ship and lowered into a flatboat.

The work had to be faced, no matter how unpleasant, but it was too late to start on the evening the Ellwood Walter anchored off the town.

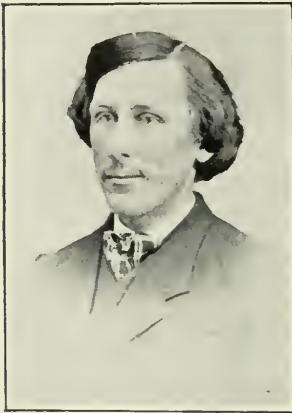
“Our quarters barely fit for hogs, our rations no better,” writes Comrade Hotchkiss in his diary, “we yet had to endure another night on board.”

One comrade got permission to go ashore, and in an hour he returned with some soft bread. Never did anyone appreciate bread more than did those half-starved comrades that night; even the misery of another night could be forgotten in the joyful repast. As they ate their bread, so good after the hard biscuit served on the ship, they watched the sunset and many

became almost poetical. It was the first time many of them had seen a Southern setting of the sun.

In the early morning the work of disembarking commenced, and for an hour the men worked as well as their physical condition permitted. For eleven days most of them had been sick, confined to close quarters, and half fed on regular army rations, which were nearly spoiled by the poor cooking of the ship's cook. It was not to be wondered at that the men were dispirited and found work a great hardship. At the end of the first hour every man refused to work until eatable food was provided.

The officers threatened to have the leaders arrested for mutiny, but there were no leaders; the men acted together, and elected Comrade Bissell to lay their grievance before Lieut. Porter. No comrade had greater influence with the Lieutenant than Warren Bissell, and therefore the choice was a wise one. The representative of the Battery told the officer that it was impossible to proceed with the unloading until some good and palatable food was supplied; the officer told the comrade that soldiers must obey without question, and that to refuse to obey orders was mutiny, and as they were in the enemy's country mutiny was punishable by death. "Then you will have to shoot every man in the Battery," was Comrade Bissell's reply.



WARREN H. BISSELL,
of Hebron.

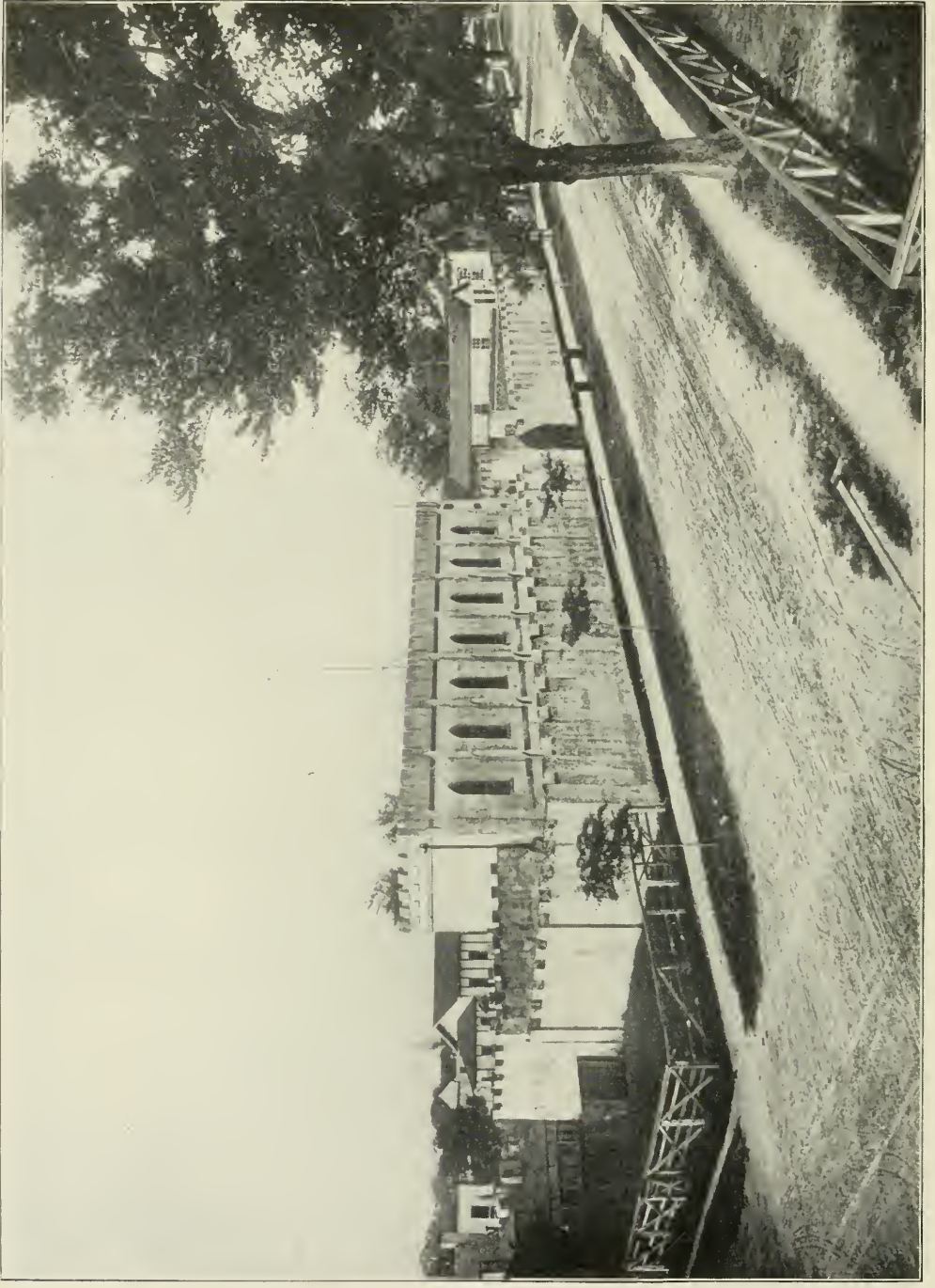
Enlisted Oct. 3, 1861; mustered
in Oct. 26, 1861; elected Corporal;
discharged Oct. 25, 1864,
time expired.

"Go back, Bissell, and tell the men to go to work at once or every man shall be placed under arrest."

Comrade Bissell returned and delivered his message, but before any action could be taken the kind-hearted officer had sent a quantity of corned beef on board.

The mutiny was ended and the men proceeded with the work of disembarking.

The men not needed for the actual work were sent on shore, and some were detailed to unload the flatboats as fast as they were sent off from the ship.



BEAUFORT ARSENAL, S. C.

The guns, caissons and limbers were taken off first, the horses being left till these were on land.

On the following morning the horses were to be landed. It was likely to be a slow process, for to hoist a hundred and fifty or more horses from the hold and lower them to a flatboat where they would have to be secured would be a work of time. The ready wit of Lieut. Porter came to the rescue.

“Hoist them to the upper deck and throw them overboard,” was his order.

Men were stationed along the shore to look out for the horses and capture them as they landed, and then the work commenced. All day the exhausted horses were being hoisted up one by one and thrown into Beaufort River. The water was warm, the animals feverish and many a poor horse swam about enjoying the pleasant bath for a long time before he would seek land. It was a novel method of landing them, but proved an excellent one.

There were about a hundred and forty horses belonging to the Battery and thirty which had been sent down for the First Massachusetts Cavalry.

The enjoyment of the horses was contagious, for before nightfall nearly every man of the Battery had plunged into the water and had a good swim.



“GOT ANY PIES, AUNTIE?”

Those of the comrades who had no work allotted amused themselves by visiting the houses which had been deserted by their owners. Others explored the negro quarters in search of food. Comrade Griswold wrote:

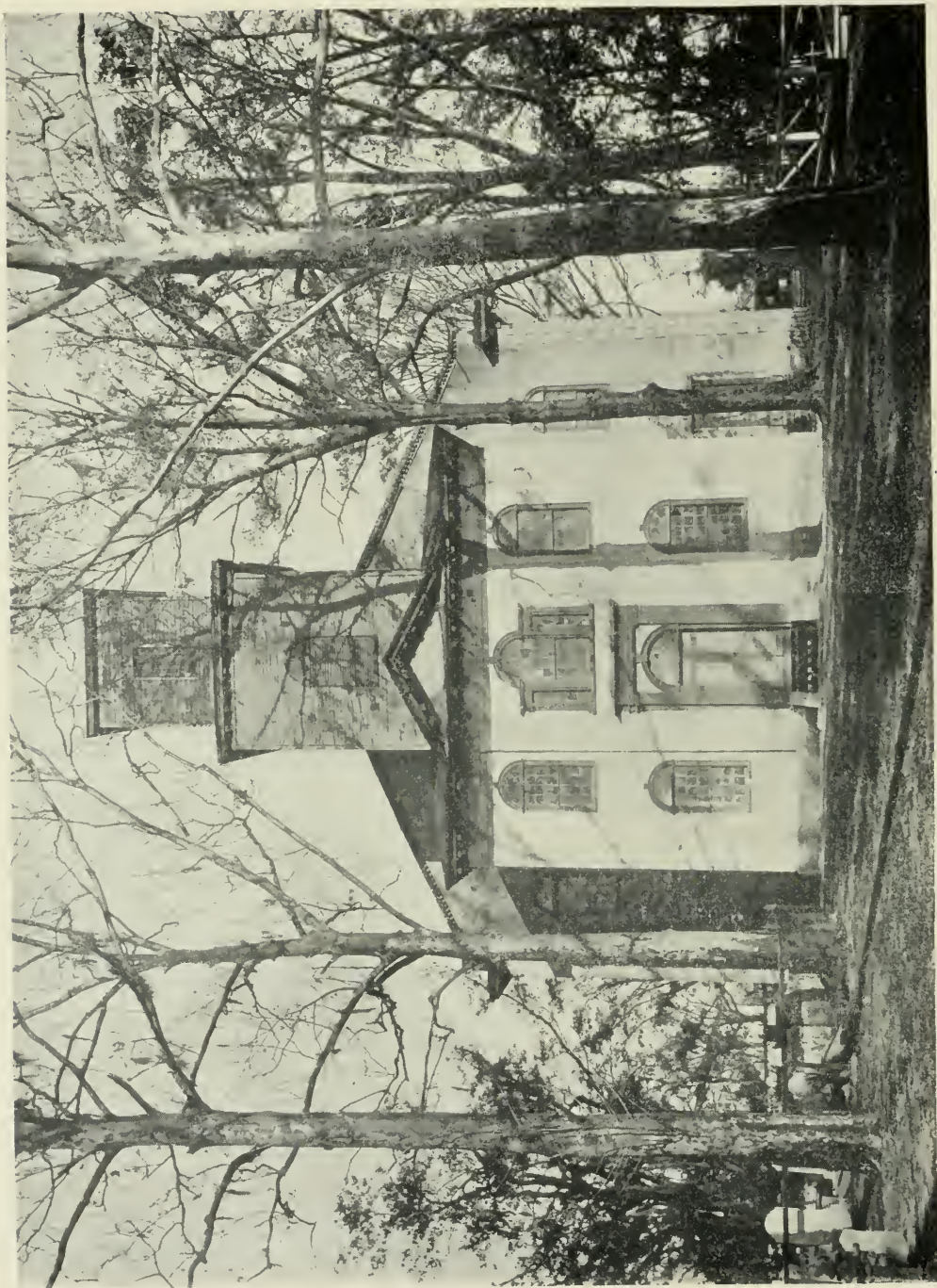
“The Company Clerk and myself started out to see if we could buy something at the negro houses. He had two cents and I had three. We stopped at the first hut, and the ‘auntie’ told us she would sell us something to eat. We showed her what money we had; she kicked the young ‘nigs’ right and left and brought out the hoeecake and molasses. We ate all she had, picking the darky wool out of our mouths as we ate.”

Comrade Tallmadge wrote in his diary: “Had most of the day to myself, improved it by going over the deserted houses gathering relics. The houses are splendid as any I ever saw. Doors wide open for any one to enter when they please. They have been woefully defaced. Slept last night in the residence of Dr. Johnson, now Lieut. Johnson of the Rebel army, and brother of Col. Johnson who was killed at the battle of Bull Run. The house is a splendid four-story brick building, having all the most modern improvements and styles of finish.”

Comrade John T. Sloan, writing of his first experience of Beaufort, says:

“Beaufort, S. C. was an aristocratic summer resort for the people of Charleston, and consisted of a few mansions, mostly with fine grounds, and a few small houses for the negro servants, the larger part of the negroes living on the plantations. Some of the objects of interest to us Yankees, were the Arsenal, a building like the block houses of the early times in New England for the assembling of the people in case of any rising of the slaves, so arranged that people could stand on the roof, and, while being protected by walls which were carried several feet higher than the roof, shoot any enemy who approached—this was surrounded by a wall, built of adobe, and probably ten feet high, with slats so arranged that those inside would have fair cover while firing at those outside.

“An old Episcopal chapel within a small cemetery, some of the grave-stones dating back to the middle of the eighteenth century. In this chapel services were held on Sundays, presided over by the chaplains of the different organizations—and at one time meetings were held of a debating club, the members coming from every regiment on the island. Many important subjects were finally settled at the meetings of this club, and some of the comrades there took the first lessons in debating, and have since shown that they were able to hold their own in various legislative bodies.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BEAUFORT, S. C.

“Another building was the Rhett House, in which was written the resolution by which South Carolina tried to withdraw from the Union. All the houses were built with a high basement, so arranged that the servants used the basement door to go in and out, while the family entered by a stairway to the second floor. In looking over the houses, on our first arrival in Beaufort, we learned much of the custom from letters which were left in a hasty removal. One thing was common among these papers, and that was a pass so that the slaves might be out after dark.”



RHETT HOUSE, BEAUFORT, S. C.,

In which was drafted the original ordinance of Secession,
adopted at the Charleston Convention, Dec. 20, 1860.

When the Union soldiers captured Beaufort the white residents hurried away as fast as though the plague had broken out. Many good stories were told of the way in which the “real old Carolina gentlemen” stood not on the order of their going, but fell over each other in their haste to escape. One leading citizen, however, having tried to keep up his courage by imbib-

ing freely, stayed behind, and some of his friends wondered what would be his fate. A poet wearing the uniform of the North thus answered the question:

“’Tis the last man at Beaufort
 Left sitting alone;
 All his valiant companions
 Had ‘vamoosed’ and gone.
 No Secesh of his kindred
 To comfort is nigh,
 All his liquor’s expended,
 The bottle is dry!

We’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 Or harshly condemn—
 Since your friends have all ‘mizzled,’
 You can’t sleep with them;
 And it’s no joking matter
 To sleep with the dead;
 So we’ll take you back with us—
 Jim, lift up his head!

He muttered some words
 As they bore him away,
 And the breeze thus repeated
 The words he did say:
 ‘When the liquor’s all out,
 And your friends they have flown,
 O, who would inhabit
 This Beaufort alone?’”

The Federal troops visited all the deserted houses and removed all the articles of value, pianos, organs, banjos, accordions, guitars, costly bric-a-brac, statuettes, vases, clocks and innumerable other things, storing them in the Beaufort Academy and the Arsenal, thus protecting them from thieves and other lawless characters. Expeditionary as were the soldiers in this work of saving property, they found that many of the organs and pianos had been cut open by the slaves in the hope of finding valuables hidden by their masters. Every day negroes might be seen digging in the yards where they suspected treasure belonging to their masters might have been buried.

Considerable fun was obtained through the negroes. One old darkey, ever since the bombardment of Beaufort, had asked every Union soldier he met if "Abe Lincoln had come," and had showed considerable disappointment when told that the President was still in Washington.

"Where were you, uncle, during the bombardment?" he was asked. The



SEARCHING FOR BURIED TREASURE.

darkey turned up his eyes until only the whites were visible as he answered:

"Right here, massa. It looked as if de fire an' brimstone was comin' down, and de yearth was agwine up."

The old fellow loved to talk with the "Yankees," and in one of his yarns he told how, when the fort was built, Major Lee, the Confederate

commander, said, profanely, "The devil couldn't take it—God Almighty himself couldn't take it."

"But on de day when de Major got on his black horse an' rode like de devil to get out of the way of the fire an' brimstone, a cullud preacher, massa, ran into the town cryin,' 'O, massa, God A'mighty come an' de Yankees come wid him,' an' the Major, massa, hadn't reckoned on dat dar union."

While the equipment was being landed the Battery was quartered in the Johnson house, but in a few days the tents were pitched in a lot opposite, a line of Sibley tents on either side, the pieces parked between. The officers used a house opposite for their quarters, at the rear of which the stables were erected. In a vacant lot adjoining the officers' quarters was an old shanty used by the cooks.

Soon after the arrival of the Battery at Beaufort, a strange black steamer was seen coming down the river and the report was circulated that it was one of the enemy's gunboats. It passed Beaufort and steamed towards Hilton Head. All knew that it would be taken care of there so no one worried about it. Later it was learned that it was the Confederate steamer, *The Planter*, which its engineer, Robert Small, had abducted and taken safely to Hilton Head where he handed it over to the Unionists.

On the first Sunday spent in Beaufort a sad and solemn service was held. Comrade Spencer, who had died from disease contracted on shipboard, was buried. The service was impressive, and though the comrade had not died in active service on the field of battle, he was accorded military honors at his funeral.

As soon as the tents were pitched and the stables ready, the real work of the Battery commenced. Every member thought that he knew all about a military life, but he soon learned that at Camp Tyler the drill and guard duty was but a pastime. He had been playing at being a soldier, he was now to learn what it meant in reality.

Capt. Rockwell was a strict disciplinarian. Though he had studied the art of war from books and during his short service with Capt. Tidball's Battery in Washington, his course at the mining school at Frieberg, in Saxony, where he studied mining engineering, and his two years at another European college gave him a clear insight into what was necessary to transform citizens into good soldiers. When he took command of the First

Connecticut Light Battery he commenced daily inspections to find out the condition of the Company's property.

"Turn out for inspection," was the daily order for three or four days.

The soldiers stood in front of their tents with their knapsack, or valise, open in front of them, so that all their property could be inspected. The cannoneers had knapsacks and the drivers valises. The Captain, accompanied by one of the Lieutenants, the First Sergeant and Company Clerk, would pass down the line stopping in front of each soldier, while the Company Clerk would ask the regulation questions, to which the soldier had to answer "yes" or "no," as the various articles were mentioned. Capt. Rockwell looked like a supreme Inspector-General, and many a comrade quailed before him.

The soldier stood at "Attention" while the Company Clerk asked him whether he possessed a blanket, rubber blanket, overcoat, two shirts, knife, fork and spoon, tin plate and cup, haversack, valise, sword and sword knot, dress hat, blouse, stable jacket, spurs, whip, leather stock and extra pair of socks. As each of these were mentioned the soldier had to answer "yes" or "no."

After these days of inspection were over and the Captain got a full knowledge of the Company property, a mounted drill was ordered.

The Battery had been reported to Capt. Rockwell to be in first-class condition, well drilled and ready for immediate service, but after inspecting the Company property the Captain always appeared as though he suspected that everything was not as represented, so he did not order ammunition put into either gun limbers or caissons.

The bugler blew the order "Boots and Saddles!" horses were harnessed and hitched to the guns and caissons promptly enough to please the strictest disciplinarian, but when the order was given "Forward," the tug of war commenced.

Capt. Rockwell took his position, followed by the bugler, and, in a loud commanding voice that told the comrades he meant business, he ordered:

"Piece from the right, front into column!"

The bugle repeated the order by the regulation bugle sounds, but the piece from the right did not move. The horses positively refused to obey

the order. The riders used the whip and spurs, the well-drilled horses commenced to see-saw, rear up, pitch sideways, fall backwards, kick, snort, paw, jump, and do every thing that an intelligent horse could think of except to obey the order to move forward. The cannoneers pushed the guns on their heels, took the leaders by the head, endeavored to coax, but it was no use, the horses were sore and sick from their long voyage on the Ellwood Walter and positively refused to drill until they felt in better health.

Capt. Rockwell rode down the line and ordered:

“Second piece forward!”

The result was the same; so finally he concluded to start the left piece first, and just as the bugle sounded “Forward!” the driver touched the saddle horse with the spurs and gently laid the whip over its mate. The horse gave a sudden lunge forward as it felt the whip, as if trying to jump out of the harness, stood up on its hind legs, and put one of its forelegs across the neck of the saddle horse and hung there helpless and cast. This caused such a complete tangle that all had to dismount and assist in getting the horses afoot and the harness straightened out, for the entire team was thrown into confusion by the performance of the leaders.

The captain saw that there was not a team in his well-drilled Battery that would start an empty gun carriage or caisson, to say nothing of drawing them filled with ammunition.

The next attempt at drill was riding the horses around harnessed but not hitched to the guns and caissons. In a short time the horses began to obey orders.

When this was accomplished the Captain tried section drill, which consisted of two guns and two caissons, and again the horses behaved splendidly, and so the entire Battery was ordered out, and this time all went well. From that time mounted drills were ordered daily, mounted drills mornings and standing gun drill afternoons, until both men and horses were reported as well drilled and the Battery fully equipped and ready for action. Though a similar report had been made to the Captain when he took command, it was only after these repeated drillings that the report was correct.

Officers and men worked hard to make the Battery perfect. For quite some time the officers studied up their tactics and recited them to the

Captain three evenings in the week, and the non-commissioned officers did the same the other three evenings.

The remarkably short time it took the Battery to get into condition has often been commented on by those who saw the first drill, but it is easily explained. The men were intelligent and were earnest in their work, each comrade taking pride in trying to perform his part of the drill a little better than the others. It has been the custom to give the Captain all the credit for getting the Battery into such an efficient condition in such a short space of time, but the credit should be divided equally between the Captain and the men. The members of the First Connecticut Light Battery were possessed of pride, intelligence and good character; their early training had been along the line of integrity, their education had not been neglected, and their family record was a matter of pride, so they felt that they had not only to sustain a good army reputation but a family honor which must not be lowered or besmirched. Every comrade felt as keen an interest in the reputation and success of the Battery as the Captain, or as though they all expected to be promoted to a General's rank for meritorious conduct. This feeling made them anxious about the kind of reports that would reach their homes and the State they represented. Was it any wonder that with this sort of pride and self-respect, coupled with intelligence and education, the work of transforming citizens into well-drilled soldiers was easy?

During the time the Battery was stationed at Beaufort and at the time of these early drills a regular Battery was also stationed there. This Battery was Capt. Hamilton's, formerly Sherman's, and a continuation of the old Ringgold Battery, famous in the Mexican war and often spoken of as the most perfect Light Battery in the service. At the first attempt at drill of the Connecticut Volunteer Battery the regulars laughed heartily, and in conversation frequently boasted what they could do, intimating, with a kind of veteran sneer and look, that the volunteers would never be able to do as well as the regulars. Smarting under the taunts of the boastful regulars the comrades were determined to show them that they could not only equal, but beat them, at their own game. In a very few weeks this was accomplished, for as one of the comrades wrote: "The regulars boasted they could dismount and mount their guns in quick time, but we beat them by fifteen seconds."

The drill ground was formerly a cotton field of about sixty acres in extent, it had been levelled off and was as perfect for the purposes of drill as any that could be found. Besides Hamilton's Battery there were several regiments of infantry and cavalry, and often artillery, cavalry and infantry drilled at the same time, giving the men an excellent object lesson.

The daily routine during those first days in camp at Beaufort was as follows: Reveille, at 5.50; roll call, 6.00 A. M.; Feed horses and sick call, 6.45; Breakfast, 7.00; Guard mounting at 8.00; Clean horses, feed hay and water horses, 8.30; Drill, 9.00; Dinner call, 12.00; then feed and water; Drill or inspection; Supper, 6.00; Stable call, 7.00; Taps at 9.00 o'clock, when all lights had to be out.

Target practice relieved the monotony of the regular drill. For this practice a section of the Battery was ordered to a location about one mile from Beaufort, where targets were placed at a distance of sixteen hundred yards, and at these percussion and fuse-shells and solid shots were fired. Considerable interest was manifested in the competition, each gunner trying to excel in making good shots and establishing a record.

The necessity for target practice was the more urgent because the James rifled brass gun, with which the Battery was equipped, was entirely new in the service, and its ranges had never been determined. Its calibre, 3.80, was also a new one. The attempt had been made to convert the old brass 6-pounder, smooth bore, calibre 3.67, into a rifled gun, in order to increase its effectiveness and accuracy, using the same charge of powder but a heavier projectile. The James gun had this new calibre, and projectile, and weighed about 900 pounds, about 100 pounds more than the old 6-pounder. It was a beautiful but untried gun. The elongated projectiles were also new and had to be tested. The target practice, to determine the ranges, at once developed the fact that about half of the percussion shells were worse than useless. They not only often burst as soon as they left the gun, but the gutta-percha packing was stripped off in firing, and the shell, instead of following the rifling, cut across it, to the great injury of the gun. Capt. Rockwell reported the facts to Gen. Sherman, and the latter came to Beaufort to witness the tests. He ordered out a section of Hamilton's Battery, which he had himself formerly commanded, to fire also at the same target with their 10-pounder Parrot. As luck would have

it, many of the Parrot shells, on this occasion, went end over end and not at all to the General's satisfaction. He was greatly annoyed, and as he walked back and forth was heard to say to the officer commanding the section, "God damn it, Mr. G——, I don't see that your Battery is any better than this damn volunteer battery." It is needless to say that the General ordered the defective ammunition condemned and replaced by the kind which had been proved satisfactory in the target practice.

In his, almost nervous, desire to make the Battery absolutely perfect, Capt. Rockwell often attempted the impossible. In theory certain things were right, and in the military school they could be practiced, but in camp and on the field conditions are changed. The horses were often stabled with only a covering of pine branches to shelter them from the sun, the roads were dusty, the camp often almost obscured by the clouds of fine dust wafted across, but the Captain looked upon such trifles with indifference. He would walk down the picket rope and pass his white-gloved hand over the sides of the horses or would rub his finger behind the horse's ear, and then, if his white glove was soiled, he administered a stinging reproof. Did not the military code require from students in artillery and cavalry that the horses should be so groomed that a white glove would not be soiled? It was quite some time before the Captain realized that to groom horses to that perfection under the conditions existing would mean the death of the horses. That was one instance where theory was but ill adapted to the needs of the time.

If the Government had only paid the men according to promise the temptations of Beaufort in the way of cheap food would have proved too great, for oysters could be obtained for twenty-five cents a bushel, or ten cents a quart opened, and as for crabs, they were so plentiful that a few cents would buy enough for a feast. Many of the comrades used to strip naked and wade around through the mud letting the crabs catch hold of their toes. It was a comical sight to see three or four naked men crawling round in a mud pond just like hogs, pulling the mud and leaves around to find the crabs. After a few minutes they were splashed all over with the nasty, sticky mud, but at the end of an hour no savage who daubed his body over with clay looked worse than they did. But some of the comrades who had a few cents used to hire a colored boy to catch the crabs and cook them.

He was an excellent cook, and as for crab-catching the South could not find anyone to excel him. He would start out and in a short time return with a good mess of fine crabs. He used to say that the crabs preferred "a niggah's toe to any other bait," and so it seemed, for while a white man's whole body was exposed to the crabs, he would only push his foot into the mud and water and pull it out jerking a fine crab over his shoulder. Then down into the water his foot went again and the process was always successful and crabs were had in plenty.

The colored people were very intelligent, though some who came into camp from the plantations presented a strange appearance and showed but little intelligence. Their clothes were tattered and of all colors and combinations. Some were clad in oat sacks, and some wore coats made of old carpets with great red and green flowers on them.

Very many of the colored women were good cooks, and daily they brought into camp hoecakes, waffles, pies, sweet potatoes, oranges and anything eatable. It was a treat to the soldiers to get something different to the contractors' wormy hard tack, salt horse, bacon and beans, which, as one comrade said, must have been to the North Pole with the Kane expedition and returned as being too indigestible for human beings. The negroes had such a high opinion of the Northern soldiers that though the men were without money, credit was given liberally, and it is to the honor of the Battery that not one single complaint was ever made against a member for neglecting to pay his bill when pay day came round. Sometimes, however, advantage was taken of a poor negro and he was made to suffer.

The comrades who were fortunate enough to have a little money engaged negroes to act as servants, shining shoes, keeping uniforms clean and brushed, and doing many other things which might be considered menial. This domestic arrangement only lasted about ten days, for as soon as regular discipline was established the comrades were ordered to dismiss their help and trust to their own hands. During that ten days, however, the comrades got a considerable amount of fun out of the peculiarities of the negroes. These hard-headed sons of Ham used to practice butting each other like rams, and the comrades would back the men against each other. A tent would send a challenge to the servant in another tent, and butting matches were a favorite amusement. One man, who was considered

the champion "butter," like many more champions, got an enlarged idea of his importance, and one day butted one of the comrades, who, on the impulse of the moment, and taken aback by the unexpected assault, raised his foot and gave the butter such a kick that it was feared his jaw was broken. The negro held his face, and in piteous tones said "Lordy Gody, massa, excusen anything but kick."

Many of the comrades, however, had landed in Beaufort without any money. Comrade Tallmadge tells how, when at Park Barracks, in New York he was told that he would not need to purchase anything, the Government in its lavish generosity undertaking to provide everything a man could possibly need. Comrade Tallmadge laughs when he recalls how he believed these reports and statements, and how silly it was to trust to the talk around the recruiting stations. He, in the trustfulness of his soul, took all for granted and spent his money in going to amusements and in treating his friends and comrades. Money melts quickly in New York, and before the time for sailing the whole of the thirty-two dollars Comrade Tallmadge had brought from home had gone. He had thought he might need the money in some emergency, but spent it all in New York. He saw his mistake when he landed at Beaufort, about half starved, and saw plenty of food for sale. In his despair he felt in the corners of his pockets, but not a cent was left. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says the old proverb, and certain it is that necessity sharpens the wits. Comrade Tallmadge wanted food, not the army rations, which he could have freely enough, but some of the dainties the Government did not provide. In his pocket he had a New England watch. It had cost him six dollars. Like the watch, *he* came from New England and knew how to trade. He met a man who wanted a watch and had money. Comrade Tallmadge had a watch but no money. So an exchange was made, and the watch left Comrade Tallmadge's pocket and found its way into that of the other; but in its place our comrade found himself the richer by twelve dollars, for he had sold the watch for that amount. It was a good stroke of business, and Comrade Tallmadge soon proved how valuable money was to a hungry man, for he did not allow many minutes go by before he was feasting on nigger pies and hoe cake, which tasted good even if they were flavored with nigger wool.

On the 1st of March, 1862, the Battery got a scare, heavy firing had

been heard for two days, and a rumor had obtained currency that the enemy was about to try and recapture Beaufort. In the midst of this excitement two members of the Battery were found asleep at their posts. This was one of the most serious offences that could be committed and under the circumstances was likely to be punished by death. "Assembly" was blown and all hands turned out. The Captain read the Articles of War and explained that the two men were liable to be court-martialed and shot, but that he would overlook the offence for once, and it was with difficulty that the Battery could refrain from cheering this act of clemency.

Only a few days before there had been some little trouble with the gallant 100th Penn. Volunteers, known as the Roundheads, and two regiments, the 50th Penn. and 79th N. Y., had been called out to quell mutiny if it were attempted, but happily the insubordination was but trifling. The Roundheads proved their loyalty on many a battle field and no regiment could have behaved better when facing the enemy.

"For the Roundheads loved the Union
As the husband loves his bride."

The daily routine was getting monotonous and the men were wishing for some new excitement when word was given that General Sherman was to review the Brigade on the next day, Thursday, March 6th. Every soldier tried to look his best, and with honest pride saw that arms, accoutrements, guns, caissons and horses were in perfect condition.

That Brigade inspection was an inspiring sight. The 79th New York, the 50th Pennsylvania, the 8th Michigan and the First Conn. Light Battery, in addition to a section of Hamilton's Regular Battery, was reviewed by the gallant General and his staff. Those who had thought Capt. Rockwell too strict a disciplinarian realized that he knew his duty when they heard the words of General Sherman complimenting the Captain on the efficiency of the Battery and saying that the "First Connecticut Light Battery was the best he had ever reviewed." Subsequently Gen. Sherman spoke in the highest terms to his friend, Gen. Daniel Tyler of Connecticut, of the Battery as a credit to the army and the State.

A few days later the bugle sounded the call "Boots and Saddles," and the order rang out from the Sergeants: "Fall in with haversack, blanket and canteen." Within seventeen minutes after the bugle sounded the Bat-

tery had hitched up and was leaving camp. The order was to take the road to Port Royal Ferry, as the enemy was going to seize the ferry. It was the first real alarm the Battery had experienced and every man gloried at the thought of meeting the enemy. Brief letters were written home and the clerk had a good big bundle to send North.

Five miles at double-quick before "halt" was called. Then the Battery formed on each side of the road at a place called Salt Water Bridge.

"We heard troops coming on the road in front of us," writes Comrade Griswold, "and expected to see them come over the hill every minute. The gun I was on was ordered to cover the brow of the hill. A small hemlock tree was in the way some twenty yards in front. The Captain called for some one to volunteer to go to the front and cut it. I dropped my rammer, drew my toadsticker and started, when I discovered a smile on the corner of the Captain's mouth, and it came to me that it was a sell; which it proved to be, and we returned to camp receiving the compliments of the General for our quick response."

Every day after that there came rumors and alarms. Each morning the Battery expected to hear the order "Break Camp," and each member was ready and eager for the fray. The tension became almost painful, for the heavy thunder of guns could be heard in the distance and all wanted to exchange camp life for the active one of war. So great had become this nervous tension that at times it became ludicrous.

One night there was an alarm and the Battery was ordered out. Capt. Rockwell wanted absolute silence, and the soldiers respected his wish; but at a most important crisis there was an audible noise that reached the ears of the Captain.

"Silence!" he said in a voice just loud enough for the men to hear. The noise continued, and the Captain, thinking his order had not been heard, shouted, this time in a voice which meant grim determination.

"Silence in the ranks!"

The soldiers looked at each other, the officers looked at the privates, but not a word was spoken. For a minute there was a silence like death, but then the noise re-commenced.

"Silence!" the Captain thundered, "I'll punish every private who disobeys."

There was no cessation of the noise, and Capt. Rockwell was worked up into a frenzy of anger. He looked as though he would have liked to send every man to the guard house or to inflict some dire punishment upon him. His hand was on his sword, his teeth tightly closed, he was evidently meditating how to stop the supposed insubordination in the ranks, when one of the high privates muttered:

“Those frogs will be court-martialed unless they stop croaking.”

His mutterings were heard and there was a spontaneous laugh, in which all but the Captain joined. He had mistaken the croaking of frogs for the voices of some under his command.

In the latter part of March, 1862, one section was detailed to go to Port Royal Ferry, where it remained ten days with the reserve picket, when it was relieved by another section.

This picket duty was a regular picnic for the soldiers, the only drawback being the close watch kept by the cavalry patrol who tried to prevent excursions to the surrounding country, where the darkies used to wait to exchange chickens, eggs and sweet potatoes for the army pork and bacon. Though the risk was great, many encountered it and managed to smuggle all sorts of good things into camp. Comrade Sloan tells of an expedition he made with Comrade John Monarch. “Monarch had a sack of potatoes in front of his saddle,” said Comrade Sloan, “when we were sighted by the patrol. The bag was insecurely tied, and pretty soon the potatoes began slipping out, leaving a good trail for our pursuers. We managed to stop the leak, and by taking to the woods and considerable dodging we escaped. One day our section wanted some sweet potatoes, and wanted them badly. We knew that there was a large field of them near our camp, but as some of our boys had taken a few, a cavalry patrol was put around the field. We thought we could outwit the ‘horse marines,’ so we took a wagon one dark night and got close to the field. We filled about thirty sacks, loaded them into the wagon and got back



JOHN MONARCH,
of Manchester, Conn.

Mustered Private Nov. 2, 1861;
re-enlisted Veteran Dec. 19, 1863;
promoted Corporal Oct. 27, 1864;
Sergeant April, 12, 1865. Mustered out June 11, 1865.

to the camp undetected. But then we were in a fix, we did not know what to do with the potatoes. The officer commanding the section had a small house for quarters, and we managed to get in the back way and pile the potatoes in the fire-place. In the morning the patrol reported the loss, and a search of the camp was made, every tent was thoroughly searched, but no potatoes were found, and we were exonerated."

One day an old negro entered the picket camp with a bag full of peanuts which he offered for sale, but no one had any money and he refused to give credit. Some of the soldiers got around him and began to steal from his bag. While he was defending himself some one took a knife and cut a hole in the bottom of the bag, letting the peanuts out on the floor. Every man in the tent began to scramble for the peanuts, and the negro's opportunity came. He struck out right and left with his bag and used his feet on the scrambling soldiers, but they turned on him. Before he could recover from his astonishment he was thrown out of the tent heels over head. Then there was a hearty laugh, for it was a standing joke that a negro's head was so hard that nothing could hurt it.

The peanut vender complained to the Officer of the Day, who entered the tent and saw a corroboration of the darky's story, for every man was eating peanuts.

"Where did you get those peanuts?" he asked in a voice that seemed to threaten punishment.

"Bought them," was the unabashed reply as the comrades saluted.

"I'll tell you, massa, I ——" the darky commenced.

"Shut up!"

The officer ordered the men out to drill in the hot sun for two hours as a punishment for stealing the peanuts. One comrade, who had been behind the tent eating nuts, did not go out to drill with the others. The officer passed around the tent and saw him.

"What are you doing here? why don't you fall in for drill?"

"I bought the peanuts, sir," the comrade answered; and he spoke the truth, for he was the only man who had money and he had really invested a few cents in the peanuts. To which the officer replied, "You all lie so like hell, I can't believe you." But the comrade, feeling the injustice of the sentence so far as he was concerned, refused to drill, and the officer ordered

the Corporal of the Guard to place Private M—— under arrest for disobedience of orders.

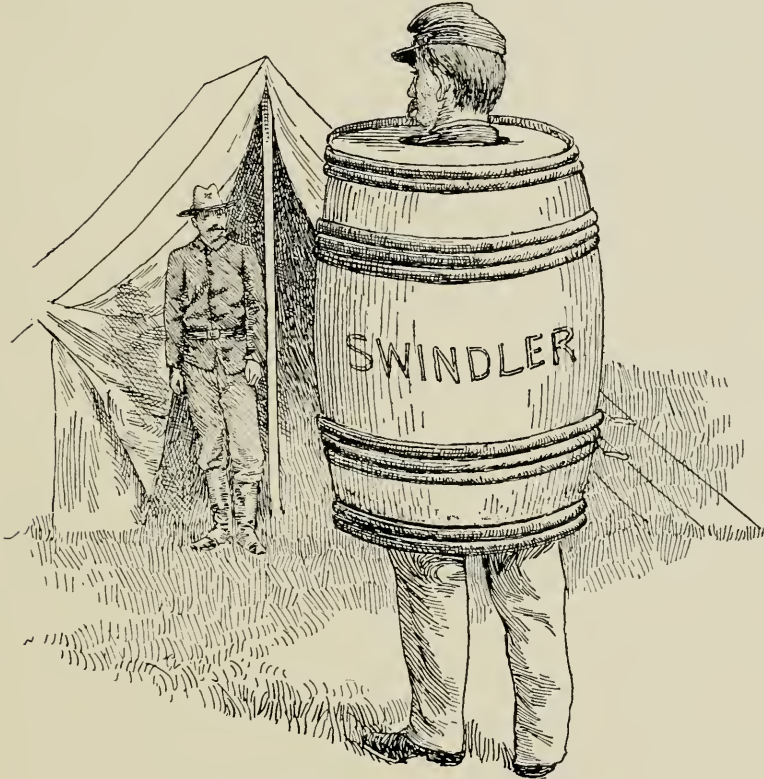
The comrade was court-martialed and sentenced to hard labor in Dry Tortugas, although he was the only innocent man in the company. The General, in reviewing the testimony and findings of the court, said that the officer in charging his men with "lying like hell," used language unbecoming an officer and against the regulations. The sentence was not approved by the Commander-in-Chief and the Comrade was ordered back to service after being under punishment about four months.

An incident often recalled shows how some two or three of the members of the Battery delighted in taking advantage of the ignorance of the colored folks. One of the comrades, being out of money, devised a novel plan for raising a little, much to the disgust of the majority of the Battery, who objected to any departure from strict integrity. Pasted on the fifty-cent bottles of Perry Davis's Pain Killer there were green labels on which "50 Cents" was printed at each end, surrounded by a very attractive border. When removed from the bottle it bore a slight resemblance to the old fifty-cent shin-plaster money. The comrade offered one of the labels for five cents' worth of peanuts, and received forty-five cents in change, but unfortunately for the comrade, another soldier, belonging to a different company, bought peanuts from the same negro, giving a dollar bill in payment. The negro, in making change, handed him the fifty-cent label. The soldier was furious and refused to take it, but the peanut vender insisted that it was all right, and in proof pointed out the comrade from whom he had taken it. This led to the arrest of the Connecticut artilleryman and to his being condemned to the punishment of wearing a wooden overcoat for the space of one week.

These wooden overcoats were made from barrels, with one head knocked out and a hole sawed in the other just large enough to allow a man's head to go through, so that the barrel would rest on his shoulders. In this garb the comrade was compelled to march all day in a conspicuous part of the camp, watched by the guard, so that every soldier could see him and profit by the terrible example. On the barrel the word "swindler" was painted in large letters. Another comrade succeeded in passing a dollar label for ten dollars and received a similar punishment. The poor

negroes knew no better and they had such implicit confidence in the "Yankees" that they believed everything they were told. To the honor of the Battery it must be recorded that only two or three at most of its members were ever guilty of these dishonest practices, and even those looked upon their acts rather as "sharp practice" than crime.

Punishments were often inflicted for very trivial offences, and while, at



WEARING THE WOODEN OVERCOAT.

the time, the disgrace was unpleasant, in later days the comrades laughed over the ridiculous punishments inflicted. Comrade Charles W. Gesner recently wrote to Historian Beecher as follows:

"I think that I can claim the honor of being the first man in the First Connecticut Light Battery to be mounted on a barrel-head as a mode of punishment.

“The cause was the breaking of a lantern, some back talk, and the interference of a high private, who usually made himself officious. However, I do not retain any ill-feeling against the said high private, and sometimes have thought it was all for the best.



CHARLES W. GESNER,
of New Haven.

Enlisted Nov. 7, 1861;
mustered in Nov. 14; re-
enlisted veteran Mar. 4,
1864; promoted Corporal
Nov. 20, 1864; Sergeant
April 12, 1865; mustered
out June 11, 1865.

“I know that the thoughts which passed through my mind during the four hours that I held that barrel down were of some use to me in my career as a soldier. One sure thing is, that I was not punished again as long as I remained in the army.

“The time put in on the barrel did not drag on my hands either, as I passed the time in scouring an old fruit can so that I could use it for a coffee cup, mine having been taken by some one by mistake, I presume— you know such things did occur sometimes.

“Another novel means of punishment adopted in the camp was cutting a hole in the head of a barrel and dropping the barrel down over the man's head, leaving nothing but his head and legs showing.

“It so happened that the first man to receive the punishment was a very short man, and you can imagine what a striking figure he presented as he tramped up and down the parade ground all day for a number of days. This comrade's offence was the passing of worthless green paper on a negro for United States shinplasters.”

Military discipline is strict. From the highest officer to the rawest recruit all are amenable to discipline, and when some private is censured he feels some little consolation in the fact that the officer who has administered the rebuke may himself be censured the next day.

On one occasion “Sod” Blatchley entered the presence of Capt. Rockwell, who was conversing with Gen. Stevens and Lieut. Seward. Blatchley had very large feet, which were made very sore by wearing the regular army shoes, which were too short and narrow for him. He required a number 12 of a special width. It was necessary to send North for some. Getting impatient at the delay and seeing his townsman, Lieut. Seward in the group of officers, he made bold to enter their presence, and, giving a slouchy salute, asked the Lieutenant if his shoes had come. Capt. Rockwell

reprimanded him severely and ordered him out of the tent, threatening him with arrest. Gen. Stevens, who had a warm corner in his heart for the boys, gently reproved the Captain, saying that the poor fellow had a right to ask for his shoes. The Captain understood the reproof and accepted it like a soldier. "Sod," however, chafed at the treatment he had received, and, while brooding over the reprimand, met a comrade townsman who had secured some smuggled whiskey. He told him his grievance, and was consoled by the comrade, who gave him some of the whiskey, and advised him to cheer up and tell the Captain to go to hell if he spoke to him again.

"Sod" must have taken the advice literally for he was soon crazy drunk and was arrested for abusive language to the Captain. He was tied up to a tree in front of the officers' quarters, bucked and gagged, but made himself so offensive to all who passed that he was transferred to an old smoke house, or slave prison, which was in the rear of the Captain's quarters. There he was handcuffed and locked in. During the night "Sod" managed to slip his hands out of the fetters and finding a loose stone in the wall, worked at it, picking out the mortar, and pushing his great, strong, broad shoulders against it until he managed to push it out of its place, leaving a hole large enough for him to crawl through. He hid the handcuffs and boasted that they would never be worn by another man, and he was right, for they were never found.

In the morning "Sod" was roaming about the camp sober, as if nothing had happened. For this jail breaking and similar offences he was court-martialed, and though defended by Lieut. Seward, was found guilty and sentenced. Owing to "Sod's" many good qualities when in his normal condition, and the appeal of his many friends, the sentence was not approved by the Commanding-General, and "Sod" was returned to duty. This was the last serious trouble "Sod" ever gave the officers.

An amusing incident occurred at the time of his arrest. "Sod" was a big, athletic fellow, as strong as an ox. A corporal and six men were sent to arrest him. At first they attempted to lay their hands on him but he shook them off and piled them up in a heap as fast as they got near him. After the first round "Sod" let them get hold of him, and then commenced the fun. He carried them all away from the guard tent instead of toward it. The comrades who watched were shaking their sides with laughter, as

they saw him dragging the six men who clung to him with all their strength. They looked like a lot of liliputians clinging to a giant.

"Sod" could be won by kindness and coaxing, but once try to use force and he was defiant. Comrade Sloan tells about one time when a corporal and four men were sent for "Sod," who was in one of his hilarious tantrums, and returned reporting that they could not arrest him. Comrade Sloan was called the "Boy of the Battery," he was neither stout nor formidable looking.

"I can arrest 'Sod' alone," he told the Corporal.

"Try it then."

Sloan was one of "Sod's" favorites. He walked up to him, saying, but in a kindly voice:

"What's the matter, 'Sod?' Come along with me."

To the astonishment of all the big fellow went with the "Boy of the Battery," as docile as a lamb, submitting to arrest without a murmur.

On March 28 the Battery was reviewed by General Benham and General Stevens, and both Generals spoke in very complimentary terms of the brave boys from Connecticut. Perhaps those words of praise made up for the hardships of the day, for the Battery had been drilled until noon on the dusty drill ground, then hurried to camp, brushed up and everything put in "apple pie" order, fell in for inspection at one o'clock, but it was not until three that the Generals arrived, and all this time the men had been without food.

Early in April the Battery participated in a very solemn demonstration. The entire brigade was ordered out to witness the drumming out of camp of a private of the 79th New York Volunteers. His crime was a serious one, for he had left his post while on guard duty, got drunk, and then added to his fault by abusing the officers. The Battery turned out without horses or guns and marched to the parade ground. Hamilton's Battery, fully equipped, was parked on the left of the field, the different regiments were formed in line on the right, and lastly came the General and staff with the 79th N. Y., the prisoner in the rear, marching in a hollow square. The 79th formed on the right of the other troops, making a line of double rank half a mile long. The prisoner, handcuffed, his head shaved both sides, all the buttons cut from his uniform, except those which

were actually necessary to keep his clothes together, was paraded the whole length of the line, guarded by two files of soldiers, the regimental band playing the "Rogues' March." As the prisoner and his guard passed each regiment the respective bands fell in the rear and joined in the "Rogues' March."

The disgrace, to a sensitive man, is the greatest that can be endured, and but few ever recover from its effects. In this case, however, the ending was far different to the usual one. The soldier who had been drummed out of camp, re-enlisted later and for his bravery on the field rose to the rank of Major and received a medal of honor. The punishment had made a man of him, and he lived to be respected by the very officers and men who had taken part in his expulsion from the army.

The next time the entire brigade was called out was to the funeral of eleven of the Eighth Michigan who had been killed in a fight on Wilmington Island. Three hundred of the regiment had been sent on a foraging expedition and were taken by surprise, being attacked by a large force of Confederates. It was not believed that a single armed Confederate was on the Island, but a sharp volley from a Georgia regiment poured into the ranks of the foraging party was sufficient proof to the contrary. In the first volley eleven were killed, and the Unionists retreated before a superior force, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Eleven dead and thirty-four wounded brought back to the camp made every one feel very solemn.

"It may be our turn next," said Comrade Hotchkiss.

"That's what we're here for," responded a comrade rather flippantly; "it is death or glory, you know."

"I cannot see that glory does you much good, for it generally comes to your memory, and you're not alive to enjoy it."

"That reminds me of Tim McCarthy, who lost one leg, both arms, had his right eye blinded and the other nearly closed, his jaw was broken and a nasty sabre cut was across his face. A friend met him and said he didn't look as though he had got much fun out of a soldier's life. 'Fun, is it? Sure, I've had me fill of it; an' besides, look at the glory I've won!' And then Tim went on begging from his countrymen the price of a meal."

"I'm thinking that most of the glory goes to the officer."

"I heard a good story of a young soldier who was on his knees praying

a very long time. The officer of the day saw him and asked what he was praying for at that time of day. 'Don't you hear the shells whizzing?' he asked. 'Of course I do, and we're in for a big fight,' answered the officer. 'That's just what I thought, so I was praying that the bullets might be distributed like the award of glory, the greatest amount among the officers.'"

The roar of distant artillery sounded ominous and everything was in readiness for the order to break camp. At Port Royal Ferry skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and the Roundheads (100th Penn.) found several of the enemy's guns in unpleasant proximity.

General Stevens ordered out a section of Hamilton's Battery, two companies of cavalry, two of infantry and the whole of the First Connecticut Light Battery.

"Boots and Saddles" was blown by Bugler Hotchkiss, who presented a picturesque appearance, for he had nothing on but his shirt, having been summoned from bed to sound the call.

By ten o'clock the Battery was ready at the Ferry to meet the enemy, but none was in sight. The horses were turned out to grass, with harness on, so that they would be ready at a moment's notice. At noon, forage and rations were given out and the men and horses ate heartily, the men wondering whether it would be their last meal. Several of the Roundheads were brought into camp wounded, and a big scare was occasioned by someone starting the rumor that a big load of rails which passed the camp covered up with cloths was really a load of dead Pennsylvanians. Camp was selected for the night, the horses were put in a cotton store-house and some corn cribs, though some were fastened to trees outside. The soldiers slept anywhere they could find a place, some under the gun and caisson covers, others in old shanties and lofts. Although expecting every moment to hear the bugle call to arms all slept well, and on the morrow did full justice to a good breakfast of coffee, pork and hard tack. The enemy thinking discretion the better part of valor did not put in an appearance, and so the order came to break camp and return to Beaufort.

It was soon after the return from the ferry that a comrade incurred the displeasure of his superior and was sentenced to stand for one hour on a barrel. All the time he stood there he was heard muttering

something and a fellow comrade stole up quietly behind him expecting to hear some choice vituperative language, but instead he found his comrade improvising some poetry. It was not very good, perhaps some would have said it was not poetry at all, but one verse will show the kind of a poet he was.

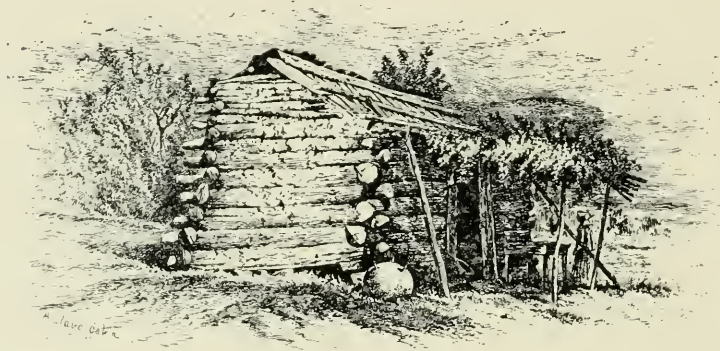
“ My old Master promised me
When he died, he'd set me free:
Now he's dead and gone to h—l,
And left me standing on this bar-rel.”

The great crop of blackberries proved a temptation to the men who ate so heartily of them that there was considerable sickness in camp. Blackberries for each meal, between meals, raw, made into dumplings by the colored cooks, ripe and unripe; made but little difference, any way they could be obtained they were seized upon with avidity. Comrade Griswold tells a story of a blackberry dumpling which is amusing.

“ In my tent was a comrade who was very prim and orderly; he did not enjoy a military life very much because of its privations. One day he was late in going for his share of blackberry dumpling, which was cooked for us by an old auntie who had been a cook in the Johnston family. We had all got our dumpling and had nearly eaten it before our comrade went for his. He soon returned with empty plate; he was too late. We all smiled, and he smiled also but it was a very cynical smile. He had made up his mind to have a dumpling all to himself, so he went to a shanty nearby and engaged the woman to make him a good big dumpling. He did not know the woman, for she had only just moved into the town from the plantation, but she said she could cook. When he re-entered the tent, he smiled in a self-satisfied manner and said there were other cooks besides auntie, and he would soon show us how white men should live. He improvised a table out of a hard tack box, spread a clean towel over it, made a seat, polished his knife and fork and then went for his dumpling. It looked nice when he brought it in and put it on the table—in fact, it made our mouths water. He prinked awhile and then sat down to cut his dumpling, looking at us and smiling. Soon he commenced to gag, then a blue streak was seen, and catching the plate and dumpling he marched out of the tent, gagging as he

went, and threw plate and dumpling as far as he could. Of course, I am telling the truth when I say that there was more darky wool in that dumpling than a man could hold in his hand.

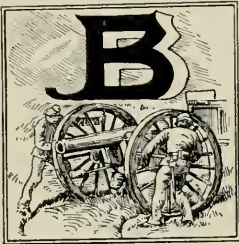
“It is needless to say that he was always in time to share with his comrades after that, for he had just as much experience of new cooks as he wanted.”



A SLAVE CABIN.

CHAPTER V.

POCOTALIGO.



RIGADIER-GENERAL Isaac I. Stevens, commanding the Second Brigade of the Department of the South, received orders to intercept the enemy by destroying the Charleston and Savannah Railroad near the village of Pocotaligo. News had been received from the scouts that the enemy was moving in force from Grahamville and McPhersonville, and it was to prevent the massing of a large army at that point that the expedition was planned.

Gen. Stevens at once commenced to make his arrangements with that energy which always characterized him. Lieut. Brown, of the 8th Michigan, was dispatched to the advanced posts with orders to Capt. Lewis to bring to the ferry all the boats at Seabrook and other points. Lieut. Adams, 50th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was sent to Ladies Island with similar orders to Capt. Dimock, in command of the Island. They took twelve flats and boats to the ferry before the arrival of the troops.

Twelve flats, including one small ferryboat, were started from Beaufort at 9.30 o'clock, each flat manned by a soldier and six negroes, all under the charge of Lieut. Donohue, 8th Michigan, and reached the ferry about daylight.

The troops to be engaged were the 50th Penn. Regiment, with one company of the 79th N. Y. Highlanders, and one company of the 8th Michigan as fatigue parties, and one section of the First Connecticut Light Battery, with such force as could be spared from the cavalry.

On the afternoon of the 28th May, 1862, the bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles!" and the order rang out:

"Left section, hitch up, one day's rations, haversack, canteen and one blanket."

Capt. Rockwell had been heard to say to Lieut. Cannon that some hard fighting would have to be done before the section returned. The centre and right sections were rather jealous, for they were anxious to have their "baptism of fire."

At 10:30 p.m. Col. B. C. Christ, of the 50th Pennsylvania Volunteers, left Beaufort with his regiment and one company of the 8th Michigan, Captain Doyle commanding, and one company of the 79th New York Volunteers, Capt. Elliott, for Port Royal Ferry.

The left section of the Light Battery was ready, but the order did not come until an hour later, and the other sections had been ordered to turn in. At midnight the section started, Lieut. Cannon in command, for the ferry.

The troops commenced crossing the ferry about 3 o'clock; much delay was experienced in getting the cavalry and the artillery across. The Battery horses were taken across first, then the boats returned for the guns and caissons, which had to be taken to pieces to load upon the boats, a very troublesome piece of work even under the best conditions; then the men were taken across to the mainland.

The infantry commenced their march at 5 a.m., the cavalry at 6 a.m., but the Battery was not ready to start before 8 o'clock.

The day was fiercely hot and the road dusty. It led through a pine forest, until it divided at a place called Garden's Corners; the Battery took the road to the left and soon heard firing ahead.

The infantry had encountered the enemy's pickets about two miles from the ferry and commenced driving them in, having to do so three times before Garden's Corners were reached.

Col. Christ left Company E, Lieut. Lantz commanding, at the Corners, and was reinforced by Major Higginson, First Massachusetts Cavalry, who reported with eighty men and horses.

The Unionists marched toward Pocotaligo by the Sheldon road, and reached the village with the peculiar name without interruption, save the driving in of the Confederate pickets.

There is a curious story told about the origin of the name. It may be a darky's yarn or an etymological fact, but as it was told in all seriousness it is worth quoting.

Many years ago a negro was driving an ox hitched to a cart along the road near the site of the present village. The road was exceedingly muddy and the mud was deep, sticky and soft. The cart got stuck fast, and the ox calmly, but very persistently, refused to draw it out. The negro prodded him with a sharp goad, the ox merely switched his tail but did not move his feet; then the darky blew in his ear, but that also inspired no desire to move; then he tried pulling the ox's tongue, and eventually got a lot of dry brush and lighted it under the animal's belly, without having the least effect. A negro coming along and desirous of helping his brother in distress said "Poke-a-tail an' he'll go." The negro did so and the ox started forward dragging the cart from the mud hole. Ever after the place was known as Pocotaligo.

The enemy knowing the country well had chosen a most favorable position, and one from which it required considerable effort to dislodge him. As Pocotaligo is reached you have to pass over a causeway about a quarter of a mile in length, flanked partly on either side by a marsh, and through which passes a stream. About eighty yards from the end of the causeway over this stream was a bridge about fifteen feet wide, which the enemy had so far destroyed as to make it impassable, save by passing along the string pieces which were only six inches wide. On the opposite side of the marsh from Pocotaligo there was a narrow strip of woods. Through this the infantry skirmished, and then ascertained that the enemy was posted under cover of trees and ditches within good rifle range on either side of the causeway. It was necessary to get nearer range, and Captain Parker volunteered to take his company across the string pieces and let them drop into a ditch on the right, where they would be partially under cover. He successfully accomplished this movement.

About three hundred men under command of Lieut.-Col. Brenholtz, passed over and succeeded in dislodging the enemy on the right, which was followed by a charge on the left, when the enemy commenced a rapid retreat to the woods.

Orders were given to relay the bridge so that the cavalry could cross

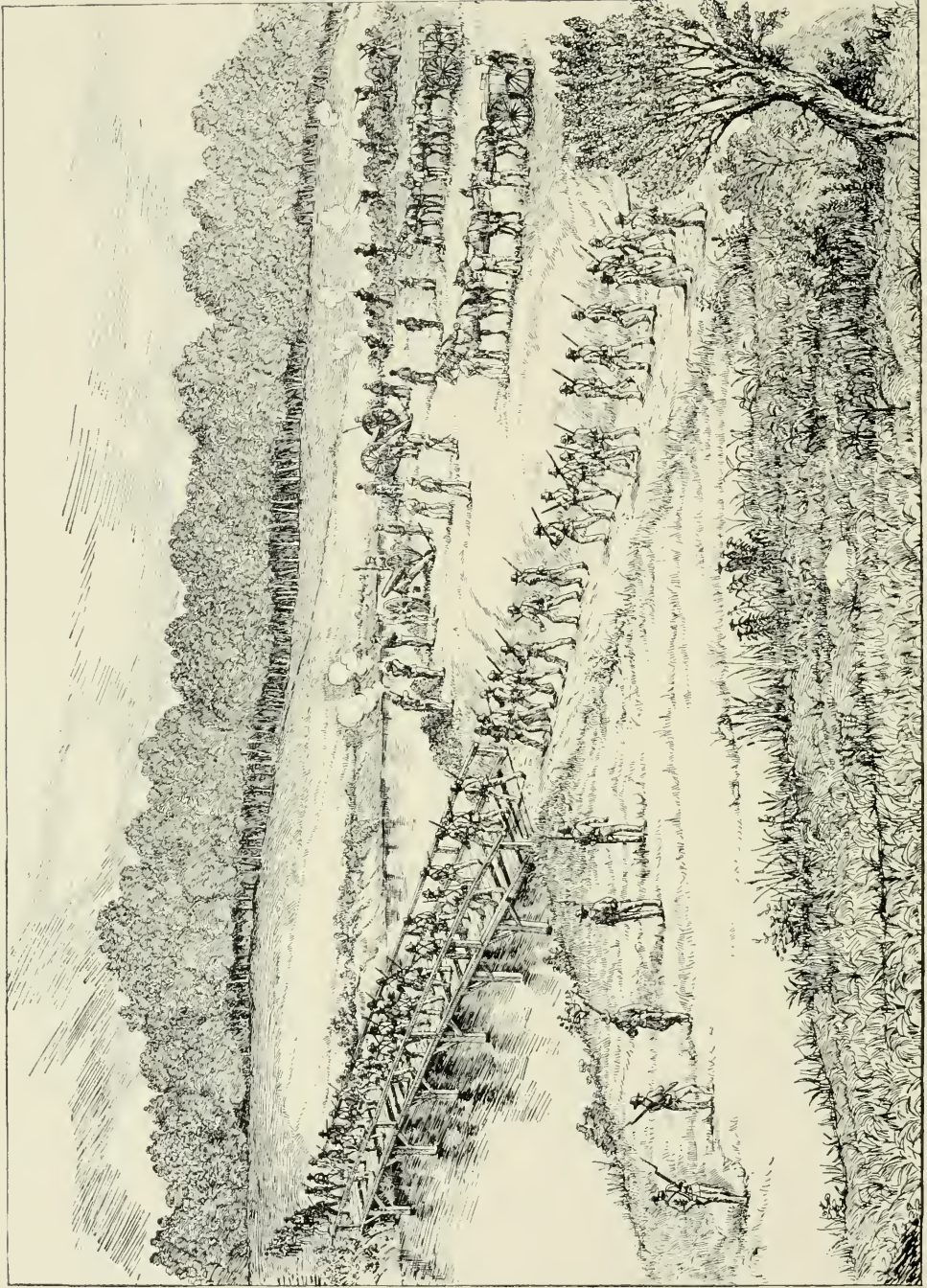
and at that time the Battery arrived on a double quick. Comrade Griswold says: "We were on a double quick and soon heard that peculiar and unpleasant whiz and spat of the minnie ball for the first time. We loaded our guns for the first time with shell to fire at a real enemy. As the Battery arrived, the Johnnies were making a hasty retreat."

By the time the bridge was relaid the enemy had taken refuge in a wood where the cavalry could not operate successfully, so the infantry had to pursue. The Unionists were worn out with their long march of twenty miles and could not pursue as rapidly as the fresh soldiers of the Confederacy could retreat. Ammunition also began to fail, and a scout brought word that the enemy awaited the Unionists at the railroad and was being reinforced by regiments from McPhersonville and Grahamville. To risk another engagement would be suicidal and so the order to retreat was given. Haste was urged, fearing that the enemy might try to cut off the retreat at Garden's Corners.

Small detachments of cavalry pursued the Unionists as far as the Corners.

By that time the men and horses of the Battery were completely used up, "the rear guard often had to force men who had lain down beside the road to move on by using their bayonets. Many were so completely used up that they did not care what befell them," writes Comrade Griswold. "Our rear team balked, we worked hard to start them, but they would not go. The rear guard passed us and advised us that the enemy was close by, and we had better abandon the team and gun, but we would not. The Confederates came within two rods of us, but ignorant of our trouble, they would not risk the drawing of our fire. Our troops were far in advance, and in the extreme darkness were ignorant of our position; some were for leaving, others said stand by; finally, after a free use of our sabres upon the poor horses, we succeeded in starting them, and kept them going until we caught up with the others."

Comrade Beecher, telling of that retreat from Pocotaligo, says: "We were almost famished from thirst; we could get no clean water; we passed some puddles on the road where the hogs had wallowed; the water was almost as thick and sticky with mud as ordinary molasses. We were so nearly famished and desperate for want of water that we drank from these



THE LEFT SECTION FIRST CONNECTICUT BATTERY, AT POCOTALIGO, S. C.

hog puddles and bathed our heads and arms. It was almost like drinking and bathing in moist mud or clay; a sickening drink, but the moisture derived from it gave some slight relief. During the night we were refreshed by the falling of the dew."

One of the prisoners captured at Pocotaligo was a boy, who was fighting with the cavalry. He did not look more than ten years old; he was equipped the same as the strong men, though he had every appearance of being exceedingly delicate. He looked so young that he attracted considerable attention from the Battery. One of the comrades asked how he came to enlist. He looked up with a smile on his face as he answered:

"All the boys had to enlist in my section, for if they did not the girls would not speak to them."

At the ferry landing not only the tired Unionists were in waiting to cross but thousands of contrabands anxious to reach freedom on the other side of the Coosaw River.

Major-General David Hunter, on May 9, had issued a general order from Hilton Head, declaring that "Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible; the persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free." (General Orders No. 11, Ed. W. Smith, Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General).

The slaves knew that freedom was only theirs when within the Union lines, and so they flocked to the ferry singing a lot of doggrel, the refrain of which was:

"Wake up, snakes, pelicans, and Sesh'ners!
 Don't yer hear 'um comin'—
 Comin' on de run?
 Wake up, I tell yer! Git up, Jefferson!
 Comin' on de run—
 Bob-o-lish-i-on!"

Then others sang a distich on which Whittier founded one of his anti-slavery poems:

"Massa say's it's de day of doom,
 And we ob jubilee!"

It was impossible to take the negroes across, for the safety of the soldiers had to be looked to first, and it was after daylight before the Battery

was hitched up on the Beaufort side of the river, and the homeward march commenced. Every man was sleepy and tired, having made a difficult crossing of the river twice and marched over forty miles in twenty-seven hours.

One comrade of the Battery fell asleep on the roadside and did not get into camp until the next day. The Battery arrived in camp at noon and after a wash came a prompt obedience to the order "Fall in for grub," an order which is seldom disobeyed and of which the comrades often sing, their memories keeping green the fact that:

"While we were soldiers in the war,
 There was one welcome sound;
 It stirred our inmost selves to hear
 'Fall in for grub,' pass round.
 'Fall in for grub!' the good old sound,
 We never can forget;
 We are so patriotic still,
 We're glad to hear it yet."

Some of the comrades fell asleep after dinner and had to be awakened and ordered to report to the Captain for being absent from roll call at sunset.

Not one member of the Battery was wounded in the skirmish at Pocotaligo. The Unionist losses were two killed and nine wounded, the gallant Capt. Parker being one of the killed.

The object for which the expedition was organized was not accomplished, but General Stevens in his report says: "The operation was most successful as a reconnaissance or demonstration, and it is very certain, could the original programme have been carried out, that the whole line would have been broken up from Salkehatchie to Coosawhatchie."

While the left section of the Battery was engaged with the enemy at Pocotaligo, Lieut. Seward returned to Beaufort from the ferry and reported that the enemy was driving the Unionists back and the centre section was ordered to go to the ferry at once. The centre section was ready to start in fifteen minutes after the order was received. Two miles from the ferry the section was met by General Stevens who at once ordered it back to camp.

It is most unfortunate that in this first skirmish in which the First Light Battery was engaged the gallant Commander of the 2d Brigade, Brig.-Gen.

I. Stevens, should have been so misled that he did an injustice to the Battery.

In his official report General Stevens wrote:

“The troops commenced crossing the river at 3 p.m. Much delay occurred in the passage of both the cavalry and artillery. The infantry commenced their march at 5 a.m., the cavalry at 6 a.m., but the artillery not till 8, and the latter were furthermore delayed in the road nearly two hours in feeding and watering their animals. The officer in charge, Lieut. Cannon (his first experience in service), states that he used every exertion to push up, but did not reach the advance till the enemy had been routed.

“The report of Col. Christ will give the details of the affair.”

Gen. Stevens was at Beaufort and had to accept the report of Col. Christ, in which occurs the following insinuation against Lieut. Cannon and the Battery:

“At this time (when the enemy was in retreat) Lieut. Cannon, with a section of the Connecticut Battery, reported himself, having just arrived on the ground. In my judgment, if the artillery had been on the ground when the action commenced we could have dislodged the enemy in a very short time and proceed to accomplish the object of the expedition; but the action itself lasted nearly two hours, and by the time I could recall the companies in pursuit of the enemy and again get ready to move, more than three hours had elapsed.”

By this report the failure to destroy the railroad bridge is charged, as facts prove, most unjustly on the Connecticut Battery, and Lieut. Cannon proved himself worthy of great praise instead of blame for the action he took.

In the first place the delay was occasioned by not having flats at ferry, as was planned, to take the artillery over without dismantling the guns and detaching the horses, and not by any loitering to feed the horses. The Battery horses were not fed until Pocotaligo was reached, and in the march from the ferry to the scene of action only one stop was made, and that was at Garden's Corners, for about fifteen minutes.

While watering the horses at the Corners a man told one of the comrades that he was from Rhode Island, but had been South long enough to get all the d——d Yankee blood out of him. His appearance gave evidence

of his truth. He was tall, lean, walked and talked like a born South Carolinian. There was a fine spring of water on his place, and in his spring-house he kept milk which he offered the soldiers. So many stories were afloat about the poisoning of the springs when the hated Yankees were expected that before any soldier dare drink the man who had expelled all the Yankee blood from his veins was made drink first.

Lieut. Cannon only received two orders from Col. Christ; the first to go forward to Pocotaligo, the second to retreat. It is an officer's duty to consider the men and horses under his command, for should they arrive at the scene of action incapacitated for work, the whole command might be placed in a disastrous position. Had Lieut. Cannon received orders to make a forced march at double quick, it would have been his duty to obey even if the horses died under the strain. As no such order was received, the officer made the march according to regulation, so that his horses might be fresh. The action was precipitated no doubt, but if Col. Christ had wanted the Battery to hurry forward it was his duty to have sent a command by an orderly.

The day was intensely hot, the roads sandy and a forced march would have killed every horse in the section, as it was the horses suffered intensely. One comrade says: "We got some idea how the horses suffered on that march when we took off the saddles and harness. The back and breast of every horse was blistered from the intense heat, and when the saddles and harness were removed the hair and hide peeled off with them, leaving the horses covered with raw sores, and it was nearly two weeks before those horses were again fit for duty."

It is true that the Battery did not arrive until two hours after the infantry and cavalry, but the reason is not that given by Col. Christ. In the first place the delay was caused by the failure to furnish means of transportation at the ferry. The Battery had to wait until the infantry and cavalry had crossed before it could commence to get the guns, caissons and horses across. The boats had to cross several times with the infantry and cavalry, and then when all were over it was found that none of the flats were large enough to carry the Battery without detaching the horses and dismounting gun carriages and limbers, and only a few pieces could be taken over at a time. The other troops had two hours advantage, for it took that time or the Battery to cross the river, owing to the lack of proper transportation.

It appears, from the Confederate reports, that during the first two hours Col. Christ had only 76 Confederates opposing his 700 or 800 men. It was his over-estimate of the enemy's strength that caused the expedition to be a failure. It would seem that, if properly handled, 700 men in an open field ought to have driven back 76 of the enemy without the aid of a Light Battery.

It will be seen that the fault was not one for which Lieut. Cannon could in any way be held responsible, and it must be admitted that Lieut. Cannon, placed for the first time in a position of great responsibility, acted with good judgment, which should have received credit from his superiors. It is quite possible that Col. Christ was suffering from excitement when he made his report, for he was a man of a highly strung nervous temperament. One instance might be recalled. On one occasion Lieut. Cannon was in the Colonel's room when an orderly brought a report of an expected attack. Col. Christ became so nervous that instead of giving his commands, he took up a brush and commenced to brush his hair. Lieut. Cannon asked:

“Would it not be well to order out the Battery?”

The Colonel, still brushing vigorously at his hair, replied:

“Perhaps it would be as well. Perhaps you had better order it out.”

And this was the Colonel who cast a stigma on the First Connecticut Light Battery.

It is always an advantage to hear the other side, and as this history is, as far as possible, an accurate one, telling the truth without fear or favor, we give the Confederate account of the engagement. Col. W. S. Walker, commanding the Third Military District of South Carolina, officially reports as follows:

“When arriving on the field I found that Maj. J. H. Morgan, assisted by Capt. W. L. Trenholm's company (Rutledge Mounted Riflemen), stationed in the woods at Old Pocotaligo, 38 men, and two companies (A and D, First Battalion Cavalry), 38 men, lining the left bank of Screven's Canal as skirmishers. A bridge across the canal had been previously torn up. Generals Pemberton, Drayton and Evans had been telegraphed of the enemy's advance. The remaining two companies of cavalry, with Capt. D. B. Heyward's company, were held in reserve, with the dismounted horses, half a mile in the rear, all under the command of Maj. J. H.

Morgan, with orders to be in readiness to charge the enemy when required. A number of these men were without long arms.

“Upon the approach of the enemy’s advance guard the dismounted cavalry companies opened fire with their shot guns at the distance of 40 yards. They returned the fire, and commenced deploying to the right and left near the canal. The Rutledge Mounted Riflemen fired deliberately one shot at a time at intervals as the enemy would expose themselves. Five companies crossed the road and deployed to the right. I should judge two companies deployed to the left. Both kept up a scattered and continuous fire with long-range guns. The small force of 76 men held their position with great spirit and tenacity for nearly three hours, from 10.30 to near 1.30.

“At this time the enemy crossed the ditch to the right of Lieut. R. M. Skinner’s command, thus flanking him, and enabling them to cut the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen from the causeway in the rear. Lieut. R. M. Skinner was shot down, and his men retired by the left under shelter of the ditch. I ordered the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen to retire, which they did in good order. Lieut. Skinner and Private Robert Stuart of the Mounted Riflemen were brought off seriously wounded.

“On reaching the dismounted horses the whole command retired in good order to a position three-quarters of a mile in rear of the former. Here we met the ammunition which had been sent for, and the whole force was re-supplied. The enemy had been held in check so long and the ground was so difficult for cavalry that I deployed two-thirds of my command upon the banks of a ditch crossing the road. As we retired I detailed a small party of the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen to remain in observation. I sent out six of the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen to the left under Lieut. L. J. Walker, and fifteen of the cavalry battalion under Maj. J. H. Morgan. I stationed two of the latter within 400 yards of a sentinel of the enemy, who were occupying Old Pocotaligo.

“At 4 o’clock I received a re-inforcement of three pieces of a light battery, under Capt. Stephen Elliott, Jr., and two companies infantry, Companies I and F, of the Eleventh South Carolina Infantry Capts Allen C. Izzard and B. F. Wyman. I placed the battery in position to command the road, and formed the infantry as skirmishers along the banks of a long canal running at nearly right angles to the road. Learning from my

videttes that the enemy were retiring I advanced in pursuit with my entire force. As the enemy were retiring in good order I had to feel my way carefully with skirmishers deployed to avoid ambush. Colonel Means' regiment of 400 men joined me in the night.

“We continued the pursuit till 10 o'clock at night, when my advance guard was fired on by their rear guard. I rode up to the advance and was informed by Lieut. L. J. Walker, who was in command of the advance guard, that he felt assured they had halted at Garden's Corners and that the firing was by their outpost. The night was intensely dark, the country intricate and intersected by ditches, by roads and woods, and I was fearful of risking the chances of a night attack, in which it would be impossible to distinguish friend from foe. In my judgment there was too great risk of that most melancholy of disasters when friends shoot each other by mistake in a blind *mêlée*.

“The country was so broken that cavalry could not operate. My infantry was inferior in number to that of the enemy. It was reported to me that the infantry could not, after the fatigue of the day, sustain the march of twelve miles, which would have enabled them to get in the rear of the enemy by another route. Had they attempted it, the enemy, if disposed to retire, could cross before they reached it, as they had only three miles to march. The probability of a gunboat being stationed at Port Royal Ferry to protect their retreat was an element to be duly considered. I was forced unwillingly to the conclusion to halt and make the attack early in the morning. With this view I ordered Col. Phillips' Georgia Legion, which I was notified had arrived at Pocotaligo, to join me at daylight. The entire command was ordered to be ready to march at daylight.

“Early in the morning I advanced as far as Port Royal Ferry, where I found the enemy had crossed during the night. Capt. Stephen Elliott, Jr., brought up his artillery and battered the ferry-house, which sheltered their pickets, and their flatboats, with which they had effected a crossing, at the range of two hundred and fifty yards. As stated by a corporal of the enemy, taken prisoner, their force consisted of twelve companies of infantry, viz.: Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, one company of Eighth Michigan, one company of New York, one of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. The whole force I had actually engaged was 76 men rank and file. One hundred

and ten were in reserve and holding horses, a considerable number only armed with sabres. The remainder of my force was on picket duty and watching other roads by which the enemy might approach. The smallness of the list of killed and wounded presented after such protracted firing is accounted for by the thorough protection afforded the skirmishers by the banks of the canal, of the shelter of which they availed themselves in retreating by a line parallel to that of the enemy, rejoining their horses by a circuit to the left."

Col. Walker reports the casualties as two killed, six wounded and one missing.

In acknowledging the report Maj. J. R. Waddy, Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Confederate Third District of South Carolina and Georgia, writes:

"The Major-General commanding directs me to thank that portion of the troops engaged for their gallant, noble and daring conduct on that occasion in meeting and holding in check a much larger force for several hours, fighting the enemy at every available point with the usual gallantry, thus saving the railroad from capture."

CHAPTER VI.

SKIRMISHING ON JAMES ISLAND.



OR a long time, in fact throughout the war, there had been a strong desire to capture, or punish, the City of Charleston, which was looked upon as the cradle of secession, and also to close its harbor to blockade runners.

Elaborate and costly operations on the seaward side were maintained for a long time, but with very little success. The city was well protected naturally, the lowlands that stretch out several miles south of the harbor are intersected by many winding rivers and little inlets and broken up by swamps.

The planters had selected a very pretty location about four and a half miles south of the city as a summer residential resort, which they had called Secessionville. The village lies on the highest ground of James Island and is bounded by a deep creek on one side and a shallow one on the other. On the neck of land between the two creeks an earthwork, some 200 yards long, had been thrown up, and called Fort Pemberton. Similar protection was afforded by other earthworks between Secessionville and the southern shore of the harbor.

In the early part of 1862 Gen. Benham had devised a plan for the capture of Charleston, and in May he had written to the Secretary of War giving the plan in detail. It was a daring project, and even the dashing and brave Gen. Hunter was afraid that the force at the disposal of the command was not strong enough, especially as the transport service had been crippled by the Quartermaster's Department in New York. Gen. Benham, writing

to Quartermaster-General Meigs, under date of May 23, 1862, expressed himself strongly on this matter. "One part of my project to have been executed in two days is not yet accomplished in six," he wrote; "and for the latter part of the project I cannot take 2,000 men with our two or three small steamers here, instead of 5,000 or more, as I need for safety. The consequence is that this movement, which was to have been a surprise, is undoubtedly now known to the enemy and may be defeated, or can only be accomplished at the probable cost of a large sacrifice of life, or it must be abandoned and Charleston still held by the rebels, and all because our means of movements are to be decided upon and taken away from us by the Quartermaster's Department in New York, where our necessities cannot be known."

The importance of Charleston to the Confederates can well be understood from a letter dated May 23, 1862, and addressed to Gen. Robert E. Lee, by the Governor of South Carolina, in which he says: "It is of the last importance we should hold Charleston to the last extremity. . . . If you will give the orders that Charleston shall be defended, *even amid conflagration and blood*, it shall be done. I speak what I believe is the deliberate feeling of the State when I say that we universally prefer it a city of ashes and the site defended to its being in the possession of the enemy. . . . Let it be boldly known that the defence is to be desperate."

It will thus be seen that any attempt to capture the City of Charleston would not only be met by a determined resistance, but would prove costly in the great loss of life which was sure to occur.

For some days rumors had been current in the camp at Beaufort that the attempt on Charleston would be made, and that the gallant soldiers of Gen. Isaac Stevens' division would occupy the post of honor. The hearts of the men throbbed with pleasurable excitement, and no hearts beat more joyously than those of the men who composed the First Connecticut Light Battery.

On the last day of May orders were received for the right and centre sections of the Battery to be ready to go, at a moment's notice, on the transport and participate against Charleston, by way of James Island, co-operating with the fleet that was to enter Charleston harbor. The left section, which had just returned from Pocotaligo, was to stay at Beaufort, and many of the

comrades felt blue, for they wished for the excitement of action. Comrades Griswold, of Guilford, and Arthur E. Clark, of Milford, applied to the Lieutenant of the centre section and were transferred, much to their delight.

The plan of campaign provided for a division under Gen. Stevens which was to go on transports up the Stono River to James Island, and a second division, under command of General Benham, to proceed up the Edisto River, landing at John's Island, and crossing, effect a junction with Stevens' division on James Island. The Connecticut Battery was assigned to Stevens' division and Hamilton's Battery to that of Gen. Benham. The entire force consisted of two divisions of infantry, First Massachusetts Cavalry, Hamilton's Battery, and two sections of the First Connecticut Light Battery.

The Battery worked all Saturday night unloading the transport steamer Honduras of sutler stores to make room for their guns and horses. Boxes of smoked herring and other strongly flavored articles were frequently broken, and the result was that many of the comrades became sick. One comrade, in telling of that experience thirty-five years later, said: "I have never cared for smoked herring since; the memory of that sickening experience is always fresh."

The Honduras towed a schooner full of troops to Hilton Head, arriving there Sunday night. Early on Monday morning a fleet, consisting of four river steamers, an ocean steamer, two gunboats and three schooners, left Hilton Head and anchored in Stono River abreast of James Island. The day was one of the most disagreeable ever experienced, the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew with the force of a hurricane.

The 100th Pennsylvania Volunteers had already landed and at once got into a skirmish with the enemy. Orders reached the Battery from Gen. Stevens to get two guns on shore at once and go to the assistance of the Roundheads who were having a lively time.

General Stevens sent his quartermaster to superintend the unloading of the Battery. He proposed building steps so that the horses could walk from the transport ship, but the Connecticut men knew that they could accomplish the disembarkation quicker than by that way, so they declined the offer and pushed the horses overboard, some of the comrades being on shore to catch them as they reached land. In two hours the guns, caissons

and horses of the right section were landed. The gunboats Pawnee and Unadilla did good service in covering the landing.

The section started on a gallop for the fire line, making the first halt in an open field by an old hedge where a line of infantry was located. The Battery was received with a ringing cheer from the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, who felt much encouraged, for the fire had been hotter than pleasant. At about one hundred and sixty yards from the hedge the Battery commenced to fire into the woods, where it was believed the Confederates were hiding, until the guns got hot.

After shelling the woods on each side, Lieut. Porter, acting on his own responsibility, for no order had been given by a superior officer, ordered the Battery into the woods. Capt. Stevens, of General Stevens' staff, galloped after the Battery and overtook it.

"Where are you going, sir?" he asked as he rode up to Lieut. Porter's side.

"To the front," Porter answered with patriotic fervor.

"Don't you know that there is no infantry support within half a mile of you? What will you do if attacked?"

"Never mind, if we meet the enemy we will action front and drive them before us."

Lieutenant Porter continued to advance right into the enemy's lines.

This has been said to be the first and only instance during the war where a light battery was deployed as skirmishers in front of the main army, and it has always been a matter of wonder to those who witnessed it, or heard of Porter's deed, that the section was not captured.

After some hard work and considerable difficulty the 3d New Hampshire advanced to the skirmish line. After skirmishing half a mile, a deserted gun was discovered on a causeway. Porter gave orders to take six horses and secure the abandoned gun. The moment the gun was reached the enemy's sharpshooters began to fire from every direction. The bullets whistled over their heads, the unpleasant music causing many a head to ache, but not a man flinched. Often a comrade would try to dodge the bullets, and once Comrade Joseph Fowler slid between his horses for momentary protection. As he did so, the sharp eye of one of the Sergeants saw him, and, thinking him killed, put spurs to his little horse and

galloped as fast as possible for a stretcher. Half in jest, half in earnest, some of the company gossips asked if the Sergeant was dodging the bullets, others hinted that his horse had taken fright, but all who knew him well agreed that his ride to the rear was actuated by well-meant and kindly solicitude for the wounded, or killed, comrade.



JOSEPH W. FOWLER,
of Milford, Conn.

Enlisted April 16, 1862; discharged April 16, 1865, time expired. Comrade Fowler was with the first applicants at Camp Tyler, and expected to be sworn in at the same time as his brother, Wm. M. Fowler, but was rejected on account of being under age. He got permission to accompany the Battery as Lieut. Cameron's servant, and enlisted as soon as he reached the proper age.

Comrades Joseph Fowler, William Fowler, Lewis Sykes, Henry Gillette, John Loomis, George W. Penhallow, Sergt. Tuttle and Henry Huntington hitched on to the gun and tried to pull it, but at the first effort some of the harness broke. Not daunted, though the bullets were falling like hail, the comrades made three attempts, but only succeeded in breaking some harness. Orders were given to abandon the gun, and the drivers were quickly mounted and on a gallop making their way back to their comrades, leaving Huntington, Tuttle and all the cannoneers to get away from the murderous shower of bullets as best they could.

The cannoneers ran on into the wood and soon began to think that they had lost their way. Everything looked different. Instead of making a short cut to overtake the guns they seemed to be getting into the enemy's lines.

"By G — I think we are lost," Sergeant Tuttle exclaimed. As he with Comrades Fowler and Huntington were standing close together trying to make out which way to go, a bullet passed close to the Sergeant cutting off a small twig from a tree which was right by his nose. Tuttle, with considerable earnestness, said:

"I guess we had better get somewhere pretty quick."

After some excitement the party found its way out of the woods and caught up with the drivers who were engaged mending their harness in order to hitch to the guns. When the section got into camp the Sergeant who went for the stretcher was surprised to find Joe Fowler alive, for he had reported him killed.

While the right section had been engaged in these stirring and exciting adventures the centre section had unloaded its guns, ammunition, battery wagons and other equipments, and just before dark, in a pouring rain, went into camp, wet to the skin and as hungry as bears, not having had anything to eat all that day.

The camp kettles were filled with coffee, the beef was stewing for soup, and a most fragrant odor whetted the appetites of the comrades when the order rang out:

“Fall in, centre section. Hitch up!”

With a sigh the comrades left the tempting coffee and stew and started to haul out the guns and drag the horses from the mud.

The supper was to follow as soon as ready, and with this promise fresh in their minds the comrades dragged themselves along to relieve the right section. The section was found and relieved, and then supper was anxiously awaited, but alas, it never came; the relieved section thought it very kind of the centre to get the supper ready and gladly partook of the appetizing food.

Comrade Griswold, writing of that night, says: “What a night that was—the enemy bivouacked within a stone’s throw, and we stood or sat all night in the pouring rain, weary and almost starved, waiting for the break of day. During the night Col. Fenton, of the 8th Michigan, whose headquarters were with us, gave the Battery a canteen of whiskey, a thimbleful of which was the first whiskey I had ever tasted. Morning came, the enemy had disappeared; no rations were sent up, and we moved to find the enemy, our Battery shelling the woods ahead of the skirmishers. We had quite a lively encounter with the enemy, and toward night fell back and went into camp, but still without rations; nearly forty-eight hours without food. Later some coffee and camp kettles were sent up; we rushed to the river and filled the kettles and put them over the fire to boil, and made our coffee. But what a disappointment; the water in the river was salt, and we could not drink our coffee. About this time we heard a cry; some of our troops were pursuing a wild steer. We started in chase with our revolvers drawn, and soon the steer was shot, and a long-legged comrade succeeded in reaching the carcass and securing a part of the liver, which he divided with me. We started on a run for our camp fire, and in twenty minutes

after the steer had been shot we were eating toasted liver, without any salt. For that meal what agony I endured for a week, until the doctor succeeded in bringing me relief. I remained on duty, but it seemed as though a ten-pound cannon ball lay in the pit of my stomach."

In the skirmish on that day, Comrade Hotchkiss was thrown from his horse and had to be taken from the field on a stretcher. It was found that his left shoulder was sprained and his right hand broken. All night he lay in his tent on the ground wet to the skin from the heavy rains.

The gunboats shelled the enemy as long as possible, but soon it became unsafe, for the lives of the Unionists were endangered.

Gen. Stevens had sent an order to Lieut. O. H. Howard, who was on board the gunboat *Unadilla*:

"Fire as rapidly as possible and we will take their guns."

Lieut. Howard faithfully obeyed the order until he got the message:

"Cease firing!"

Very soon after the Lieutenant's heart was gladdened by the report:

"We have taken three of their guns."

That the skirmish was a severe one is proved from the official reports of the enemy. Lieut.-Col. Ellison Capers, 24th South Carolina Infantry, Confederate Army, reports: "I left the camp before daylight with four companies of the Twenty-fourth, the Marion Rifles, Pee-Dee Rifles, Evans Guard and Colleton Guard to remove the guns of Capt. Chichester's Battery, which were bogged in the marsh at the causeway below Rivers'." (It was one of these guns that Lieut. Porter tried to capture). "Arrived at Secessionville, it was reported to me by Col. Lamar that our pickets had been driven in to Rivers' and that the guns were covered by the enemy. I reported this to the General, who ordered me to take my companies and drive him back until the fire of his boats obliged me to withdraw. I moved down to Rivers' and found the picket force, consisting of the Beauregard Light Infantry and the Charleston Riflemen, at that point, and the enemy's advance in the pines just in their front. I ordered these companies to join my command, and formed my line at the head of the causeway, facing Legaré's; threw out the Marion Rifles, Capt. Sigwald, as skirmishers, and ordered him to push on and draw the fire of the enemy. This was well and promptly done, the Marions soon occupying

the pines and the enemy's skirmishers retiring. I crossed the causeway by flank and deployed to the other side, throwing my companies forward on the right, when we engaged the enemy warmly until, our fire becoming too severe, he fell back to the edge of the wood on this side of Legaré's old field.

"After a half-hour's firing in this position we moved into the wood and drove through, the enemy retreating across the old field to the houses beyond. Our way was now unobstructed, the enemy occupying the Legaré houses beyond, and the long hedge to the east of them, from which he poured in a strong fire, most of which passed entirely over us. A regiment, which I afterward ascertained to be the 28th Massachusetts, constituted his reserve, and was posted below the negro houses, a quarter of a mile to the south. I determined, by a rapid charge on the main buildings, to cut off the advance from this support, the only difficulty being that at Legaré's we would be open to the river and within half a mile. But I resolved to attempt it. Just at this period Lieut.-Col. Gaillard with his command, about 124 strong, reported to me, and I assigned him a position and ordered the Evans Guard, Capt. Gooding; Charleston Riflemen, Lieut. Lynch; Irish Volunteers, Capt. Ryan; Beauregard Light Infantry, Capt. White; Sumter Guard, Lieut. J. Ward Hopkins, and the Calhoun Guard, Capt. Miles, to perform this duty, while Lieut.-Col. Gaillard took command of the centre and left as a reserve. It was well and nobly performed, 22 prisoners being captured, including a Captain and Sergeant, all of the 100th Pennsylvania Regiment. The prisoners in our possession and the enemy driven back to his support (which promptly took position in and behind a row of negro houses), the boats opened a brisk fire on us, while we received our only damaging fire from the negro huts. I therefore ordered a retirement to the woods, which was performed in good order and under cover of fire from our left, where the remainder of the Charleston Battalion, with three of my companies, were posted. I deemed it proper to retire the force beyond the causeway to Rivers', where I took position by the General's directions. I would have retained the wood had I had a force sufficient to cover my right, which was open to the enemy, and immediately under the fire of his boats."

Maj-Gen. J. C. Pemberton reported that the Unionists were 10,000 strong on James Island, with three light batteries and a siege train, and as many more on John's Island. After the skirmish in which the Connecticut

Battery took part, Gen. Pemberton paid the Battery a compliment by writing to Brig.-Gen. W. D. Smith, saying: "Should the enemy attempt the wood with artillery, you will retain it at any cost, and endeavor to capture his artillery."

Gen. Pemberton was determined to hold the woods if it were at all possible. After the second skirmish he wrote to Brig.-Gen. Smith:

"Can you not take the enemy's batteries, or at least disarrange his plans? You must keep up a constant skirmishing with him. It will accustom the men to fire, which is essential, if it effects nothing else. Is it possible to burn the woods I have been so anxious to hold? You can get resin and turpentine and the wind is favorable. Give me your own and Gen. Gist's views. My own are decided as to the importance of driving him from those woods in some way, or at least of exposing him to our artillery. Your pickets must be very much on the alert—the officer of the day constantly moving. Have you field officers of the day? I shall get a little more powder to-night, but if it is wasted by firing at gunboats from Secessionville it might as well not be here. I am informed Col. Lamar has been returning their fire again. You must put a stop to this."

It will be seen that the enemy's condition was desperate, but Pemberton was blamed for his over-anxiety and a strong petition was sent to Gen. Robert E. Lee asking for his removal.

It had been intended to make an advance on Charleston on the 5th of June, but that was found to be impossible. Lieut. Seward, in his reminiscences, says:

"The plan of attack was to make an advance on Charleston the next day, we having the right of the line to push on to Secessionville, capturing Fort Pemberton. Gen. Benham's division, starting from Grimball's, two miles above our landing, had the left of the line. That division was supposed to land on James Island, at Grimball's, at the same time we did, but a powerful rainfall for two days and nights, together with the bad roads, so delayed them that it was three days before the head of the column hove in sight. The delay of that division was fatal to our dash on Charleston, giving the enemy plenty of time to rush up re-inforcements, and by the time we were ready to advance the enemy had massed, between us and Charles-

to 1, more troops than we had, consequently our plan had to be abandoned, and the entire command went into camp as an army of occupation would."

In explaining the cause of the delay in the landing of Gen. Benham's division on James Island, Col. John L. Chatfield, 6th Connecticut Volunteers, in his official report says: "We were ordered from Edisto Island on the night of June 1, taking three days' rations and nothing but blankets, leaving all camp equipage behind. We crossed over to Seabrook Island, marching the next day to a point opposite John's Island, where we bivouacked until 2 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, when we marched across John's Island in the midst of a very heavy rain storm with the mud knee deep, reaching Legaréville, on the Stono, a distance of 15 miles, at 2 p m. On the evening of the 8th and morning of the 9th we proceeded up the Stono to Grimball's plantation, on James Island, about four and one-half miles from Charleston, where we landed in the face of a severe fire from the enemy."

The enemy attacked the 6th Connecticut almost as soon as it landed, and a skirmish of an hour's duration led to the repulse of the Confederates. The Connecticut Light Battery did good service in that skirmish, as has been acknowledged by all who took part. Sergt. Cadwell, of the 6th, in his "War Record of the 6th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry," says:

"The Connecticut Battery was here, doing excellent service under Capt. Rockwell, and the gunboats shelled the enemy over our heads, both of which proved valuable assistance to us." (Page 41.)

Comrade Griswold, writes of that time: "We went into camp and had two or three skirmishes daily with the enemy and were called out nights by alarms on picket posts. We suffered fearfully for want of good drinking water; it was forbidden, by orders, to drink any unless it had first been boiled, and then we could only do so by closing our nostrils. We lay nights between the cotton rows, sometimes only our heads out of water, and during the middle of the day suffered from the intense heat of the sun. Still we had some amusement; one was seeing who could ride the balky mules. On the 14th of June we had a severe engagement with the enemy and many of the infantry were wounded. An incident of that engagement I shall never forget. A wounded soldier of the 7th Connecticut Infantry was going to the rear, carrying in both hands a ball some one inch in diameter that in some inconceivable way had struck him so that it entered

only under the skin, making a sack, in which he carried it until he got into camp and Dr. Bacon cut it out."

While engaged in throwing up earthworks in front of the picket lines near the bank of the river on the south east side of the island, a soldier of the 79th New York was killed by a shell from the enemy's battery. On examination it was found that he had not received even a scratch, his breath had been stopped by the concussion.

Some James and Parrot guns had been mounted during the night of Friday, June 13, in the new fort, but the noise of the wagons drawing the ammunition had reached the enemy, and as the sun began to break, the guns from Fort Pemberton boomed out and the Unionist earthworks were vigorously shelled. The Light Battery was harnessed at 3 a. m. in readiness but did not go out. In the afternoon, however, the Battery opened on the fort with their rifled guns and continued the fire until late at night.

While some of the comrades were at service on the Sunday, which was conducted by Captain Rockwell, orders reached one section to open on the enemy should an attempt be made to remove the old hulk or floating battery which had been used by the section the day before. An enemy's steamer appeared to tow it away, when the Battery opened on it and drove off the enemy.

Comrade Joseph Doolittle loves to tell a story of a kicking horse he had in that second skirmish on James Island. He says: "I drove the leader team in the centre section; Comrade A. E. Leonard, middle, and Comrade Jack Monarch the wheel team. I had the old sorrel kicker for the off-horse. a horse that would kick higher and oftener than any living thing I ever saw. She would kick when she started on the run, kick when she stopped, and when it did no good to kick. I remember when we were coming off the field and were back nearly to the caissons—I looked over my shoulder and saw two grape shots coming. I dodged them. Next day I told the comrades of this, and Comrade James Holly spoke up and said: 'Those were not grape shots, they were the sorrel mare's heels.'



JOSEPH R. DOOLITTLE.
of Southington.

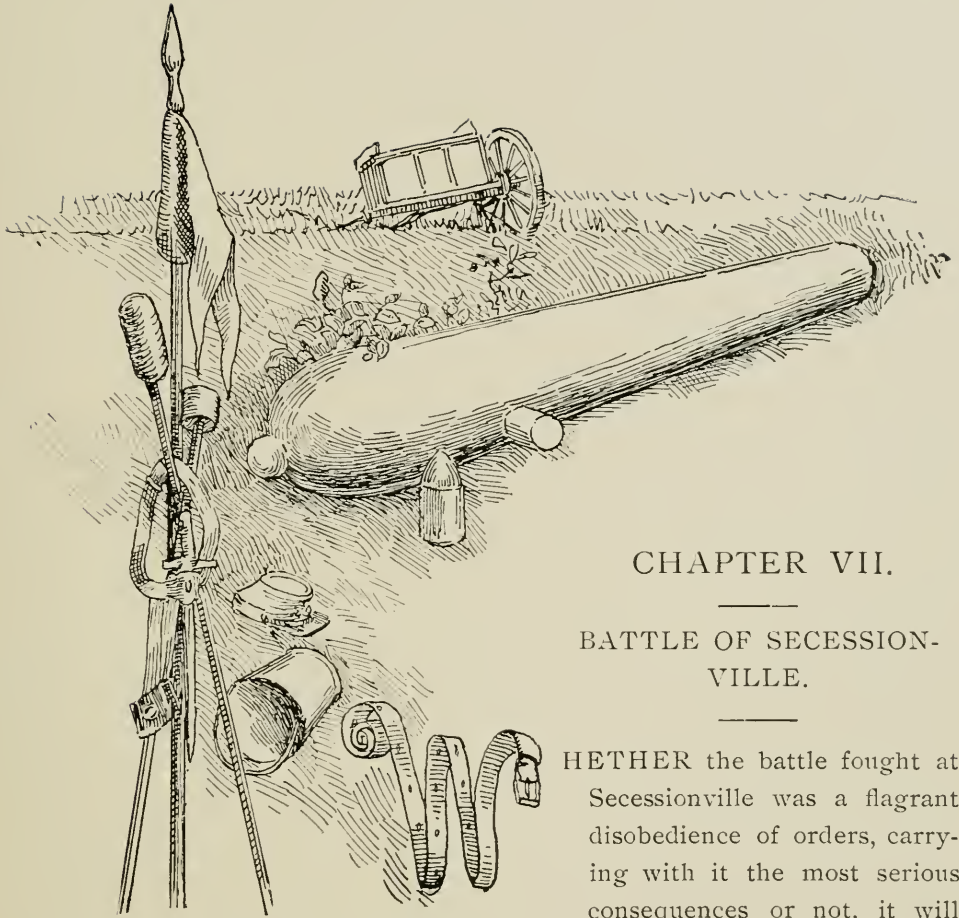
Served three months in Rifle Co. C., 3d C. V. Enlisted Light Battery Oct. 18, 1861; discharged Feb. 17, 1863, physical disability. Re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864; promoted Corporal Nov. 20, 1864. Mustered out June 11, 1865.

"I believe he was right, for I found out that we were out of range of grape shot."

Comrade Sloan tells of a close call he and his comrades experienced after one of the skirmishes. He says: "One day we had a skirmish which was not very severe, and as we started back to camp a thunder shower burst upon us. We were crawling along, occasionally having to dodge the shots fired from a light battery in our direction, when what appeared to be a shell burst within a few feet of us shattering a large tree. We thought we had passed out of range, and the sensation was so unpleasant that our blood began to run cold and our knees were rather shaky, for if we were to be killed we wanted to die with our faces to the enemy. The next day we found the tree had been shattered by lightning and not by a shell."

That was not the only time the comrades mistook the thunder of Heaven's artillery for the guns of the earthly enemy. One night, when the rain was falling incessantly and the whole country round lighted up by vivid flashes of lightning, the men were startled and the horses plunged and reared through fright, while the very earth seemed to shake as the thunder rolled and rumbled. The storm ceased for a while, and the Battery halted at a little opening in the woods, when an intensely vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder, caused the comrades to believe that the enemy had opened fire on them from the fort. They ducked and covered as though they had been surprised by the foe. It was only when another flash shot across the dark sky that they realized that the artillery had been in the clouds, and not behind the earthworks of the Southern brethern who were seeking to destroy the nation.

One day the scouts reported that the enemy was engaged in building a fort near the bank of the river. General Stevens wanted to see for himself what was being done, and, accompanied by Capt. Rockwell and Corporal Scranton of the Light Battery, rode down to the river, hitched their horses and crawled along the bank through the thick brush until they got so near the fort they could hear the soldiers talking. There were only a few men at work and General Stevens was able to make his observation and return safely. It was a daring thing for a General to do, but Gen. Stevens and Capt. Rockwell knew no fear. They were both in deadly earnest and cared nothing for personal danger.



CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF SECESSION- VILLE.

HETHER the battle fought at Secessionville was a flagrant disobedience of orders, carrying with it the most serious consequences or not, it will

ever be remembered by those who took part in it as one of momentous interest. During the engagement courage was displayed which, while it may have been equalled in other battles, was never excelled; men fought like heroes; volunteers who had scarcely experienced active warfare acted with all the cool valor of veterans, while officers and men proved that they were actuated by but one motive, a desire to serve their country and obey orders with enthusiasm.

On the night of the 15th of June, 1862, Capt. Rockwell was sent for to proceed at once to the headquarters of General Isaac I. Stevens, who occupied a building close to the Battery, to receive verbal as well as written orders for an important movement which was to be made.

The orders gave so little indication of what was expected of the Battery in its first important action, being in general to follow a certain regiment and keep in advance of another, that Capt. Rockwell said:

“General, may I ask what is the plan of battle?”

“Damn it, sir, there isn’t any plan,” the General replied very emphatically. “You will fire when you get a chance, and be careful not to hit any of our own men.”

It seemed quite clear that General Stevens did not approve of the movement.

A little later the order was given for the First Connecticut Light Battery to turn out and hitch up. That something more than a skirmish was anticipated the men well knew, for the order came to muffle the wheels so that no rattling noise would be made.

The camp was about three miles from the enemy’s battery at Secessionville. The advance movement of the division was necessarily slow and stops were very frequent and tedious, while the several regiments were being arranged in order of attack. The night was cloudy and very dark, and all combined to make the hour and a half before the actual attack very trying to the nerves.

The orders of Brig.-Gen. H. W. Benham, who commanded the forces, were to form Stevens’ entire division before the break of day, in secrecy and silence, at the outer pickets, and at break of day, about 4 o’clock, to move rapidly on the enemy’s works with a view of carrying them by a *coup de main*. In the attack it was arranged that all the available forces of General Wright’s division and Williams’ brigade were to move to its support as soon as the fire from Stevens’ attack was heard. Stevens’ command was all in order of battle before 3.30 o’clock at the outer pickets, the head of the column being within rifle range of the enemy’s advance position.

The first brigade was commanded by Colonel Fenton, and consisted of the 8th Michigan, the 7th Connecticut and the 28th Massachusetts. The

other brigade in support, commanded by Colonel Leasure, consisted of the 79th Highlanders, the 100th Pennsylvania and the 46th New York. A storming party, consisting of Companies C and F, of the 8th Michigan, was in the advance, followed by Company E, Serrell's Engineers. Four guns of the Connecticut Light Battery followed the first brigade and Company H, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry followed in the rear.

Lieutenant Porter being detailed to General Stevens' staff, and as Lieutenant Metcalf was sick, Lieutenant Seward became, necessarily, the ranking officer and therefore in command of the right section. The centre, or howitzer section, being sent into action first, Lieutenant Porter speedily took command and with distinguished courage and ability proved himself an able officer on that momentous occasion.

After numerous halts the Battery reached the corner of the cotton field, into which it turned about daybreak. The infantry had succeeded in surprising and capturing the enemy's outer pickets without alarm, and the order was given to go on double quick gallop until within about 500 yards of Fort Pemberton, which has also been called the Tower Fort, and then to cross a cotton field obliquely to a position directly in support of the 8th Michigan Infantry regiment.

The jolting was fearful beyond description, the horses tore across the cotton rows, jumping over them as though they were hurdles in a steeplechase, but the guns and caissons rocked and jolted as though each minute they would turn over. It was an experience none would care to repeat, but the excitement of battle took away fear and made discomfort almost a luxury.

General Stevens, describing the opening of the battle, says:

“At break of day, or about 4 o'clock, it being a dark and cloudy morning, the entire command was in motion. My aide-de-camp, Lieut. Benjamin R. Lyons, with a negro guide, was at the head of the storming column. My aide-de-camp, Capt. W. T. Lusk, guided the 28th Massachusetts. The command pushed forward, surprised and captured the pickets at the house occupied by them, entered the fields beyond, and as they came within the effective range of grape and musketry pushed forward into line of battle, and the entire 8th Michigan Regiment, at about 100 yards from the enemy's works, the main body being preceded only about 40 feet by the

two storming companies, received his fire of grape, musketry and canister.

“At this period of time the entire three regiments of Fenton had passed the hedge some 500 yards from the enemy’s works, and I was engaged in directing the attacking and supporting force of Col. Leasure. They were ordered to keep to the left and push up to the work, regiment following regiment, as in the case of Col. Fenton. Up to this period not a shot had been fired, although five men of the 8th Michigan had been wounded by the pickets, who were surprised and captured.

“The firing now became general and continuous in front. The advance of the 8th Michigan was on the parapet. The light battery of Rockwell’s was immediately pushed to the front and took its position at the second hedge, and the Highlanders, led by Morrison, seeing the hot fire to which the 8th Michigan was exposed, pushed forward at the double quick, and moving from the left to the right of the field entered a narrow opening, gained the parapet to the right of the point reached by the 8th Michigan, and shot down the enemy whilst serving at the guns.

“The front on which the attack was made was narrow, not over 200 yards in extent, stretching from the marsh on the one side to the marsh on the other. It was at the saddle of the peninsula, the ground narrowing very suddenly at this point from our advance. On either hand were bushes on the edge of the marsh for some little distance. The whole space at the saddle was occupied by the enemy’s works, impracticable abatis on either hand, with carefully prepared *trous-de-loup* on our left and in front a ditch seven feet deep, with a parapet of hard-packed earth, having a relief of some nine feet above the general surface of the ground. On the fort were mounted six guns, covering the field of our approach. The whole interior of the work was swept by fire from the rifle pits and defenses in the rear, and the flanks of the work itself and the bushes lining the marsh on either hand were under the fire of riflemen and sharpshooters stationed in the woods and defenses lying between the work and village of Secessionville.”

With the order to charge a shout rang out from the regimental commands: “Forward the Michiganders!” followed closely with “Forward the Highlanders!” while the gallant men of the Nutmeg State shouted themselves hoarse in their cry for the Connecticut men to be at the front. Each regiment was anxious for the honor of being the first to mount the

parapet of the enemy's fortification, but the hardy woodmen from Michigan mounted the parapet long ahead of the others, and just as the garrison was ready for action. During the advance the enemy opened upon the Unionist lines an exceedingly destructive fire of grape, musketry and canister, but the Michiganders pushed forward like veterans, divided only to the right and left by a sweeping torrent from the enemy's main gun in front. This gun was a large sea coast 15-inch howitzér, and the enemy filled it with chains, glass bottles, scrap iron, horseshoes and other deadly missiles. Every shot did terrible execution. The Michiganders were guided by Lieut. Lyons of the Commanding General's staff, who had been chosen because of his superior knowledge of the route gained by his daring personal reconnaissances. He dashed to the front and with a "Come on, boys," displayed his willingness and ability to guide them into, as well as up to, the fort. A fierce hand-to-hand encounter was engaged in, the Volunteers fighting like veterans and winning an imperishable name for themselves.

The howitzer section of the Battery on reaching the field moved obliquely in rear of the 8th Michigan and the Highlanders, and took up a position on the left of the Michigan regiment about five hundred yards from the tower in the fort, and opened fire upon the enemy's earthwork very soon after the enemy had commenced firing. Officers and men vied with each other in enthusiastic patriotism. A ditch was reached, and on the other side was an embankment of brush and dirt. Some thought the Battery could never get over that obstruction, but Lieut. Porter laughed at the difficulty and declared that he could tear down the bank with his hands. Suiting the action to the word he commenced pulling down the earth with his hands, and the men in his command followed his example, while all around them bullets fell like hail and shells exploded again and again. Company E, 1st New York Engineers, under command of Capt. Alfred Sears, came up and rendered assistance, opening a road through the dike to the left and front of the Battery. The enemy discovered this proceeding and determined to prevent the passage of the Light Battery, firing constantly on both the engineers and the Battery. The firing was dreadful, but Capt. Sears kept his men, who were unemployed, under cover of the dike, and by carefully watching the enemy to protect those at work he succeeded in making an embrasure for one field-piece, and the enemy

directed his attention to that one piece, but without dismounting it.

An accident happened to one of the guns and limbers. In hurrying across a deep ditch it capsized. Such an unfortunate occurrence might have caused a panic had not the comrades been feverishly excited. Gun and limber was quickly lifted up ready to go on with the other. How was it done? Not a man, officer or private could tell. Comrade Lord often says that it seemed to him that he and Comrade Scranton lifted it up themselves. Comrade Holly says that a solid shot struck the ground close to the capsized gun, making the dirt fly and knocking him down. A cry went up that he was killed, but he was on his feet again in a moment, none the worse for his experience.

After getting into position the howitzers poured a galling fire into the fort and the enemy realized that the Connecticut men knew how to handle their guns.

The right section arrived upon the field at double quick and was advancing to the support of the centre section when Captain Rockwell received orders to send one piece to support Lieutenant Porter and to plant one gun in the road to protect the left flank. Accordingly one piece, under command of Lieutenant Seward joined the howitzers and the three guns did some effective work under conditions which tried men's souls. Missiles of every description fell all round, men dodged the bullets and the shrieking shells. Comrades felt faint as they saw the big swaths cut through the ranks of the infantry every time the guns belched forth.

"My God, aren't the bullets flying thick," Comrade Holly exclaimed, and the zip! zip! zip! sounded so often that it seemed like one continuous shriek.

The 7th Connecticut, commanded by Colonel Hawley, followed close upon the 8th Michigan, having orders to protect the left of the Michigan regiment. Into a shower of rifle and grape shot the 7th Connecticut pushed its way, overcoming the obstacles of the low bushes and marsh.

In the woods on the right, near an angle of the fort, a large force of the enemy's sharpshooters, protected by rifle pits and a house, kept up a continued fire on the Battery and the advancing regiments.

It was impossible to contend against such odds and the regiments "faced about and walked steadily, faced by the rear rank, and followed by

rifle balls, to the second hedge, where, by General Stevens' order, a halt was made. After a time," says Colonel Hawley, "the General called us back to the first hedge."

The swampy ground, the narrow space in which the men had to charge, made it impossible to form a line of battle, the forces were massed together, which impeded its progress as well as destroyed its efficiency. It was then that General Stevens sent the order to call the men off. Lieutenant-Colonel Hawley in his official report says: "Captain Stevens brought me an order from General Stevens to call the men off. They could not resist the temptation offered by the enemy's men at the guns, and a portion of the right was slow to get the order and fall back, preferring to pick off gunners and riflemen."

Lieut.-Col. Frank Graves, commanding the 8th Michigan Regiment, in his official report thus describes the charge:

"The regiment soon arrived at the open field in front of the enemy's works, when I formed my advance and battalion companies into line, and moved forward at a charge bayonet at the battery. By this time we could see the enemy formed in his intrenchments ready to receive us. The lines advanced steadily and in good order to within musket range, when the enemy delivered a close and deadly fire of musketry along his whole front, accompanied with rapid and heavy discharges of grape and canister and the fire of the sharpshooters from cover. Still the regiment moved rapidly on, preserving their order and leaving the ground in the rear strewn with their dead and wounded, and did not stop until they gained the parapet and delivered their fire upon the enemy in his works; but they were unable to contend against such great odds, and being entirely unsupported for a considerable time they fell back slowly, contesting every inch of ground, a short distance, where they maintained ground until ordered to retreat, which they did in good order, although under fire. The regiment, however, had become much scattered, owing to the great number of officers who had fallen. A portion of the regiment was again formed upon the colors, and took up position in support of a section of the First Connecticut Battery.

"The veteran coolness with which the 8th Michigan Volunteers moved forward upon that fort and the literal execution of their instructions under such trying circumstances were most admirable."

As we read the cool and business-like report, our memory goes back to the scene and we recall the terrible slaughter; we see again the men filling up the ranks as their comrades were shot down; we look upon the ground strewn with dead and dying; we hear the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and yet the memory comes back that not a man of the living faltered, not one wanted to fall back. Oh, the glory of such magnificent courage! The First Light Battery has ever been proud to have its name linked with such heroic soldiers.

Instances of individual bravery could be recalled which would equal those told of the ancient warriors. One tall soldier of the 8th, who was nick-named "Ramrod" reached over the embrasure of the fort during the action, and, catching a Confederate by the hair of his head, pulled him out of the fort and passed him down to his comrade, saying, "Take him away, I will have another for you in a minute."

General Stevens gave orders that the troops were to re-form on the hedge nearest the works, while those regiments which had suffered most, viz., the 8th Michigan, the 79th Highlanders and the 7th Connecticut, were to re-form at the second hedge.

At the second hedge, at a distance of about 1,500 yards, the two sections of the Battery took position and fired constantly and regularly until the order was given for the howitzer section to advance with the infantry and support them, firing canister.

While this order was being carried out Col. Williams arrived, having been sent by Brig.-Gen. Wright to support and reinforce Gen. Stevens. Col. Williams was ordered to maintain a position he had taken on the flank, and to do the best, in concert with the attack by the first division, the circumstances of the ground permitted.

Some little time was occupied in re-forming the line at the hedge nearest the works. The remains of two or three companies of the 8th Michigan and of several companies of the Highlanders never once abandoned the advance positions on the right and left of the enemy's works till ordered to do so at a subsequent period of the action. The 7th Connecticut moved up like gallant heroes, and as Gen. Stevens says, "there was not the least panic or running from the field on the part of a single regiment."

The uneven ground, the cotton rows being often two feet high, the

destructive fire of grape and musketry from the enemy, the narrow front of the peninsula, caused the work of re-forming to be slower than it would have been under other circumstances. The troops were eager and anxious to be again charging the foe, and the Light Battery chafed at being kept at such a long distance from the enemy, but a wild cry of joy went up from those gallant men when Gen. Stevens again ordered the Battery to advance.

“Connecticut boys, go in, and the day is ours!” he shouted, and a wild huzza was given in response. This time both sections advanced to within 500 yards of the Confederate fort.

The march at double quick was again across those terrible cotton rows, and Comrade Griswold declares that it was a march never to be forgotten.

“We had to cross a cotton field, some 800 yards,” he says, “and the enemy was raking that field with cannonades and the sea coast howitzer that had been taken from the Government, and which they loaded with chains, glass, railroad iron and every conceivable missile. The cannoneers were not mounted, the drivers put spurs and whip to their horses, Corp Scranton mounted one of the limbers, and, sitting astride, managed to hold on. I grasped the muzzle of the gun, with my thumb over the sight pin. How those horses went! It seemed as though every stride I made could have been measured in rods.”

Comrade Scranton corroborates this account and says: “We went across that field on a jump. I grabbed hold of the limber chest, Comrade Griswold caught hold of the muzzle of a gun, and we went over those cotton rows in a manner that was trying to the horses as well as the comrades. I think I was the only man who mounted as we went up.”

When the guns arrived at the breastworks, some five hundred yards from the Tower, Lieut-Col. Hawley personally assisted Corp. Scranton and Comrade Griswold, and called on some of his men to help get the other guns in position, until the cannoneers, a few seconds later, hurried breathlessly on the scene.

Col. Hawley stood near the centre section while the Battery was shelling the fort and cautioned the comrades not to expose themselves more than necessary.

“I’ll tell you when I see smoke from the enemy’s guns, and you can cover,” he told them.

He watched the Confederate guns as well as the effect of the Battery shots on the enemy and was thus able to keep the Battery posted about the damage their shots did, and in some instances gave special directions how to direct the fire to make it more effective. The guns were in battery close by a ditch which had been dug by the Confederates, and the dirt thrown out of it afforded a little protection from the pieces of shells, glass bottles, old horse shoes, nails and chains which fell, like hail, round the men's heads pretty thick. It was behind this pile of dirt that the cannoneers would dodge at a signal given by Col. Hawley.

"We worked the guns lively," says Comrade Griswold, "and most of the time in a stooping position, numbers one and two seldom getting outside the wheels when the gun was fired. I was number two, and yelled with pain every time our gun was fired after it got warmed up, as at every discharge it was like a sharp knife through the head from ear to ear."

Never was battery more exposed to a heavy fire. Furious at the excellent work done by the Connecticut men, the enemy was determined to silence the Battery and a heavy fire of grape, canister and solid shot was poured from the enemy's earthworks at a distance of less than five hundred yards. It seemed almost miraculous that none was killed. The two howitzers were firing so rapidly that the guns became very hot, and Comrade Lord, who was on his knees, cursing like a pirate, says Comrade Scranton, "was burnt as he loaded it. 'By G—,' exclaimed Lord, 'It is so hot it sizzes!'"

By this time the ammunition was beginning to fail and Capt. Rockwell sent Lieut. Seward back to camp for a fresh supply.

The centre section got out of ammunition and was ordered to retire. "I discovered a limber nearby," says Comrade Griswold, "which I supposed was our caisson limber, and grabbed hold of it so as to get to the rear as fast as possible, but when about the centre and most exposed part of the field, where grape and canister were fairly ploughing up the field, a command rang out:

"'Halt! Where are you going with that limber?'"

"It was Capt. Rockwell, I saluted, and said, 'Captain, the centre is out of ammunition and ordered to retire.'"

"'Open that limber chest.'"

“I did so, and what was my surprise to see it full of rifled ammunition. The Captain saw I was surprised, a smile played upon the corner of his mouth, and he said ‘All right, Griswold,’ and then turned to the drivers and ordered them to turn about and find their pieces.”

The right section, on the left of the howitzer section, was doing good work firing canister and shell, and with deadly precision, making a record for old Connecticut’s First Light Battery.

The guns were doing terrible work and the men fought like heroes. Again and again the infantry charged, only to be driven back, but with a stern persistence they rallied and returned to the assault.

The extra limber of ammunition was hurrying to the front, the drivers were whipping their horses, but on getting nearer the guns they pulled up so that they might stop at the right place. It was just as the horses stopped that a shell fired from a mountain howitzer struck and a scene in which tragedy and comedy mingled was enacted. Comrade Holly describes it in this manner :

“I saw a shell fired from one of those mountain howitzers and I slid off, and I didn’t get off by detail either, but I jumped. I had the lines in my right hand, and my head struck the ground, but I was on my feet in a moment. I looked around and the grapeshot had gone right through the saddle without injuring the horse. I felt a bit shaky, for I had crossed that field amid showers of shot and shell six times already, and if it had not been for a drink of whiskey I got from Comrade Upson I should have been laid up. It is wonderful to think that not a man in our Battery received a scratch.”

Comrade Holly was possessed of a large amount of genuine courage, and the close call he received only added to his earnestness and made him more than ever determined that Connecticut should be proud of the Light Battery of which he was a member. It was only natural that the comrades who saw the dead lying on the field should wonder which of the Light Battery would be the first to fall, but they did not tremble or think of drawing back. As the shell struck the horses and scattered their blood and flesh in every direction, and as the ball tore away the saddle just as Comrade Holly dismounted, all realized that life was very uncertain, and that some of them might never return to their much-loved State, but if they did not the

record should go that never did a son of Connecticut turn his back on the foe while able to fight.

The excitement was intense. The comrades fell back, or rolled over each other, stunned and scarcely knowing whether they had been wounded or not. Their eyes and mouths were filled with dirt and blood, and particles of the flesh of the mangled horses. Each, as he recovered his presence of mind, thought of the tragedy differently, and it became impossible to describe what really occurred. It was known that the shell destroyed the two off-horses driven by Comrades Holly and Norton, blowing them all to pieces, scattering their remains in every direction, then with unaccountable diabolism a grape shot struck the hip of the nigh lead horse, and passed through the saddle of Holly's horse, shattering his valise, a piece of which was sent a hundred feet away, striking and knocking down a comrade of the 7th Connecticut Infantry.

Four horses were killed, though their remains were so scattered that it would have been difficult to gather them together and build up the forms of the four. A leg in one place, another so mangled that it bore no resemblance to anything ever seen in the animal kingdom, a head lying far away from any other part of a body, while the entrails seemed to have been distributed in every direction.

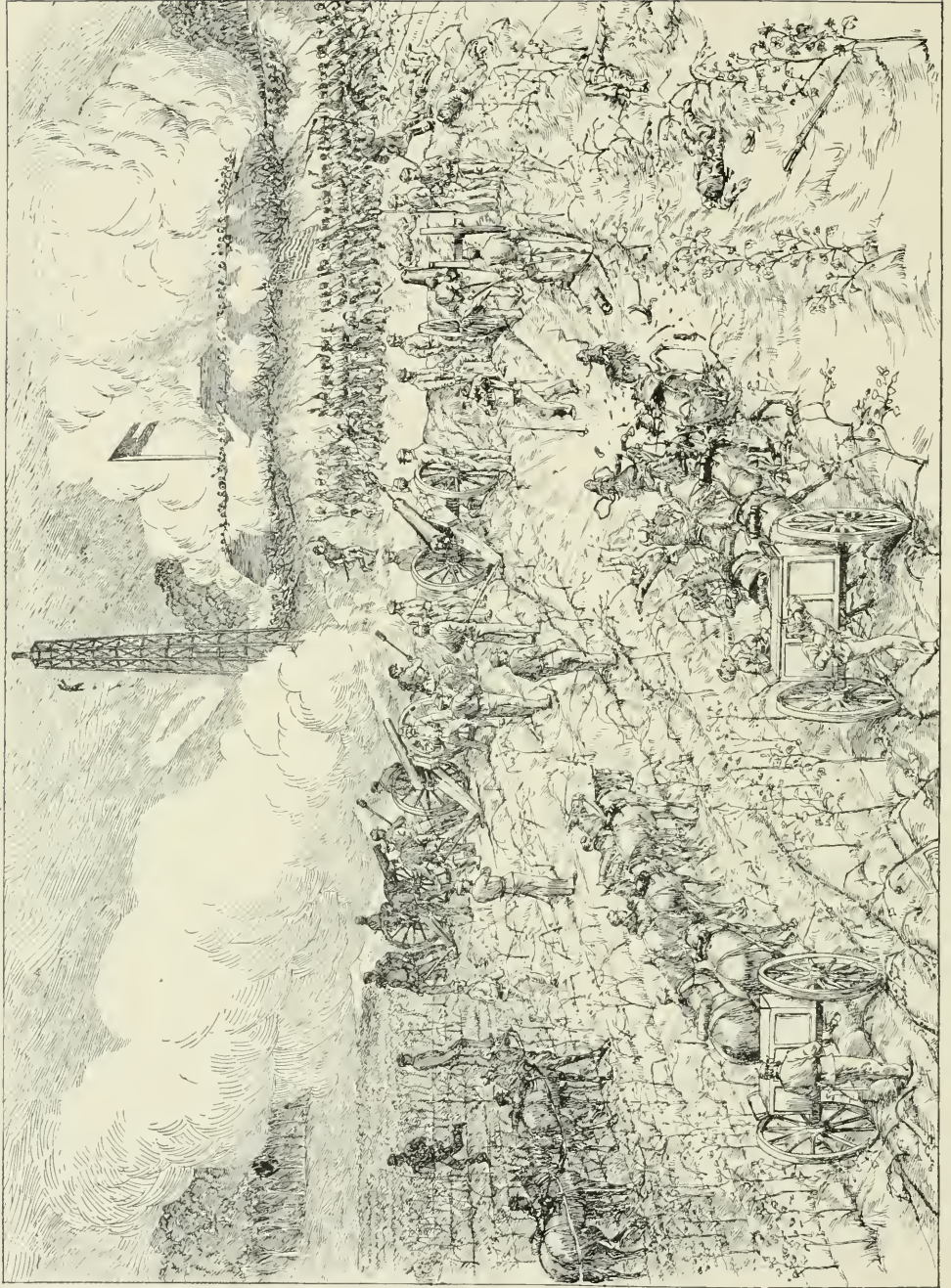


WILLIAM B. NORTON,
of Guilford.

Enlisted Oct. 9, 1861; mustered in
Oct. 26, '61; Re-enlisted Veteran, Dec.
26, 1863; mustered out June 11, 1865.

At the very moment that this slaughter of the horses was enacted, a sharpshooter, seeing a Confederate high up in the signal tower of the fort, with quick aim drew the trigger of his rifle and the man was seen turning over and over as he fell from his high position to the ground, a victim of the deadly aim of one of his Northern brothers.

The off lead horse which had been driven by Comrade William B. Norton was a notorious balker and kicker. No one liked it, no one felt sure of it, so erratic was its actions that it was impossible to say what trick it would try next, and when the shell destroyed its life, Comrade Norton could not help exclaiming:



THE FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY AT SECESSIONVILLE, JUNE 16, 1862.

“There, darn you, now I guess you’ve got it!”

Often round the camp fires at re-unions since that day the incident has been recalled, and many times at military receptions Gen. Hawley has told the story, and with great dramatic power mimicked Comrade Norton.

While the confusion lasted, Comrade Oliver Abels was seen picking up scraps of leather, parts of harnesses belonging to the horses that had been killed. He seemed perfectly oblivious of his surroundings, and although his comrades shouted to him he took no notice until one of them went up and asked:

“What are you doing there, Abels?”

“I won’t let the damned rebels have a strap of our harnesses,” he replied.

It was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to relinquish his useless task.

Comrade Holly was ordered to mount the sound horse and go back for another team. He confesses he felt a bit shaky, but with characteristic modesty he never said that he had been sick, and ought to have been in the hospital instead of on active duty.

Comrade Theron Upson was crossing to where the horses were struck, and describes the episode in a slightly different manner, telling it as it came back to his memory after the excitement of the day:



OLIVER K. ABELS,
of East Granby.

Enlisted Nov. 7, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 13, 1861; discharged Nov.
13, 1864, time expired.

“Comrade Holly was sick the morning we were ordered out,” said Comrade Upson. “It happened that I had some whiskey and quinine in my pocket; it was some that I had saved, for when we arrived on James Island we were served rations of whiskey and quinine every morning. I only took it a few times, so had two or three rations in a bottle. On that day I had it in my overcoat pocket. There was a lull in the battle, and I was standing right by Comrade Holly. I knew he was sick the day before, and I told him he ought not to have come out on that day. ‘That has nothing to do with it, for I was coming anyway,’ answered Holly. I said,

'Come down and I will give you something to brace you up.' Holly dismounted, took the bottle from my hand, and had just put it to his mouth when a grape shot struck his saddle, tearing it to fragments and wounding the horse severely. Had he remained another moment in the saddle he would have been a dead man. The color did not return to his face for some time, but the army rations of whiskey and quinine helped him to finish his day's work in good shape."

The Battery was ordered to return to the hedge near the hospital, and it was effected in good order, one piece at a time, so that the enemy could not concentrate his fire.

As the Battery fell back, scenes which harrowed the heart were witnessed. The ground was strewn with dying and dead. Ambulance parties were carrying the wounded to a house near by, and Comrade Fowler says that as the Battery halted a few minutes near the house he saw amputated limbs thrown from the windows to the burying party outside. There was no time for military honors to be paid the dead; it was as much as could be done to provide a grave for each fallen hero, but reverently the burying parties dug the graves and laid their comrades to rest, their hands across their breasts, their uniforms decently straightened, and in the marshy clay of James Island rests many a man who gave his life for his loved land, who laid down his life for the flag he adored.

One of the Highlanders was shot in the forehead, he fell down but soon rose to his feet and continued fighting, though his face was covered with blood. The bullet had not entered his skull, but had ploughed around the bones under the skin, making only a flesh wound. Comrade Holly tells of a very fleshy officer who was standing with his side to the fort. A bullet went through the seat of his pants, making him jump, but not even grazing his flesh.

Comrade Doolittle says that at one period when ammunition was running short he had got "about half way to the caissons when we saw Capt. Rockwell with some other officers standing by the roadside. The Captain saw us coming. He ran towards us, waving his sword as high as he could and shouting: 'Halt! Halt!' Then he asked, 'Where are you going?' We had halted, and I answered that we were going back after more ammunition. He smiled and said, 'All right, I thought you were running away.'"

In the midst of battle human prejudices assert themselves and at times over-ride the better judgment of even the best.

One of the horses ridden by Capt. Rockwell was a great, high, lean, awkward-gaited sorrel animal. Comrade William Fowler always claimed that the Captain looked a guy on that mount. During a short wait for ammunition Captain Rockwell rode up to the right section, and seeing Comrade Fowler standing idle and chaffing a comrade who had crawled under a stretcher for protection, said, in a stern, commanding voice:

“Fowler, have you got anything to do?”

“No, sir,” Fowler answered, with a salute.

“Then hold my horse.”

The Captain dismounted and Fowler took the horse by the bridle. A short distance away a Confederate shot was striking the ground and making the dirt fly in every direction every few seconds. The horse was uneasy and kept shaking its head, stepping sideways, and at the same time backing towards the spot where the shots were falling. It occurred to Fowler to let the awkward brute back into the place where the shots were ploughing up the ground, and so in this way get rid of what had long been an eye-sore to him. Just as the horse was getting near the danger spot Capt. Rockwell looked round and called out:

“Fowler, lead that horse up here. I see an occasional shot striking over there.”

Fowler's plan for letting the horse back into the range of the shots was suddenly blocked, and the great, gawky, awkward-stepping horse was destined to be before Fowler's eyes on many subsequent parades.

Before preparations were completed for planting the Battery on the line of the road a further retreat was ordered, and the Battery moved off and took up a position near the causeway, supported by the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, to cover the retreat should the enemy advance.

As one of the guns was halting near the hedge the 46th New York Regiment passed close by. A man on the extreme of the regiment was shot through the stomach; he turned a somersault, landing on his head, and spinning round two or three times, his feet in the air. No one thought he was dead, and a comrade, describing it, said: “He stuck his head in the ground and stood for an instant with his heels up in the air. Comrade Titus

Hall could not resist making one of his funny remarks about the appearance of the unfortunate man, for which he was sorry when he learned that he had joked about a dead comrade."

The men were as black as negroes, for the smoke from the guns had blown in their faces. Many funny mistakes in identity occurred, for it was almost impossible to recognize each other. Capt. Rockwell laughed heartily at the men's disfigured and grimy faces, but he knew that it was their devotion to duty that had changed their appearance.

The order came to return to camp, one section being left at the headquarters of the reserve pickets, and remaining there until 10 o'clock at night, when it, in compliance with orders, returned to camp.

Comrade Griswold says that while he was struggling along in the rear of the Battery he was overtaken by a solitary horseman, who proved to be Col. Fenton, of the 8th Michigan. He was crying like a child and moaning:

"My poor boys! My brave boys! Where are my boys?"

He told Griswold that more than half his men had been killed.

It is gratifying to all who have survived and to the friends of those who have passed into the realm of the great Beyond to know that the Battery won for itself a creditable mention in the official report of that first battle in which it was an active participant.

While every comrade may feel that such notice was deserved, he also knows that in military life merit is frequently unnoticed, officers being too apt to set down brave actions and gallant deeds to duty, whereas the history of the world has proved that actions and labors outside the strict line of duty have accomplished more than mere machine routine.

A soldier obeys, that is duty; but a machine obeys also, and does the work; the intelligent soldier obeys with enthusiasm and adapts himself to his work with such determination that victories are won, not by the officers, but by the intelligent obedience to orders by the men behind the guns.

Therefore when mention is made of the work done by any regiment or company everyone knows that it is well deserved.

Brig.-Gen. H. W. Benham, commanding the forces, reported to Maj. Gen. D. Hunter as follows:

"By the reports made to me I learn that the commands of Gen. Stevens

were well placed in the positions assigned them with great silence and secrecy between 2 and 3 a. m., and that at about the hour appointed, 4 o'clock, they moved forward rapidly, capturing the advance pickets, a lieutenant and four men, and by 5 o'clock were immediately in front of the fort, by a rapid march of nearly two miles. The head companies of the leading regiment, the 8th Michigan, closely followed by those of the next, the 79th New York (Highlanders), and the balance of those regiments then rushed up to and upon the parapet of the fort, in rear and in support of which were the 28th Massachusetts Regiment and the 7th Connecticut; but the destructive fire from the fort and from the large masses of infantry behind dikes and hedges on the flanks and in rear of the fort cut down the leading men and officers, and after the advance held the position close upon the fort for some fifteen or twenty minutes the order to retire and reform was given, which was done in good order, a portion of our dead being brought off, though followed by heavy discharges of musketry and grape, and the regiments all reformed behind a dike some 500 yards from the fort, and the firing continued from this point, supported here by Rockwell's Connecticut Battery, which was most admirably served."

Brig.-Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, commanding Second Division Northern District, Department of the South, officially reports to Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright, who succeeded Gen. Benham, in command of the forces:

"Capt. A. P. Rockwell, of the Connecticut Battery, deserves particular mention for his gallant bearing and skillful handling of his guns on that field. His senior lieutenant, S. T. Porter, was remarkable for his energy, daring and persistency throughout."

Lieut.-Col. David Morrison, commanding the Highlanders, makes mention of the Battery in his official report to Col. D. Leasure, Acting Brigadier-General Second Brigade, in the following manner:

"We advanced in perfect order within a distance of about 600 yards, when we were ordered to halt, and the Connecticut Battery on the right opened a galling fire with shot and shell, which told with wonderful effect on the enemy's works."

Captain Rockwell's report of the action taken by the Battery is as follows:

Report of CAPT. ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, First Connecticut Light Battery,

JAMES ISLAND, *June 17, 1862.*

SIR—I have the honor to report, for the information of the Commanding General, the part taken by the First Light Battery, Connecticut Volunteers, in the attack yesterday upon the enemy at Secessionville, S. C.

In compliance with orders received from Brig.-Gen. Stevens, commanding Second Division, the two sections of the First Connecticut Battery were ready to move at 2:30 o'clock in the morning. The section of 12-pounder howitzers, under command of Lieut. S. T. Porter, took its place in the first brigade immediately in the rear of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment; the remaining section, under command of Lieut. William T. Seward, immediately in rear of first brigade, and all moved forward with the column. On reaching the causeway the rifled section was halted to allow the second brigade to pass by. It then moved in the rear of this brigade. The howitzer section on reaching the field moved obliquely across the field in rear of the two advancing regiments as rapidly as the extremely uneven surface of the ground would admit, and took up a position on the left of the 8th Michigan Regiment at a point about 500 yards from the Tower, and opened fire upon the enemy's earthwork very soon after the enemy had commenced firing. In the meantime the rifled section had arrived upon the field and was advancing to the support of the pieces already in position, when orders were received to send forward one piece only, and that I should plant the other piece in the road to protect the left flank. I accordingly sent one piece, under command of Lieut. Seward, to support Lieut. Porter. He joined him, and the three pieces kept up a constant fire until after the infantry had fallen back to the hedge. The pieces were then withdrawn in good order to the road. Here the two sections took position and opened fire upon the enemy's works at a distance of about 1,500 yards, firing constantly and regularly until after the enemy's guns had ceased to answer.

When the infantry were again moved forward on our right the howitzer section, in obedience to orders, advanced to support them, with instructions to fire canister. They took up a position and maintained it under a heavy fire of grape, canister and solid shot from the enemy's earthworks, at a distance of from 400 to 500 yards, until the retreat was ordered. The rifled

section was soon ordered up to support the howitzers, and accordingly moved rapidly forward.

Finding upon examination that I had fired away nearly all my ammunition, I sent Lieut. Seward back to camp for a fresh supply, which arrived just after the retreat to the wood had been effected.

The four pieces continued firing from the advanced position which they held until the retreat was ordered. It was here that I had four horses killed. The retreat was effected in good order, one piece at a time, so as not to give the enemy a point to concentrate his fire, to the cornfield in the rear of the wood, where the Battery was ready to move in any direction ordered.

While preparation was being made to plant the pieces on the line of the road a further retreat was ordered and the Battery moved off and took up a position near the causeway, supported by cavalry, to cover the retreat should the enemy advance. Subsequently we moved back to camp, leaving one section at the headquarters of the reserve pickets. It remained there all day until 10 o'clock at night, when in compliance with orders it moved back to camp.

It gives me pleasure to notice the cool courage and good judgment of Lieut. Porter and Lieut. Seward, the former of whom had command during the action of the howitzers, and was more particularly exposed to the enemy's fire; and I would also call attention to the admirable behavior and unflinching courage shown by the non-commissioned officers and privates of my command, as well as to their ready and prompt obedience of orders.

After leaving the field I found that there were still remaining 31 rounds to each one of the four pieces, of which, however, ten only were shell and spherical case, the balance being canister. During the action, therefore, more than 500 rounds, almost entirely shell and spherical case shot, were fired. I have to add that I suffered no loss in killed, wounded or missing.

I remain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED P. ROCKWELL,

Captain, Commanding First Light Battery, Connecticut Vols.

CAPT. HAZARD STEVENS,

Asst.-Adjt. Gen., Second Div., North. Dist., Dept. of the South.

(P. S.—Having no wounded of the Battery to attend to, Asst.-Surgeon Hurlbut rendered most efficient service in bringing in the wounded from the field and assisting in the care of the wounded of other regiments.)

The battle, spoken of as a reconnaissance by Gen. Benham, has been called a repulse, and in the official reports of the Confederate officers it would appear that such was the case, but while the result was unsatisfactory no one can say that the Union army was repulsed. The men who lost their lives met death while storming the earthworks and fort. No attempt was made to pursue the Unionists when the return to camp was ordered, nor did the enemy try to cut off the retreat.

It is true of Secessionville, as of many other battles, that some one blundered. The object in capturing Fort Pemberton was to open a way to Fort Johnson, which was the key to the capture of Charleston. Gen. Benham apparently laid his plans with care and skill, but in the carrying out of those plans a blunder was committed.

Maj.-Gen. David Hunter charged Gen. Benham with disobedience of positive orders and instructions, and in his report to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, he says: "I deeply regret that in consequence of Gen. Benham's disobedience the result has been a disastrous repulse, only redeemed by the brilliant conduct of the troops engaged in the assault, and their steadiness and patient courage when compelled to retire. In view of the circumstances and the serious consequences which have arisen from his disobedience I have felt it my duty to arrest Gen. Benham and order him North by the steamer conveying this letter. This step has caused me much regret, as previous to this unhappy act of rashness he has been industrious, energetic, and wholly devoted to his duties. We still hold our former position, and shall continue to hold it as long as any hope of being enabled to make it useful by the receipt of re-inforcements shall remain. It is a most valuable *point d'appui* for operations against Charleston, and should not lightly be abandoned."

In justice to Gen. Benham we have pleasure in stating that less than a year later he was re-instated, the revocation of his appointment being cancelled on February 6, 1863.

The blunder seems to have been made in not following up the advantages gained. The enemy's guns were silenced several times, and the men

only returned after it was known that the Unionists were not following up the advantage.

The *Charleston Mercury*, in reporting the battle, states:

“But 25 of the garrison were awake. It was a complete surprise, and nothing but the nerve and promptitude of the officers, especially the commanding officer, saved the battery from easy capture. The first round was fired when the column was within 30 yards of the guns; the wearied men, startled by the sound or aroused by shakes and bayonet punches from the officers going to their guns.”

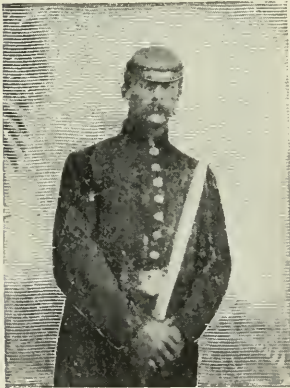
Gen. Benham maintained that had the attack taken place at daybreak, as he ordered, the surprise would have been complete, but the charge was not made until after sunrise. In answer to this Gen. Stevens says:

“It has been charged that I was behind time. This is not true. I was exceedingly prompt and up to time. The orders were to move at 4 o'clock. My division was formed at 2 o'clock, and was at the outer pickets before 3:30 o'clock. It was a very dark and cloudy morning. I moved at 4 o'clock. It was so dark that one man could not follow another except at very short intervals. It was much darker than on usual starlight nights. My men were at the enemy's works about 4:30 o'clock, and the conflict of 25 minutes, so dreadful in its casualties, was over, and the men returned at 5 o'clock. Porter's section of Rockwell's Battery advanced to the hedge within 500 yards of the enemy's works with the troops of Fenton's Brigade, fired about 100 shots from his two guns, was joined in the midst of his fire by one piece of Seward's section (a rifled gun), which fired 26 shots, and the three guns were withdrawn to the second hedge and actually reopened fire at 5 o'clock. The watch was actually consulted by one of Rockwell's sergeants at the very moment, and it was exactly 5 o'clock.”

To this Gen. Benham replies: “I was never able to hear, nor did any of my staff, as far as I could learn, ever find that he (Gen. Stevens) was nearer than the second hedge, or over 800 yards from the fort; and while his leading regiment and a part of his fourth regiment reached the work and remained there ‘some twenty minutes or more,’ and when, as the gallant Morrison repeatedly said to me, ‘With 40 men I could have taken the fort,’ and when the men at the parapet and ditch would have readily pushed over it, if one-half even of the other four regiments had been pushed forward

instead of being left (for the noble fellows did not run) to wither under the fire of the fort, at some hundreds of yards distance, without the presence of their General—their only educated soldier near—to guide and direct them. As part evidence of this I have his note, in his own handwriting, sent to me on the battlefield, which he cannot gainsay now, in which he says, ‘The advance company mounted the parapet, but the supports did not follow close enough.’”

Capt. Rockwell declares that the attack cannot be justified. “If we had taken the fort that morning,” he says, “we would not have been really any nearer Charleston. It was approached from the rear over a bridge, or wooden causeway, across some shallow creek. Their main line back of the fort was much stronger and protected at that point by the water in front. We could, however, have taken the fort if our attacking column had not set up a cheer as they started the double quick, a third of a mile away, because the enemy’s men had been hard at work all night and had gone to sleep—apparently sentinels and all. If our men had advanced silently after capturing the enemy’s picket post at the corner of the field near the wood, they would have surprised those in the fort. Then again, if instead of storming the narrow front of the works, the strongest point, we had quietly passed by on their right, we could have taken the works in the rear, where they were open. Every life lost that day was thrown away.



HENRY S. LAWRENCE,
of Meriden.

Mustered Private Oct. 26, 1861;
promoted Corporal, May 25, 1863;
discharged Oct. 26, 1864, time ex-
pired.

“The enemy’s main line stretched across the island with batteries at intervals. When Gen. Hunter first landed on James Island he might, perhaps, have reached Charleston, if he could have pushed boldly forward, but the enemy knew of the expedition and collected troops, so that when Benham attacked at Secessionville it was too late.

“It is known that Gen. Stevens was opposed to making the attack and protested against the whole movement. He told me as much himself after the action. It was Gen. Benham’s scheme.”

That there was a strong feeling among the men that a blunder was

committed by some one every survivor will admit. Comrade Henry Lawrence, writing of that battle, says: "What a slaughter that was! We had men enough on the island to have taken two forts like it. Old Benham should have been the first killed."

Comrade Hotchkiss, who was always most observant and intelligent, wrote in his diary a lengthy account of the battle which is worth reproducing.

"In the effort to capture Fort Pemberton we caught a Tartar," he writes: "We found the forts of immense strength. We opened early on the fort with all our gunboats that could get in range and the flank battery. The 8th Michigan took the lead and lost nearly half their men; it was awful. . . . The 8th Michigan fought like tigers. The division was to be supported by Wright's Brigade on the left, the whole under Gen. Benham. Some of the 8th Michigan fought their way to the parapet and jumped inside among the Confederates right over their bayonets. The poor fellows were not supported, and, before their left could mount the parapet, after losing nearly all their officers, the survivors were obliged to retire. They have one trophy, however, in the shape of a prisoner, whom they actually dragged out of the fort by the collar.

"A second charge was made without success. Wright's Brigade came up too late and the day was lost. The four guns of our Battery did good service on the east side and prevented any flank movement. It is humiliating in the extreme, for we could have carried the fort with our forces if they had been properly handled. . . . I managed to get up to our flank fort, shot and shell flying all ways. It was 4th of July in earnest up there. The shells from one of our gunboats behind us in the river were flying over towards the rear of the fort, and the latter from the east side replying at the fort I was in.

"After the fight I looked about and things looked dubious. The rebel balls, scrap iron, horseshoes, chains and other missiles they fired were lying around loose. I hope our troops will not be led into any more blunders. We can plant big guns and mortars enough to tear their old fort to pieces and not sacrifice scarcely any lives. Well! such is life and death. It was a terrible sight to see the long lines of dead and wounded as they were brought in under the trees that lined the river bank."

Lieut. Seward lays the blame on Wright's division. He says:

"Our Battery took up a position at a hedge about 300 yards from the fort, keeping up a lively fire at the woods on our left. Troops from Charleston were rushed in and took up position, so as to enfilade our infantry advance. Nothing being seen of Wright's division, whose duty it was to be just where the rebel re-inforcement was, orders were given by Gen. Stevens to fall back, taking up position about 1,000 yards to the rear. We had nearly reached our last position when Wright's division hove in sight, it being then about 9 o'clock, fully three hours behind time. The opportunity for success was lost. We gathered up all we could of the dead and wounded and returned to the camp we left at 1 a. m. Hardly a man in Stevens' command but felt that had Wright's division been on time the whole of James Island would have been ours, enabling us to lay siege to Charleston, with eventual capture without the loss of life that the siege of Morris Island entailed one year later."

The Confederate Gen. Beauregard says: "The point attacked by Generals Benham and Stevens was the strongest one of the whole line, which was then unfinished and was designed to be some five miles in length. The two Federal commanders might have overcome the obstacles in their front had they proceeded farther up the Stono. Even as it was, the fight at Secessionville was lost, in a great measure, by lack of tenacity on the part of Generals Benham and Stevens. It was saved by the skin of our teeth."

The National loss in this action was 683 men, out of about 3,500 actually engaged. The Confederates lost about 200.

After the battle came the painful duty of burying the dead and caring for the wounded. The Battery was especially fortunate in not having lost a man, and not one was wounded. There were some of the comrades in the hospital suffering from malarial fevers and colds, but nothing very serious. A comrade, in speaking of these minor troubles, tells his experience in this manner:

"One of our men was very sick, he complained of bellyache, and declared that he would surely die unless he got the right kind of medicine. I emptied the water out of my canteen and managed to get it filled with gin. That cured his bellyache, and he did not make any more complaints. While we were near the hospital on the field, Captain Stevens came up and asked

why we were not firing, I told him that we had fired as long as we had anything to fire, and only stopped when our ammunition ran out."

In camp the comrades found enemies they disliked more than the Confederates, for Comrade Lawrence says that when he woke up one morning he counted 14 snakes in one oak tree under which he had been sleeping, and Comrade Hotchkiss declares that the mosquitoes were the most awful enemies he ever encountered. The rain continued to fall and the hot sun caused a vapor to rise from the land that almost suffocated the Northerners.

General Benham sent a flag of truce to the enemy asking for a list of the wounded and prisoners which had fallen into his hands. Most courteously the Confederate replied that the prisoners and the wounded had been sent to Charleston, and the killed had been buried with the same care as the Confederate dead.

Quite a number of deserters straggled into the Unionist lines, and many a bitter word was uttered and harsh thoughts formed when it was learned that at the very moment the order to retire to the camp was given the enemy had been discussing the advisability of surrendering, and that in a very short time the Union flag would have floated over the fort at Secessionville, and with that in the possession of the Unionists, Charleston would have been within the range of the guns, and the fleet could have driven the enemy out of Morris and Folly Islands.

The 8th Michigan camp adjoined that of the Light Battery, and it was painful to know that only 260 men of that splendid regiment were able to turn out for duty.

During the stay of the Battery on James Island Lieut. Porter, being detailed on Gen. Stevens' staff, superintended the erection of earthworks and the placing of several large guns and a 13-inch mortar in position for again operating against Fort Pemberton.

The excitement was high, every day there were skirmishes, and the comrades expected each morning that the battle would be renewed, but at the very time when the private soldiers thought victory near the order came to evacuate the island.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of July 3 the order came to the Battery to break camp and to march quietly to the river. Again the wheels were muffled, not to get into position in front of the enemy, but to enable the

Battery to reach the river without giving the enemy a chance to pursue. The Battery camped in a cotton field near the river, the comrades sleeping in the ridges, nearly devoured by fleas and mosquitoes.

That night Comrade Joseph Fowler was so exhausted that he, in looking out for a place to rest, went on board a schooner, and, throwing himself down, went to sleep on some dead bodies that had been stowed away for the purpose of burial in a cemetery, where they could be found by their friends.

During the stay on James Island the comrades, on two or three occasions, went without food for twenty-four hours. A very interesting story is told of the way in which Comrade Sloan on one occasion came to the rescue and showed that he possessed true Yankee grit.

Comrade Sloan was sent on horseback to the Quartermaster's Department for a side of beef. The cumbersome, awkward side of beef was put across the horse in front of the comrade, but not being well secured and very greasy,



JOHN T. SLOAN,
of New Haven.

Enlisted Oct. 27, 1861; mustered in Nov. 2, 1861; discharged Nov. 2, 1864, time expired.

and therefore difficult to keep in position as the horse trotted along, it slipped off and fell to the ground, half burying itself in the sand and mud. Comrade Sloan was small, the side of beef large; he was a light weight, it was heavy. The night had cast its shadows over the scene and that added to the difficulty. What was to be done? Comrade Sloan knew that the Battery wanted that meat, and on him rested the responsibility of getting it to them. He braced himself up and with almost super-human strength, and with that determination which ennobles men and creates heroes, he tugged and wrestled with that side of beef until he got it again across the back of his horse. No one ever quite understood how the "Boy of the Battery" was able to accomplish the deed, but he did, and nice juicy meat was served out to his comrades in proof of his brave act of determination.

The Connecticut Light Battery were not the only sufferers from lack of food. The Historian of the Sixth Connecticut Infantry declares that "the

whole expedition was shockingly managed. Ten thousand men were sent to James Island on a five days' march with two days' rations."

The Sixth and Seventh Connecticut regiments went back to Edisto Island with General Wright, while the remaining forces were sent to other posts.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, 1862, the Battery embarked on the steamer Delaware, and on the next morning once more arrived at Beaufort.



PLAYED OUT.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMER AT BEAUFORT.



BEAUFORT, the city of tropical beauty, whose groves of rare foliage and luscious fruit made it famous the country round, seemed quite home-like to the comrades of the right and centre sections of the Battery when they returned after the month's experience on James Island.

If Beaufort had been like an earthly Paradise in May, no words can express or describe its transcendent loveliness in July, and when the two sections returned the camp looked like a vision of peaceful rest.

The wealthy planters, whose homes were like old-world palaces in the luxury of their surroundings, had known how to gather together everything which would make life a pleasure. In one instance a house opened into a grove of tropical fruits and rare plants which would have been envied by a European monarch. The Unionist officers occupied these houses and the men enjoyed the beauties of the scene.

The Sibley tents were cool and tempting on those hot days, the dark green of the pines, the artistic loveliness of the moss-covered live oaks, the glorious luxuriance of the magnolia and other tropical trees, the many-tinted flowers, the ripe fruit hanging from the branches of orange trees in the well-laid-out groves, all contributed to make the welcome back one long to be remembered.

One private park will live in the memory of the comrades as long as life lasts. Its groves of golden orange; its dense tropical foliage, the graceful palms, and massive oaks, the rose garden and rare oleanders, made it a sylvan park where nature was seen at its best; where winding paths were lined with gnarled oaks, festooned with moss and decked with orchids; where the green grass seemed like a carpet of richest emerald velvet, until it appeared

to be sacrilege to walk upon it—such was one of the familiar places the comrades remember of that summer in Beaufort.

The comrades of the left section awaited their brothers anxiously. They knew that wonderful tales

“Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,” would be told. The skirmish at Pocotaligo sank into insignificance when compared to the battle of Secessionville.

What a warm welcome awaited the comrades on their disembarkation!

While the stirring scenes were being enacted on James Island the comrades of the left section had been engaged in nursing back to health and soundness their horses, which had suffered so severely in the march to and from Pocotaligo. The saddle sores and chafing took time to heal, for the climate was hot, the flies tormenting, the mosquitoes the greatest of pests, and all combined to keep the horses in a state of torture.

The left section was recruited to full six-gun battery by men from the 50th Pennsylvania Infantry, and horses furnished from Quartermaster's Department, with four Parrot guns, for defence of Beaufort. Lieutenant Cannon was acting-Captain in command, Sergeants Dickinson, Grow and Graves acting-Lieutenants; Warren Bissell acting-Orderly-Sergeant.

Every day rumors reached the camp that the Confederates were landing on the Island, sometimes causing the greatest excitement and a feverish desire to meet the enemy and show how Northern men could fight.

One day the left section and the two Parrot sections were ordered to hitch up in a hurry and proceed to a fort and line of breastworks which had been erected about a mile outside the City of Beaufort, where they went into camp ready for the expected attack. Considering that the men in the Parrot sections were not trained artillerymen they made a very creditable showing, though they did not hesitate to show their disappointment at not seeing the enemy after getting all ready to receive them.

“Now we are all ready I wish they would come,” exclaimed Sergeant Dickinson impetuously, but the enemy did not consider the worthy Sergeant's wishes in the matter and stayed away.

Some of the drivers in the Parrot sections did not readily submit to discipline; they insisted on feeding their horses whenever they felt like it

and hitching them in places of their own selection instead of feeding at regular hours at feed-call and hitching at the regular picket rope.

The recalcitrants were ordered under arrest by Lieut. Cannon, commanding the Battery, and charges preferred against them for disobeying orders. They, however, escaped punishment, Lieut. Cannon considering that their intentions were good, their only desire being to take the best care of their horses, which they considered they could do better than by complying with the artillery regulations. There was an unanimous opinion among those charged with disobedience that Lieut. Cannon was an exceedingly good commander, and the comrades of the Light Battery quite agreed with them.

Brig.-Gen. John M. Brannan, with two thousand troops, originally brought up from Key West and the Tortugas to take part in the attack on Charleston, remained at Beaufort, and Gen. Brannan was placed in command in succession to Gen. Stevens, who had received orders, at Hilton Head, to proceed North to join the Army of Virginia.

It was expected that the Battery would go with Gen. Stevens, and the comrades were full of excited hope that such would be the case, for Gen. Stevens had won their hearts by his suavity of manner and kindness of disposition.

It was found that there was a lack of means for transporting the Battery, so it had to be left behind, and was ordered to Beaufort. Lieut. Seward was detailed to serve temporarily on Gen. Stevens' staff to assist in getting his command to sea. On the 12th of July, 1862, Gen. Stevens sailed for Fort Monroe, with the 28th Massachusetts, 8th Michigan, 46th New York, 79th New York, 50th Pennsylvania and the 100th Pennsylvania.

Lieut. Seward says that on his return to quarters at Beaufort he received orders to report to Gen. Brannan. "Upon reporting I found I was appointed Post Treasurer," he writes, "and was asked if I knew what the duties were. I replied that I did not, and Gen. Brannan laughingly said that he, too, was ignorant, so I had better go and find out. He advised me to see Capt. Langdon or Lieut. Henry, who had both served in that capacity. They gave me the benefit of their experience, and very soon I was well under way and acting satisfactorily to the General and all interested."

Lieut. Seward likes to recall the incident of the auditing of his books some months later, and tells the story in this manner:

“After I had filled the position for a few months I received notice that a council of administration had been ordered to audit my books. The board consisted of three colonels, from the 6th Connecticut, the 55th Pennsylvania and the 4th New Hampshire Volunteers.

“The chairman of the council having had a slight difficulty with me in the line of my business a few weeks previous, made me, I confess, a trifle nervous; however, I had my papers all in shape and knew they were absolutely correct. I spread them out on the tables in my office and awaited for the arrival of the council.

“They appeared on time and asked me if this was the office of the Post Treasurer, and upon being informed that it was, they read their orders. The President then said:

“‘Before we examine your accounts we will adjourn to the Stevens House and drink a bottle of wine at your expense.’

“I remember that we were in the Stevens House very soon carrying out the President’s suggestion. Having fulfilled that duty we returned to my office and the President asked where they should sign their names, as they found my accounts correct.

“While I knew that the Blue Book did not prescribe that way of auditing books, it was a great relief to me, for in my schoolboy days, when called up for examination before visiting committees, I was liable to suffer from stage fright and might not be able to even tell my name.

“When talking to these colonels afterwards they said they knew nothing about the details, but they were satisfied I was doing my work honestly and well.”

In Lieut. Seward’s case this method of auditing was all right, but suppose an incompetent man had been in charge, would the bottle of wine paid for by the Post Treasurer have compensated the Government for any loss sustained through incompetency or dishonesty?

Lieut. Seward explained the duties of the office as follows:

“The Post Treasurer secures ovens, building or hiring them, details, by general orders, bakers from the different commands in numbers sufficient to make soft bread for the soldiers, taking their rations of flour and giving

them, for each pound of flour to which they are entitled, a pound of soft bread. One hundred pounds of flour will turn out nearly one hundred and thirty pounds of soft bread, making a gain of thirty per cent. That surplus the Post Treasurer sells to the officers, citizens, contrabands or anyone wishing to purchase. The money thus received was called a 'Post Fund,' which, at certain periods, was divided among the command, each regiment receiving its share proportionate to the amount of rations of flour contributed. The Battery had quite a little purse, which gave them many luxuries not furnished in the regular rations."

On July 18 the Battery lost three men—Comrade James Hayes, of Granby, by death, and Comrades Jonathan Riggs, of Bridgeport, and Loren Bradford, of Hebron, being discharged and sent home.

Camp life was resumed and the routine of drill and discipline occupied the time of the men. The duties were not arduous and the comrades had plenty of opportunity for reading and writing.

The fields were filled with sweet potatoes and corn, while orange and fig trees abounded near the houses, making camp life exceedingly pleasant.

There was considerable excitement in the camp on the morning of July 20 and every comrade felt elated. The Battery had a mascot in the shape of a little dog, which answered to the name of Fanny. The wag of Fanny's tail looked so much like home life that it made many a comrade forget his troubles and throw off the most violent fit of the blues. Fanny seemed to know this, for she would invariably seek out the most melancholy and miserable, and, rubbing herself against his legs, would attract his attention, and then wag her tail, saying, as well as a dog could: "Cheer up, comrade, you are fighting for your country."

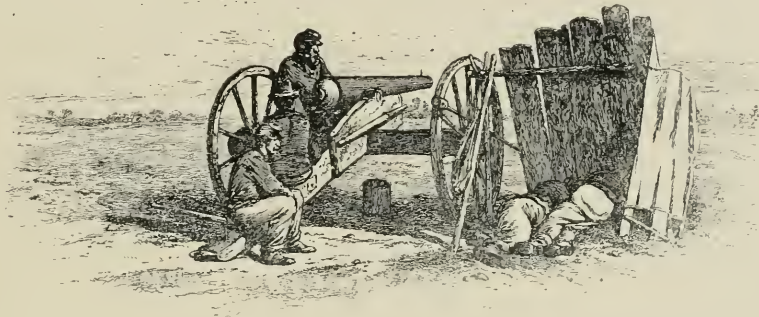
On that Sunday morning, when the mercury was away up in the nineties, and the comrades were hesitating whether to attend service or not, the news came that Fanny was the proud mother of six little pug-nosed pups. There was not a man in all three sections but rejoiced, and so thoroughly that the heat and its discomfort were forgotten.

As though to share in the joy the 6th Connecticut arrived at the camp, headed by its regimental band playing a lively march.

The afternoon was one of misery to the left section, for Lieutenant Cannon, for some reason which has never been satisfactorily explained,

ordered the section to hitch up and proceed along the shell road a distance of two miles. The section was out in the broiling sun for over three hours, and the men were nearly exhausted, for in the early morning there had been the usual inspection, followed by a drill, a thing of very rare occurrence on Sunday.

The monotony of camp life was varied by picket duty, it being a rule in the camp that each regiment should take its turn at the ten days' picket service, and a section of the Battery always accompanied the regiment.



ON PICKET.

This picket duty called them out to some of the finest plantations in the suburbs of the city, along the most perfect shell road ever made by man, with hedges on either side, and its smooth surface glistening in the sunlight like a jeweled pathway.

On the return from one of these expeditions, when the enemy's pickets had been firing at the Unionists incessantly, causing the men to be on duty for thirty-six hours at a stretch, an amusing incident occurred.

A number of darkies and their mules followed the section on its return to Beaufort. Corporal Huntington, feeling tired, weary and sore from the long and strained watchfulness, had a happy thought. He saw the mules and imagined that it would be much pleasanter to ride into camp on a mule's back than on the hard gun limbers. He acted on his thought by picking out one of the best mules he saw by the road side and mounted it bare back. Huntington thought he could ride anything. He got along very well with his mule for some distance, but the mule had a will of its own, it might

be a mulish way, but it was a strong one, and when it reached a yard where it had been accustomed to stop, it turned into the yard, despite the kicks and whipping Huntington administered. To change an old proverb and make it nearer the truth, Huntington found that:

“The man’s a fool who thinks by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a mulish will;
For if a mule will, it will, you may depend on’t,
And if it won’t, it won’t, and there’s an end on’t.”

To enter that yard it was necessary to go through a gateway, on either side of which were upright posts having a cross bar spiked and forming an archway only just high enough for a horse to pass under. Directly under this cross bar and at the entrance of the gate was a quagmire of mud, deep, sticky and nasty-looking. The mule turned so suddenly into the gateway, that its rider had but little time to decide whether he would jump off into the mud voluntarily or be swept off over the mule’s heels into it. If he had wanted to reason out which course would be preferable he had not time, for before he could utter an ejaculation the mule was under the cross bar, which Comrade Huntington, with splendid presence of mind, grabbed hold of and clung to, while the mule walked from under him, shaking its tail and looking back at its recent rider, and kicking up its heels as much as to say, in mulish language, “Good-by, Yank!” Never did mule show such glee; it simply gloried in the discomfiture of the soldier, who was hanging to the cross bar between the gate posts over a puddle of dirty, thick water at least knee deep.

While the mule was kicking up its heels and enjoying the misery of the soldier, Corporal Huntington was considering in his mind how to escape without dropping into the mud hole. He saw that it was hopeless, so, bracing his nerves to the requisite tension, he closed his eyes and dropped. As he sank into the mud, the slush was forced up like a fountain, covering the dapper and well-groomed Corporal with its slimy nastiness and clinging to his whiskers as though proud to have such a sticking place. The comrade was proud of those whiskers, as well he might be, for were not all the girls in love with them and all the boys envious? And now they were caked with mud and all through that mulish mule.

On his way back he was fully satisfied that the hardest gun limber was preferable to the back of a Secesh mule, besides being safer and cleaner. Comrade William Fowler, who witnessed the performance, never tires telling the story and humorously describing Huntington as he sat on the mule, his pants half way up to his knees, slapping and struggling with all his might and using his wits to keep the mule from turning into that yard, knowing that it meant either jumping, or being brushed into that mud hole.

Comrade Fowler tells another good story in which Corporal Huntington's whiskers play a leading part. Huntington wore unusually long, bushy, black whiskers, which, by turning them up toward the top of his head, could be made to cover his entire face and forehead, giving him the appearance of a hairy man, his eyes only showing through the mass of hair. In the early days at Beaufort, when negro help was cheap and the luxury of having a servant tempted the Connecticut boys, each tent had a colored boy to shine their boots, look after their tent and do necessary chores. The servant who waited on Fowler and his tent mates answered to the name of "Governor Milton," and was as black as any full-blooded African could be. Like all his kind, he was superstitious and believed in spooks and hobgoblins.

One night he was about entering the tent, with the mess pan full of dishes which he had just washed, when Comrade Huntington, with his whiskers pulled up over his face and under his hat, turned towards him and blew a whiff of smoke into his face. The darky dropped the mess pan and ran screaming from the tent. As he did not return that night, Comrade Fowler sought him the next morning in the negro quarters.

"Why did you not come to the tent, Milton?" he asked.

"Lawdy, massa, I saw de debil, and from his mouth de fire an' brimstone was runnin'."

"Come back, he won't hurt you, Milton."

"Whar is de man wid de har on his teeth?" the nigger exclaimed shrinking with fear.

Just then he caught sight of Comrade Huntington and shrieked:

"Dar he is, massa; he swallow me; save me, massa, save me, he'll eat up dis nigger, sure."

The comrade did present a weird appearance, for his face was hidden

by his whiskers, and from the silky hair there came the smoke from his pipe.

“Governor Milton” was never convinced of the humanity of the fine-looking soldier, but always asserted that if he wasn’t “de debil, he was a spook,” and when about that tent was always looking out for the man with hair on his teeth.

While out on picket duty the comrades of the left section came across a most original darky. He was a Baptist preacher and possessed the “gift of the gab” to a marvelous extent. It was a treat to hear him talk, and when he was questioned about Gen. Beauregard, whose servant he said he had been, he became very eloquent, and would talk for an hour without stopping to take breath. He seemed to know most of the Confederate generals who hailed from Carolina, and he would affectionately converse about them and “Massa Rhett,” who was, according to the darky, all that man should be. The old darky was very non-committal about his politics, even when talking about the Confederate generals. “Are you Secesh?” he was asked by one comrade. “No,” was his answer. “Then you are Union?” Again the darky would shake his head and answer “No.” “What are you, then?” he was asked, almost angrily. “Baptist, massa, an’ allus have been.”

The old fellow used to go outside the lines and get eggs and other things; the comrades would buy from him and sometimes would go down to his shanty for some dainties. After a time his incessant talk about General, or, as he would call him, Massa Beauregard, became wearying, and the comrades made fun of him and he refused to sell them any more eggs. He was angry and felt insulted. That only made the soldiers tease him the more. He positively refused to sell them any thing. One day, while six or eight comrades were in his shanty teasing for eggs, and had been gruffly refused, one of the soldiers looked under the old darky’s bed and saw a basket piled high with new laid eggs.

The soldier, ready for any fun, and thinking only to force the “friend of Massa Beauregard” to sell the eggs, pulled the basket from under the bed and was at once seized by the owner, who yelled, at the top of his voice, “*Look out dar, don’t you dare take dem eggs! I done sold dem eggs to de General!*” A struggle commenced, each striving to get the eggs.

It looked as though the big, powerful negro, old as he was, would get the advantage, as in the scuffle care had to be taken to prevent the eggs from being broken, when one of the soldiers, a comrade of the 6th Connecticut Infantry, picked up a yellow chamber utensil and struck the darky over the head.

A nigger's head is said to be hard, but this man's, perhaps, was an exception, for he bled like a stuck pig. The sight of blood frightened the soldiers, who had not anticipated a tragic ending to their joking, and they ran from the shanty to the camp. One alone remained, and that one was the very soldier who had inflicted the wound. Tenderly and patiently he bathed the old darky's head, stanching the blood and doing all he could to make the man comfortable. No doubt he felt sorry for his act, and it may be that he thought to win over the negro to silence about the lawless act. The Baptist preacher, who had preached about loving enemies and praying for those who injure you, vowed to have revenge. He declared that the guilty man should not escape, and as soon as he was able to get to the camp he sought the Colonel commanding the post and made a formal and highly profuse complaint, asking that the assailant should be punished. The man's appearance was sufficient corroboration of his story and the officer determined to act promptly.

Orders were given for the entire force to fall in line, and then the darky, the "friend of Massa Beauregard," was told to pick out his assailant.

Leaning on the arm of the soldier who had befriended him, he walked along the line, looking closely into the face of each man; then he returned and before he had again reached the end of the line had identified no less than six men, each of whom he was sure was the one who had used the utensil with such terrible effect. The Colonel saw that the negro could not identify the guilty man, so he dismissed the soldiers, after giving them a severe and perhaps well-deserved reprimand, warning them that if such a thing occurred again he would adopt stringent means to find out and severely punish the culprit. All the time the very man who struck the blow was walking by the darky's side, pretending to assist him in his work of identification. This comrade, belonging to the 6th Connecticut Infantry, was a good fellow, noted for his coolness in trying situations and had been detailed several times on dangerous scouting duty, where he had proved

his worth. He was known in the regiment as "Balty," because he was a native of the Monumental City, Baltimore.

Apart from picket duty the life at Beaufort was one of routine, which Comrade Sloan thus describes:

"We spent most of our time in drilling and the routine of camp duties. One of the excitements of life at that time was to run the guard, go down on the Bay, and to escape the cavalry patrol, who were extremely officious. The patrol rarely succeeded in landing any of our boys, except one or two of the older ones, and when they did, it was easy to drop from the windows of the provost guard house and to find one's way back to camp. At that time we had the Sibley tents, with the unlucky number of thirteen in each ent. The stables were fairly well built, divided into stalls with poles and roofed with boughs, so as to give protection from the sun; the horses were groomed twice a day, and frequently at the picket rope an officer with white gloves would try to find some dirt on the horse after cleaning, and if the glove was soiled, the horse must be cleaned the second time. One of Capt. Rockwell's favorite orders was that all equipment and horses were to be kept so clean that they would not soil a cambric handkerchief. Sunday inspection was an important function. Equipment and uniform were thoroughly inspected and the cleanliness of the underwear was always looked after. In the absence of a chaplain some part of the Episcopal Ritual was read to us each Sunday. We found large quantities of blackberries in their season, which were a great addition to our rations, and by a little judicious trading with the colored brothers we were able to get a fairly good assortment of food."

A comrade tells of a narrow escape he had one day while at Beaufort. "A party of men were sent out to get wood for the camp," he said; "they chopped down the tree and then put a shell in the butt and blew it to pieces, so that it would be easier to carry into camp. One comrade was putting in the shell and touching it off. I was down by the side of the tree, and he touched off the fuse too soon. The shot went off and so did the tree, and I went with it. I was so close to the tree that I was carried along about ten feet, though with the exception of a nasty jarring I was uninjured."

The hearts of the comrades were cheered very much by the reading of a

letter received by Captain Rockwell from Brig.-Gen. Tyler complimenting the Battery very highly for its bravery and efficiency on James Island, and especially at the battle of Secessionville.

It was gratifying to know that the work of the Battery was acknowledged to be worthy of praise, and the comrades felt elated because they knew that wives and sweethearts, mothers and fathers, would hear that the boys of Connecticut were making themselves respected on the field of action.

It must have had a soothing effect on two of the comrades, George Goodale and Levi J. Warner, whose dying moments were spent in listening to the reading of that letter from Gen. Tyler.

Beaufort was made a hospital station, and the sick from the entire department were brought there and treated, the result being a great many funerals. The National Cemetery now located there is a standing memorial of the great number of deaths which occurred during the summer and winter of 1862.

The mortality being so high at Beaufort that summer but little attention was paid to the burial of the dead. A comrade wrote in his diary August 5, 1862: "George Goodale was buried this morning. I never shall forget the disgraceful manner in which he was buried. By some mismanagement or misunderstanding, he was conveyed to the grave by three negroes in a cart drawn by a mule, without any escort. Eight of our company followed some minutes afterwards and overtook the corpse on the burying ground while the negroes were digging the grave. We saw the body decently interred. The burial service was read by Lieut. Cannon, after which we fired three volleys over the grave, and left our comrade lying beside three others who had been our comrades in the Battery. The spot where he was buried was in a place of pine woods by the side of the shell road, a quarter of a mile from the city."

Comrade Sloan, in speaking of the funerals draws this sorrowful picture:

"Funerals were conducted with so little ceremony that it became the custom for a dinky to take the body in a cheap box, in an ordinary dump cart, and let the box slide into the shallow grave. General Saxton, Post Commander, issued an order putting a stop to this procedure. In his order he

said that if no one could be found to give the dead soldier a little attention, he would attend and read the prayers for the dead. This order worked a change. I think all the members of the Battery who died were given a soldier's burial. I well remember attending some of the funerals."

On one occasion Comrade Wells witnessed a disgraceful scene at a funeral. The grave had been dug too small and the negroes were trying to force the coffin into it. They would push it in a little, then pull it out and push again, calling out in an unfeeling manner, "Push him in!" "Pull him out!" but could not succeed in getting the coffin into the grave without digging it larger.

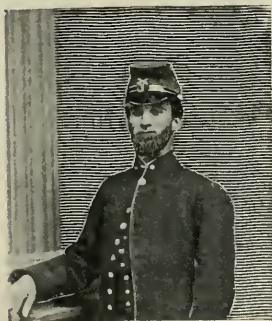
Three days after Comrade Goodale's death Comrade Levi Warner died. A tribute, written by a comrade, at the time, stands forth as his best monument. "Warner was twenty-one years of age," wrote the comrade, "and was very much loved and respected by his comrades and all who knew him. He was as brave and good as any man in the Battery. At James Island he was one of the bravest." Such a tribute will ever be remembered by those who were left behind. "A man's good deeds are his best monument," says the poet, and the young comrade's monument was erected in the hearts of his friends.

Tragedy and comedy constantly commingle in camp life. The world is made up of light and shade, of sorrow and gayety. Human nature is the same on the tented field as in the city streets. All round men were dying, the groans of the sufferers could be heard far from the hospital tents, and yet those who were in good health made the best of life and enjoyed their jokes, sang their songs, and told their yarns as healthy men will.

Comrade William Brown, of Hebron, was one of the oddest characters in the Battery. He was very large, and through his eccentric manners and awkward gait was frequently made the butt of practical jokes by his tent comrades.

Brown had the character of being the champion snorer of the Battery. When he commenced his nasal trumpeting he would wake every one in the tent. No one could sleep until Brown was silenced. The noise of musketry, the booming of cannons, would not disturb the comrades, but Brown's snoring was something too awful to be endured. Comrade Andrew

H. Turner made it his business to silence his tent-comrade Brown whenever the snoring fit commenced.



ANDREW H. TURNER,
of New Haven.

Enlisted Oct. 27, 1861; mustered in Nov. 2, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1862; re-enlisted Veteran Dec. 19, 1863; promoted Sergeant Oct. 27, 1864; mustered out June 11, 1865.

Frequently during the night, when all was still and quiet reigned, Brown would commence, and then the loud voice of Comrade Turner would be heard shouting:

“Brown, dry up!”

A joke was played on Comrade Brown one day which came near causing him the loss of his big toe and placing his life in danger. Brown had large feet and big toes which matched the feet. They were the cause of many jests and good-natured bantering.

One rainy day as eight or ten comrades were lying in a circle in one of the Sibley tents, with their feet pointed towards the centre of the tent, Brown's feet towered above the others, and as the heat was oppressive he had bared them, making his big toes very conspicuous. The comrades used to say that Brown was proud of his feet, and especially of the very long nails which he seemed to specially cultivate on each of his big toes. There was a suppressed laugh from Comrade Tallmadge as he saw the long nail on the big toe of an abnormally large foot. The laugh was occasioned by the thought that the toe nail would be an excellent target for revolver practice. Taking out his pistol he aimed it at the toe, saying:

“I am going to see how close I can shoot to that big toe without hitting it. Say, Brown, let me shoot off the nail.”

Comrade Brown took him seriously and shouted:

“Don't shoot! Don't shoot!”

“Yes, I will,” Tallmadge replied; “hold still and I'll clip that nail for you.”

The comrades were all excited. Brown was shouting: “Don't shoot! Don't shoot!” The comrades were laughing and guying, some calling to Tallmadge to fire, and Brown shouting still louder, “Don't, Tallmadge, don't shoot,” causing such an uproar as was never before heard in that tent.

All this time Tallmadge was cool and collected, still aiming at the frightened comrade's toe and begging him to keep still or he might get hurt.

"Now then, Brown, here she goes," Tallmadge shouted, so that his voice might be heard above the din.

"Don't shoot, Tallmadge, don't shoot!" Brown gasped, his fear making his voice weak. The comrades were all laughing and shouting, enjoying the joke, when the pistol accidentally went off and the bullet just grazed Brown's big toe, making the splinters fly from a piece of board against which his feet were resting.

The laughter was silenced, fright took its place, and for an instant every face was as pale as the face of the dead. When it was found that Comrade Brown was not hurt, Tallmadge pretended that the shot was not accidental, but when Brown, worked up to the fever heat of anger, threatened to report him, the comrades gathered around using all their persuasive powers to calm him, and, after a great amount of coaxing, induced him to take the matter as a joke and not report Comrade Tallmadge. If he had done so it might have caused a great amount of trouble, perhaps for all. After a time Brown laughed as heartily as the rest over the joke, and in the end he had the best of it. That accidental discharge of the pistol stopped practical joking with loaded pistols for a short time.

During the summer the negroes started some religious revivals, which occasioned considerable amusement for the troops, who used to flock to the meeting house and listen to the earnest, even if humorous, harangues of the colored preachers.

The scenes were often ludicrous in the extreme. It was very difficult to believe that there was any religion in the exercises. A big dinky in his shirt sleeves, mounted on a platform, preached the strangest medley that ever white man listened to. The hearers shouted "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" until they were hoarse. The preacher sang hymns and prayed and preached alternately until one would think that he was a locomotive with too big a head of steam on; he danced on one leg, kicking about with the other, tossing his arms upwards in a wild and original manner, as if he were using his utmost endeavors to climb into heaven on an invisible rope.

When he got tired another would get up and cry out: "Yes, Lawd, I'm comin.'" Then he would talk about repentance and death and hell, while

the women would shout and the men scream wildly "Glory, glory." In the midst of the sermon a nigger, blacker than the ace of spades, would start a hymn, and after each verse the whole congregation would join in a chorus. Women dropped on their knees, seized with spasmodic religion, while men would pray and sing irrespective of what others were doing. Some would run up to the preacher's desk and butt it with their heads, crying excitedly:

"Glory, hallelujah! Massa Linkum's comin'."

A favorite hymn at the revivals was:

"Little children sitting on the tree of life,
 To hear when Jordan roll;
 O, roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll!
 We march the angel march; O, march the angel march;
 Oh; my soul is rising heavenward, to hear when Jordan roll.
 O my brother! sitting on the tree of life,
 To hear when Jordan roll.
 Sister Mary sitting on the tree of life,
 To hear when Jordan roll."

As the verses continued introducing, by name, the brothers and sisters, the visitors who were known, each "sitting on the tree of life," the enthusiasm would increase, the singing getting louder and louder, until a brother would scream and a sister faint with the exertion, then some darky would begin to shuffle with his feet, jerking his arms and shouting "Glory!" Before the last notes of the rolling song had died away another brother would start:

"My sister don't you want to get religion?
 Go down in the lonesome valley,
 Go down in the lonesome valley,
 Go down in the lonesome valley, my Lord,
 To meet my Jesus there."

The soldiers were welcome to attend these meetings so long as they had a coin to give the "brethren." The guying was endured, the laughter tolerated, but no mercy was shown the luckless white man if he had not a dime to give for the sacred cause.

A most ludicrous scene occurred at one of these revival meetings. A colored brother was exhorting his flock to trust more in Jesus, and continued shouting every few minutes:

"Take hold on Jesus, brethren!"

A sister, fat and forty but as black as the ace of spades, threw out her arms right and left and grabbing the wool of a young brother who was kneeling near her, pulled it vigorously, calling out:

“I’ve got him, bress de Lawd!”

The brother, who felt that soon he would be in the position of “Poor Old Ned,” who “had no wool on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to grow,” got angry and landed a left hander on the devout sister’s face, knocking her over and falling with her on the floor. A free fight ensued, but the service went on, the brothers singing loudly to drown the angry voices of the contestants.

At a later meeting a tragedy threw a black cloud over the revival. Some of the troops attended, no doubt for the sake of getting a little cheap amusement. Soldiers who contributed ten cents when the hat was passed were allowed to laugh and take other liberties, but those who did not contribute were severely looked after, and if detected “making a mock of God” put out. On this occasion the troops were all out of money, for there were often long waits between pay days. When the collecting usher passed the hat and not a penny was dropped into it, he scowled, and was unusually prompt in enforcing order; no one was allowed to laugh, or even smile. The soldiers resented such treatment and curtailing of former privileges just because they happened to be out of money, and they laughed at all the amusing antics as usual; perhaps they were a trifle more boisterous. The preacher ordered absolute silence, and said, “Any gemman in de house ob de Lord dat make a mock ob God oughter be knocked free miles.” That caused roars of laughter, and the preacher ordered the “white trash” to be turned out. The negroes shouted: “Amen!” “Glory, hallelujah!” “Praise God for all His bressings!”

The ushers, strong, brawny negroes, with but little clothing on their black bodies, tried to enforce the order. A fight ensued. The soldiers and ushers rolled over each other on the floor, while the excited people were shouting and singing, and praying as the spirit moved them.

In the struggle, one of the ushers who had followed a soldier to the door was struck on the head, a part of the negro’s anatomy generally supposed to be invulnerable. The negro staggered and fell down the stone steps, landing on his head. When he was picked up it was found that his

neck was broken. After that an order was issued prohibiting the troops attending the negro revival meetings.

When time hung heavy on their hands the comrades often turned their thoughts to the problem how to obtain different rations. "Sod" was constantly advocating some scheme in that direction, and in his large-heartedness wanted every member of the Battery to participate.

He told the comrades that he could build a boat good and strong enough to sail on the river and with such a boat he could catch plenty of fish and get all the oysters they wanted. After considerable talk the officers gave him permission to try what he could do. "Sod" was like a great boy; big, ungainly, he might be, but his heart was as young as that of a school boy, and he was as "jolly as a sandboy" when he got permission. He built his boat, large enough to carry three or four men, put in a mast and rigged up a sail. The comrades called it "Sod's Sharpie." It fulfilled all expectations, and during that summer it was frequently loaded with oysters and fish, which the officers enjoyed quite as much as the comrades.

At night sleep was often disturbed by "all kinds of insects, from bugs having eight legs and as large as an ordinary cake of soap," wrote one of the comrades in his diary, "to the smallest thing you could see with the naked eye; and even snakes frequented our bunks."

But this was when the comrades were camping outside the city limits. In the city the mosquitoes were quite as much as human nature could endure.

Owing to the yellow fever at Hilton Head, no vessels brought supplies or mails from the North for over a month. The Department of the South was virtually isolated during the period and naturally the forage gave out and the horses were allowed the range of the town to graze. This gave the comrades an opportunity to run about the district at their own sweet will, and if an officer should stop them they always had an answer ready—they were looking for stray horses. One night Captain Rockwell's horse ate up his rope-halter and got away. In the course of the night the horse wandered near the picket line and was at once challenged by the picket. In the darkness it was impossible to see whether the horse had a rider or not. Again the challenge rang out, and as the horse could not give the countersign, the picket fired. The Captain lost his horse, and the War

Department never paid him for it. No such case had ever occurred before, and the Department would not create a precedent. When finally a cargo was received one of the horses was down at the wharf and seized a bag of grain with its teeth and started off towards the camp rejoicing in the thought of a feast. The horses were so accustomed to the various commands that they became almost human in their knowledge.

The hospital doctors at Beaufort, as well as in the Park Barracks, New York, seemed to consider the syrup of squills a sovereign specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to. A comrade tells how on one occasion he contracted a very severe cold and reported to the doctor. "Are you a driver?" the doctor asked, "because if so I cannot excuse you from duty." He prescribed a bottle of squills, and, says the comrade, "I threw that bottle of squills as far as I could and never tasted the contents. I felt very mad and worked myself into such a fever heat that it cured my cold and I never had another cold afterwards. That was the only time I reported at sick call during my three years."

Comrade Wells relates an experience he had while on guard duty. The officers kept a good milch cow on one of the back lawns near the house occupied by them. While on night guard, for which he was detailed every week, this comrade milked the cow and treated himself to nice fresh milk. The officers began to think the cow was drying up, but could not understand how it was that about once a week the cow refused to give milk. It remained a mystery until after the comrade was discharged, when, free from military discipline, he told the story, and even the officers had to laugh over their own discomfiture.

Captain Rockwell says: "The officers referred to cannot have been the officers of the Battery, for they never had any cow, so far as I know. The only milk I ever had was condensed milk, and no South Carolina cow could give that."

At the end of July, all the buildings in the city that could be made available being used for hospital purposes, it was thought advisable to have a summer camp a little out of the city. A very pretty site was chosen, on a bend of the river about a mile from Beaufort, and known as Pigeon Point.

It proved a pleasant change and the health of the comrades improved, and as their bodies grew stronger so their spirits grew more animated, for

the oppressiveness of the city atmosphere had given many a feeling of lassitude, as is shown by the reading of the diaries kept by the comrades at that time.

The comrades named the camp at Pigeon Point Camp Seward, after the genial Lieutenant, who appreciated the honor and treated the Battery to some lemonade, with a good stiff stick in it, whereupon they voted that he was a real good fellow and expressed a hope that he would be promoted to the very highest rank in the army.

The air was full of rumors, sometimes causing the greatest joy, as when it was said that Richmond had fallen, and then the spirits would sink to zero by hearing a rumor that "Little Mac" had been surrounded and compelled to surrender. After a time these rumors were treated as jokes and no notice taken of them unless an official bulletin corroborated them.

Lieutenant Metcalf, anxious that the comrades should become proficient in pistol shooting, offered a prize to be competed for by the members. The result occasioned considerable amusement, for the prize was won by Comrade Gridley, who could not see the bull's eye and had fired at random.

No matter how hot the weather some men will have whiskey if it be within reach. There seems to be a strange fascination about the fiery spirit for some men.

There were not many in the Battery who cared enough for whiskey to run any risk, but those who did often placed themselves in danger of arrest and punishment.

A barrel of whiskey had been sent to Pigeon Point for the use of the sick. Some of the comrades thought that if it were good for those who were not well it was better for strong and healthy ones; besides, they had a good, old-fashioned belief that prevention was better than cure, and if malaria could be cured by whiskey why shouldn't it be prevented by the same medicine? They argued in this way until they began to plan how to get the whiskey. It was no use applying to the doctor, for if they had done so they would have received a dose of squills. To appeal to the officers was equally out of the question, so some other means must be resorted to.

It happened that one of the tents was within a few feet of where the barrel was standing. The barrel was in full view of the guard, so it could not be attacked openly. It was found that by pushing the canvas of the

tent a little back it would just touch the side of the barrel. Then a comrade produced a gimlet, and soon a hole was bored through the canvas and the barrel. Whiskey, like water, will flow out of a vessel if it can find a hole, so a stream spurted into the tent. At first the comrades who were not temperance men placed their mouths to the hole, but that was not satisfactory, for even a hard drinker must take breath, and, therefore, good spirit would be lost. Comrade Mark Hall had a fine coffee pot, and he loaned it to the comrades. The coffee pot was filled with whiskey, and then the hole in the barrel was plugged until the pot was empty. Fearful that the supply might be cut off by the removal of the barrel the comrades brought their canteens and "borrowed Mark Hall's coffee pot." Until the barrel was empty there was no more popular article in camp than "Mark Hall's coffee pot." It was not known how the whiskey disappeared from the barrel, but as one day the Captain's "nigger" was found rolling about drunk, suspicion fell on him and he was discharged.

One of the comrades tells a good story of a brother comrade on whom a practical joke was played at Pigeon Point.

"Comrade Richardson, one of those men who was always putting himself in a position to have jokes played upon him," he says, "one day at the camp was lying fast asleep on his back, his mouth wide open. Flies were playing around and in it, but the comrade having been on guard the night before, slept as soundly as a child. Flies did not trouble him in the least. One of our men, wondering how Richardson could sleep with all those flies feeding in his mouth, concluded to test the comrade's ability in that direction to the extreme limit. He went to the river bank and caught a fidler crab and dropped it, alive, into the comrade's mouth with the flies. This was too much. The comrade jumped to his feet and began to swear in two languages, all the time gagging and spitting; he was so mad and startled that the oaths known in one language were too tame to express his feelings on that occasion. He declared, while in the frenzy, that if he could find the 'son of a gun who had done it' he would kill him. Fortunately for the comrade who had perpetrated the joke his identity was never divulged."

A fidler crab is a small crustacean about the size of an individual butter plate, or an inch and a half across the back. The antics it would play in the comrade's mouth can better be imagined than described.

Comrade Dickinson tells a story of an amusing incident which enlivened the monotony at Pigeon Point one afternoon. Artificer William Hanna had been away from camp and returned just after watering call. He rode, at a furious rate through the camp, yelling at every leap of his horse:

“Kape yer eye on the agle.”

Reaching the picket rope, his horse rushed under it and landed the excited artificer on his back on the ground. The comrades who had witnessed the circus took up the cry and never forgot it during the rest of their enlistment.

Comrade John Loomis, in company with Comrades George Ingraham, William Fowler, Joseph Fowler, Wells and Dwight Hall, had a narrow escape



JOHN LOOMIS,
of Hebron.

Enlisted Dec. 2, '61; mustered in same day; discharged Dec. 2, '64, time expired.

from punishment for an escapade during picket duty while the Battery was at Pigeon Point. The right section had been sent across the island on picket duty, and one afternoon the comrades started off on a tramp to the brickyards, a few miles distant. As they passed through a beautiful live oak grove they observed many bees flying in and out of one of the large trees, and Comrade Wells, after climbing one tree some twenty-five feet, discovered a bees nest in a big branch which it would be necessary to cut off in order to get the honey. As he was descending he observed a hole in a large branch adjoining, and, peering into the darkness, he almost lost his balance and fell, for staring at him was a pair of very bright eyes.

The eyes got nearer, and he called out to his comrades to throw up a club, and be also prepared to be ready to dispatch the animal if he escaped his assault. In a few seconds of time a fine opossum appeared. The attacking party outnumbering the enemy three to one, the latter was soon dispatched, and the comrades hastened back to camp with mingled emotions, caused by dubious fears and expectations of being able to sneak into camp unobserved by the officers and happy in the thought of hot biscuits and honey and baked 'possum stuffed with sweet potatoes and hard tack. They succeeded

in entering camp and at once secured buckets, brimstone, matches and an ax, ready to set forth to get all the honey guarded by a myriad of bees. The tree was reached, the bees driven away, and the dangerous feat of cutting into a tree at that great height accomplished, when, instead of the amber sweets they had expected, only a handful of empty honeycombs rewarded their labor. Crestfallen and disconsolate the comrades retraced their steps toward the camp, where a new surprise awaited them. The camp was deserted. Comrades, 'possum and tents had all gone. During their short absence marching orders had come and the section had started to Beaufort. With empty buckets, and equally empty stomachs, they hurried after their comrades, overtaking them before they reached Beaufort. We expected severe disciplining, but came to the conclusion when we escaped that acting-Lieutenant Bliss, who commanded our section, never reported us to Captain Rockwell.

Some few of the comrades were always getting into scrapes and suffering punishment. Comrade Henry Smith was one of these. One day he was ordered to stand on a barrel as a punishment. The Sergeant of the guard ordered him to get on the barrel, Smith answered that he knew better than that and declined the invitation, saying he "was not in that kind of business." The Sergeant appealed to Lieut. Seward, who said that the order must be obeyed. He told the Sergeant to get a rope and tie the comrade's feet together, and if he would not stand on his feet on the barrel, to make him stand on his head. Smith saw that he had bucked up against a stone wall and naturally preferred standing on his feet. On one occasion a clergyman who lived near the camp came to make complaint against Comrade Smith. It appeared that Smith had been very fond of one of the girls employed by the dominie and had frequently spent the evening with her. One night he stayed too late and so compromised the girl, which, coming to the ears of the dominie, highly enraged him. He came to camp and demanded that Smith should be court-martialed. Lieut. Seward told him that the soldier had not violated any military law as far as he could find out. This still further enraged the clergyman, who was not any too fond of the soldiers. He went around telling his grievances and at last got some one to prefer charges against Smith. The Provost-guard ordered the comrade into arrest. Smith sent for Lieut. Seward and asked him to be his

counsel and defend him. The Lieutenant wanted to do so but he had but little knowledge of court-martial proceedings, so he sought the Judge-Advocate and told him about the case, asking if he knew any young officer who would defend the comrade. The Judge-Advocate listened attentively and then said: "You do not need a lawyer. There can be no case against Smith." That was enough, the comrade was cleared without a trial, the case being decided on technicalities.

About this time a number of colored regiments were being formed and many of the comrades who had good friends and political backing applied for commissions. Among those who were fortunate was Comrade Luther Riggs, of Hebron, who received a commission as Lieutenant in the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, colored, which was organized at Smith's plantation.

Comrade Riggs was better fitted for the officers' quarters than the privates' mess, for he was fastidious, and did not take kindly to the hardships of a private's life. As one of the comrades said: "Riggs would have been all very well if the army regulations had provided him with a servant." On one occasion Comrade Riggs was on guard duty and was late in returning for dinner. "Corporal, where is my dinner?" he asked in a lordly manner. "In the messpot," was the answer. It so happened that the comrades in that particular tent had been either very hungry or had forgotten their comrade, for nothing was found in the pot but one potato. Comrade Riggs was angry, he made a formal complaint, and told the comrades that "they ought to have more consideration for men on guard."

While the comrades were enjoying the pleasures of Pigeon Point an order came for the left section to hitch up and be ready to leave for some place where the thunder of the guns and the skilful marksmanship of the gunners might help to keep Old Glory floating

"O'er the land of the free, the home of the brave."

During the stay at Camp Seward, Artificers John R. Hull and Leeds Brown had an exciting experience, which is well told by Comrade Hull.

"Leeds Brown, who was better known in the Battery as Daddy Brown, because he had a son in our company who was a driver, and I, were detailed by Capt. Rockwell, by order of Gen. Hunter, to find a saw mill somewhere on Ladies or some adjacent island.

“Next morning, after receiving our orders, and taking plenty of salt pork and hard tack, an old darky rowed us across Port Royal River, in his dug-out, to Ladies Island. We walked miles through sand and under a blazing sun looking for the saw mill. No one seemed to know of any mill, and we were about discouraged and nearly prostrate with the heat, when, by accident, we discovered the mill. It was located on Coosaw River, just across a narrow channel from Ladies Island. We found a skiff on the shore and rowed over to Coosaw. The mill was in very fair condition, the engine had been well cared for and the boilers were in good order. Having performed our duty, it was in order to return to camp, but

I proposed to Daddy Brown that we should make a reconnoissance of the place.



JOHN R. HULL,
of Bridgeport

Enlisted Oct. 14, '61; mustered in Nov. 2, as Artificer; re-enlisted Veteran Dec. 29, '63; discharged July 24, '65.

“We had not been looking about very long when I saw a man coming toward us. We crouched on the ground and waited until we could see whether he was friend or foe. We found that he was a colored man, and Brown wanted to advance and meet him, but I was cautious, knowing that we were in a strange country; so we let him come to us. We had no arms, save our revolvers, and so it was necessary that we should be careful. I questioned the man, and, among other things, asked him if the rebels ever came there, and he answered in the dialect peculiar to the South Carolina nigger, as all colored people are called in the South. He said: ‘Massa, da brot dere guns wid ’em when

da kem.’ We knew then it was dangerous to stay, for the enemy would be pleased to get us as prisoners of war, and we did not relish a residence in that place of horrors, known as Andersonville, where thousands of our best and bravest heroes died of disease and starvation. We hurried back to camp, but before we left the island we had proof that the enemy was lurking round and that we had a very narrow escape.”

That saw mill proved to be of the greatest advantage to the Unionist army. Two weeks after Artificers Hull and Brown had found it, Gen. Hunter had it in working order, and millions of feet of lumber were sawed for the use of the army.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. JOHN'S BLUFF.



SOLDIER'S life, during the war, is very uncertain, and so there was no occasion for surprise when all the comrades were settled comfortably at Pigeon Point, and the days were spent in wondering whether the Battery would again engage in active service against the enemy, that an order came for the left section to be ready to proceed to Hilton Head.

After Hilton Head, where? That was only conjecture. If the officers knew, the men did not. Comrade Hotchkiss, who was very observant, and often picked up scraps of information, wrote in his diary under date Sept. 72, 1862: "Left section, two guns, Lieutenant Cannon, left camp on some expedition; Captain also went;" and three days later: "One regiment from here, several from Hilton Head, were in the expedition in which our left section went, but don't know where. Two sections of Hamilton's Battery also went."

General Brannan refused to grant Captain Rockwell's request to be allowed to go in command, on the ground that a section was properly a Lieutenant's command, and that Lieutenant Cannon was entitled to the privilege of commanding his own section. The General, however, attached the Captain to his staff as an additional aide for the expedition.

One of the first lessons a soldier has to learn is that he is no longer an independent creature but a portion of a great machine, moved and operated by the will of his commander. A good soldier must be prepared to obey without question.

The parting was affecting, for all felt that the Battery might never

again be in camp altogether, and that some of the comrades would never clasp hands with their friends on earth.

On September 30 the left section went on board the steamer *Cosmopolitan* and left Beaufort at noon, stopping at Hilton Head a short time for instructions, and leaving there at sunset.

At 10 o'clock the next morning the *Cosmopolitan* was off the mouth of the St. John's River, and the comrades got their first glimpse of sunny Florida. The *Cosmopolitan* was sent back to Fernandina with dispatches, making the trip in four hours, arriving back at the mouth of the St. John's at 4 P. M. The *Cosmopolitan* was sent up the river, and the comrades saw the Confederate flag floating from the fort on St. John's Bluff.

In unloading, the horses were thrown overboard and mostly made for a sand bank about a quarter of a mile from the steamer, but in one or two cases they put out to sea and had to be chased by the boat's crew in a small boat. In this way one horse was drowned and Gen. Brannan's horse had its leg broken and had to be killed. It was late that night before the *Cosmopolitan* was unloaded and the comrades had to remain on the bank among the sand hills all night.

It was not until the *Cosmopolitan* was at anchor in the river that the left section knew the object of the expedition. Comrade Griswold wrote: "We entered the St. John's River at night, and the immense drifts of white sand piled up upon the shore reminded us of snow. We anchored that night in the river abreast of Mayport, where there was a large sawmill. We now learned that we had been sent to capture Fort Finegan, situated upon St. John's Bluff, on a bend of the river. It was a strong position and seemed to be impregnable to any force that could be sent against it."

The enemy thought the same as Comrade Griswold, for not only was the fort well armed but the country between the river and the Bluff presented great difficulties in the transportation of troops, being intersected with impassable swamps and unfordable creeks, and presenting the alternative of a march, without land transportation, of nearly forty miles, to turn the head of the creek, or to land up the river at a strongly guarded position of the enemy.

Brig.-Gen. Brannan was in command, and in his official report defines the object of the expedition:

“In accordance with orders received from Headquarters, Department of the South, I assumed command of the following forces, intended to operate against the rebel batteries at St. John’s Bluff and such other parts of the St. John’s River as should contain rebel works: The 47th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. T. H. Good, effective strength, 825; 7th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, Col. Joseph R. Hawley, effective strength, 647; section of First Connecticut Light Battery, Lieut. Cannon, effective strength, 41; detachment of 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, Capt. Case, effective strength, 60. Total, 1,573.”

The expedition left Hilton Head on the afternoon of Sept. 30, on transports Ben De Ford, Boston, Cosmopolitan and Neptune, and arrived off the bar of St. John’s River early on the following morning, October 1, 1862.

The land forces were augmented by a fleet of gunboats, and on the expedition coming within the river, three gunboats were sent up to feel the position of the enemy and were immediately and warmly engaged by the enemy’s batteries, of heavy armament, on the Bluff.

The place where the section landed was known as Mayport Mills, and had evidently at one time been of considerable importance, for there were two or three large sawmills supplied with gang saws, which gave evidence of cutting a large amount of lumber. Several small cottages, containing three or four rooms, were built on the sand and had most probably been occupied by the lumbermen; they appeared as though they had been standing empty six or seven months. The wind had drifted the white sand about them until some of the drifts were twenty-five feet high and so compactly made that it was possible for the comrades to walk up the sand drifts and on the roofs of the houses and look down the chimnies. One of the comrades was a soldier who had served in the Mexican war and remembered the procedure of those days. He lighted a pine torch and commenced setting the houses on fire. He was surprised when ordered to stop the depredation. Captain Rockwell chased him with a revolver drawn, threatening to shoot him if he did not stop. The man dodged from one building to another and finally ran into the midst of his comrades, who tried to screen him, but he was known and placed under arrest. The man’s idea seemed to be that it was a soldier’s privilege to plunder on the

enemy's soil, and he was surprised when he was told that nothing of that kind was permitted in the Union army.

The scouts reported that the infantry could land at a place known as Buckhorn Creek, between Pablo and Mount Pleasant Creeks, but the ground was altogether too swampy for either cavalry or artillery to land at that point; the artillery was ordered to reload on a light draught steamer and flatboats and proceed up a winding creek to a point in the marsh where it was more practicable to land.

The gunboats were called into requisition to transport the infantry, in their boats, to the land and to send their light howitzers to cover the landing.

The entire force of infantry and the marine howitzers proceeded up the river a little distance and landed at the head of Mount Pleasant Creek, where Colonel Good established a strong position to cover the landing of the artillery and cavalry.

So promptly and with such skill was the movement executed that the enemy's outer pickets were surprised and fled in such haste not staying to finish their breakfast, which they were engaged in eating, and left behind them their tents standing, their arms and a great portion of their clothing. Had it not been for the intricate nature of the ground the detachment would have been captured, but the Unionists were strangers to the country and unacquainted with the short cuts across the swamp.

While the infantry was making a landing and establishing a strong position, the left section was loading, in the midst of a very heavy rain storm, on board the Neptune. The comrades were ordered to take two days' rations of raw pork, salt junk and hard bread, their surplus clothes being left on the Cosmopolitan.

Lieutenant Cannon was in command of the left section and had received orders to sail up the creek to a certain point in the marsh and lowland which would be available. A negro guide was relied on to guide him to the landing place where the section was ordered to take position. The captain of the Neptune was drunk and the guide informed Lieutenant Cannon that the shore would not be reached if the captain remained at the wheel, so the negro was put in charge, but if the captain was drunk, the negro was incapable, for he ran the Neptune into a mud bank, where it stuck fast. It

was impossible to wait until the tide rose, as the infantry expected the Battery on shore to move with the balance of the troops at daybreak.

“A number of small flats were sent to our rescue, landing us at our destination about 6 A. M. right in one of those great Florida swamps and marshes, among rattlesnakes, copperheads, centipedes, alligators and many other poisonous reptiles and insects,” Historian Beecher recalls. “We were informed that the natives never dare venture into that swamp, except in mid-winter, and even then they selected the coldest days when no sun was shining. The cook and his assistant selected a spot to make the coffee; it was near a large palmetto jungle. I well remember, when just as the fire was burning nicely, out crawled a huge rattlesnake from the palmetto grove. The heat of the fire had roused him from his lethargic sleep and the aromatic fragrance of the coffee was too much for him. Everyone who saw the reptile had a shot at him with pistols, making him surrender very quickly. He measured nine feet in length and had ten rattles. In his death struggles he emitted an odor, a sort of sickening musk, that scented the entire camp.”

Comrade Hart Landon, in writing about this episode, says: “Upon landing, the first enemy we encountered was a very large rattlesnake, which we despatched in short order.”

The infantry who skirmished through those swamps told, and still tell, some of the biggest snake stories ever narrated or even dreamed. It was true that some of the snakes bayoneted by the infantry were left stretched across the road and fairly blocked the way, forming such a barrier that it was doubtful whether the guns could have been got over them. The horses would not try to step over these snakes, and so the barrier of reptiles had to be removed. It often took more than one man to roll a snake on one side so that the horses could pass. There was something about those Florida snakes highly distasteful to the horses, and as soon as a horse inhaled the odor from one of them he became frightened and almost unmanagable.

According to the report of Colonel Good, it was on the evening of October 2 that “Lieutenant Cannon reported that his command, consisting of one section of the First Connecticut Battery, was then coming up the creek on flatboats with a view of landing.” About 4 o'clock on the following morning a safe landing was effected, and the command was ready to move.

The enemy was frightened and asked for reinforcements. Brig.-Gen. Joseph Finegan, commanding the Confederate forces of Middle and East Florida, wrote to the Adjutant and Inspector General: "I am hard pressed on the St. John's River; 3,000 men reported by the commanding officer at St. John's Bluff as having landed at Mayport Mills. Please send me one regiment of infantry as soon as possible."

And on the same day, in a letter to the Hon. James S. Baker, A. E. Maxwell, James B. Dawkins and R. B. Hilton, he says:

"I am hard pressed on Saint John's River. The commanding officer at St. John's Bluff reports 3,000 Federals are being landed at Mayport Mills. The enemy engaged our batteries yesterday for the third time and were repulsed. I have not sufficient men to resist a land attack if made in force. Do go at once to the Secretary and get one or two regiments of infantry from the coast of Georgia. If I had them for a few days it might save the St. John's River, and perhaps East Florida."

The gunboats made a reconnoissance on the river and were warmly engaged by the enemy, on which they withdrew. When the cavalry and Light Battery section had been landed Captain Steedman sent three gunboats to feel the position of the enemy, shelling them as they advanced, when to the astonishment of the Unionists the batteries were found to be evacuated.

When the section reached Fort Finegan it was reported that the infantry scouts had found the Confederate flag flying, and evidences everywhere of a hasty departure as though surprised. It was so unusual for the enemy to leave colors behind, unless compelled, that the Captain of the Scouts became suspicious and thought something was wrong, so he ordered one of the Confederate prisoners to haul down the flag. The prisoner declined, saying, that there was a wire attached to the flag which connected it with a mine arranged to blow up whoever hauled it down. On investigation this was found to be the case; the wire was cut, the flag hauled down, and no one was hurt, Lieutenant Snell, U. S. Navy, raising the Stars and Stripes in its place.

Comrade Griswold saw the raising of the flag from a distance, for he was ordered "to remain on the Neptune and see that everything was removed from the steamer on the flats," he says, "but a part of a caisson the flatboats neglected to take, and so I had to remain on

board the transport. I witnessed a sight which was interesting; the naval fleet moving up the river and the land forces commencing their march. After a few shots were sent into the fort and no reply was made, up went Old Glory amid the huzzas of the land force and the blowing of whistles of the gunboats and transports. The enemy had got scared, as our bungling and loading and unloading so many nights had led them to believe that the whole Union army was coming."

The evacuation of St. John's Bluff was a surprise to all. General Brannan, in his official report, says. "I am at loss to account for this sudden evacuation on the part of the rebels, as, in addition to a most skilfully constructed line of defence, the position possesses natural advantages which render it almost impregnable, and, with the number of men which I knew to have occupied it, the position might have been maintained for a considerable time and the task of reducing it rendered it one of extreme difficulty and danger to a much larger force than I had at my disposal." The Confederate commander reported that "the abandonment of the fort by Lieutenant-Colonel Hopkins, the commanding officer, was a gross military blunder that may require investigation."

It is fair to state that an investigation was made, and the Court exonerated Lieutenant-Colonel Hopkins, declaring that from the reports he had received concerning the strength of the Unionists he acted wisely in evacuating the fort.

The Union forces took possession of the fort and the Batterymen assisted in the work of dismounting the guns and removing them and the ammunition on board the transport Neptune, which work was completed by the 7th, when the Neptune sailed for Hilton Head. The entire works were then destroyed.

While waiting on the banks of the St. John's watching, and shooting at alligators, fighting gnats, fleas and sand-flies, scouting and foraging parties were sent out for beef or anything fresh that was fit to eat. Comrade Landon remembers how low the commissary supply was getting, for many of the comrades had got rid of their three days' rations, which they had been ordered to take in their haversacks, the first day.

The foragers found some Florida cattle which were called steers and cows, but were not much larger than the ordinary yearling raised on the

Western farms. The men were very hungry for any fresh beef or fish, and so were not particular about the size, color or condition of these scraggy, lean cattle. As they drove them into camp they made their calculations for a pleasant little feast, but to their great surprise they got little save the head, horns, tail and hide or other parts which the officers found too tough to masticate. The next time the foraging party went out, three or four Battery comrades, including Dwight Hall and Durgin, showed the others how to get the best of the officers. As they approached within about half-a-mile of the camp they selected one of the finest steers which they had captured, and, driving it into a small patch of woods, shot it down, butchered it on the spot and filled their haversacks with the finest cuts. They then drove the others into camp to be slaughtered for the officers. "In the foraging party," a comrade writes, "were two or three butchers, so they were able to do the work expeditiously, and in consequence we had fresh beef this time, all choice cuts, which made us feel particularly good and satisfied with the commanding officer, ourselves and everyone else."

The comrades enjoyed good fishing off the old dock at Mayport Mills, but Comrade Dickinson declares that the "mosquitoes had more fun, I guess, than the boys. They were so big that they would bite through the blankets with which the comrades would cover their heads, and the only sure defence against them was a thick smudge."

During the time the section was awaiting orders the men amused themselves watching and hunting alligators. It was understood that the only way to kill an alligator was to hit him in the eye. Many shots were fired at the supposed vulnerable part of the reptiles as they poked their heads above the water, but none took effect, no pistol or rifle ball would penetrate the thick hide. Not succeeding in shooting the alligator's eyes, the comrades planned to trap one. Near the bank of the river was a cellar where a house had once stood, but which had been burned down. At night the alligator crawled on land looking for food, the smell of blood from the Quartermaster's Department where cattle had been slaughtered attracted the reptiles and their barking could be heard during all hours of the night. The men placed a quantity of offal and waste matter into the cellar and then made a causeway for the alligator to enter. When once in the plan was

to block up the causeway and so trap the alligator. Just as expected, Mister 'Gator walked into the cellar and commenced feeding. The night was very dark and the men had a dreary time waiting, but at last they reported that the alligator was trapped. The next difficulty was how to secure him; firing was not allowed at night, as that would create an alarm and turn out the entire army. No one cared to venture into the cellar and put a halter round the 'gator's neck; besides it was too dark, and the darkness made the reptile look at least forty feet long and big enough to swallow every man in sight. Some suggested clubbing the 'gator, others said it would be better to close up the causeway and wait until daylight. Nearly a hundred suggestions were made in less than fifteen minutes as to the best way to capture the alligator they had so nicely trapped and so well fed. Some went for ropes, others got their guns with bayonets fixed, others commenced blocking up the causeway, but they had reckoned without their host, for while making these preparations Mr. 'Gator made a charge and walked out of the cellar on his tail. In his mouth he carried a steer's head, making him look like one of the fabled monsters of antiquity, and would have made a splendid object for the pencil of Gustave Doré to perpetuate on canvas, for with the body of an alligator he had the head and horns of a steer. Some of the men thought they had trapped a sea serpent instead of an alligator, and as the creature made his bold charge the comrades were paralyzed with fear, allowing the alligator to walk into the water with the steer's head unharmed. Many were the jokes and stories told about the way those comrades engaged in the scheme, ran, hid and tried to get out of the way when the alligator made his charge. One of the comrades nearest the 'gator when he raised up on his tail was nearly paralyzed, and ran away shouting: "Great Heavens! It's the Devil!! It's the Devil!!!"

The section left St. John's Bluff on October 12 on board the steamer Darlington. As Lieutenant Cannon had been taken ill, Captain Rockwell assumed command. That return to Beaufort was one never to be forgotten. The Darlington was a small side-wheel steamer, captured from the enemy, and built for river and inland waters.

Although the section was loaded on the Darlington on the 12th of October, the steamer did not sail until the evening of the next day. On the night of the 12th the horses were disembarked and stayed with the men on

a sand bank, where gnats and mosquitoes were so bad that big fires had to be lighted to keep them away. At 8 A. M. on the 13th the section again embarked and the steamer put out to sea, but had to return and stay in Warsaw Sound all night.

“We found a heavy sea outside,” says Comrade Griswold, “and when crossing the bar at the mouth of the river it was evident that it was at great risks that we went outside into the heavy sea. General Brannan signalled Captain Rockwell that we could take the inland route if we preferred, so we turned about and proceeded up the river again, taking a company of infantry on board. This was a trip never to be forgotten, full of excitement and amusement.

“These inland creeks are many and very crooked; often we went several miles to gain one. A good pilot was required. As we proceeded on the first part of the route alligators without number would slide off the banks into the water. When we came near any point of the woods we would shell them, often starting out the enemy’s cavalry. Wild horses and cattle were numerous. The tide would often leave us aground, and we would go on shore after beef, or in the creeks after clams and oysters, which were abundant.”

In a comrade’s diary it is recorded that the steamer Darlington frequently run into a sand bank, and that it usually had “to remain fast until the tide helped float it, though by casting anchor ahead and using the capstan we kept trying to haul the steamer over the mud and sand bars. During these waits for the tide the men occupied their time catching clams, on the sand bars, that the tide had left dry, and fishing over the sides of the steamer. Some of the time was occupied firing shells across the marsh to the mainland whenever any indications of Confederate camps were seen.”

“We stopped awhile at Fernandina, but were not allowed to go on shore,” says Comrade Griswold. “We stopped at a large plantation on St. Simeon’s Island in Georgia for wood. The orange groves looked beautiful with their loads of golden fruit. The colored people were on the deck with the rich, ripe fruit for sale very cheap, but some of the comrades thought that it would be cheaper to help themselves from the trees. When we landed a guard had been stationed with orders to allow no one to leave the deck, but some of the boys crawled up under the banks of the creek and loaded them-

selves with bushels of the largest and richest fruit they could find, but after the steamer had started and they sat down to enjoy their fruit they found it to be sourer than lemons, and they knew they had thought more of looks than quality.

“During this trip one of my tentmates, who had left the graduating class in Yale college and enlisted as a recruit, was very sick, and I got him a berth in one of the staterooms. I was caring for him and went to get him a cup of tea, and found another sick comrade occupying the upper berth. I put the cup of tea on a stool, and my chum had reached out his head and commenced sipping it, when, without warning, over came the head of the comrade in the upper berth and a deluge was launched upon the head of my chum, while a voice from above said: ‘I did not mean to puke.’ My chum turned his dripping head and face upward and uttered just one expressive word: ‘Hog.’”

The Yale student referred to by Comrade Griswold was George W. Baird, of Milford, who was not accustomed to the rough life he had to endure, for by some chance he got the worst tent and had to endure many unpleasant experiences. Comrade Baird was transferred on December 19, 1863, to the 41st Company, Second Battalion, V. R. C. Being taken sick he was sent North, and, a little later, having passed the examinations before the Casey Board, he was commissioned Colonel of the 32d Regiment, U. S. Colored Infantry, on March 18, 1864. It so happened that by the chances of the campaign, this same Light Battery, in which Col. Baird had served as a private, was actually for a short time part of the force under Col. Baird's command. Comrade Baird is now Assistant Paymaster-General of the U. S. Army.

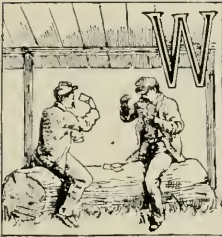
“We crossed the mouth of the Altahama River just at sunset and it was a beautiful sight,” continues Comrade Griswold. “The following day we passed through several sounds and inlets, where we stopped and our papers were examined by the officers of the blockading squadrons stationed there. We left one of these sounds where there were three blockading vessels about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; the officers gave Capt. Rockwell all the information they could and told him if he got into trouble to be sure and signal them and they would come to our assistance. After it became dark Capt. Rockwell became somewhat fearful that the boat was not on her right

course. The captain of the *Darlington* was, or pretended to be, somewhat intoxicated. The colored pilot was excited and nervous, and feared the captain of the steamer. Captain Rockwell had been in the pilot house for a long time, and about 8 o'clock he made the pilot admit that he was off the regular course. Captain Rockwell ordered the boat stopped; the captain of the *Darlington* refused and swore he would not stop. Our Captain drew his revolver and covered him, calling for a corporal and guard, placed the captain in irons and under arrest. The boat was stopped, with orders to keep the steam up ready to move at a moment's notice. We commenced firing blank cartridges and burning port fires, and kept it up all night, receiving answering signals from the gunboats we had left in the sound. We also had signaling almost directly over heads all night, but could not understand what or where they were. We spent an anxious night, without sleep, waiting for morning. Just as morning was about to break, and we could see through the dark mist what looked like a black bank very high in the west, a boat with almost lightning speed, manned by marines armed to the teeth, as the saying is, came alongside us, and an officer springing upon our deck, exclaimed: 'Get on steam quick and get out of here or the Rebs will blow you out of the water in five minutes.' Our watchful Captain was ready for this, and in a moment we were backing down the creek. We found we had lain all night under the banks of the Confederate Fort McAllister, where the boat captain had evidently intended to surrender us. They did not dare fire on us in the dark for fear we might be some Confederate blockade runner in distress. The officer from the gunboat told us that they had seen our signal at 8 P. M., and knew we were in trouble, and several boats armed like his had been sent to our rescue, but they had roamed all night in the numerous winding creeks and that it was only by an accident he had come upon us when he did. When we were beyond the range of the enemy's guns we were given the right directions and pursued our way to Savannah, where we anchored for the night, and proceeded in the morning to Beaufort. While at Savannah we noticed Tybee Island, where our forces were stationed that compelled Fort Pulaski to surrender. The fort showed plainly the effects of shot and shell. We were greeted with cheers when we joined our comrades in camp at Beaufort."

Brig.-Gen. Brannan officially reported: "I am under obligation to Capt. A. P. Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, who acted as additional aide-de-camp."

CHAPTER X.

WINTER IN CAMP.



WHEN Lieutenant Cannon and his section returned from Florida, the men in good health, the horses none the worse for their long trip and the worthy Lieutenant proud of his work at St. John's Bluff, an order from Washington caused him considerable annoyance. At the same time an order was received by Col. Chatfield, commanding the 6th Connecticut, which was also unpleasant. The whole camp felt gloomy when it was known that the order was issued for the discharge of all regimental bands, and it was felt that when the 6th Connecticut band left Beaufort would be a gloomy place, for the strains of sweet music which had enlivened the camp had kept up the spirits of the men and made them more reconciled to the hardships of a soldier's life. The First Light Battery had enjoyed the music and the comrades joined their brothers of the 6th in regretting the order.

But the Battery had a grievance of its own. "General Order No. 126," issued by the War Department reduced the organization of Light Batteries to four guns and two lieutenants. This order meant that Lieut. Seward and Cannon would be relieved from their duties and honorably discharged from the service.

Lieut. Seward, always active, always ready for emergencies, at once asked, and obtained leave, to visit Hilton Head to consult Gen. O. M. Mitchel, then Commanding the Department of the South. The General read the order, frowned, then read it again, threw the paper down on his table, muttered something to himself, and turning to Lieut. Seward said:

"This is a General Order and I must execute it. How does it affect you?"

"I am junior Second Lieutenant of the First Connecticut Light Battery," answered Comrade Seward.

"I see, so you are to be discharged. Too bad, too bad."

"If I have to go, can I leave at once?"

"Why are you in such a hurry?" Gen. Mitchel asked.

"The Governor of Connecticut has issued a call for more troops and if I could get back at once there might be a chance for me in some regiment."

"So you do not wish to leave the service?"

"No, General, not until Old Glory waves over all the States."

"I will give you a letter to Gov. Buckingham and I think that will place you."

Lieut. Seward thanked him and the General called in the mustering officer, and in five minutes Lieut. Seward of the First Connecticut Light Battery was once more Citizen Seward of Guilford.

But Comrade Seward had no need to present his letter to the Governor, for as he was going down the wharf at Hilton Head to take the steamer back to Beaufort he met Lieut.-Col. Hawley of the 7th Connecticut and told him what occurred, and that he was going home the next day.

"Do you want to leave the service?" Hawley asked.

"No, Colonel, I am hurrying North to get a position in some regiment."

In an instant Col. Hawley offered him the position of First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the gallant Seventh, which Comrade Seward promptly accepted, agreeing to return in thirty days.

This ended Lieut. Seward's connection with the Light Battery, and he carried with him the best wishes of all his comrades, whose only regret was that he would no longer be their companion, friend and officer in the camp and field of strife.

Lieut. Cannon accepted his discharge with good grace, and returned to his home in the North, there to play the part of good citizen as faithfully and well as he had performed the duties of an officer.

The Battery again settled down to the regular routine of drill and discipline. Often rumors came of an anticipated attack by the enemy, and then the Battery would harness and hitch up and wait for the order to come for the march.

When Lieutenant Metcalf arrived at the camp on September 16, 1862, with

the first recruits it was found that he had some with him who were the very reverse of what the Battery had anticipated. The Government, in its extremity for men to fill the ranks, and to take the place of the killed, wounded and sick, had allowed great latitude to recruiting officers and physicians. The examining physicians were not particular about age, size or appearance of the men they passed. Among the recruits sent to the Battery was one web-footed, short, squatty, scraggy looking man who stood less than five feet, his height being further diminished by the slovenly manner in which he stood. When placed in line with the other recruits to await inspection he was the object of considerable laughter among the comrades, although they all hoped that he might even then be rejected for some reason. As the Captain walked down the line, the top of the recruit's head was fully two inches below the Captain's shoulder, and as he stood, with his legs sprawled out, he did not strike a very soldierly position. Capt. Rockwell looked down on him with an expression of supreme disgust, and turning to the sergeant said:

“Sergeant, what the devil did they send that man here for?”

The Sergeant saluted but could not answer that question. Lieut. Metcalf had to take what the Government provided and the Sergeant received the recruits from the Lieutenant. Not being fit for regular duty the recruit was detailed to take care of the reserve horses. The next day he groomed the horses, tied them to a picket rope and then strolled off, leaving the horses to their fate. He was never seen again by any member of the Battery. It is doubtful whether any search was made for him, for no one wanted him back. It was one instance where desertion was, perhaps, winked at. His absence was a relief to the comrades.

In the latter part of October Gen. Mitchel conceived an expedition to proceed inland with a small force to burn the bridges between Charleston and Savannah.

Capt. Rockwell received orders to be ready to join the first brigade, commanded by Col. Chatfield.

The centre section was sent down to the ferry and crossed over to the mainland, at a point selected by the scouts who had been up the river on the Darlington making soundings. The other sections were still in camp ready to move at a moment's notice. The comrades heard the firing; their ears

had become accustomed to the varied sounds, and they could tell the difference between a shell and solid shot by the report, even though the guns were miles away.

The excitement was intense. All the colored men on the Island were held in the camps and not one allowed to go out.

It was late that night before the order came to unhitch and for the men to turn in.

It was soon learned that the fighting had been in the neighborhood of Pocatigo, but had not been participated in by the centre section, for at the last minute it had been replaced by a battery of regulars.

The fighting was severe. A landing, under cover of the gunboats, had been effected near Mackay's Point. The enemy was encountered about three miles from Pocatigo, and in two successive engagements was driven from strong positions, and finally compelled to retreat across the Pocatigo River, destroying the bridge behind him. The fight continued from 1 o'clock to nearly 6 in the afternoon. A bayonet charge was made over causeways with the most determined courage and with veteran firmness. After the destruction of the bridge the fight was continued on the banks of the river, but the rapidly approaching darkness and the want of ammunition rendered it necessary for the troops to return. A detachment of the 48th New York under Col. Barton had ascended the Coosawhatchie River to within one and a half miles of the village of Pocatigo and effected a landing. With a detachment of engineers and mechanics, Col. Barton and his gallant 48th marched upon the village. When within about a hundred yards of the railroad a train of eight or ten cars came along at high speed, and was received by a volley from the Unionist infantry and a discharge from one of the naval howitzers. The engineer was killed, numbers of the enemy dropped from the platforms of the cars, showing how destructive the fire had been, but the train continued to the village, where the enemy was re-inforced by the regiment which had come, just in the nick of time, on the train.

The Union troops suffered severely. The 6th Connecticut realized some of the horrors of war, the regiment suffering heavily. Col. Chatfield and Lieut.-Col. Speidel were both struck with canister shots while gallantly leading their men. The 6th Connecticut and 47th Pennsylvania covered



THE BATTERY FORGE, AFTER ORIGINAL ETCHING BY E. FORBES.

the retreat to the river. "The return was slow and tedious," writes Sergeant Cadwell, the historian of 6th Connecticut, "as we carried off all our wounded and gently laid out our dead, covering them as far as we could with the blankets of the soldiers. The horrors of war were indeed sickening, as the rebels had every position in their favor and their fire was very destructive. Dead soldiers and horses lay in the woods as we passed; broken gun carriages lined the road, and blankets, haversacks and rifles lay around in large numbers."

The centre section escaped the glory and the dangers of this engagement, and returned to camp rather crestfallen at not being allowed to participate in such an eventful skirmish.

A few days later news came to the camp that Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchel, the Commander of the Department, had died of yellow fever after an illness of only a few days.

General Mitchel was mourned by every soldier in the command. He was a man in whom they had every confidence, and all would follow him without question.

Three of his staff officers died with the same fever, and the men looked at each other with anxious faces as though asking: "Who will be the next?"

The entire command attended the funeral, the 47th Pennsylvania regiment acted as escort, followed by the 1st Massachusetts cavalry and four pieces of the First Connecticut Light Battery, a detachment from each of the other regiments, the naval officers headed by Admiral Dupont, officers of the army on horseback, and agents of the Government. The service was in St. Helena Church, and never was a more impressive scene enacted within its walls. The salute of minute guns over the grave was fired by Rockwell's Battery.

One of the pleasing features of the camp life was the fondness shown by the men to their horses. While doubtless there were some who were indifferent and even cruel to the faithful animals, the majority looked upon the horse as a friend. Comrade Hotchkiss, who was a most devout believer in Christianity, writes very pathetically in his diary under date of October 9, 1862: "My horse is a good deal of company for me. I keep him near my tent, it is cooler than where the other horses are stabled. A few days ago I found it necessary to chastise him for the first time. I think it sharpened

his faculties and he does not harbor any hard feelings over it either. He follows me round the field where the horses are taken out to grass. Often before I go to my bunk at night I go out to his stall, rest my head on my elbows on the feed box and ask God for his protection and care, and for the loved ones at home, and for our Nation, and during this prayer the horse will bring his face close to mine, stop eating, keeping perfectly still until I close, and then he will resume his eating, if he has anything to eat, which is not much sometimes. I am quite attached to my horse Charlie."

During October there was considerable dissatisfaction and some very hard words used about an order which was being interpreted very strictly.

There was a suspicion that in the boxes sent to the men from their homes quantities of whiskey and other prohibited things were secreted, so the Provost Marshal was ordered to open all the boxes and to confiscate any liquor found. The liquor was to be given to the hospital staff for the use of the sick. While the good people enjoying their comforts in their Northern homes would make any sacrifices to help the sick soldiers and to alleviate their pain, they did not wish the luxuries they sent to the loved one who was not sick to be side-tracked to the hospital. It need not be said that the comrades felt the same way. The order went into effect on the 1st of October, and when the first lot of boxes arrived and were opened, and their prohibited contents removed, there was considerable swearing, and it is on record that some, in their anger, declared that they would run away and join the enemy. Of course, they did not mean it, but it showed how badly they felt. Even one of the temperance men in the Battery said that the "ransacking of the boxes was too mean for anything."

Prohibition does not always prohibit, and when a number of men make up their minds that they want beer or spirits they will generally find a way to obtain it. This was proved at Beaufort and in every camp.

Owing to the fact that a few soldiers would get drunk and abuse their privileges, strict orders were issued against landing at Beaufort any kind of intoxicating liquors, including beer, the object being to keep it away from the private soldiers and all others who had been in the habit of drinking too much. The order was rigidly enforced, much to the displeasure and disgust of those few who felt that life was unendurable without a stimulant.

On one occasion a vessel, filled with sutler's stores, was towed up

the river to Beaufort. The captain and some of the sailors called at the Battery camp to see some old friends whom they had known at home. After the usual very glad greetings and inquiries about the home folks, the conversation turned on the difficulty of getting intoxicating liquors into the camp, and the sailors sympathized with the comrades in their strong desire to get some beer, telling them that there was plenty of beer on board the schooner but that they dare not unload it.

“We would give you a keg if you could devise a plan to get it into camp without getting us into trouble,” said the captain of the schooner; “you know that if we were caught violating the prohibitory law our schooner and cargo would be confiscated.”

“We know that, but we must have some beer,” answered one of the comrades.

After a little quiet conversation, carried on mostly in whispers, a plan was agreed upon. The sailors were to select a very dark night and put a keg of beer on shore just outside the patrol line, about three-quarters of a mile down the river, burying the keg deeply in the sand at a point well-known to the comrades. At night the patrol guard was doubled so the work required extra caution.

A fatigue party was detailed every two or three days to go down the river after wood for the cook tent and had to pass near the spot where the beer was to be buried, so when the right fatigue party was detailed to go for wood, they were told the secret of the hidden keg.

By a little ingenious contriving the fatigue party managed to place the keg in the centre of a very large and fine load of wood, which was passed into Beaufort by the patrol guard, without arousing the least suspicion. Had there been any doubt in the mind of the patrol the load would have been arrested and searched, but no one suspected that the wagon contained both fire-wood and fire-water. If it had been found the fatigue party would have got into a great deal of trouble and perhaps serious punishment would have been inflicted, but in war soldiers get used to taking chances and they considered a keg of real beer, something they had not tasted for months, worth a risk.

Once in the camp, the keg was tapped and all treated to as much as they could hold, making them feel so happy that everything seemed lovely.

Some became correspondingly generous and sent a sample to the officers, in the shape of a large pitcher of foaming beer. Considering the manner in which the beer was smuggled into camp, the lack of discipline, the familiarity displayed by privates treating their commanders, the act was foolishly bold and the comrade who suggested it must have had his judgment warped by the beer that was working in him.

Many became very funny that night, they laughed louder than usual, a few being especially boisterous, singing and shouting, until the Captain wanted to know the cause of so much cheerfulness. When he learned the cause, which he would never have found out had it not been for the treat sent to the officers, he commenced an investigation to discover how the beer got into the camp in violation of strict orders and in spite of the vigilance of the guard, who had strict orders to prohibit the landing of any intoxicants for the good of the service.

The investigation only resulted in the finding of an empty keg, and for all anyone in the Battery knew about how it got there, it might have come in the rain from the clouds. There had been no order issued against empty kegs, so what law had been violated? During the investigation the comrades were very quiet, they looked sober and serious, all fun and jolly, uproarious laughs were stopped suddenly, and every comrade behaved so well that no further investigation was made. Comrade Beecher, who tells the story, says that he never could drink beer, he never liked it, but he thoroughly enjoyed the fun of that night as much as any of those who helped to empty the cask.

It was known that the officers had whiskey and other good things kept somewhere in camp, and a committee of comrades made it their business to find out, feeling that in love and war all things were fair. At last a big demijohn of whiskey was discovered in the attic of a house used by the officers for their quarters. That was just the knowledge required. When night came the officers were downstairs playing cards and thoroughly absorbed in the game, when a man was risking his liberty, and perhaps his life, by climbing up the back of the house, using the leader-pipes to aid him. He entered the attic and lowered the demijohn down to a comrade who was waiting. The canteens, of as many comrades as could be obtained, were filled, and then the empty demijohn was sent up to the attic and replaced in

the same position it had been found. There was considerable joy in the camp that night, but in the morning, when one of the officers wanted a "bracer," and sent his servant to get one from the reserve store, there were some very strong words used when it was found the demijohn was empty. The servant denied all knowledge of how the spirits had taken to itself wings and flown away, and the officers never knew who had been guilty.

So anxious were a few to obtain whiskey that three of the comrades manufactured a private still. It was a very crude affair, but it was welcomed by those who helped to drink the spirit distilled from corn, which, alas! had been intended for the horses. The distilling was a very slow process, the spirit falling drop by drop with such precision that only the most patient would have persevered. But the men were so eager for the whiskey that they waited and took turns all night in catching the drops as they fell from the still.

In November the Battery had another moving day. This time the camp was pitched nearer the town and stables were erected, sheds built for the Commissary Department and houses erected for the officers. The houses which had been built across the river were pulled down and rafted over and rebuilt at the camp. One house a mile down the river was hauled up to be used as a kitchen. The comrades were disappointed, they wanted to go back to their old quarters in the city but it was whispered that Gen. Brannan did not like Capt. Rockwell and would not oblige him.

While there were many advantages in the new camp, being located close to a grove of very large and handsome live oak trees, there were just as many disadvantages. Mosquitoes, flies, fleas and gnats never ceased to trouble, but night and day tormented the unlucky comrades.

"We drove the Confederates out of Beaufort," said one of the comrades; "I almost wish we could have them back if we could get rid of the fleas."

On Monday, November 24, the General commanding gave orders for a sham fight between the Light Battery and the 7th Connecticut Infantry. It was a diversion for all, and both participants received the approval of the General for a well-contested action.

The good people of Meriden did not forget the brave volunteers they had known and respected at Camp Tyler, and when the new winter camp was ready at Beaufort the Meriden people sent down a number of bedsteads

and a supply of bedding for the hospital. Guilford and Bridgeport also sent hospital supplies. Such acts caused the spirits of the comrades to become jubilant, for it proved that they were not forgotten by the citizens at home.

The Battery had been in existence a little over a year and the comrades recalled the glorious times they had at Camp Tyler, and how the ladies had visited them and contributed to their comforts. Those days were brought back vividly to their minds by the attendance in church of several ladies, the wives and daughters of some of the officers stationed at Beaufort. It was such a treat to see a Northern woman that, as Comrade Hotchkiss writes, "our attentions were diverted from the prayers to the ladies," and that the good "deacon," as Hotchkiss was called, was equally guilty he acknowledged to his comrades.

Comrades Arthur E. Clarke and Charles Hotchkiss were expert chess players, and many comrades would gather round the rude table and watch the two play, as earnestly as though their very lives were the stake. Clarke had whittled some chessmen out of green wood, and though they were very crude and would scarcely have been recognized by chess players in the cities, yet they answered all purposes and afforded considerable amusement on long winter evenings.

Thanksgiving Day was kept in camp; the day a year before had been spent at Camp Tyler; now the comrades gathered round the mess tables in camp at Beaufort ready to lay down their knives and forks and take up their guns at a moment's notice. In the diary kept by a comrade there is this entry for November 27, 1862, which gives an insight into camp life: "Thanksgiving Day. Had a fine supper. Bill of Fare: Roast pig, mashed potatoes and turnips, prepared gravy, rice pudding, oyster pie, etc., etc. The comrades also got a whiskey ration. Some of the fellows got a little excited. On the whole, the day passed off pleasantly. On such special occasions must always expect excitement and merriment to fit the surroundings. After the feast it was said by some who complained they had not received their share of the food, and consequently were still hungry, that the right half of the reserves ate the pig, the left half ate the pudding; right section ate the oyster pie, left section ate the gravy; centre section ate the

potatoes and turnips and those who drank most of the whiskey did the fighting."

In the afternoon many of the comrades enjoyed the sports gotten up by the 6th Connecticut, which included ball playing, pitching quoits and running races. In the evening there was a "Mock Dress Parade," in which the comrades of the 6th Connecticut acted as general officers, being "dressed as oddly as possible, some with only underclothes on, others with pants and coats turned inside out and with knapsacks under their coats."

On Christmas Day there was a pleasant surprise for the comrades, for early in the morning Lieut. Seward paid a visit to the camp. How glad all were to see their old friend and fellow comrade! It was like a visit from home, for he had just returned from Connecticut and could give them news of friends and kindred. He brought news from Guilford, and the comrades who came from there were wild with excitement, but he had been to Meriden and Hartford, to Milford and New Haven, to Hebron and Bridgeport, and for what? Business? No, but just because his heart was big and he wanted the friends of the Battery boys to know all about them. No wonder the comrades gave him three cheers and a tiger.

The artificers' tent was crowded that day, for they had invited a number of their friends to a dinner of roast pig and gravy, potatoes and butter, and every guest declared that it was the best dinner he had eaten since he left old Connecticut. Many of the comrades went to the sports given by the 4th New Hampshire regiment, including a game of ball between the officers and some foot races. In the evening the commissioned officers of the 6th Connecticut gave a grand supper, to which some of the Battery were invited.

The holidays made a pleasant break in the regular routine of camp life, and the comrades wished that there were more such days as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Fortunately New Year's Day followed in a week, and then the boys let themselves out once more. A Comrade writes in his diary: "New Year's Day finds me in splendid health. No drilling. Occupied the day in sports, jumping, racing, sack-racing, foot-racing, wheelbarrow race, German Turner exercises, climbing greased pole, catching greased pig, auger-boring at a mark. The whole closed with a Mock Dress

Parade." The Negro brigade was presented with a splendid flag. All the fanatics were present and made speeches."

This little entry, written at the time, will call up memories of that glorious day when all the comrades felt almost as happy as they had ever done.

The early part of the year 1863 was spent in incessant drilling, target practice, exercising in mounting and dismounting, until the Battery became as perfect as any in the service. It was said that a target six feet square could be struck in the centre at 1250 yards, and a shot thrown a mile with such accuracy that a second shot could be made to strike the same place.

The General Order reducing the Light Batteries to four guns was never enforced. The order was either a politician's trick for party purposes or a piece of civilian intermeddling with military affairs.

When Lieutenants Seward and Cannon left the Battery it was necessary to have more officers, and Capt. Rockwell being away on a furlough a chance was given for the transference of Lieutenant Asa Ellis from the 3d Rhode Island Artillery Regiment to the First Connecticut Battery.

Lieutenant Ellis could not agree very well with his Captain in command of the Rhode Island Battery, and having considerable influence he managed to induce Gen. Saxton to detail him to the Connecticut Battery at Beaufort.

For a time all worked well. Lieut. Ellis was ranking officer of the Battery while Capt. Rockwell was away, and the other officers rather liked the arrangement until there was a rumor that the Battery was to be ordered to the front for active service; then pride stepped in and the officers of the Connecticut Battery petitioned Gen. Saxton, setting forth that it would be unjust and unfair for a Connecticut Battery to be commanded by a Rhode Island Lieutenant. Gen. Saxton listened to the petitioners and detailed Lieut. Ellis to another command.

While Lieut. Ellis was with the Battery the officers and men bore testimony to his efficiency, his thorough knowledge of artillery practice and his gentlemanly bearing. As a man all respected him, and his short service with the Battery was of benefit to both officers and men, and he carried away with him to his new command a good impression of the men from Old Connecticut.

On St. Patrick's Day Capt. Rockwell entertained a large company of officers and ladies at Button Hill Plantation, some three miles out of

Beaufort on the Shell Road, and Comrade Hotchkiss writes an interesting account of it in his diary: "Most of the officers were mounted," he writes, "but one team of five pairs of Battery horses and another of three pairs were brought into use for the ladies and others. The Captain selected eight of our drivers, each to one pair of the handsomest black horses, two mounted aids, and Sergt. Merwin in command of the whole. With our wagons all fixed up it made a turnout fit for the Queen of England. The Battery harnesses were used and each driver rode his high horse in Battery style. They went through the town and collected the ladies, and the contingent left at 3 o'clock. Gen. Saxton and his bride went out mounted. From all accounts they had a jolly time. Our Battery boys, of course, could not mingle with the 'shoulder straps,' but the Captain gave us permission to carry our pistols, and we passed our time at target practice. On the way back the ladies made the woods ring with songs, and our boys had enough to talk about for days thereafter. It made me homesick as they passed here near midnight singing 'Star of the Evening.'"

A number of the men organized nightly prayer meetings, and Comrade Hotchkiss was a familiar figure as he stood, with his tuning fork in hand, leading the singing. From those prayer meetings a regular Christian organization sprang into existence, a record of which will be found in another chapter.

At this time the camp presented a neat and pretty appearance, the "A" tents were arranged in three streets, one for each section, eight tents on a side, sixteen tents to each street. But just as everything seemed settled and the comrades were reconciled to tent life the order came to strike tents and get ready for marching.

On April 5, 1863, the Battery left Beaufort at 6 in the evening on a large ferryboat called the John Adams, amid the cheers of the comrades who watched them depart. The horses and their drivers remained at Beaufort. The John Adams anchored at Hilton Head among numerous transports of all kinds. Hamilton's Battery, also without horses, was crowded on the already overloaded ferryboat, but room had to be made, and at 10 A. M. on the Sunday the boat set its nose towards Stono Inlet. The John Adams ran into Edisto for the night, and reached Stono Inlet with forty or fifty other vessels all loaded with troops.

Capt. Rockwell says: "The John Adams was the only available transport from the deck of which the gun carriages could be rapidly landed, and while safe enough for river and quiet water service she was signally unsafe for the sea passage from Hilton Head to the Stono Inlet. There was quite a rough sea outside, but the expedition had started and there was no help for it. The risk of disaster was, however, so great, that a steamer was sent to escort us and pick up the survivors. The John Adams had previously been used on some river expedition and the hull beneath the overhanging deck had been loop-holed for infantry. These holes were not properly or permanently stopped, but were covered, each by a board held in place by a brace against the deck beams. The danger was obvious.

The sea, on our return from Stono Inlet to Hilton Head, was fortunately quiet."

After staying at anchor for five days the expedition was given up and the whole fleet started for Port Royal, reaching Beaufort early on Sunday morning.

All sorts of rumors were afloat about the expedition, some quoting the old quatrain:

"The brave Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up a hill,
Then marched them down again."

To the men on the transports it seemed to be an expedition of that kind, for they went out, waited, and then returned without any of the comrades knowing the why and wherefore. Some hinted that there had been friction and unpleasantness between Gen. Hunter and Admiral Du Pont, but though that rumor was generally believed, the records prove that the two officers were on the best of terms.

The expedition had been designed to make an attack on Fort Sumter, and then having reduced that strong fortress, to make a combined land and naval attack on Charleston, but Admiral Du Pont, writing to Gen. Hunter on April 8, says: "I attempted to take the bull by the horns, but he was too much for us. These monitors are miserable failures where forts are concerned; the longest was an hour and the others forty-five minutes under fire, and five of the eight were wholly or partially disabled." In replying, Gen. Hunter wrote: "No country can ever fail that has men capable of facing

what your iron-clads had yesterday to endure. God bless and keep you safe, Admiral."

Gen. Rufus Saxton was very strict. He believed that a soldier should be a perfect part of a perfect machine. He held the idea very strongly that just as a chain should be tested by its weakest link so an army should be judged by its poorest soldiers. Having this before him he set to work to make the hitherto poorest men equal in efficiency to the best, so that his command might be absolutely perfect. It was not to be expected that there would be no grumbling—the well-drilled comrade often had to turn out to drill because some one in his company was not as perfect. One comrade wrote at the time: "The powers that be are bound that we shall not have any more spare time than is absolutely necessary. Everybody musk 'toe the mark.' Our new General is very strict. Woe to the driver, cannoneer, artificer, cook, corporal or sergeant who does not keep in good condition and perform all duties right up square. One Sergeant was placed under arrest simply because a gun-primer was found in the bottom of a lumber chest. A man was punished for not having his coat buttoned at retreat. Talk about West Point discipline! A good fight with the rebs, I think, would take the starch out of some in authority." But that same comrade, after a few weeks of the harsh discipline, as he thought it, acknowledged that it had made all the comrades better soldiers, and he wrote exultingly: "There is no doubt that if the enemy made a charge on this Battery, if in position, it would get 'Hail, Columbia,' before it could capture it. The Confederates say that they can stand the Northern Infantry, but 'damn that Connecticut Battery.'"

During the early months of 1863 there were many changes in the personnel of the officers.

First Lieut. Seldon Porter resigned his commission on the last day of January, and on February 3d, Sergt. James B. Clinton was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant, and one month later to the position of First Lieutenant. Lieut. Clinton was very popular with the Battery, and while each man thought he was just as capable of filling the onerous position not one was jealous but gave his hearty support to the Lieutenant. Second Lieut. Metcalf was promoted to a First Lieutenancy on February 10. Comrade George P. Bliss, who had been mustered in Quartermaster Sergeant,

was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant on February 3, 1863, and to that of Second Lieutenant on May 25. Sergt. Hezekiah B. Smith, who had served three months in Rifle Company C, 2d Connecticut Infantry, before he enlisted in the Light Battery, was promoted Quartermaster Sergeant, February 15, 1863, and again promoted to Second Lieutenancy June 12. Sergt. Sylvanus C. Dickinson, who had been mustered Sergeant, was promoted on May 25 to rank of First Sergeant. On the same day Corporals Arthur E. Clark, Alexander Welton, Hethcote G. Landon, and Edward F. Phelps were promoted to rank of Sergeants; Corp. John H. Merwin had been promoted to the rank on February 15. Henry Grow was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant. Privates Herbert W. Beecher, Amassa L. Doolittle, James Holley, Henry S. Lawrence and Jonathan G. Norton were promoted corporals on the 25th of May.

On March the 5th the Battery presented to Lieut. James B. Clinton a sabre, sash, belt and shoulder straps as a small token of their esteem and as a recognition of his worth.

The left section of the Battery was sent on picket duty to the brickyard to cover the sunken steamer *George Washington*. Very lively times were expected, for on the steamer were some guns which the enemy coveted and which the Unionists were equally determined should not fall into his hands.

On April 8, 1863, the steamers *E. B. Hale* and *George Washington* started to go around Port Royal Island on a reconnoissance, conducted by Capt. Briggs, 3d Rhode Island Artillery. Before reaching the ferry the *Hale* got aground. At night she got off, and about 4.30 A. M. of the 9th started, without the knowledge of the officers of the *Washington*. The latter started about 5 or 5.30 A. M. to follow her, and had proceeded a mile or two when a turn in the channel revealed a Confederate light battery directly astern, perhaps a mile distant, which instantly opened fire. The *Washington* had only a howitzer astern, and could not turn to reply. The second shot exploded the magazine, which was in the afterpart of the vessel, unshipped the rudder, broke the steering gear, ripping up the deck, tumbling the howitzer into the hold, and destroying all the ammunition for the James rifle forward. The vessel took fire and began to fill rapidly. The master backed her toward the marsh on the Union side. Capt. Briggs ordered a



A FREE CONTRABAND GOING TO MARKET.

white flag raised against the protests of the master, Campbell, who continued attempt to escape. They put the wounded on the marsh and all scrambled off. The Confederates, seeing this, resumed their fire, of course, and with great accuracy. The wounded lying on the bank were captured by a boat party of Confederates. There were two killed instantly, two seriously, probably fatally, wounded, eight slightly, and two missing. Some of the men were hours scrambling through the marsh.

Upon the night of the 10th the Confederates sent two pieces of heavy artillery and nine of light, supported by three companies of infantry and three of cavalry to Chisholm Island with boats for the purpose of raising the guns of the burned steamer. It was found that the Unionists had raised one gun, a 24-pounder howitzer, and the enemy succeeded in raising and getting another gun of the same size to shore. The Unionists, however, determined that no more guns should fall into the hands of the enemy, and so a vigorous fire was opened on the Confederates, making it exceedingly dangerous to continue the work.

The wrecked steamer was lying in the middle of the river, the enemy had a battery planted opposite to prevent the Unionists getting the guns, while the Connecticut Battery was directly in line on the other side to keep the guns from falling into the hands of the enemy. The report came from the scouts that the enemy was throwing up earthworks, and at once the Battery opened on them, but the distance was so great that it was only by a high elevation of the gun that a shell could be sent across. It was then feared that the enemy had bigger guns than the Battery possessed, but the fear was groundless.

The comrades regretted that their stay would only be ten days, for the camp was a pleasant one, being situated in a grove of live oaks whose spreading branches gave plenty of shade. The river was also delightful, and some of the athletes fixed up a spring-board over the water and indulged in some excellent diving, tumbling and other aquatic sports. The comrades were like a lot of children, so thoroughly did they enjoy the luxuries of that camp. Blackberries were so plentiful that some ate as many as four quarts a day, producing a reaction which made even the sight of the berries nauseating.

On the Sunday some of the comrades obtained permission to attend a

colored prayer meeting in the woods about two miles from the camp Comrade Hotchkiss has left behind him his impressions of that service. He says:

“The day was hot. The little church was in a clearing, it was a neat frame building, the woods all around it. The people came from all quarters, dressed neatly and tidily; women with white handkerchiefs on their heads, both old and young. Deacon Long took charge and another good old darky made some appropriate remarks, but I could not keep a sober face, for his talk was so peculiar though earnest. His ideas would often get ahead of his speech. He addressed himself, at times, to us soldiers, calling us Gideonites. ‘What for day com’d here, but to uphold de right?’ he asked. ‘Day no com’d here to grind us down, as our old massa did. Day com’d to fight for liberty, to sabe dis land from de spoiler. Some leabe fader an’ mudder an’ sistern an’ brudder and come to fight for God an’ liberty. Some to take our old massa’s place, an’ lookout for de farms an’ plantations, God bress ‘em.’ The prayers were earnest and sincere and all joined with a will in the singing. After the meeting was over they struck up the song, ‘Marching Along,’ to appropriate words in a slow, chanting style. Some moved up to where Comrade Gillette and I stood. One old darky bowed to me and put out his hand as if he asked me to shake it. I took it, and we had a hearty shake, and then another and another, until I thought it time to retreat, but the women had got around the door and we had to run the gauntlet to get outside. All that time the song went on. We went back to camp greatly interested in the poor slaves of the South, yet they seem to be happy. They live on the old farms as usual and get a living in some way.”

Several expeditions were sent from Beaufort to the main land to try to induce the negroes to cross over and enlist in the service of Uncle Sam. The old East Boston ferryboat, John Adams, and the steamer H. A. Ward brought over, early in June, about eight hundred contrabands, men, women and children. They looked a hard crowd and as one comrade remarked “dry goods must have been scarce where they came from.” These contrabands were sent on the plantations, except about two hundred of the men, who enlisted in the 1st South Carolina Colored Regiment.

Many slaves came into the city from the mainland and had to be supported by the Government. They were fast becoming a burden and a

nuisance. They were asked to volunteer to work on the fortifications at Hilton Head and other places. A few did volunteer, but the majority preferred to stay in Beaufort, feeding on Government rations and what they could get from the soldiers, to working at anything steadily. Some of the strongest-looking men were taken and forced to work. A rumor that they were all going to be ordered to Hilton Head and drafted into the Yankee service either as soldiers or as workmen on the fortifications caused them to flee to the woods and swamps, where they would stay during the day, sneaking back to the city at night. The authorities resolved to put a stop to this, and so a plan to catch them was devised. One night after 12 o'clock, when it was supposed that all the darkies had left the woods and swamps and entered the city, Beaufort was surrounded and a raid made for darkies by a detail of soldiers carrying lanterns and torches. It was a regular nigger hunt. The darkies were found hiding in cisterns, cellars, under barns and houses, in lofts and pigpens and stables, under boards, up trees, under small upturned boats, and in every conceivable hiding place. All were dragged out, large and small, old and young, and as fast as caught were locked up in the Beaufort Arsenal. Next morning all the able-bodied men were sent to the dock, followed by wives and sweethearts, who were crying and moaning as they bade them good-bye in the most tragic and pathetic manner, refusing to be comforted. When told that the men were going to Hilton Head, the women clung to their husbands and lovers so persistently, crying and begging to be saved from separation, that force had to be used and the women were torn away from the men. When at Hilton Head the men were made to work on the fortifications and those fit for soldiers were drafted into the 1st South Carolina Colored Regiment.

Camp life was pleasant in many ways, but at night the fleas were so troublesome that sleep was almost an impossibility. Fleas were everywhere. The air scintillated with their blackness. The comrades roared with anger and pain, while some, whose vocabulary was larger, used such loud curses that the air was blue. Fleas, fleas, fleas, that was the cry everywhere. Those who drank whiskey tried, when they could get it, to drink themselves into insensibility to the bite of the little pests; those who were temperance men tried other things. One comrade says: "I have in desperation made a bag just long enough to get into, feet first, sewed up the seams double

tight, and when I turn in at night I can get the bulge on the fleas, just as long as I can keep the bag gathered tight round the neck, but when I fall asleep and the bag slacks up round the neck the fleas rush in and then—no more sleep. But I am going to lace the bag up at the neck, and either get choked or give it up.”

Comrade Charles Hotchkiss gives a picture of camp life at Beaufort in a letter to his sister, under date May 30, 1863, in which he pays a tribute to the intelligence of the horses and also confesses to his own indulgence in blackberries. He writes:

“I have had to quit eating blackberries, my stomach has refused to receive any more; it is utterly demoralized on blackberries, so I shall have to refuse them for a few days.

“I was hunting for a spring on the shore, abreast of camp yesterday, at low tide, when I came across a tremendous eel. After some trouble I managed to get him out of the mud and secure him. He weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; niggers call it a silver eel. You had better believe it was good. And to-day several of the men have gone after some, but I guess they will find them scarce.

“You say you would not like to stay down here very long; well, I think you could enjoy yourself very much. There are several young ladies here now; Rev. Dr. Peck has two daughters here, and frequently we see some of them out riding horseback. This is a great place for horses, owing to so much artillery and cavalry here.

“Our boys have the privilege of exercising horses after retreat now, and from 50 to 100 of our horses are out every evening; all must be back before dark.

“Our horses are in splendid condition; get oats or corn three times per day and plenty of hay; we use about six tons of hay per week and about 30 bushels of oats daily.

“Morning and evening at stable call they are led out by their drivers, watered, curried, brushed and rubbed down for 40 minutes; then led in and fed. They have very little to do, except the team horses, and are as sleek, glossy, fat and clean as any nabob's team of carriage horses.

“They know the bugle calls, and when stable call blows they know and show very plainly they are ready for their cleaning and feed. And while

on drill an order is given they almost know just what it is and at the word 'March' will jump with a will. They are used to firing and don't mind it at all; they will ride right up to a cannon without flinching.

"They all know what the word 'Fire' means, and whether we fire or not will throw up their heads a little, although they don't move otherwise."

Another incident is often recalled by the comrades concerning life in Beaufort. In some of the larger houses there were cisterns built in the basement and cellars to catch and store rain water. These cisterns were about ten or twelve feet deep, built oval or round shape with a diameter of fifteen or twenty feet. The ordinary well water in Beaufort was hard, so rain water was relied on for washing clothes and bathing purposes by the well-to-do citizens. Soldiers, ever on the alert for something good to eat or drink, never allowed a corner escape their vigilant eyes, so the cisterns, capped and half full of water and therefore most unlikely hiding places for food, were thought of and placed on the list of possibilities and an investigation was commenced. Cisterns were opened, ladders put down and the soldiers crawled into the cisterns and commenced fishing around after anything that they might find. In the bottom mud had gathered in some cases two feet deep, washed from the dusty roofs. Into this mud the comrades pushed their arms and worked about with their feet and with sticks. Their vigilance was rewarded, not by the finding of any food, but buried in the mud at the bottom of some of the cisterns were some of the choicest wines ever manufactured. Dozens of bottles of the finest claret and white wine were fished out and brought to the surface. The good news spread quickly and a rush was made for cisterns equal to the excitement produced by the discovery of new gold fields.

Comrade Fairfield Cook, of Guilford, died in camp very suddenly on June 19, 1863, and was buried with military honors on the next evening at 5 o'clock. His body was inclosed in a neat casket and placed on a caisson covered with the Stars and Stripes and escorted to the grave by the First Regiment Band, eight bearers and a corporal in command, a centre section gun and followed by Capt. Rockwell and Lieut. Clinton mounted.

After the funeral a few of the comrades met and organized a Burial Association, having for its object the purchasing of a metallic coffin and the

transportation of the body of any comrade who should die in camp to his former home.

As the month of June neared its end the comrades talked much about the coming Independence Day and felt that it ought to be celebrated in good style. It was conceded that if it was so celebrated the funds would have to be provided by the men themselves, so each section set to work to see how much could be raised for a section dinner. One section subscribed forty dollars and the other sections were not far short of that amount. Each section was to manage its own celebration, and so there could be a diversity of menus and each could provide as it liked. A committee was formed in each section to arrange the menu and purchase the food, engage cooks and erect tables. The members of the committees obtained leave to go out into the country in search of chickens, eggs and other good things, and the widest latitude was permitted.

On the morning of the Fourth the comrades attended the exercises arranged by the 52d Pennsylvania Regiment. After a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Geist, a major read the Declaration of Independence and Col. Dodge made a short address as president of the assemblage. A very eloquent oration was delivered by Col. Higginson, in which he raised the enthusiasm of the soldiers by his patriotic eulogy of the Flag, the Nation, and his passionate declaration that "the Nation founded by Washington must be preserved even though it necessitated the shedding of rivers of blood." After the exercises were over various sports were indulged in, such as sack racing, foot racing, jumping and other athletic games. Prizes were given by the regiment, and Comrade Patrick Shields, of Meriden, carried two trophies back to the Battery which he had won in the sports.

At 3 o'clock dinner was served and an excellent bill of fare provided by each company. Capt. Rockwell visited each table and proposed a toast in honor of each section. Three cheers were given for the President of the United States, for Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, for the First Light Battery, and for the gallant Captain who was endearing himself to the comrades more every day. Comrade Mark Hall was the special cook of the left section for the Independence Day dinner, and he intended that his dinner should excel all others. Among the good things he provided was a very large chicken pie that should bring to the minds

of the comrades pleasant remembrances of home. He made the pie and kept the knowledge of it to himself and a few chosen comrades. When the Captain visited the left section the pie was placed in front of him, and Comrade Mark Hall, with a great deal of pride, commenced to carve the pie. One after another the comrades dropped their knives and forks and declared they had no appetite for chicken pie. Poor Comrade Hall looked distressed. He soon found out that the cause of the failure of the pie was that he had neglected to cut a hole in the crust, so when the pie cooled the contents turned sour. Who will ever forget Comrade Hall's countenance on that occasion? Do any remember what he said? His intentions had been good, but a slight forgetfulness had spoiled everything.

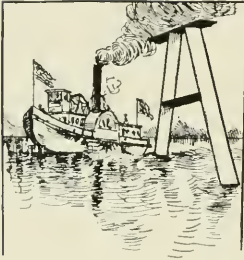
Before the dinner was over the rumor reached the Battery that the order to break camp would most likely be given that night and on the morrow the comrades might be on their way to Virginia.



A HASTY SUPPER ON PICKET.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PON PON RIVER EXPEDITION.



VERY important expedition was being discussed, and from the constant interviews between Capt. Rockwell and Col. William W. H. Davis, commanding the Post at Beaufort, it was evident that the First Light Battery would be called upon to join in the contemplated movement.

Capt. Rockwell called the non-commissioned officers together and asked for volunteers to take charge of a squad of negro soldiers which were to be sent on a secret expedition. Corp. John F. Bliss at once volunteered, and, being one of the best gunners in the Battery, was accepted and put in command of a company of colored soldiers selected from Col. Higginson's 1st South Carolina Regiment, stationed on the steamer Enoch Dean, which was armed with two rifled Parrot guns, one at the bow, the other at the stern. Corp. Bliss went on board and reported to Col. Higginson. He still wore his Corporal stripes when he took command of the darky squad, but Col. Higginson brought him a blouse with a lieutenant's shoulder straps on and told him to wear it. When Corp. Bliss put on the blouse the Colonel said:

“Now they will think you are a Lieutenant. As a Corporal they might not fear or respect you, but now you are all right.”

Comrade Bliss drilled the negroes until they loaded and fired the gun fairly well.

The right section of the Battery, Lieut. Clinton in command, was ordered on board the steam tug Governor Milton, which had been captured in Florida at the time of the St. John's Bluff expedition.

While the steamers were waiting at the dock for orders to sail, "Sod" Blatchley touched Comrade William Fowler on the arm and suggested that as they were going on an expedition, the duration of which none could tell, it would be well if they purchased some extra provisions.

"You know my reputation, Bill, is such that they will not give me permission," said Blatchley, "but if you apply for a permit you can get it, and the Captain will let me go with you."

Comrade Fowler explained to Lieut. Clinton, the officer in command, what "Sod" wanted, at the same time advising the officer not to grant the request. Lieut. Clinton feeling kindly toward the big-hearted "Sod," who had but one fault, told Fowler to go with him, but to be sure to watch the steamers and when he saw a company of infantry go aboard they must return at once to the steamer. Armed with the permit the two comrades went to the stores, which were situated on a street along the water front. "Sod" did the buying while comrade Fowler watched the steamer and looked for the infantry, which, according to the officer in command, were to go aboard before the steamer would start. While Comrade Fowler was watching the Governor Milton started, but as no infantry had been seen to go aboard, the comrade thought the steamer would stop at a dock farther up the river, known as the upper dock. Fowler called to "Sod," who was inside a store buying food. The two comrades started on a run for the upper dock, but to their surprise the steamer did not stop. "Sod" and Fowler followed the steamer along the shore, around a point of land as far as a place known as Pigeon Point, about one mile and a half from the dock from which the Governor Milton started. They shouted, swung their hats and made every conceivable sign to attract attention of the captain of the steamer, hoping that he would stop and send off a small boat for them, but no attention was paid to their efforts, and, sadly disappointed, the two comrades saw the steamer go out of sight. Humiliated and crestfallen they returned to camp and reported to Capt. Rockwell. He told them to report for duty, that he thought everything would be all right. This made them feel easier in their minds, though even then Comrade Fowler felt angry at himself for allowing his good nature to get the better of his judgment in being "Sod's" mouthpiece and asking for a permit to go ashore. When the

expedition returned the two comrades were arrested for desertion and kept in the guard-house.

When an expedition was about starting for Stono Inlet, Comrade Fowler wrote a note direct to Captain Rockwell asking permission for himself and Blatchley to go with the Battery. It is a breach of discipline for a private to write a letter to the commanding officer, and generally involves punishment, but Captain Rockwell being both a good disciplinarian and humane man answered the letter and granted the request, at the same time calling Comrade Fowler's attention to the fact that it was an unusual and irregular proceeding for a commanding officer to entertain a request from a private direct, but as Comrade Fowler's conduct had always been so exceptionally good, he granted the request. This was a very welcome reward for good conduct. The comrades were released and reported for duty, going with the expedition. Nothing further was done about the order of arrest for desertion.

Comrade Fowler has always wondered by whose order he was arrested on that occasion. About twenty years afterwards he met both commanders together at his store on Broadway, New York, and in a friendly way said that he had always been curious to know by whose order he had been arrested. Neither could remember the incident, and Comrade Fowler is still in ignorance about the strange occurrence. A very remarkable thing which happened on the Governor Milton impressed the matter more strongly on the mind of the comrade. A soldier who stood on the deck at the post Comrade Fowler would have occupied had he not missed the boat, was shot, his life-blood spurting over Fowler's knapsack and blanket which lay at his feet on the deck just where Fowler had left them when he went ashore with "Sod."

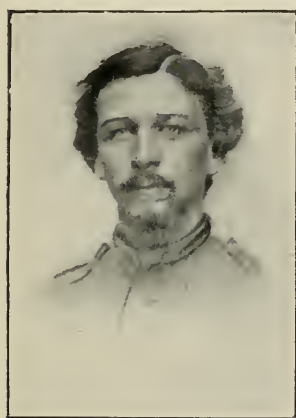
The expedition was under the command of Col. Higginson of the 1st South Carolina Colored Infantry, who originated it with a two-fold purpose, one to destroy the railroad between Charleston and Savannah to prevent reinforcements being sent to the former city, and the other to gather in a number of colored men as recruits.

Col. Higginson, in his official report, says the expedition was sanctioned by Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton and Gen. Gillmore. The expedition left Beaufort on the afternoon of the 9th of July, 1863, with the armed double-end

ferryboat John Adams, the transport Enoch Dean, and the small steamer Governor Milton. The force consisted of two hundred and fifty of the South Carolina Regiment and the right section of the First Connecticut Battery, under command of Lieutenant Clinton.

The three steamers were convoyed through the Sound by the gunboat Kingfisher as far as Willtown Bluff, from which place the Confederates fired on the expedition as soon as it was first sighted, but the gunboat quickly silenced the land battery.

“By 4 o'clock the next morning,” says Colonel Higginson in his report, “we anchored before Willtown, twenty miles up the river, and engaged a three-gun field battery there stationed. After three shots they ceased firing, and, landing with Lieutenant James B. West and thirty men,



JOHN H. MERWIN,
of Milford.

Enlisted Oct. 20, 1861; mustered in Corporal Nov. 2, 1861; Promoted Sergeant Feb. 15, 1863. Discharged Nov. 2, 1864; time expired.

I took possession of the bluff, where the clothing, equipments, and breakfast fires left behind betrayed a very hasty departure. This bluff affords the key to the river, and we held it all day, until sunset, though with constant skirmishing between my pickets and those of the enemy.”

Comrades Huntington and John Merwin went ashore in an old dug-out and were rewarded by finding a chaplain's tent wide open and deserted. “We lifted an artillery bucket full of ripe tomatoes; Plutarch's Lives; a pair of spurs and a guitar,” says Comrade Huntington, “all of which are still in my family except the tomatoes which disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.”

Lieutenant Thomas. G. White, commanding the Palmetto Battalion, S. C. Light Artillery, Confederate Army, thus describes the first skirmish and abandonment of the position referred to by Col. Higginson:

“I have the honor to state that on the morning of Thursday, July 10th instant, I was aroused at daylight by the sergeant of my section of Schulz's battery, stationed at Willtown Bluff with the information that the enemy's boats had approached, under cover of a dense fog overhanging the river, to the obstructions, distant about 800 yards from my position. I immediately

harnessed up my horses and prepared one of my guns, the nearest to the enemy, for action. At 4.45 o'clock I fired the first gun at the smallest of the enemy's steamers nearest land, situated then up to the obstructions, and apparently on and over them. A column of the enemy numbering about 150, composed of negroes and white men, was seen advancing up the causeway by file at long intervals, and was then within 300 yards of the side road leading to the rear of my position. At this stage a friction-primer became impacted in the vent of the piece, rendering it unfit for immediate service; the enemy in the meantime kept up an incessant firing of shot, shell and grape. I ordered this gun to withdraw out of range, and repaired to the other, to my right and in battery, and found that a ball had been forced into it without a cartridge. Under these circumstances, and having no support of infantry or cavalry, excepting seven vedettes, I thought it prudent to withdraw the section beyond the risk of the flankers."

Lieutenant White admits that he had great difficulty in escaping capture, having remained behind to watch the operations of the Unionists.

Colonel Higginson found, as he had expected, a row of piles across the river at Willtown, and a prisoner captured on the bluff told him that the river was full of torpedoes. None, however, appeared and the able engineering of Captain Charles T. Trowbridge in three hours effected a passage for the two smallest vessels.

At first the John Adams attempted to pull up the piles by means of a hawser and capstan, but that failed, and then at the suggestion of Captain Trowbridge a circular saw was rigged up below the steamer's keel and worked from the end of the John Adams by pulleys and ropes, thus sawing off the piles low enough to allow the light draught steamers to pass over them at high tide. The work was necessarily slow but successful.

Captain Trowbridge knew the river thoroughly. He, indeed, had planned the expedition, for it was based on his report, he having spent many days in that section as a spy. In that capacity Captain Trowbridge worked his way up the river at night in a small boat, hiding in the daytime in the bushes and marshes, making landings, soundings, and drawing complete plans of the surrounding country and channels, obstructions, etc., during the dark nights.

His adventures were of the most marvelous nature and oft-times he

was in great danger of capture. He well knew that capture meant an ignominious death by being hanged as a spy, but he took the risk and came off triumphant. There may be something repugnant to the mind in the word "spy," but those who undertake the duty are the very bravest and often the most patriotic of men. To be successful it requires the coolest courage, the clearest head and the quickest wit of any military duty. He recognizes no distinctions of rank, but must penetrate even into the presence of the commanding general; he passes the enemy's lines, sits at the camp fire, talks with the privates and is "hail fellow well met" with the officers; he must be a gentleman in education and refinement, and yet must play the part of the innocent peasant, the greenhorn, the tender-foot; he must be German, or Irish, Georgian or Kentuckian; he must be able to speak in the dialect of the district as fluently as he can converse with the educated man in English. If he falls, no friendly heart can ever tell where; his grave is nameless; his memory, if he dies by the hangman's rope, one of ignominy and detestation, and yet victory could never come in a well-planned war were it not for the work of the spies. Among the bravest and best it is no reflection on the others to mention Captain Trowbridge.

The small steamer Governor Milton drew only eighteen inches of water when empty and not more than three feet when fully loaded, and was, therefore, well adapted for navigating such a river as the Pon Pon. She had one gun at the bow and another at the stern, giving her the appearance of a small gunboat. To support the battery Major Strong was ordered on board the Governor Milton with one company of the 1st South Carolina Colored Regiment. No one knew the destination of the expedition until Capt. Trowbridge directed the Milton and Dean to proceed up the Pon Pon River.

The Enoch Dean was the first boat up the river. After passing the piling at high water, they sailed slowly up the winding river, firing at every building in sight, or wherever there were any signs of life.

It seemed as though no opposition was to be offered, for a distance of two miles was traversed without further interruption. It may be that the rice fields on each side were indefensible or that the Confederates knew that when the tide went out the Enoch Dean would run aground and stick fast in the mud, when it would be comparatively easy to capture her.

The tide fell rapidly, and without warning the Enoch Dean did stick fast in the mud, all efforts to get her off being fruitless.

The Governor Milton, seeing the Enoch Dean aground, ran ahead and passed up the river without drawing the enemy's fire, until swinging around a sharp bend in the river a masked battery fired into the Milton, raking her fore and aft. A shell burst in front of the engineer, killing him instantly by driving a piece of iron through his body, and slightly disabling some portion of the machinery controlling the steam. It knocked a piece off the port cylinder head and crashed through the deck. The battery returned the fire, aiming at the place whence the smoke came, as the guns could not be seen. Comrade William D. Shepard, who had been an engineer on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad prior to enlisting, performed a deed of heroism which ought to be ever remembered by the people of his State and Nation. When the engineer was killed, Comrade Shepard took his place and managed to work the valve which controlled the steam, reversing the engine and backing the Milton down the stream. The work was one of the greatest difficulty and the comrade felt the flesh burning from his hands and dropping to the floor of the engine room, still he never wavered, but, like a true hero, thought more of his comrades than he did of his own life.

Lieut. Clinton, recalling that expedition, said: "The forward or bow gun was engaged all the time we were under fire from the masked battery of the enemy. The range was close. Comrade Merwin, I believe, worked this gun. The limber chest was on the deck and very near the gun and there was great danger of its explosion from the fire of our gun. I stood by the limber, opening and closing it as quickly as possible. I cannot recall how many rounds were fired, but a great many. It was a hot time for the boys, I assure you, and each and every one of them stood unflinchingly, and providentially, no casualties to our men occurred."

The Milton backed down the stream to a wider part, where she was able to turn round and reach the place where the Enoch Dean was still aground. When the Milton swung round the stern gun commenced firing, keeping it up until the Milton was out of the range of the enemy.

As the Milton passed down the crooked river the enemy followed and continued to fire until the Milton's stern gun dismounted one of his pieces,

killing some of his men. But the Milton gun was rendered powerless by the giving way of the deck from the recoil of the gun.

In the meantime the enemy was paying his respects to the Enoch Dean, which was still aground. The Confederates began to fire on her at a range of less than two hundred yards, from a six-gun field battery. Shot and shell poured over and round her, striking her fifteen or sixteen times, making the splinters fly in every direction. Fortunately no shots struck below the water line or hit any of the machinery. An anchor was then thrown out, and by means of the capstan the boat was hauled backwards off the mud bank and slowly backed down the stream, her deck being knocked into splinters by the Confederate guns.



JOHN F. BLISS,
of Hebron.

Enlisted Oct. 5, 1861; mustered
Corporal Oct. 26, 1861; discharged
Oct. 26, 1864, time expired.

Corporal Bliss kept his guns at work replying to the enemy's fire. Being the only officer on the boat who knew how to sight and handle artillery he was kept running from bow to stern of the Enoch Dean, sighting the guns and giving orders to fire as fast as they could be loaded. In this manner Comrade Bliss fired between forty and fifty shots, which kept the enemy from rushing too boldly into the range of his guns.

The men who had landed early in the morning had gone to the Morris Rice Mills, which they set on fire, the negroes taking everything of value from the house, even carrying away bedding, furniture and musical instruments. One of the comrades of the Light Battery often played sweet music on a guitar which had formerly belonged to Mr. Morris.

The river channel was narrow, but on either side was a rice swamp which gave it the appearance of being quite wide and easily navigated at high tide. When the Dean passed up the river the darky slaves, mostly women and children, approached the landings with their bedding, clothes and household articles on their heads, pleading to be taken on board. Colonel Higginson listened to their prayers and consented. When the Confederates opened fire on the steamer the negroes were terribly frightened, running from bow to stern of the boat praying, screaming, crying and shouting:

"Lordy, Gody, massa, don't let 'em kill us." For a few minutes it was a veritable black panic and all thought they would be captured.

This was one of the first engagements in which negroes were put to the front; the prejudice against using negro troops was at fever heat, both armies hated them. The Confederates threatened to shoot everyone they caught wearing the Yankee uniform, and the Unionists ridiculed and in many cases refused to serve beside them or in the same brigades. This feeling made Corporal Bliss both afraid and ashamed to be taken prisoner, for it was humiliating to be caught fighting with a lot of "niggers." It was generally believed that a white officer would be shot as a negro if in command of a colored company, or be treated in some outrageous and degrading manner. Corporal Bliss says that many times he wished he was with his own Battery. "I wouldn't have minded being taken prisoner with my own Battery," he says, "but to be gobbled up with a lot of 'niggers' was galling. The very contemplation of a hell of horrors was a picnic compared with the prospect of being taken prisoner in such company." Corporal Bliss was an officer commanding a battery on corporal's pay. "I got the name without the game," he often laughingly remarks.

When the Confederates were firing into the Milton the comrades lay down behind the taffrail, and the colored troops with every shot that was fired ran from one end of the boat to the other crying out "Lor' a Gody massa! Lor' a Gody, massa!"

When the first shot was fired Major Strong, who was in command of the colored company, lowered a small boat and pulled to the Enoch Dean saying to Lieut. Clinton that he was going to report to Col. Higginson and would soon return. He did not return, however, to the Milton, so Lieut. Clinton was left in full command of the colored company and the battery.

Although the pilot, a white man, was heavily barricaded, to protect him from being shot, he was frightened and panic stricken, and in his nervousness missed the channel and ran the Milton on the top of the piling instead of through the channel opened by the John Adams. The Enoch Dean saw the catastrophe and pulled the Governor Milton off the piles, but the pilot again ran her on, and this time she was so rammed in between the piles that the Enoch Dean could not move her. "If we had stayed until low water," says Comrade Huntington, "we should have resembled a weather-vane on a

church steeple." The captain of the John Adams seeing the Milton's trouble steamed up to her to give aid, but the enemy opened so vigorously on the two steamers and the tide was going out so rapidly that, fearing his boat might get stuck on the dangerous obstruction, he endeavored to get away without taking the soldiers from the Milton. Lieut. Clinton, always equal to any emergency, ordered a line thrown around the capstan of the John Adams, and held there until all his men got aboard, threatening to shoot anyone who should attempt to throw the line off while his men were getting aboard.

When the Lieutenant saw that he could not save the steamer he ordered one gun to be run overboard, the other gun he spiked by inserting an inverted shell in it. Subsequently a notice in a Richmond paper claimed that Gen. Beauregard raised both guns and exhibited them as captured trophies.



HENRY M. HUNTINGTON,
of Milford.

Enlisted Nov. 10, 1861; mustered Corporal same day; discharged Nov. 10, 1864; time expired.

The official report of the Confederate Colonel Aiken, in command, differs from the statement made about Beauregard raising the guns, for he reports: "From the wreck of the steamer destroyed we took two brass rifled six-pounders, with carriages, etc., uninjured and in good order."

By this report it appears that the gun thrown overboard from the Milton was recovered at once by the enemy, together with the one spiked by Lieutenant Clinton.

When all the soldiers from the Milton were on board the John Adams, that steamer backed down about a hundred yards, and Lieut. Clinton ordered Corp. Huntington to take a squad of men in a small boat and row against the tide to the deserted Governor Milton and set her on fire. The brave Corporal did not relish the work; he knew it was a kind of forlorn hope, full of danger and with scarcely a chance of escape, but he obeyed the order promptly, did his work well, and returned with his squad safely to the John Adams.

Col. Higginson, in his official report, does not mention the loss of the guns.

“Descending the river the Dean had another fight with her old enemies, apparently reinforced,” he writes, “who shelled us very severely from a point near Willtown. We passed the piles successfully, but regretted to find the Milton aground upon them. The John Adams tried in vain to pull her off, and the officers on board were reluctantly compelled to abandon her, as the tide was falling rapidly. I was drawing in the pickets and taking them on board the Dean when this decision was made, and when informed of it it was too late for me to do anything but order the little vessel to be set on fire, which was accordingly done, the few men—small force—on board having been safely removed.”

The Confederates claim that the Milton was fired by one of their shells. Col. Aiken, commanding the 6th South Carolina Cavalry, reports:

“Two gunboats were intercepted by a section of the Washington Artillery, under Lieut. S. G. Horsey, and by them driven back. Before their return a section of the Marion Artillery, Lieut. Robert Murdoch, commanding, had arrived, and was ordered to join the Chesnut Battery at Gibbes' Farm. These men deserve special mention for their conduct, and to their guns is attributable the destruction of one of the enemy's gunboats. It was set on fire by a shell and burned to the water's edge.”

Lieut. Thomas G. White, commanding Company F, Palmetto Battery, Light Artillery, reports:

“We took up our position at Gibbes' place, in company with a section of the Marion Artillery, under Lieut. Murdoch, and there I believe we inflicted serious damage to the two boats returning, as several shots were seen to strike them both. These two got away, however, after leaving the third and smallest aground and afire on the obstructions below Willtown Bluff.”

During one of the engagements Col. Higginson was hit by a splinter and knocked down, stunned. He soon recovered and was able to continue in command.

Comrade Hotchkiss has left on record a very interesting story of the expedition. He says that when the Milton got on the piles the John Adams and Enoch Dean were quite a distance down the river. “We shouted to them,” he writes, “but they still kept on, and I made up my mind we should be gobbled up by the rebs. I saw Capt. Trowbridge rush

aft on the Adams and heard him exclaim to Col. Higginson, who was in command of the whole, 'For God's sake, Colonel, are you going to leave those boys to be captured?' Then the John Adams reversed her engines and came to us. She threw a hawser and tried to pull us off, but only got us more firmly fixed on the piles, the hawser breaking. She then backed up near enough for us to throw a plank aboard, and we were soon on the deck of the Adams, including the body of our engineer. But we could not get our two guns off, and so we dumped them overboard. We could not act differently. The Adams would not wait, so over they went, and some of us cried over their loss. The pitch pine taken to burn the railroad bridge was set fire to and we left her to destruction."



A CONTRABAND.

While the John Adams lay off the Morris dock a number of negroes, contrabands, as Gen. Benjamin Butler had named them, were taken on board. One family, consisting of a man, wife and sister with several geese and some chickens, came along side in a dug out, which capsized. The three persons threw up their arms and appeared to be drowning as they sank from sight. In a few minutes the women were fished up and began wailing and sobbing over the drowning of their husband and brother. The crying became almost unendurable when it was interrupted by the appearance of the man, who had been taken out of the water on the other side of the boat. The wailing turned to laughing, and hysterically all three joined in a noisy reunion worth seeing and hearing.

Comrade Henry Smith was sent ashore to bury the engineer at Willtown Bluff, where his body still lies.

While the boats had been sailing up the river they were hailed by the slaves, who wanted to get on board; some plunged into the river and swam to the boats and were taken on board. One fine-looking mulatto lad as soon as he got on board began to make himself useful carrying ammunition for the guns and in other ways. He sat down to rest for a minute, when a piece of shell struck him, taking off one of his legs. Two slaves, a man and woman, attempted to get freedom by reaching the boats in a flat

bottomed square-end row boat, called a batteau. In their excitement as the shells were bursting over their heads, the batteau went over and both were drowned.

Col. Aiken in his report speaks of the negroes being taken on board the Unionist boats in very strong terms:

“The enemy burned the mill of Col. Morris, and in their despoliation upon the residences at Willtown left unmistakable evidence of their despicable character as a set of thieves and marauders. They took off about 120 to 130 negroes.”

A comrade who was one of those transferred to the John Adams says: “There was an upper deck over the driveways on the Adams, and while she lay at the Morris Landing the darkies from all quarters came aboard loaded down with their household goods, bedding, etc., as much as each one could carry, and they were stowed away on those upper decks until there was no room for more.

“The enemy opened on us from any point of land that came down near the river, but they did no damage, until we were four miles below the Morris place. There the high ground reached the river and they had a clear sweep of the river for over a mile. When we came round a bend and in full view of the Confederates they were prepared for us. Our Battery boys took charge of the two Parrot guns. I prepared the ammunition as fast as they called for it, from a small room in front of the starboard wheel. The Adams was leading and we had to pass quite close to their guns before we could reach a bend of the river where we could get cover. It was a lively artillery duel, their shot tore through the Adams, wounding a good many darkies on the upper deck, but most of their shot went too high and were solid. We went round that point all steam on, with the Dean under our lee.

“We escaped, and after one more artillery duel at a longer range we finally got into the Sound, after sundown, and under cover of one of our gunboats, where we anchored.

“The result of the expedition can be easily summed up. We destroyed a few hundred bushels of rice, burned the mill, captured a lieutenant and two men, brought off some two hundred contrabands with their baggage,

lost two men and had several wounded. I got a hundred pound note of 1776 and other Continental money from the Morris house."

Corporal Bliss says that when the Enoch Dean dropped down the stream and was under the protection of the gunboat Kingfisher he breathed easier than he had done while he, a Corporal, was acting Lieutenant commanding a battery. "I was devoutly thankful," he says, "and vowed that if ever I reached my company in safety I would never volunteer for another nigger expedition."

A few months later the prejudice against negro troops wore away and Union soldiers made up their minds that a negro's body was just as good as a white man's for stopping a bullet. The Confederate prejudice was not so easily overcome. Later some of the negro regiments proved to be good and efficient, the men brave and good fighters, notably the 54th Massachusetts under Col. Shaw, whose gallant conduct at James Island when the Connecticut Light Battery went there for the third time, and at the storming of Fort Wagner, made even Comrade Bliss acknowledge that the negro was a real good fellow after all.

A comrade speaking some years later of the expedition said he believed the "expedition was a failure owing to the long delay in removing the piles. There was no need to lose the guns, as they could have been hoisted on board the John Adams in a few minutes, but the Adams was in too great a hurry to get away. When the first shell crashed through the Governor Milton, Comrade Henry Smith skipped up and got into the captain's berth aft of the pilot house; just about as soon as he lay down a shell passed under it touching the slats. That was enough for the comrade, for he again descended to the main deck, and a three-quarter inch partition sheltered him, and he was saved." Comrade Stevens narrowly escaped drowning by the capsizing of a boat and Comrade McNary received a slight wound in the shoulder.

Col. Higginson reported that the "artillerists, both white and black, did themselves much credit, as, indeed, did all my command in all the engagements. We brought away about 200 contrabands, six bales of cotton of the best quality, and two prisoners. Both were captured by my skirmishers, with their horses and full equipments. . . . My command reports two killed (Privates July Green, Company A, and William S. Verdier

Company C) and one wounded (myself), not severely; struck by a splinter in the side. Besides these, the assistant engineer of the Milton (Mr. Mills) was killed and one contraband, name unknown; one sailor was slightly wounded in the foot, and one contraband lost a leg.

“Considering the number of shells that exploded in and near the vessels, I am surprised that the list is not larger.

“The loss of the enemy is unknown, but the prisoners stated that one of our first shots dismantled a gun and killed three men.”

Col. Aiken, in command of the Confederates, closes his report with the confession: “We probably prevented the enemy doing more than they have done, but cannot congratulate ourselves that we did not accomplish more.”

A detachment which was sent ashore from the John Adams found that the shell from the gunboats had done considerable damage in Willtown, wrecking the houses and scattering the furniture and other things in every direction. Apparently some of the natives had commenced packing a few necessary articles for a hasty flight, but were unable to take them, for partly-packed valises and boxes were found, and in some places food was on the tables ready for early breakfast.

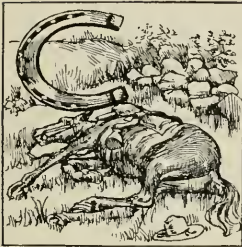
At daybreak on July 12, 1863, the John Adams and Enoch Dean steamed back to Beaufort, arriving there promptly and finding everything in a state of preparation for some expedition of great import.



DRUMMER BOYS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT AT GRIMBALL'S LANDING, JAMES ISLAND.



HARLESTON was again the point against which all the power of the Unionists in the Department of the South was to be concentrated.

“Charleston must be defended at any cost to life or property, and the people of South Carolina would prefer a repulse of the enemy with the entire city in ruins to an evacuation or surrender on any terms whatever.” This was the resolution of the people of

South Carolina in convention assembled.

The Unionists were equally determined that the city should fall.

On July 12, 1863, the First Connecticut Light Battery was called upon to take part in the third expedition against Charleston,

The Battery, now having only four guns, left Beaufort on Sunday night about 10 o'clock, loaded on an old New York ferryboat. Comrade Tallmadge says that life on that ferryboat was one of positive torture. It had to keep close to the shore, and very often the bottom of the boat grated on the sand bars and mud. “It was a case of bumpety bump, with the expectation of finding the boat going to pieces or sinking at any moment,” the comrade recalls.

Comrade Griswold writes: “There were no orders read on parade, which always give information to the enemy. One regiment and then another disappeared, and but few knew that they had gone, and only the officers knew where. Orderlies were coming and going from our camp at Beaufort all day Saturday and Sunday; in the afternoon we had orders to move at short notice, taking a transport, for where we did not know, but

next morning we found ourselves at Stono Inlet and were under the command of Gen. Terry and attached to his command. We moved up James Island with all the demonstration possible and went into camp; baggage wagons were going to and from the landing, but empty. We were called out several times before night, but had no severe fighting."

Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore, being in command of the Department of the South, was authorized from Washington to undertake the movement against Charleston, because of his success against Fort Pulaski, and of the confidence which the Secretary of War had in his ability to reduce Fort Sumter, by similar methods, in co-operation with the Navy. Gen. Gillmore was a brilliant, daring, yet careful engineer, and therefore well adapted for the work. He thus outlines his "Plan of Attack:"

"First. To make a descent upon and obtain possession of the south end of Morris Island, known to be occupied by the enemy, and in progress of being strongly fortified, offensively and defensively.

"Second. To lay siege to and reduce Fort Wagner, a heavily armed earthwork of strong plan and relief, situated near the north end of Morris Island, and distant about 2,600 yards from Fort Sumter. With Fort Wagner, the work on Cumming's Point would also fall.

"Third. From the position thus secured, to demolish Fort Sumter, and afterward co-operate with the fleet by a heavy artillery fire when it was ready to move in.

"Fourth. The monitors and ironclads to enter, remove the channel obstructions, run by the batteries on James and Sullivan's Islands, and reach the city.

"No written instructions whatever were given by the War Department, everything connected with the operations of the land forces in general and in detail being left to the judgment and discretion of the officer intrusted with the execution of the project. It was presumed that, as soon as the fleet should reach the city, the outer line of defences thus broken through would be abandoned by the enemy, for the control of Cooper and Wando Rivers by our gunboats and the operations of the land forces, which they could then aid and cover, would compel the evacuation of Sullivan's Island, after which the possession of James Island would be of but little value to the enemy."

It will be seen that Gen. Gillmore had laid his plans carefully and had

worked out all the possibilities with the same deliberation as would an expert chess player. It was not sufficient to make one move and trust to luck as to the right place to make the second; that was not Gillmore's way, he calculated all the chances and planned every move.

So far-reaching was his plan that it became evident that the real object of the Pon Pon River expedition was to deceive the enemy as to the real objective of the movement, as well as the cutting of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, in order to delay reinforcements from Savannah should the real attack be temporarily checked or prematurely divulged. Gen. Gillmore regretted that the attempt to cut the railroad "signally failed, with a loss to us of two pieces of field artillery and a small steamer, which was burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy."

Fort Wagner was a very strong earthwork, measuring on the inside six hundred and thirty feet from the east to west, and two hundred and seventy-five feet from north to south. It had a bomb-proof magazine, and a heavy traverse protecting the guns from any possible attack from the land side. Behind the sea face was a well-constructed bomb-proof, into which no shot ever penetrated. The land face was constructed with re-entering angles, so that the approaches could all be swept by cross fire, and the work was surrounded by a ditch filled with water, in which was a line of boarding pikes fastened together with interlaced wire, and there were also pickets at the front of the fort with interwoven wire a slight distance above the ground, to impede the steps of any assaulting force. It has often been described by engineering authorities as the most perfect and elaborate fort constructed during the war. It was designed and constructed by Capt. Cleves, who was killed by one of the very first shells fired at it.

The northerly end of Folly Island was separated from Morris Island by the narrow strip of water known as Light House Inlet, and was thickly covered with a dense growth of small trees and brush. Gen. Vogdes commanded on Folly Island, and with rare ability and skill succeeded in erecting some formidable batteries and placing the guns without the enemy discovering what he was doing. The work was done chiefly at night, and the men worked in perfect silence. During the night of July 10 the thickets that masked these batteries were cut away, and at dawn the guns opened fire suddenly upon the most southerly works on Morris Island, while

at the same time the fleet, commanded by Admiral Dahlgren, who had succeeded Admiral Du Pont, opened fire upon Fort Wagner. Under cover of this fire the troops were landed, and the earthworks at that end of the island quickly taken. The day was intensely hot, and so the attack on Fort Wagner was postponed until the next morning, when it proved a failure.

Capt. Rockwell, speaking of this movement, says: "The surprise was so complete and the attack so little expected that the enemy had made no attempt to strengthen the very feeble garrisons of their works. The secrecy with which the batteries on Folly Island had been built contributed more than any one circumstance to the ease and quickness with which the enemy's works were taken. The taking of them was brilliantly done. The great mistake was that this success was not followed up by an assault of Fort Wagner *that very day*. The Confederate records show that the garrison of Wagner was very small and was demoralized by our success. There is hardly a question that we could and should have taken Wagner that day. That night the enemy threw a large number of men into Wagner, and these reinforcements decided the battle of the next morning. I have always felt that the delay of the assault was worse than a blunder. Gen. Gillmore should have had an ample force on Folly Island all ready, and have poured them on to Morris Island. They would have swept everything before them.

"I have it from a Confederate officer, who was often in Wagner during the siege, that Wagner was not nearly as strong on July the 10th as it afterwards was made. Gen. Gillmore was an excellent engineer, but not a good commander of troops in the field."

On July 11th the 7th Connecticut was to lead the charge, supported by the 76th Pennsylvania and the 9th Maine. A bayonet charge was contemplated, and Gen. Gillmore was certain that it would be successful. Very early on the morning of the 11th, almost before the sun rose, these regiments silently moved forward, drove in the enemy's pickets, and, with a cheer, rushed into the ditch and right up to the parapet, but the foe was stubborn and composed of men who were prepared to sell their lives dearly. They poured grape and canister into the ranks of the Unionists, and the 9th Maine staggered, wavered and then fell back demoralized. The 76th Pennsylvania held its ground, but the odds were too great and with almost

breaking hearts the regiment had to retire. The 6th Connecticut remained in the rifle pits before Fort Wagner all night, keeping a sharp look-out for any attempted action on the part of the enemy. The rain fell in torrents, but not a man flinched.

In order to draw the attention of the enemy away from Morris Island a strong force, under command of Gen. Alfred H. Terry, landed on James Island, and on the afternoon of the 10th of July, 1863, made a movement forward of about a mile and a half up the island, with the Pawnee under way and shelling the woods in advance. The fire of the vessel was directed from the shore, the nature of the country not admitting of accuracy of fire from the decks without signals. About dark, the outpost being established on shore, the Pawnee moved up to Wright's Landing and anchored.

It was at this crisis that the First Connecticut Light Battery was ordered to James Island to co-operate with the force under Gen. Terry.

When the Battery was off Hilton Head the *Cosmopolitan* came alongside with 250 wounded soldiers on board, men who had been disabled on Folly and Morris Islands. Many of them were Confederates. Some were so badly wounded that they prayed to be shot, and so put out of their misery. Comrades shuddered as they realized that war was so terrible, but they did not shrink, because they were fighting for the country Washington had founded, and what their fathers had bled and died to establish they were not going to allow to be ruined and destroyed.

The Battery arrived at James Island about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and landed three hours later, getting into camp at 9 o'clock, near Grimball's Landing.

The next day the camp was moved nearer Charleston, and for two days settled down to all the comforts which could be obtained amid the heat and drenching rain, the flies, fleas and mosquitoes.

As soon as the Battery was established on the Island, Gen. Terry sent for Capt. Rockwell, and informed him that the movement on James Island was intended as a demonstration only to lead the enemy to believe that the attack upon Charleston was to be by the James Island route, that he intended the enemy should attack him, and that it was expected an attack might be made any morning at daybreak. Gen. Terry went with Capt. Rockwell and pointed out the ground where the line of battle would be

formed, indicating the exact position to be occupied by the battery in a gap in the line. Orders were given for the horses to remain harnessed all night.

At half-past four on the morning of the 16th of July, 1863, the enemy opened fire on the gunboat Pawnee from a battery of fourteen guns, which had been placed in the night. The position of the enemy's battery was such that the Pawnee could not get her guns to bear on it, and before the cable could be slipped and a new position taken the boat was struck 39 times.

Comrade William Fowler was troubled with insomnia. He was in the habit of walking about the camp at night when sleep would not come to his tired body. In more than one instance this sleeplessness was of the greatest service to the Battery, and once, at least, to the Union army. On the night when the Confederates opened on the Pawnee, Fowler says he was wandering about wooing sleep when the noise of the guns reached him. He assisted the sentinels in giving the alarm, and as the comrades had been ordered to sleep with arms and equipments on, the men were ready to start as soon as the order rang out:

“Boots and Saddles.”

The enemy's battery was hidden by a hedge which skirted the edge of the woods, so it could only be located by the smoke as each shot was fired.

Gen. Alfred H. Terry says: “My troops were speedily under arms, and as soon as the pickets were in, I opened on the enemy from Rockwell's battery and the armed transports *Mayflower* and *John Adams*. The naval vessels also opened a most effective fire upon my left.”

The Connecticut Battery had an advantage in having been over the ground before, and therefore the range was a matter of certainty, and the execution done by the guns was fine.

The 10th Connecticut and the 54th Massachusetts assumed their positions of support and the whole force was engaged.

The Battery double-quickened out of park about 100 yards and shelled the woods, firing so rapidly and accurately that the officers' hearts beat with pride. The enemy moved out of the shelter of the woods into the open field and got into shorter range, when the order was given to fire canister. As rapidly as the guns could be worked the death-dealing canister wrought havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

The Battery had only time to get the guns just outside of camp when the enemy fired the first shots from behind the hedge. One round shot struck the cook's tent, upsetting the coffee kettle and making the ashes fly in every direction. This erratic shot after striking, ricocheted into a cedar tree tearing off a limb as large as a man's leg; it then rolled a short distance in the sand, and was picked up by Comrade Mark Hall, polished as bright and smooth as a mirror, and glistening like a diamond, through the friction of the sand.

Comrade Emery Norwood was a short, thick-set man, who had allowed himself to drift into a habit of swearing about everything that did not seem to go exactly as he wished, but his profanity lost half its force by the half-joking manner in which he spoke. He was cooking his breakfast when the shot put out his fire and upset his coffee-kettle. For once he swore in such earnest that there was no mistaking his anger and the "Johnnies" would have fared badly if they had been within reach.

Several shells passed over the guns and exploded in the park, wounding the off-wheel horses on the three right caissons so badly that they had to be killed. Another shell passed through the hospital tent, narrowly escaping some of the sick and giving them a bad scare.

In speaking of the killing of the three horses, a comrade says that undoubtedly one horse was killed by the concussion, for the horse, though not struck, died in about fifteen minutes. The shot struck the horse's saddle, passed through the head of the second horse and shot off the nose of the third.

Mark Hall says: "One of the horses showed unusual sagacity. It had been wounded by a shot grazing its nose, and making a nasty semi-circular wound. Knowing its driver's tent, which I shared, the intelligent animal ran to it, and when I pushed aside the flap, the horse exhibited its bleeding nose, asking, as well as a dumb animal could, to have its wound dressed."

The enemy advanced four regiments of infantry accompanied by artillery, upon the right of the Union line, driving in the outposts and supports and opening a severe fire from their guns.

The enemy's force numbered 9,000 infantry, one light battery and about 200 cavalry, when it advanced at 5 o'clock that morning on Gen. Terry. At ten minutes past seven the enemy was in full retreat toward

Secessionville, having been defeated with considerable loss. The cross fire of the gunboats on the enemy proved more than they could stand, and, as a comrade says: "The enemy started pell-mell, artillery, cavalry and infantry, for the causeway that led into the woods, and knowing the ground full well we gave them spherical case rapidly, every shell opening a space in their ranks."

While Comrade John E. Albro was moving a load of ammunition out of the range of the enemy's battery, concealed in the bushes on the north side of James Island, a piece of shell struck and wounded him in both arms, though, fortunately, not seriously.



JOHN E. ALBRO,
of East Windsor.

Enlisted Oct 10, 1861; mustered in as Wagoner Nov. 14, '61; wounded July 16, 1863, at James Island, S. C. Re-enlisted Veteran Dec 26, 1863; mustered out June 11, 1865.

In recalling this battle Capt. Rockwell says: "The caissons were ordered to remain in park while the guns moved forward to the position assigned to the Battery. One of Gen. Terry's aides met us just as we were moving out of park, to make sure there was no delay. It must be remembered that General Terry had only between 2,000 and 3,000 men, and that our four guns were the only light artillery with him. As we were going into battery I was informed by Gen. Stevenson, commanding the brigade on our left, that our pickets had been driven in, and that he expected the enemy's skirmishers might open on us at any moment from a hedge, some three

hundred yards in our front. I immediately ordered the guns loaded with canister. The hedge was so high, that even on horseback one could not see the open, level field beyond it. After waiting, in silence and suspense, some ten minutes, perhaps, Gen. Stevenson ordered Col. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts (colored), to send forward skirmishers to the hedge to feel the enemy. These were deployed and advanced along our front, about half way to the hedge, when the first shots from the enemy's guns came flying over our heads. For a moment the situation was very trying. The guns were loaded with canister, and a line of skirmishers was across our front. Without waiting for orders I shouted to the skirmishers that we

were loaded with canister and about to fire. Our front was cleared in an instant. I remember wondering where they had disappeared to. The canister round did, of course, no execution, but the shell, that followed rapidly, certainly did some. We could only see the smoke of the enemy's light battery because of the hedge. Our guns were admirably served. The enemy's shot went mostly just over our heads; the few that struck near the guns did no damage. The only loss was from the shot that struck among the caissons in the camp. To avoid further trouble I ordered the caissons to be brought forward.

“I have frequently met, since that day, Dr. Greene, the Surgeon of the 24th Massachusetts, on our left. He never fails to recall that action, and always enlarges, in enthusiastic terms, upon the rapidity of our firing and the efficiency of the Battery. I do not think it required more than 15 to 20 minutes to silence the enemy's guns, perhaps less. After the enemy had retired, I rode forward to where the guns of their advanced section, which had done the firing, had stood. How much they had suffered I could not tell, but there were indications, in the shape of a dead horse, a bloody jacket and broken guidon of the accuracy of our fire. One of our percussion shells had struck the ground immediately under one of the guns.”

During the firing of shell by the Battery one of the cannoneers put in a cartridge and shell to be rammed down at one time, instead of separately. The mouth of the cartridge bag wedged the shell, and the combined efforts of Numbers One and Two could not get it more than half way down.

The cartridges were made by putting powder into small cloth bags, which were closed at the top by a string; this left a loose, ragged edge at the mouth of each cartridge when it was tied. In loading the piece, if the cartridge and shell were inserted at the same time, a bit of the ragged edge of the cloth was apt to get wedged between the shell and grooving of the gun, before it could be rammed home, so care had to be taken to avoid accidents of that nature, hence strict orders were given to gunners never to insert the shell and cartridge at the same time. In the eagerness and excitement of the battle, these orders were disobeyed by the cannoneer and the gun rendered for the time useless.

Capt. Rockwell immediately noticed that the gun had ceased firing

and rode up to the detachment. In a stern, commanding voice, which showed that he expected to find something serious the matter, he demanded:

“What is the matter with this piece?”

“A shell is stuck in the middle of it,” Sergeant Clark answered with a salute.

“Get the spare pole, put the entire detachment on it, and ram it down.”

Corporal Beecher saluted and informed the Captain that it was a percussion shell in the gun, and ramming it with the spare pole might cause an explosion and blow up the entire detachment. The Captain looked mad, but only exclaimed:

“The devil!”

Equal to the emergency, he ordered that some fine powder should be punched in the vent and a friction primer inserted. Then two or three lanyards were fastened together, so that Comrade Joseph Fowler, who was No. 4 on the piece, could get as far away from the gun as possible before pulling them. The lanyards were attached to the friction primer. It was expected that the gun might burst, and there was a great danger that in doing so many of the detachment might be injured, so the comrades covered, by either lying down or getting behind something. Comrade Joseph Fowler hugged the ground as close as possible as he pulled the lanyard. The gun was fired, and stood the strain remarkably well, for while it bulged a little it was not materially injured and did some accurate firing afterwards.

The 10th Connecticut had a very narrow escape of being captured. When the enemy opened fire on the Union pickets the 10th Connecticut was on the left, and had to file to the right to get into camp on account of an impassable swamp in the rear. The right of the picket line was held by the 54th Massachusetts and had it not held its position until the 10th Connecticut arrived the Confederates would have captured the 10th easily. The colored comrades received the hearty thanks of the comrades from Connecticut for their gallant conduct.

A very painful incident is told by the comrades of the treatment by the Confederates of some of the negro soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts regiment. About 40 of them were stationed on an island, or point, in the Folly River, and before they had orders to leave the enemy had cut off their retreat. The brave fellows fought nobly until more than one-half of their

number was slain, when they were compelled to surrender. As soon as they had laid down their arms they were stripped of their clothing and ordered to run the gauntlet between two lines of men, who, with clubbed muskets, beat out their brains. Only three escaped by jumping into the river and crawling along the bottom. One of the three got into the camp of the Connecticut Battery and was a startling sight to behold. He was stark naked, his body cut with oyster-shells, and blood oozing from a dozen places. The comrades made up a purse for him very quickly.

Comrade Sloan tells of the fear the Confederate prisoners had of the victors. "Six prisoners were brought through our lines," he says, "while we were drinking coffee. We asked them to have a drink, but at first they refused, fearing the coffee had been poisoned, but finally one plucked up courage to try a drink, and the others followed his example and got away with quite a lot of coffee.

"Comrade William Fowler offered one of the prisoners a fifty cent piece, telling him that he would be sent to prison, and some of the United States money would come handy to have. The man took the coin but only stared at the giver, acting as if too frightened to thank him. The Johnnies looked so lean, hungry and poorly clad that they excited the sympathy of the Battery boys, and caused them to make up a purse of silver for them amounting to several dollars. Some of the comrades divided their rations with them."

"The caisson limbers were ordered to the front, and the three whose wheel horses were shot made quite a show. I drove one limber, riding the nigh-wheel horse, and having for an off-horse one of the swing horses with the long traces."

Gen. Terry mentions the Battery in his official report in these words:

"I desire to report to the commanding General the good service of Capt. Rockwell and his Battery, and the steadiness and soldierly conduct of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment who were on duty at the outposts on the right and met the brunt of the attack."

Colonel Charlton H. Way, commanding the 54th Georgia Confederate Infantry, pays his compliments to the Battery by saying: "My command was perceived by the enemy's light batteries, which had been stationed on a

hill and apparently (in the gray of the morning) within an earthwork. A terrible fire was opened upon us from these batteries in front."

Undoubtedly Col. Way had a very vivid imagination, for the Unionists had no earthworks, but stood in the open, and there is not a natural hill upon the island.

The next night the order came to evacuate James Island. Comrade Hotchkiss, writing on the following day, thus describes the evacuation :

"The Confederates were in heavy force in front of us. Along the river banks on James Island there is a considerable number of trees and much brush. As soon as it was dark the troops came quietly from the front through the bushes, and until midnight they were pouring over the causeway to the landing at the Inlet. Our battery was kept hitched up ready to move either to the front or rear. Near midnight we were told that the 1st South Carolina Regiment was passing down. They were on picket in front of us. As they passed, General Terry and staff rode into our camp, and we knew that there was nothing between us and the enemy. General Terry ordered our battery to move out slowly, and as quietly as possible. We had to take to an open road, and if the enemy got the least idea that the troops had been withdrawn our battery would have been gobbled up sure. We passed on down the Island, but had trouble in getting over the causeway, which was lumbered up with broken wagons, hard tack in boxes, and other things. After getting over the bridge its timbers were cut and bridge destroyed, and we went into battery to protect our troops, who were being loaded on transports. The grass was high and wet with dew, so I straddled the right gun, put my blanket on the muzzle, and lay there, finding it a rather hard but cool bed. We saw nothing of the enemy until the morning, and then they did not trouble us, for our gunboats were strung along above and below the landing, and we were able to take our time to load on steamer."

While the Battery was on the John Adams the rain was falling unmercifully, and some infantry sought shelter on board. The comrade told them that there was no room on deck, but that there were a number of infantry below. "We did not tell them," said a comrade, "that those who were below had been killed in the battle. It was pitch dark, and the men lay down between the corpses and slept until daylight; when the first man awoke and

found with whom he had slept, his exclamation awoke the others, and they rushed up to the deck in a big hurry."

Capt. Rockwell says: "The evacuation of James Island had to be conducted with great care. Our force was small, the enemy's large. Gen. Terry's demonstration and our successful repulse of them had led them to believe that it was a serious move. Orders were given that camp fires should be kept burning, but no other lights allowed in the camp after taps. The night was the darkest that I can remember ever to have been out in, and the loading into the wagons and moving down to the landing at the lower end of the island was difficult and tedious. I remember that, in addition to the tents, etc., there were some ten days' supply of hay and oats transported. In loading the oats, Lieut. Metcalf and I stood for a time, one on each side of the wagon-tail, with lighted cigars, to mark where the bags of oats were to be thrown. In spite of the many obstacles, however, everything was sent to the landing before the order came to the Battery to move."

The John Adams went down to Folly Island and remained there all day. There was neither forage for the horses nor rations for the men, for through the fault of some one at the landing, the forage and rations had been placed aboard another transport by mistake. It was not until nearly noon of the next day that the comrades were able to break their fast; one comrade had been fortunate to get a cup of tea on the John Adams, for which he paid fifty cents.

Even while disembarking on the sandy shores of Folly Island the thunder of the guns could be heard telling that Gen. Gillmore was again bombarding Fort Wagner.

Early on the morning of the 18th of July, 1863, a determined assault was commenced with a force of six thousand men, the advance being led by the 54th Massachusetts, a regiment which had the honor of being the first enlisted after the Emancipation Proclamation. The colored men entered into the war with the greatest enthusiasm, and the majority showed no fear. The distrust with which they had been treated caused a private in the 54th Regiment to retaliate by writing a song, which spread like wildfire among the colored regiments. Its poetry is imperfect, but the sentiment is above criticism:

Fremont told them, when the war it first begun,
 How to save the Union, and the way it should be done;
 But Kentucky swore so hard, and Old Abe he had his fears,
 Till every hope was lost but the colored volunteers.

CHORUS.

Oh, give us a flag all free without a slave!
 We'll fight to defend it as our fathers did so brave.
 The gallant comp'ny A will make the rebels dance;
 And we'll stand by the Union, if we only have the chance.

McClellan went to Richmond with two hundred thousand brave;
 He said "Keep back the niggers," and the Union he would save,
 Little Mac he had his way, still the Union is in tears:
 Now they call for the help of the colored volunteers.

CHORUS.—Oh, give us a flag, etc.

Old Jeff says he'll hang us if we dare to meet him armed—
 A very big thing, but we are not at all alarmed;
 For he first has got to catch us before the way is clear,
 And "that's what's the matter" with the colored volunteer.

CHORUS.—Oh, give us a flag, etc.

So rally, boys, rally! let us never mind the past,
 We had a hard road to travel, but our day is coming fast;
 For God is for the right, and we have no need to fear,
 The Union will be saved by the colored volunteer.

CHORUS.—Oh, give us a flag, etc.

Colonel Shaw wanted the 54th to have the chance to distinguish themselves, and he was given the place of honor on that memorable day in front of Fort Wagner. Gen. Strong, who was to lead the charge, addressed the colored troops, saying:

"Men of Massachusetts, I am going to put you in front of the chivalry of South Carolina, and they will pour iron hail in your faces; defend the flag and uphold the honor of the State of Massachusetts. The 6th Connecticut will be immediately behind you, and I know that not a man will flinch."

A bombardment of the fort by the land batteries and the fleet was kept

up from noon till dusk, and during its last hour there was a heavy thunder-storm. Then rang out the command:

“Close column, by companies!”

The first brigade marched forward, eager for the fray. The enemy waited until the men were well within range and then poured a galling fire into the ranks from their guns on the parapet. Sheets of musketry-fire blazed out from Fort Wagner, but the Unionists kept on. They crossed the ditch waist-deep in water, while hand grenades were thrown from the parapet to explode among them, and some even climbed up the rampart. But here the surviving remnant met a stout resistance and were hurled back. The night was so dark that it was almost impossible to tell friend from foe. Shrapnel, canister and grape were freely poured into the ranks, while the Unionists leaped down to the bombproofs, driving the enemy back.

What has become of the second brigade? Generals Strong and Seymour were badly wounded, and had been taken to the rear; Col. Chatfield of the gallant 6th Connecticut again fell before the bullet of the enemy, he having been previously wounded at Pocotaligo; Col. Robert G. Shaw, the young commander of the colored regiment fell among his black comrades. The brigade was really without a commander, but the troops held on for hours. If only the second brigade had reached them how different the result, but as it was, the noble soldiers of the 6th Connecticut and the 54th Massachusetts had to retire—alas, their ranks terribly thinned.

As they retired Forts Sumter, Johnston and Ripley, with batteries Gregg and Wagner, opened fire on them, still further decimating their ranks.

The ditch was filled with dead bodies, the carnage was awful to contemplate. Fifteen hundred men were lost to the Unionists that day, while the Confederates' fatalities only reached a hundred.

When the Confederates buried the dead, they threw the body of Col. Shaw into the bottom of a trench, and heaped upon it the bodies of colored soldiers, who had proved that the color of the skin did not diminish their valor. When the Unionists inquired for the body of the young Colonel, under a flag of truce, the contemptuous answer was returned:

“We have buried him with his niggers.”

While every one had acted with heroic courage, Col. Shaw had especially distinguished himself, and Col. Chatfield, of the 6th Connecticut, proved

that while some might equal him in courage none could be his superior. In advancing along that narrow strip of land, every foot of which was swept by a deadly fire, crossing the ditch and mounting the parapet, Col. Shaw exhibited a courage that it was impossible to surpass; while in organizing and leading men of the despised race, that were then struggling toward freedom, he showed a moral courage such as the Confederates could neither share nor comprehend.

Gen. Strong and Col. Chatfield died a few days later from the wounds received in that charge on the Confederate fort.

The wounded were soothed by the now world-famous Clara Barton, who was in the hospital at the first parallel, and the Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, chaplain of the 10th Connecticut, who was so diligent and assiduous that he was captured by the enemy and held a prisoner for many months.

Gen. Alvin C. Voris, who was seriously wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner, testifies to the great and good work done by Mr. Trumbull. "I was shot within a hundred and fifty yards of the fort," he says, "and so disabled that I could not go forward. Two boys of the 62d Ohio found me and carried me to our first parallel, where had been arranged an extempore hospital. Here a savage surgeon sent his savage finger-nail into my lacerated side and pronounced the bullet beyond his reach, and said I would not need his further attention. Like a baby I fainted, and, on reviving, laid my poor aching head on a sandbag to recruit my little strength. That blessed chaplain, Henry Clay Trumbull, found me and poured oil of gladness into my soul and brandy into my mouth, whereat I praised him as a dear good man and cursed that monster of a surgeon, which led the chaplain to think that the delirium was turning my brain, and he reported me among the dead of Wagner."

Deeds of magnificent bravery were not confined to the Union soldiers. The *Southern Presbyterian* narrates an incident of the last days of Battery Wagner. "In one case a squad of six men was ordered to repair a parapet which the enemy had cut down, and were still at work upon," it says. "They started out, and almost instantly a shell burst among them, killing one and wounding four; the remaining man picked up his sandbag and walked up to the breach without a moment's hesitation. The next squad

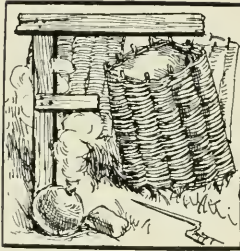
was called, and went up to the work in just the same manner. A 10-inch columbiad, loaded, was dismounted by the enemy's shot, fell over, and pointed directly at a magazine; its carriage took fire, and the officers who ran up to it tried in vain to extinguish the fire by shovelling sand upon it. They called for volunteers, but the cannonade was too furious. Many shrank; it was not a command, but an invitation. At last one gallant fellow rushed up, joined the officers in their work, got the fire under, and came down, thank God, in perfect safety."



A STRAGGLER.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOLLY ISLAND.



FOLLY ISLAND, the most northerly position of the coast in the possession of the Union forces, was occupied by a brigade under Brig. Gen. Israel Vogdes, who had intrenched the position strongly, and had mounted several heavy guns on the south end of the island, to control the waters of Stono Inlet and the water approaches from James Island. A road had also been opened, practicable for infantry and artillery, by means of which a concealed communication with all points of the island was secured.

The greater part of Folly Island was very thickly wooded, the undergrowth being dense and almost impassable. Near the north end, for the distance of 2,000 yards, it was extremely narrow, perfectly barren and so low that the spring tides frequently swept entirely over it. At the extreme north end, however, the sand ridges, formed by the gradual action of the wind and tide, were, at the time the Light Battery went there from James Island, covered with a thick undergrowth favorable for concealment and the masking of batteries.

General Vogdes had caused a very strong battery to be erected at Stono, the point farthest away from the enemy. It is said that when Gen. Gillmore first saw the batteries erected by Vogdes he remarked that it was too bad the Island was not on a pivot so that the battery could be turned on the enemy.

The Connecticut Light Battery was ordered to the upper end of the Island close to Morris Island, choosing high ground for the camp.

When the Battery landed on Folly Island, prospecting for a camp, Gen. Vogdes told Capt. Rockwell that he might select the very best position on the Island, because the Battery deserved recognition, as it had undoubtedly saved the Brigade at James Island. Capt. Rockwell was elated at the praise and accepted the offer, selecting the very best site he could find for his command.

When the Battery left James Island for Folly Island, one of the comrades was in danger of being left behind. Comrade Joseph Fowler was very young, and when he became tired, was noted for being the soundest sleeper in the Battery. His brother William, who on account of his age, and his great affection for Joe, and knowing his weakness of sleeping under any and all conditions, kept a close watch over him. When the Battery left James Island the third time, the night was dark and miserable. Comrade Joe Fowler was missed, and William, as usual, made a search for him in the camp the Battery had just evacuated. William felt round in the dark, putting his hands on every object, or bundle, that had been left in camp, that he imagined might be his missing brother. After much fumbling about and searching he caught a glimpse of something like a bundle piled up on a sort of platform, that had been erected when the camp was pitched. He went for it, and, sure enough, it was Joe sleeping as soundly as a child, all unconcerned, and evidently intending to sleep until daylight, but for the faithful search made by his brother. William had to fairly drag Joe along. As the Battery had abandoned the camp, an hour later, Joe would have been awakened by the "Johnnies" and made a prisoner. William got him aboard the schooner on which the horses were. Joe climbed into the manger that had been hastily put up for feeding, and lay down to complete his nap, but the horses kept nibbling at him, and would have eaten all his clothes had he remained there long. It was a common saying among the comrades that this was the only time Joe Fowler ever selected a place to rest and was prevented sleeping. He had slept with dead bodies, on top of horses, and under horses, on rocks, and boards, on dry ground and wet ground, anything was good enough to make a bed for Comrade Joseph Fowler when he felt tired.

After Beaufort and James Island it was a pleasant change, for the broad, hard beach, with the cool breezes from the ocean, made it an ideal riding

ground, while the ever tumbling and roaring surf was a constant delight to the hearer.

Folly Island beach, at low water, was hard and smooth, making an ideal drill ground. Captain Rockwell saw its advantages, and no battery ever had a better ground for drilling and maneuvering than had the First Connecticut Light Battery on the sands of Folly Island.

One night the tide was exceptionally high and the comrade who was on guard over the pieces was nearly drowned. He was found next morning sitting on one of the limbers with the water hip deep all over the park.

Comrade Sloan describes Folly Island as "a barren sand bar, with a few palmettos, live oaks and pines, the ocean on one side, and on the other a creek bordered by salt marsh, and separated from Morris Island by Light House Inlet, a small creek."

When the Battery went into camp, the south bank of Light House Inlet was fortified with "Quaker Guns" made of palmetto logs painted black. From the opposite side of the inlet they looked like 30-pound parrots behind an embankment three feet high. These dummies served as a bluff until real guns arrived and the Connecticut Battery was in position.

The Confederates had built some bomb-proofs, which saved the Unionists the trouble, and had also left intact an oven large enough to bake forty loaves of bread.

At first the tents were merely pitched temporarily until instructions were received from Gen. Gillmore, but after two or three days Capt. Rockwell ordered the camp to be put in good shape.

The camp was on the seaward side of the island, the pieces being parked on the beach, the horses picketed in a little valley nearer the swamp and the tents on a ridge between the two. The forge wagons were stationed near the bomb-proof. The camp was laid out in three streets, each section having one street, the officers' tents being near the right section.

One of the first things to be done was the sinking of a well to provide men and horses with fresh water. The drivers were especially interested and all set to work to dig one large and deep enough for all wants. The well was nearly twenty feet in diameter, and although the diggers found water very soon they determined to dig still deeper so that there should be very little chance of failure. Towards night one of the comrades thought

he would quench his thirst with the well-water. On dipping up a cupful he was very much astonished to find that the water was as salt as the ocean. They had worked all day for nothing.

Comrade Marcus Hall says: "This experience in well-digging taught us that fairly good water could be obtained if we did not go too deep. A well about eight feet deep through pure white sand gave us three or four inches of water. Below that depth was a stratum akin to hard mud, full of vegetable matter, such as decayed branches of trees, reeds, etc., besides numerous disgusting little insects. If we dug through this underlying stratum the water was salt. The volume of water could be readily increased by adding circumference, not depth, to the well."

The hot weather made bathing a luxury. Some very amusing stories are told of the practical jokes played on the comrades. One time, Comrade Hethcote Landon dived under the water and suddenly grabbed Henry Grow by the leg, crying, "Shark" in as frightened a voice as possible. Comrade Grow started for the shore very quickly, very badly scared, and nothing would ever induce him to enter the water again.

A large pine tree in the camp made an excellent look-out station and was easily climbed, for a smaller tree leaned against it, in which the comrades cut steps in the trunk. The sight from the top was entrancing. The blockading squadron could be easily seen from the camp, and on one occasion some of the comrades were in their tree observatory and saw the magazine of Fort Moultrie exploded by a shell. Comrade Sloan says that he saw above the smoke and dust raised by the explosion the body of a man and it seemed as though it would never stop ascending.

The comrades watched the engineering work going on under Gen. Gillmore with interest. The Battery formed part of the reserve force and therefore felt that everything the Commanding General did was of more than passing importance. The comrades were men of intelligence and not mere machine soldiers, so every move was discussed and the problem of the siege of Charleston formed a daily topic of exceedingly interesting conversation.

Gen. Gillmore had given orders that the position occupied by his right batteries on the 18th of July, and named Battery Reynolds, should be

converted into a strong defensive line, capable of resisting a formidable sortie, and from that time it took the name of the "first parallel."

A row of inclined palisading, reaching entirely across Morris Island, was planted about two hundred yards in advance of this line with a return of fifty yards on the right. This return was well flanked by two guns on the right of the parallel. The parapet between the guns was constructed for infantry defence, a bomb-proof was constructed, and the armament of line modified and increased so that the parallel contained eight siege and field guns, ten siege mortars and three rifle batteries.

It was quite a familiar sight for the comrades on Folly Island to watch the wagon-loads of gabions being carted up to the beach to be used in making the embankments of the batteries. Gen. Gillmore was constructing in the approach to Wagner.

A second parallel was constructed about six hundred yards in advance of the first, upon a line running diagonally across Morris Island, in a direction northwest and southeast, by taking advantage of a narrow ridge which stretched across the island at that point and extended some distance into the marsh.

The difficulty increased as the work was pushed forward, for the strip of land grew narrower and the men in the trenches were subjected to a cross fire from a battery on James Island and from sharpshooters in Fort Wagner.

A dozen breaching batteries of enormous rifled guns were established, most of the work being done at night.

Very few have any idea of the difficulty that had to be overcome in the formation of the parallels by which eventually Fort Wagner was captured. The greatest credit is due to Major T. B. Brooks, who was intrusted with this work by Gen. Gillmore.

The work had to be executed at night, for the section across which the parallels were constructed was within range of the enemy's guns at all times.

Major Brooks describes the engineering difficulties in the construction of the approaches against Wagner to be:

First, the narrow front on which to conduct the operations, together with the scarcity of earth for covering masses. In some places the earth was

only three feet deep, and Major Brooks says that often an unpleasant feature connected with this scarcity of earth arose from the number of dead bodies found in all the advanced positions, particularly in the second parallel, and immediately in front of Wagner. The bodies were usually in coffins, but many soldiers, friend and foe, were wrapped in blankets only, and others not that. At first the engineers reburied the bodies in places away from the works where they would not be disturbed. But as the siege progressed, the scarcity of earth compelled a second, and even third, disinterment on the same corpse. On an old map Morris Island is called "Coffin Land," owing to it having been the quarantine burying ground for the port of Charleston.

The second difficulty was the heavy cross-fire from Wagner and Sumter, Battery Gregg and the James Island batteries, which, with the skill and obstinacy of the Confederate sharpshooter, made the work one of exceeding danger.

The third was the difficulty of protecting the flanks of the parallel from being turned by sorties of the enemy. At each low tide the right flank was irreparably open.

Encountering all these difficulties Major Brooks did not lose heart but obeyed every order cheerfully. To work in the dark was one of the greatest difficulties, and the way it was accomplished is well worthy of being recalled. The method adopted of setting the engineers at work was as follows: Each man held a short-handled shovel in his right hand; in the left, at intervals of six feet, each grasped a knotted rope. The engineer officer, who located the line, took the lead. The men marched forward, stooping. At a signal the rope was dropped, and each man went to digging a pit where he stood, throwing the earth over the rope. These pits were connected, and good cover was soon obtained. One man got assigned to a spot where the ground was as hard as a rock. The man used his spade, but made no impression, the perspiration poured from his face, for he was expecting every moment to be swept out of existence by a shell. After considerable time he was moved a foot farther up and made his hole as well as the rest. The men carried no arms.

Night after night the work progressed until a most perfect system of parallels was established. During all the time the men were at work they

were exposed to heavy fire and at times the work had to be suspended until another night.

Another difficulty Major Brooks had to contend against was the objection to work manifested by the infantry privates. "I did not come to war to work, but to fight," was constantly heard by the officers, and some officers sympathized with the complaint.

The officer in command would often cry out: "Cover, Johnson or Sumter," which would give sufficient warning for those in the trenches to seek partial shelter, if the shell was seen coming toward them, but "Cover, Wagner" could not be pronounced before the shell had exploded and done its work. Many curious stories are told by Major Brooks of the way the soldiers tried to protect themselves from heavy shells. On one occasion he saw a soldier place an empty powder barrel over his head as a protection, others would fall flat on their faces, under the delusion that they were obtaining cover from mortar shells exploding over them, when in truth, their chances of being hit were much increased by this posture.

While the work was progressing on the parallels, Gen. Gillmore wanted to establish a battery near enough to Charleston to bombard the city itself. After much reconnoitering a site was selected on the western side of the island and orders were issued for the erection of a battery. The officer, a West Pointer, to whom the duty was assigned, found that he had to contend against 16 feet of mud, and he shook his head—he thought it an impossible task. He was told that he could have anything necessary and to make requisition for everything essential to success. "You must not fail," was Gillmore's parting words to the officer. It may be that the officer looked upon the order as a joke, for he startled everyone when he made a formal requisition for "a hundred men eighteen feet high," and other things in the same ridiculous proportion. The jest may have been enjoyed by those to whom it was addressed, but the officer was removed and Col. Edward W. Serrell, a volunteer engineer, assigned to the duty. He drove piles into the mud and erected a platform on them, then he got 15,000 bags of sand and built a parapet. All this labor had to be done after dark, and it took 14 nights to accomplish the task which the West Pointer had declared impossible.

The battery consisted of a sand-bag epaulement supported by a grillage

composed of round timbers crossing each other at right angles, in two layers, and resting on the surface of the marsh. In this grillage, in rear of the epaulement, there was a rectangular opening large enough to receive the platform of the gun, and surrounded by sheathing piles which reached through the mud into the solid substratum of sand. Within this rectangular space layers of marsh grass, canvas and sand were placed, on which rested a closely fitting substratum of planks. On these planks the gun platform was placed. Col. Serrell had conceived the idea that the epaulement and gun should be entirely independent, so that the displacement of the one would not necessarily interfere with the other.

Having got the platform ready the next difficulty was the transportation of the gun across the marsh. It was a work of the greatest trouble and

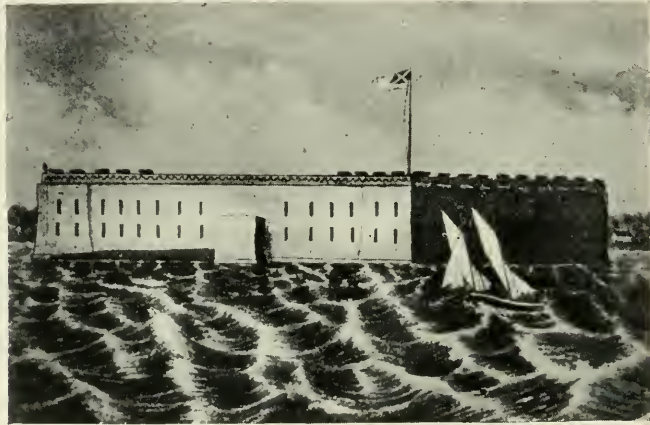


SWAMP ANGEL

annoyance, but eventually an 8-inch Parrot gun was dragged across the marsh and placed in position. Though known officially as the Marsh Battery the men named the gun the "Swamp Angel."

When the gun was ready Gen. Gillmore gave the usual announcement of his intention to bombard the city, and requested the removal of non-combatants. The Confederates declared that the bombardment was a violation of the laws of war and under that plea they selected from the prisoners fifty officers and placed them in the district reached by the shells. Capt. Willard Glazier, who has in recent years explored the Mississippi and solved the

vexed question of its head-waters, was one of the officers selected for that post of danger. He writes: "When the distant rumbling of the 'Swamp Angel' was heard, and the cry 'Here it comes!' resounded through our prison house, there was a general stir. Sleepers sprang to their feet, the gloomy forgot their sorrows, conversation was hushed, and all started to see where the messenger would fall. At night we traced along the sky a slight stream of fire similar to the tail of a comet, and followed its course until 'Whiz! whiz!' came the little pieces from our mighty 200-pounder, scattering themselves all around." The Unionists retaliated by placing an equal number of Confederate officers under fire, which caused the enemy to remove the Unionists.



FORT SUMTER BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

Comrade Wm. Fowler tells of a conversation he had with a customer of his in Charleston whom he called on a year after the war closed.

"Were you in the war?" asked the Southerner.

"Yes; Were you?"

"I was; and I remember how elated we were when we placed a number of Union prisoners on the parapet of Sumter during the bombardment, we laughed over it and thought it was a good joke and said, now let the Yankees kill their own men if they want to. But when I was taken prisoner and placed in the trenches I did not see the fun at all, in fact, I thought it was rather tragical."

The greatest consternation was caused in the streets of Charleston when the shells fell, but at the thirty-sixth discharge the "Swamp Angel" burst, and it was never replaced.

The comrades waiting for instructions to march were roused from their slumbers on the early morning of August 17, when all the batteries on Morris Island opened fire on Fort Sumter.

Sumter seemed impregnable, but Gillmore thought it must be reduced, because, while it was there strongly fortified, the navy could not co-operate in the attack on Charleston.

Day and night the batteries poured tons of iron into Sumter. In a week its barbette guns were dismantled, its walls were knocked into a



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

shapeless mass of ruins, and its value as anything but a rude cover for infantry was gone. Such a quantity of cannon balls and shells were poured into its debris as to form an almost solid mass of iron, practically impregnable. Sumter was never reduced by artillery fire, and did not fall into the hands of the Unionists until the capitulation of Charleston after Sherman's march to the sea.

The Connecticut Battery did picket duty frequently, being called on to guard the causeway from Folly to James Island. Life was easy, and some of the comrades became very independent and almost disobedient. Comrade Alfred E. Leonard was detailed as orderly to Gen. Vogdes and became a

favorite with the General. On one occasion, however, the pleasant relations were strained by Leonard being ordered to black the General's boots. The comrade promptly replied, "Not by a d——n sight." Gen. Vogdes called out, "Where is my pistol?" It is probable that summary punishment would have been inflicted on the comrade had the General been able to lay his hands on a weapon. The officer's anger cooled down, and Comrade Leonard was retained as orderly by Gen. Vogdes until the Battery left Folly Island. The General has often said that Leonard was the best orderly he ever had.

Comrade Theron Upson received permission to visit Morris Island and inspect the batteries, a privilege which showed the high respect in which the comrade and the battery was held. He took a small boat and got two men to row him across Light House Inlet, a distance of half a mile, while his horse swam after the boat, its master holding the bridle. Comrade Upson was loud in his praises of the engineering skill displayed on Morris Island under the orders of Gen. Gillmore.

Comrade Hart Landon recalls a little reminiscence of Folly Island which he often tells.

"There was an alarm one dark, stormy night," he says, "that the enemy was coming. Order was given to hitch up and go out to Pawnee Landing. It was the very worst experience I ever had. We were in water over our shoe tops all night. An amusing incident occurred while we were there. A Pennsylvania Dutch Regiment was in camp near our battery. They did trucking with a donkey and a two-wheel cart. Two Dutch comrades with the donkey and cart loaded with soft bread were returning from the bakery, along the valley between our camp on the ridge and the ocean. The tide was very high, flooding the valley with water to the depth of two or three feet. The donkey thought it would be a good time to take a bath, so he lay down in the water, and do what they would those Dutchmen could not make him get up, so they had to jettison the cargo to lighten the cart and tow donkey and cart to the high land."

Those tides were difficult to contend against. Banks were thrown up round the guns and caissons to protect them. One night Comrade Bissell was Corporal of the Guard and he found that some one had punched holes in the protecting banks. The water flowed in, to a height of two feet.

The Corporal was in a quandary, he did not know what to do. Capt. Rockwell shouted to him:

“Keep back that water if you have to call out the whole company.”

Corporal Bissell saluted and answered:

“I did not know I had authority to call out the whole company to dam the ocean.”

The fleas had been bad at Beaufort, worse at James Island, but neither place could compare with Folly Island. An hour after a comrade had wrapped his blanket round him, he would look as though he was breaking out with smallpox. His body would be covered with red bite-marks. When he imagined he had collected all the fleas, or his share of them, in the blanket, he would get up, take his blanket outside and shake it on the white sand. Instantly the sand would look like a mixture of coarse black pepper and sugar, the sand would be literally black with fleas; then the comrade would return to his tent to sleep. Alas, the fleas were there before him, grinning, if fleas can grin, to think of the little excursion they had made the comrade take, and all for nothing. The comrades would scratch and rub, their bodies were all on fire, life was a burden. They would roll in the sand, jump into the water, do anything to try and allay the irritation caused by these little pests. Some comrades who never used a profane word were heard to mutter a wish that all fleas were in the bottomless pit, and expressions would find a way out of the mouths of even the most religious which would have shocked them at any other time. To add to the misery at service on the Sunday the chaplain preached from the text:

“The wicked flee when no man pursueth.”

And then there was a constant reminder that it was a Christian's duty to “Flee from the wrath to come.” There seemed no escape from the terrible flea.

The comrades having much leisure time it occurred to Capt. Rockwell that a good library would be a great acquisition. There was a very fair selection of books but most had been read, so the highly educated Captain, with a most laudable desire to make his command still more intelligent, suggested that a portion of the company funds should be devoted to the purchase of a library.

At a dress parade, one day, Capt. Rockwell stepped to the front of his company so that all could hear him. After considerable hesitation, looking up and down the line, he commenced in a very deliberate manner:

“I have decided to starve the stomach and feed the brain.”

Every comrade raised his eyes to the Captain. Each wondered what was meant and would have liked to ask his next comrade's opinion, but that, or even a glance, was against military rules. The Captain, after a very short pause, continued to descant on the advantages of education and suggested that a good library would be of the greatest benefit to the Battery.

The expression “starve the stomach and feed the brain” struck some of the comrades comically, and they commenced rubbing their stomachs as soon as they broke ranks. It was evident by the way they felt their stomachs that they already considered them not overfed, and it was pretty hard to make them think that a fat brain would make them feel any better or more patriotic. It could not be realized that the Captain meant the expression to be taken literally, for he had always insisted that the company should have full rations and of a good quality. If the Battery did not draw the full amount to which it was entitled he insisted that credit was given, and from the surplus a company fund was accumulated, a fund used to buy vegetables and better food than were furnished by the Government. It may have been that the Captain imagined the comrades were growing fat and stupid and needed a little brain exercise.

It was from this company fund that the Captain proposed to purchase a library, thus depending more on the Government rations and relinquishing some of the luxuries which had been purchased from the fund.

“Our stomachs remained about the same,” said a comrade later, “but I do not remember any better library or fatter brain.”

The Battery soon moved to Virginia, where the stirring events around Richmond, in which it took part, made the comrades forget all about starving stomachs and fat brains.

Folly Island was an ideal place for fishermen, and as many of the Battery boys had been reared close to the water of the Sound they were natural born fishermen.

“If we only had a net, a good old-fashioned Guilford net now,” Comrade Marcus Hall soliloquized, as he stood looking out over the water.

The very next day he wrote home to inquire the cost of ten rods of fishing net. He said nothing to the comrades, hoping to surprise them when he had his plan all ready for carrying out.

Guilford was patriotic. The little town had sent more than its quota of men to the front. It had always been on the side of liberty, and its devotion to the flag was something which touched the heart, so when the comrade wrote home, the news spread that there was at least something the good people could do to show how much they admired the Boys in Blue. It did not take long for the people to raise enough money to purchase the very best fishing net that ever left the town, and it was soon on its way to the Battery.

There is not a comrade but remembers the arrival of that fishing net. What joy there was in the camp! Everyone celebrated.

It was not long after it arrived before the comrades made use of it. The big haul of fish proved acceptable, and the officers did not object to unite in helping to eat the fresh fish. It was a pleasant change. Comrade Marcus Hall sent two of the finest fish caught in the first haul to General Vogdes.

Comrade Hotchkiss was providing good soft bread and the fishermen fresh fish, why should there not be rejoicing?

Just about that time General Vogdes had issued an order that there must be no cooking outside the cook-shed. Comrade Marcus Hall had just received his share of fish, and he fancied he would like to cook it for himself in his own way. He went behind a hummock with some pine knots, resolved on having a regular course dinner for once. He had a pail of lobscouse, made of desiccated potatoes and corned beef, and that, with broiled fish, made a good dinner.

The fish was cooking as nicely as even a Delmonico chef could have wished, and the lobscouse was getting hot when the comrade heard the clang-clang of a sabre and looking up saw General Vogdes watching him.

“Didn’t your company get an order that no cooking should be done outside the cook shed?” the General asked.

“Yes, sir,” Comrade Hall replied, rising and saluting, his mind filled with visions of punishment.

“And you are breaking the order?”

"No sir," Comrade Hall replied, stirring the lobsouse with a black iron spoon.

"What do you mean?"

"I am not cooking, but only warming up some lobsouse."

The General smiled at the evasion but very sternly said:

"Let me taste it."

The comrade took a spoonful of the now boiling mixture and handed it to the General, who took the black spoon, and seeing the contents were too hot, began to blow with all his might. Then he tasted it.

"Ah! It is good, real good, now take care and don't put too much grease in it."

"Thank you, sir. Did you get the fish I sent you yesterday?"

Gen. Vogdes' eyes brightened, as he answered in the affirmative, looking as if he expected another mess soon.

"Then, perhaps, you would like some more to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I should."

"All right, sir."

The comrade escaped punishment and the General got a good mess of fish.

Comrade Sloan, speaking of those days on Folly Island, writes:

"We did some drilling, but, during the hottest weather, simply took things easy, keeping the camp clean, and everything in good order. The commercial instinct showed in some of the boys, and they started making hop beer, which was sold for cash or credit, as they could.

"In order to satisfy a grudge, some one put some vinegar in a barrel of beer owned by Richardson and spoiled it. Leeds Brown and Gridley, two of the oldest members of the company, used to spend hours in arguing questions of religion or science, always before interested audiences.

Beecher used to show his agility in turning a somersault from his feet and sparring with Geo. Stevens, and some of us received bruises in trying to learn the trick.



HERBERT W. BEECHER,
of New Haven.

Served three months in 2d Connecticut Infantry, Company G.; enlisted 1st Light Battery Nov. 29, '61; mustered in Dec. 6, '61; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; discharged Dec. 6, 1864; time expired.

“We had some alarms, and one night were called out about midnight, to repel a supposed attack at Whitehouse. Near us at that time were camped a New York regiment commanded by Col. Charles Van Wyck, and known as the ‘Lost Infants.’ They were ordered out at the same time, and the Colonel was running along the line, *en dishabille*, entreating the boys to get out, and as we left camp the last thing we heard was: ‘Fall in, boys, do fall in.’

“‘Colonel, we can’t fall in till we get our bread and meat.’

“There being no fight, nothing was lost, but if there had been an attack there might have been trouble.

“Some of the boys were very much troubled with fleas, and the question was raised as to which was in the majority, sand or fleas? The question was never settled. The fleas troubled Comrade Hobart M. Dolph so much that he became sick. The guard, on going off duty each day, had target practice with their revolvers. One day, Comrade Jacob T. Guptil who was somewhat excited, pulled the trigger and the ball struck the sole of his shoe. One of the boys lost his revolver and great efforts were made to find out who was the thief. The company was assembled and the officers searched the effects of each man with great thoroughness, but no signs of the revolver. Some one was looking up the matter and finally found it on one of the officers’ black servants.

“The fresh fish we caught made a pleasant change in the bill of fare. We had at this time some barrels of pickled onions which came from the sanitary commission. The water on Folly Island was the vilest drink ever offered to human beings. The roots of the palmetto seemed to reach everywhere and the water in wells dug on the ridges was almost the color of red ink, and brackish; even the horses would not drink it; so we dug wells on the beach, and there found a pure water, which, until the extra high tides came, was a great luxury. When the tides flooded the wells, we dug new ones, and so got along very well.



JACOB T. GUPTIL,
of Meriden.

Enlisted Nov. 21, 1861; re-enlisted veteran Dec. 26, 1863; mustered out June 11, 1865.

Our ration of beans was often boiled, and many of the boys used to cook them down in frying pans, and so make a good substitute for baked beans; pork and beef we used to stew with hard bread, so as to get a change; but the coffee was always good. Plain as the fare was, the appetites of all hands were always good, and about meal times some hungry chap would get near the bugler's tent and shout out, 'Sound your A, Charles.' As cold weather approached, we built a meeting place. First we dug a large square hole about two feet deep, piling up the sand so as to make an embankment, and stuck branches in this to break the wind and keep the sand from blowing away. In the centre we built a fire, and on rude seats around this we listened to the stories and criticisms of the various wise members. No congress ever handled weighty questions of finance and politics with more wisdom than did the assemblies on Folly Island. One little incident which comes to my mind when on the Island: Jack Shaw had for an off horse a lean, lank animal that would eat anything—tobacco, meat or bread, all seemed to suit his taste. Once we had orders to march somewhere, were hitched up and three days' rations were issued, and were waiting the order forward. Shaw had hung his haversack on the inside of his nigh saddle, and his off horse, Lappy by name, reached over and cleaned out the haversack, leaving poor Shaw without any rations."

The sandhills on Folly Island were full of rats; they burrowed under the cook's shanty, under bales of hay, reveled in the comforts of the tents and became almost as great a pest as the fleas.

For a time Fanny, the Battery dog, had some excellent fun catching them, but even rats have intelligence and soon became too wary, hiding in their holes until they thought the dog was fast asleep. Some of the comrades enjoyed the sport of ratting and hit upon a novel plan to aid the sport. The rat holes were from the base to the summit of the ridge on which the camp was located, and the comrades would leave Fanny at the foot of the ridge and then pour pail after pail of water down the holes from the top. The rats, fearing drowning, would run out and the dog would be waiting at the other end of the hole. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty rats would be scampering away from the deluge of water to be chased and fought by the valiant little dog.

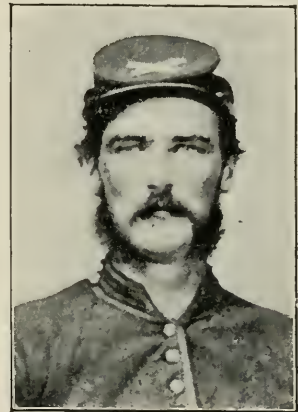
The order to have all the boxes from home examined and the forbidden

articles, such as wines and spirits, removed and handed over to the hospital authorities, annoyed the men, it being carried out with unnecessary stringency. Most of the comrades had sent home for "medical supplies," and they had no desire to have the treasures confiscated. By a little manœuvring it was arranged that Comrade Albro, who was teamster, should manage to arrive at a place about a quarter of a mile from the camp about dusk. The comrades who were expecting boxes would meet him there, hurriedly open the boxes, take out the forbidden articles, close up the boxes and hurry back to camp arriving there a little before the teamster. With well-assumed innocence the comrades would watch the officers open the boxes, and finding nothing contraband, the comrades received their treasures and had a laugh at the way they had outwitted the officers.

On the 14th of October the Battery lost by death one of its non-commissioned officers. Comrade Jonathan G. Norton, of Guilford, passed away, and on the following day was buried with military honors. Comrade Norton had often expressed a wish that he might see the end of the war, and be with his comrades when they returned to old Connecticut, but his wish was not fulfilled, and his body rested for a time among the sand hills of Folly Island. A head-board, neatly painted by one of his comrades, marked the place where a much-loved member of the Battery was laid. As the comrades marched away from his new-made grave they thought:

He sleeps so peacefully now,
That we'll leave him to rest
By our camp on the ridge.
Yet never will come,
To the loved ones at home,
Who watch for him still,
Our comrade who died.

Comrade Norton's body was later disinterred and buried in the National Cemetery at Beaufort.



JONATHAN G. NORTON,
of Guilford.

Enlisted Oct. 22, '61; mustered
private Nov. 2, '61; promoted
Corporal May 25, '63; died Folly
Island, Oct. 14, '63.

Early in November the Captain went north on a short furlough and Lieut. Metcalf was in command of the Battery. The Lieutenant was nervous, irritable, and of an uneven disposition, and not nearly as popular as the Captain. While in command he was especially severe on the comrades, punishing for the slightest infraction of the rules and allowing no excuse, however good, to mitigate the punishment. One comrade was found sitting down while on guard duty. In vain he pleaded that he ought to have been in the hospital instead of on duty, for he was suffering from a stomach trouble; he was punished just the same. Those who had thought rather harshly of Capt. Rockwell began to count the days of his absence, and as each morning came a sigh of relief was given to think the time of his furlough was growing shorter. When Capt. Rockwell did return the comrades gave him such a hearty welcome and vociferous cheering that must have made him feel proud, knowing that he had so endeared himself to them that he lived in their hearts.

About the time the Captain went north the comrades were supplied with regular artillery jackets, having very conspicuous scarlet trimmings, which gave them a very smart appearance at inspection.

The weather was getting very cold and the new tents were not provided with stoves. All sorts of expedients were resorted to. One comrade took an old camp kettle holding about ten gallons, cut a hole in the rim for draft, turned it upside down, cut a hole in the bottom for a smoke pipe, which he made by rudely fastening together some condensed milk cans, with the bottoms cut out, and so he had a stove complete. Another piled some sods up in a circle and built a fire in the centre, but the tent was so filled with smoke that a comrade kicked the sods over and thus destroyed the stove.

While on Folly Island the Battery received two new rifled guns to replace those lost in the Pon Pon River. They were of the latest pattern and much praised by the comrades.

"If only we can get a chance to use them," said Comrade McNary, as he stroked one of the guns much as he might a pet animal.

"We shall make them siz, I'll bet," answered Comrade Wells.

And as though the wishes of the comrades were to be respected the bugle sounded:

“Boots and Saddles!”

All the troops in the brigade were ordered out and the excitement was intense.

Gen. Gillmore had telegraphed Gen. Vogdes that an attack was expected along the whole line and that the Confederate General Beauregard intended making the battle a decisive one.



WILLIAM McNARY,
of Manchester.

Enlisted Oct. 23, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 2, 1861; discharged Nov. 2,
1864, time expired.

Capt. Rockwell was notified by letter as follows:

“Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell,

“First Connecticut Light Battery.

“Captain: The Brigadier-General commanding directs that you have the troops of your command ready to move at a moment's notice during the night, as an attack is anticipated.

“By order BRIG.-GEN. WILD:

“S. L. MCHENRY,

“Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.”

The same order was sent to Gen. Foster, Col. Alford, Col. Beecher and Capt. Hamilton.

About midnight the centre section was sent down to Pawnee Landing, the other sections waiting at the camp. All night the rain descended in torrents, until it was doubtful whether anything would remain of the camp in the morning. One comrade folded his arms and watched the water rising with complacency.

“One thing is sure,” he said, “this rain will kill the fleas.”

As the faint light fell on the rising water considerable fun was experienced by the comrades who were waiting the order to march, for every dark object found floating on the water was declared to be a flea, no matter whether it was as big as a sheep or so small that it was scarcely discernible. And every dead flea was a source of pleasure to the comrades.

At noon the next day the order to unhitch was given and the comrades set to work to restore the camp to its former comfort. The alarm had been groundless, no enemy had attacked the forces on the island, and camp life was once more resumed. The high tides caused considerable trouble, but that was one thing the comrades expected and so had to make the best of it.

Thanksgiving saw the Battery depleted to 120 men, and the Commissary

Sergeant has left on record the requisition he made at that time for ten days' rations. It is interesting to recall, as it shows exactly what the Government supplied. The requisition called for 800 pounds salt beef; 450 pounds fresh beef; 100 pounds coffee; 120 pounds rice and hominy; 180 pounds sugar; 3 bushels of beans; 2 barrels of potatoes; 15 pounds candles; then there was an extra ration of whiskey for men on picket, and the usual condiments of salt and pepper. This did not include the officers, but was the requisition for the 120 men for ten days.

The second Thanksgiving in South Carolina was spent on Folly Island, and each section proceeded to celebrate it in its own manner. Thus we hear of bread puddings with plenty of raisins, of roast beef, of beefsteaks and onions, roast potatoes, puddings of all kinds, pies and soup. Capt. Rockwell returned in time to lend his presence to the festivities, and he entered into the spirit of the day with good-natured zest.

On the first of December the Confederates got a scare, thinking that they were to be attacked on all sides at once, because from every battery in the district a general salute was fired in honor of Grant's defeat of Gen. Bragg. The enemy answered by shelling every part of the district within range, making things exceedingly lively for a few hours.

Gen. Aiken, of Connecticut, visited the camp early in December, to re-enlist such as desired for a term of three years or until the war was over. The State offered a good bounty, and the Government agreed to give a 30-day furlough to all who re-enlisted. Some of the comrades figured out that the inducements were good, for they took pencil and paper and worked it out as follows:

United States Bounty	-	-	-	\$402
Connecticut State Bounty	-	-	-	300
Private's Pay (3 years)	-	-	-	468
Clothing	-	-	-	200
Food	-	-	-	300
From State (\$90 yearly)	-	-	-	270
Wife from State (\$6 per month)	-	-	-	216
Total for three years	-	-	-	<u>\$2,156</u>

General Aiken addressed the comrades in a patriotic and earnest man-

ner after which Capt. Rockwell, who was possessed of a blunt eloquence saying only just what was necessary without any elegancies of speech, told the men the advantages of re-enlisting. In the course of his remarks he said: "In the North trade is paralyzed! If you go there you cannot get anything to do! You will have to go to the poorhouse!" He concluded by saying: "Furthermore the War Department authorizes the wearing of a service stripe on the coat-wrist."

Captain Rockwell was an ardent patriot and a good conscientious officer, who always looked after the welfare of his men, and in his anxiety to have as many of his company as possible re-enlist, and his zeal for the cause, he did not stop to consider that the First Connecticut Light Battery did not enlist in order to be fed and clothed at the nation's expense, but they left good homes to help sustain and keep the nation itself out of the poorhouse at their expense. They had come from college, from office, the store, the farm, and workshops at the call of the President, had left their homes, their positions in society, and in business, not for a living, not for pay, but for their country. Those homes and positions were waiting for them when they should return, therefore the Captain's argument was misunderstood by some and resented by others. As a comrade, who had prepared to enter Harvard, but sacrificed his college course for his country, expressed himself: "I for one resented it. He was addressing men who were mostly educated, intelligent citizens, as well able to take a commission as to fight in the ranks. If he were required to make that speech in the line of duty he did it very ungracefully; if it were voluntary, it was conceived in bad taste and executed in a bungling manner."

That all the comrades did not interpret the Captain's speech in the same way is evidenced by an extract from Comrade Hotchkiss' diary: "I think the inducements are great, and for a young man who has no family, I call the re-enlistment a good chance. Many can do as well in the army as at home."

After the Captain's speech the stripe was nicknamed "Furthermore," which got to be so universal that the comrade whose duty it was to put the stripes on the jackets entered the Captain's tent and, saluting, asked if he should "put Furthermores" on a certain jacket. Captain Rockwell looked at the man with a puzzled expression on his face:

“Furthermore, furthermore, what do you mean?”

The comrade colored redder than the facings on his jacket, and blurted out:

“I meant service stripe, sir.”

When Capt. Rockwell found out why the nickname had been given to the stripe, he laughed most heartily at it, and admitted that the laugh was on him.

It was really ludicrous to hear the men conversing about re-enlistment for one could constantly hear the question asked:

“Are you going to wear ‘Furthermores?’”

Sergt. Arthur E. Clark was one of the first to respond to the appeal made by the Captain and the State Agent, Gen. Aiken, and, amid the cheers



ARTHUR E. CLARK,
of Milford.

Enlisted Oct. 13, 1861; mustered in Private Nov. 2, '61; Promoted Corporal July 11, 1862; Sergeant May 25, 1863; Re-enlisted Veteran Dec. 26, 1863; Promoted 1st Sergeant Sept. 4, 1864; 2d Lieutenant Nov. 10, 1864; mustered out June 11, 1865.

of his comrades, he placed his name on the list of those who would serve the Government for three years longer, or until the end of the war. His example was quickly followed by other non-commissioned officers, and altogether forty-nine of the comrades decided to wear “Furthermores.” The Captain was pleased and the State Agent gratified at the result of his visit.

Late in December a very strange, amusing, and yet satirical, occurrence interested the Battery. Strange, because never had the comrades heard of such a proceeding; amusing for the reason that one of the highest honors of a government was to be awarded by a lottery scheme, and satirical because every member of the Battery considered it a burlesque on rewards, a satire on the system which supposedly immortalized the brave and

honored the courageous.

Gen. Gillmore was so pleased with the action of the entire troops in his command on that memorable day when Fort Wagner was stormed, and the Connecticut Battery did such good service on James Island, that he ordered a medal to be struck, to be called the “Gillmore Medal,” the said medal to be awarded to the three most courageous men in each company, one for the

sergeants, another for the corporals, and the third for the private who had most distinguished himself.

Three medals were sent to Capt. Rockwell for the Battery. How could he award them? Where every man did his duty and each man was a hero, how could he decide which three men were most deserving of such honor? In a cavalry charge, or an assault by the infantry, it might be less difficult to notice three men, whose daring and persistent bravery placed them in the foremost rank of those deserving of honor, but in a battery where a man stood behind the gun, where each man, if he did his duty, was a hero equally with his fellows, no officer could, with justice, say that some were worthy of being singled out for special honor. In general orders the Battery had been congratulated for its bravery and good work, but all participated in such honors, and were equally proud of being mentioned.



THE GILLMORE MEDAL.

The medals were there, and as neither Capt. Rockwell nor his staff could say with truth which three were the bravest, the distribution was settled by each man drawing lots for the medals.

The men laughed over the affair. Very few cared to receive a medal under such circumstances, but the drawing proceeded. Three names were drawn, and one of the comrades who had taken so little interest in the drawing that he had not attended was announced as one of those most worthy of honor.

At the drawing for the non-commissioned officer's medal it fell to Corporal Beecher, but before he had time to realize that he had successfully gambled for a hero's medal, it was found that some names had been omitted. Some of the comrades who were in the hospital were entitled to be included, but they had been forgotten, so a new drawing was ordered and all names included.

At the second drawing it so happened that it fell to Corporal J. F. Bliss, one of the most deserving and best gunners in the Battery, who, while on the particular occasion for which the medal was awarded, may not have been more exposed than his comrades, yet for his conspicuous bravery and service on Pon Pon River, while commanding a section worked by colored soldiers, wherein he was placed in a more responsible position, and was exposed to greater danger than any other non-commissioned officer in the Battery, fully deserved a special medal.

In the second drawing for the private's medal the lot fell to Comrade Ralph Blodgett. The first time it had been drawn by Comrade Charles Hotchkiss. The comrade felt very sore about having to give up the medal, and shows in his diary why he thought he was deserving the honor, even if it were drawn by chance. "I feel a little sore," he wrote at the time, "that I got no acknowledgment for being, by a long way, the first man at the gun when we ran into the masked battery on the Pon Pon River expedition. It was not my gun either, but I got the rammer and went forward and worked alone for some time before a single person came to help me. The shots from the enemy's battery were flying about pretty lively, but such is life, and as soon as the steamer got around, and our gun could be brought to bear on the enemy, I again took the rammer, as Number One got nervous, and I acted in his place until we were out of range."

The sergeant's medal was drawn by S. C. Dickinson. In this way the three Gillmore medals were awarded to the First Connecticut Light Battery. It was felt by those who drew them that the medals could not be looked upon as badges of individual bravery, but rather that the three fortunate ones were the trustees of the Battery, wearing an official insignia, which testified that the entire Battery was composed of men worthy of all honor.

The destruction of Fort Sumter and the capture of Fort Wagner, giving

as it did the control of Morris Island to the Union forces, naturally called for congratulatory orders.

General Quincy Gillmore issued general orders, which were read to each regiment and company in his command. Speaking of the destruction of Sumter, he said:

“It is with no ordinary feeling of gratification and pride that the Brigadier-General commanding is enabled to congratulate this army upon the signal success which has crowned the enterprise in which it has been engaged. Fort Sumter is destroyed. The scene where our country’s flag suffered its first dishonor, you have made the theatre of one of its proudest triumphs.

“The fort has been in the possession of the enemy for more than two years, has been his pride and boast, has been strengthened by every appliance known to military science, and has defied the assaults of the most powerful and gallant fleet the world ever saw. But it has yielded to your courage and patient labor. Its walls are now crumbled to ruins, its formidable batteries are silenced, and though a hostile flag still floats over it, the fort is a harmless and helpless wreck.

“Forts Wagner and Gregg—works rendered memorable by their protracted resistance, and the sacrifice of life they have cost—have been wrested from the enemy by your persevering courage and skill, and the graves of your fallen comrades rescued from desecration and contumely.

“You now hold in undisputed possession the whole of Morris Island, and the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of your artillery from the very spot where the first shot was fired at your country’s flag, and the rebellion itself inaugurated.

“To you—the officers and soldiers of this command—and to the gallant navy which has co-operated with you, are due the thanks of your commander and your country. You were called upon to encounter untold privations and dangers; to undergo unremitting and exhausting labors; to sustain severe and disheartening reverses. How nobly your patriotism and zeal have responded to the call, the results of the campaign will show, and your commanding General gratefully bears witness.”

While the First Connecticut Light Battery had not bombarded Sumter or Batteries Gregg and Wagner, yet the Battery had rendered efficient

assistance on picket, and in holding Folly Island against any attack by the enemy. The Battery was always ready to march at a moment's notice, and the comrades were disappointed, when after hitching up, the order to unhitch was given.

The year, 1863, closed with the war still in progress, and far from any chance of settlement. Everyone had settled down to the conviction that the men of the South, fewer in numbers than those of the North, were yet stubborn foes, who would contest every inch of ground, and fight until a victory so clearly decisive, that none could question it, was won by either the Union or the Confederate forces. Compromise would not be considered; it must be a war to the finish, and the Connecticut boys were just as earnest in their love for the flag as when two years before they had marched through New Haven amid the plaudits of the people.

Recalling those last days of 1863 on Folly Island, Comrade Sloan says:

“On the night of December 31, 1863, an alarm at White House Landing started us out—it rained and how it poured!—in some places the water was knee-deep, and before we arrived at the White House we were drenched. Soon after midnight it cleared, and the wind whistled from some icy quarter, and froze the puddles till the ice would bear one's weight. Some of us tried to light a fire to keep from freezing, but the infantry officers would put it out, for fear of drawing the enemy's fire; but after a time we succeeded in getting a good fire started, and enjoyed some comfort. I remember telling one officer that I would rather die by a bullet than freeze to death.

“We had several reviews; and one time I was a driver of a team, the high horse of which was liable to blind staggers. Just as we were in open order for inspection, the horse showed symptoms of his infirmity, and although I worked the spurs for all they were worth, the horse went down. Capt. Rockwell came for me thoroughly mad, and would not take my word for the fact that I was not to blame, but Jerome satisfied him that the horse was the only thing to blame.

“The months spent on Folly Island were the easiest of our services, but we soon learned that there was something beside having an easy time to a soldier's life.”

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN'S ISLAND.



WHEN the year 1864 opened the comrades had settled down to the belief that they were to be permanently located on Folly Island until Charleston was occupied by the Union troops.

Forty-nine of the comrades had re-enlisted for a further term of three years or until the war was over, and in accordance with the promise of the Government, they were given thirty days' furlough, so that they might go North and see their friends.

The month of January passed without anything happening to shake the belief of the comrades in a long stay on the Island. The operations in Charleston Harbor were continued slowly but persistently, and the Battery held itself in readiness to participate at any moment.

Early in February the order reached Folly Island for General Vogdes and staff, with Foster's brigade, General Ames' brigade, the Colored brigade and Battery E., Third U. S. Artillery, to proceed at once to Jacksonville, Florida.

It was generally believed that the Connecticut Battery would have accompanied the expedition had it not been weakened by so many being absent on furlough.

General Terry received an order on February 6, 1864, to send Brigadier-General Schimmelfennig, with a force of 3,000 or 4,000 men, to make an armed reconnoissance upon John's Island, in such a manner as to alarm the enemy for the safety of the railroad near Rantowles Bridge, and thus draw his attention away from the expedition to Florida.

Brigadier-General A. Schimmelfennig was ordered to cross the Kiawah and Seabrook Islands, to make a demonstration. His force consisted of parts of the First and Second Brigades and Foster's brigade of Vogdes' division and six pieces of artillery.

Orders were given for the right section of the First Connecticut Light Battery, under command of Lieutenant George Metcalf, to accompany the expedition. So many men were away on furlough, granted to those who had re-enlisted for a further three years, that it became necessary to detail a number of colored men as cannoneers. The white men were not at all anxious to have negroes as their comrades, and several tried to change places with those in the other sections. The order of the Confederate Government to treat all negroes who were captured while wearing the uniform of the United States as criminals, and consigning them to summary punishment, and the punishment by death of all white officers commanding or drilling colored men in the service of the United States had never been repealed, and no comrade liked to take the risk of being taken prisoner in the company of negroes.

The order to the generals commanding the brigades was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1864.

The General commanding directs that you have your command at the wharf at the south end of Folly Island to-night at 9 P. M., prepared to join in an expedition, to be commanded by Brigadier-General Schimmelfennig.

The men will be prepared with three days' rations, commencing to-morrow (the 8th, 9th, and 10th instant), 40 rounds ammunition in cartridge box and 40 in knapsacks, their overcoats, blanket and rubber blanket, and an extra pair of socks. There will be with each 100 men three axes and three spades; an ambulance, stretchers, and stretcher-bearers will also be taken, also signal flags and lights, if they can be had. The horses and ambulance will be at the wharf at 8 P. M. On landing at Kiawah, a staff officer from General Schimmelfennig will conduct the command to its appointed place. Commanding officers of brigades and regiments will be responsible for all unnecessary noise. No fires will be kindled and no signals sounded until the enemy has been attacked.

H. B. SCOTT,

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the night of Monday the 8th, February 1864, General Schimmelfennig's force landed on Kiawah Island, and forded the estuary between that and Seabrook Island, crossing from there at the Haulover to John's Island.

The Unionists were immediately met by a brisk fire from the Confederate skirmishers, who had advanced from the woods and were charging over a rise of ground. They obtained possession of a line of hedge and ditch, but were speedily dislodged by the 157th New York Infantry, who drove them into the open field.

General Ames' brigade having advanced over two wide fields, was checked upon entering the third field by a fire from the enemy's skirmishers, who were strongly entrenched. This was communicated to General Ames, who ordered a cessation of the advance, and afterward the withdrawal of the line. Just before the line was checked, parties were dispatched to search the buildings of a plantation near the river and destroy all arms found there. The line was withdrawn in good order. The 157th New York Infantry was ordered to the rear, where it bivouacked behind the earthworks already alluded to, these works were at once strengthened, so as to form a ditch and parapet of considerable strength.

General Beauregard looked with almost contempt on the force sent to John's Island for he had been informed that the regiments consisted of "raw recruits and drafted men." In a message sent to General Wise he said that such a force could be easily "ambuscaded by selecting a good position for that object, then by ostentatiously falling back with main body until proper point, when turn and attack front and flank." But before night on that same day he was telegraphing to hold trains in readiness to send troops to reinforce General Wise.

The enemy sent large reinforcements to the Island taking all the available men from Meggett's and Young's Islands and from Adams' Run and Church Flats.

The Union force moved up to the Bohicket road, near Dr. W. Jenkins' and about a mile from Haulover. The enemy had about 550 infantry and 200 cavalry and two light batteries, the Marion and Charles.

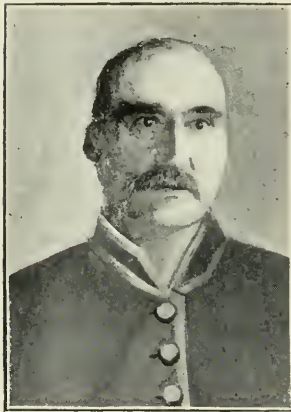
The Union Infantry deployed in a heavy forest, on a line with the enemy's left, while the section of the Connecticut Battery shelled the

enemy's right, while four pieces of another battery were in front. The enemy was driven back to a triangle in the roads called the Cocked Hat.

The enemy sent back to Adams' Run for reinforcements which arrived in a few hours. All day Tuesday the fighting continued, the enemy being driven back some three miles, only to rally, and with the aid of newly arrived troops, reoccupy the ground driving back the Union force to nearly the point from which it had started.

The enemy's sharpshooters were strongly entrenched and kept up a brisk fire, while a regiment which had just arrived attacked the Union force until late in the night, capturing four prisoners, but being unable to force the Unionists back, the enemy withdrew.

On the 10th several light skirmishes took place, but no material advantage was gained by either side.



ANDREW NOLAN,
of Milford.

Enlisted and mustered in Dec.
2, 1861; discharged Dec. 2, 1864.
time expired.

On the morning of the 11th the Union force advanced along the Bohicket and Mullet Hall roads, and rapidly to the place known as the Cocked Hat. The enemy had his right on the Bohicket river, across the Bohicket road, and his left across the open field, on a ditch back to the woods on the left, and through them to the Legareville road.

Comrade Andrew Nolan, speaking of his experience on John's Island, says that the roads over which they marched were composed of soft sand, in places so deep that the horses sank in it up to their bellies. At times quicksand would be met with, and a horse would suddenly sink down to such a depth that it was with difficulty that he could be rescued. On one occasion a gun dropped into one of the quicksand holes up to the axle. The infantry had to cross small streams by wading, in some instances up to their waists in water; many of the men took off their shoes and the sand adhered to their wet feet, so that when they put their shoes on again the sand cut the feet like glass. The troops were not allowed to delay long enough to dry their feet, so in resuming the march the dry sand would fly up and, sticking to their ankles, work



GOING INTO ACTION.

(From a war sketch by Forbes.)

down into their shoes, causing them to suffer tortures as they marched.

The enemy opened fire from the Marion battery at about 1,200 yards' distance, and the Connecticut Battery, being in a good position, concealed by a hedgerow, replied with vigor, silencing, for a time, the enemy's guns. The enemy brought up another light battery and the artillery duel became lively, the Marion battery being effectually silenced. The firing ceased at 5 p. m., having lasted with scarcely any cessation for nearly two hours. In good order the Union force retired in the direction of Haulover.

While this skirmishing was going on, General Beauregard determined to make a diversion in favor of the Confederate General Wise, ordering all the harbor batteries bearing on Morris Island to open vigorously for one and a half hours at two o'clock on the morning of July 11th, as though preceding an attack in force with infantry.

Almost every hour artillery duels were fought and the right section fired away all its ammunition, except canister. Comrade Andrew Holbrook describes the duel between the enemy and the section of the Battery on the afternoon of the eleventh, as being one of the severest the Battery had been in up to that time. Comrade Holbrook says that he was in the saddle two whole nights during that expedition, and he was not at all sorry when Folly Island was again reached.



ANDREW HOLBROOK,
of Seymour.

Enlisted and mustered in Dec.
2, 1861; discharged Dec. 2, 1864;
time expired.

On the morning of the 12th, the Union gunboats began to shell the woods heavily, to cover the withdrawal of the force. The enemy gallantly pushed forward, but the fire was too heavy and the risk too great, so the Unionists were able to cross the Haulover bridge, which they destroyed, as well as a number of houses, which they burned, in order to obstruct the road.

While on the Island a book was found containing copies of messages that had been transmitted over the line between Hilton Head and Folly Island. The messages had been read by a man at the Botany Bay station belonging to the Confederate signal corps. Immediately this discovery was made a number of false messages were

transmitted through to Botany Bay Station in order to mislead the enemy, if any there should be able to read them.

The Union losses in the skirmishes were 15 killed, wounded and missing, the section of the Connecticut Battery escaping without any casualty.

On the evening of the 12th, the section was welcomed back to Folly Island by the comrades, who had been very anxious about those who had been engaged in active service, and for days were highly entertained listening to the stories the comrades told about the march, the country, what they saw and did, and description of the hardships endured and the enemy they encountered. Many were the stories they told of the eccentric Gen. Schimmelfennig, who spoke very broken English, and was often misunderstood. He became especially exasperated when the men would dodge their heads as they heard the whiz of the bullets. He knew, and so did they, that it was too late to dodge then, but he lectured them and called them fools, asking in angry tones:

“What for you dodge, you fools?”

Camp life was resumed, the sea had to be fought, for at times it appeared as though the ocean was conspiring with the Confederates to drive the Union soldiers from the peculiar island with its appropriate name, for as a comrade said, “It did look like a piece of *folly* to try to live on such an island.” General Beauregard is reported to have said that he would “give every Yankee soldier a piece of real estate six feet by two on Folly Island, the fittest place for them to stay, unless the sea washed them away before he could get to them.”

It was certainly remarkable that anyone could live on the Island, for the water was so brackish that it was almost undrinkable, causing dysentery and diarrhoea among the men to an alarming extent. There was one advantage, the comrades were able to get a greater variety of food than ever before. We find in the commissary report such things as mixed vegetables pressed into cakes, which made excellent soup when boiled with the beef, dried apples, hominy, pickles, rice, tea as well as coffee, molasses and other things, which were bought out of the company fund. Then on one day we hear of a catch of 75 pounds of fine fish, one channel bass, weighing eleven and a half pounds. Clams were plentiful; some found them too plentiful,

SHIPPED

Sold by Joseph Walker,
89 East-8th.

in good order and well-conditioned, by Robert M Blacklock
on board the good Brig called the Shamrock whereof
S. Rogers is Master for the present voyage, now lying in the
port of Charleston, and bound for New Orleans, La To say:

Two Negroes - Isaac & Bonaparte

being wanted and returned to in the averages and are to be delivered in the like good
order and well-conditioned, at the aforesaid port of New Orleans La
(the danger of the seas, only excepted) unto Messrs Carter & Co. ---
or to their assigns, he or they paying freight for the said Negroes
at twelve Dollars fifty Cents each

with primage and average accustomed. In Witness Whereof, the Master
or Agent of the said vessel hath affirmed to three Bills of Lading, all of this tenor
and date; one of which being accomplished, the others to stand void.

De Witt. Dated in Charleston, the 26th day of January 1845
& Declaration Received ~~Robert M Blacklock~~

BILL OF LADING OF TWO NEGROES.

Found by Comrade Marcus M Hall, in a house in the pretty little village of Eddingsville, situated on a point of land between St. Helena Sound and the Edisto River. The village was the summer resort of the *élite* of Charleston.

for comrades Durgin and Hotchkiss had to go to the doctor to ask him to counteract the effects of too much clam pie.

The camp was overhauled and laid out on a different plan, the commissary shanty was re-roofed and the side walls made watertight, though nothing made them mouse and rat proof. With a feeling of pride the comrades pointed out the great improvements made in the camp when the rain began to fall, heavy gales to blow and old Neptune was lashed into a fury, the high tides rose above the level of the park, and guns, caissons and everything had to be moved out of the way of the salt water.

Comrade Arthur E. Clarke, on his return from his thirty days' furlough, brought many messages from home for his comrades, and he tells, in his diary, how joyfully they were received. He found, however, that during his absence his tent had been burned to the ground. He says: "Some of my boys had built a fire in the fireplace a few nights previous to our arrival; unknown to them the jamb caught fire, and about three o'clock in the morning communicated it to the tent. I lost only a few towels; the rest of my clothing and the furniture was saved by the heroic action of the 'fire department.' Captain Rockwell kindly furnished me with a new tent, which I pitched on the old site. I do not like it quite as well as the old one, because it is made of linen, which will not shed the rain first rate. I found our camp very much improved. We have comfortable stables covered with slabs for the horses, fourteen of our horses have gone to Florida, Col. Henry took them for his men. The expedition to that State has proved rather disastrous."

During this time the heavy thunder of the guns continued, and Charleston was constantly bombarded.

As the shells, loaded with Greek fire, fell into the streets, and exploded, the people ran screaming through the streets, finding cover in cellars, in the most out-of-the-way places, even running to the cemeteries and crouching behind the grave stones. The Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston, one of the most picturesque and beautiful cemeteries in the South, with its fine monuments and grave stones, was daily peopled with the timid who felt safer in the world of the dead than in the streets of the city. Many of the buildings were riddled with shot and, the church steeples were excellent marks for the shells.

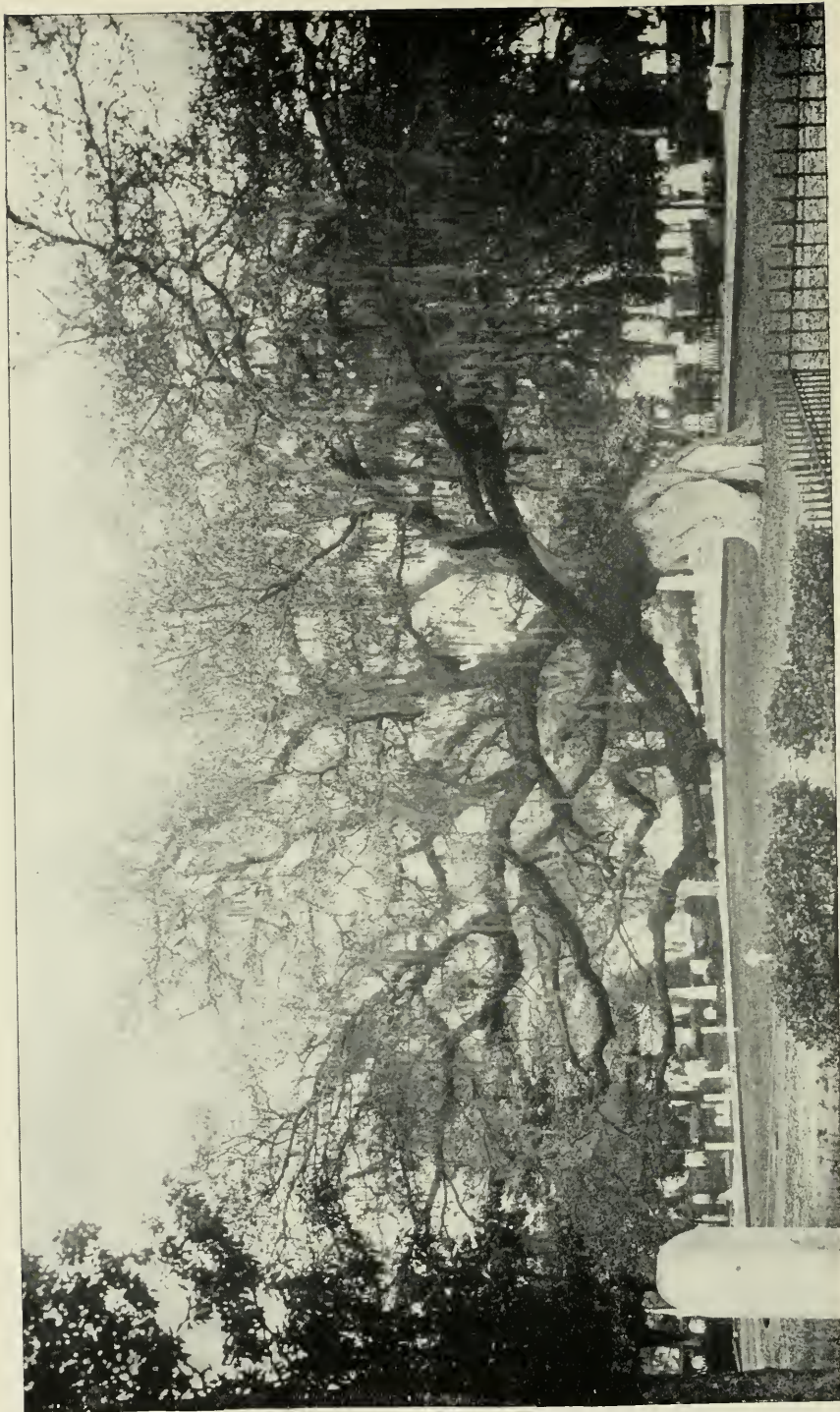
When the people saw that but little damage, comparatively, was done by the shells they grew bolder and even watched for the flying missiles. Before the year 1864 was three months old, the *Charleston Courier*, said: "The damage being done is extraordinarily small in comparison with the number of shot and weight of metal fired. The whizzing of shells overhead has become a matter of so little interest as to excite scarcely any attention from the passers by."

A correspondent writing from Morris Island in February 1864, speaking of the flight of shells in the bombardment of Charleston said: "At night we can see the path of a shell through its journey lighted as it is by a burning fuse. When the range is two miles, the track of a shell from a mortar describes very nearly half the arc of a circle. On leaving the mortar, it gracefully moves on, climbing up and up into the heavens, till it is nearly or quite a mile above the earth, and then it glides along for a moment, apparently in a horizontal line; but quickly you see that the little fiery orb is on the home stretch, describing the other segment of the circle.

"A shell from a Parrot rifle-gun, in going two and a half miles, deviates from a straight line not quite so much as a shell from a mortar. But in passing over this space, considerable time is required. The report travels much faster than the shot. A shell from a mortar makes the distance of two miles in about thirty seconds, and from a Parrot gun in about half that time. The flash of a gun at night, and the white smoke by day, indicate the moment of discharge, and fifteen or twenty seconds give an abundance of time to find a cover in a splinter proof, behind a trench, or something else. It is wise and soldierly to do so, but many pay no attention to these hissing, screaming, flying, in the day-time invisible devils, except to crack jokes at their expense, and occasionally one pays with his life for this foolhardiness."

A contraband related his experience in dodging shells on the battlefield as follows: "Ye see, massa, I was drivin' an ambulance when a musket ball come an' kill my horse; and den, mighty soon, a shell come along an he blow de wagon all to pieces—*an' den I got off!*"

On one occasion during the stay of the Battery on Folly Island Comrade Joseph Fowler was detailed as orderly to General Vogdes. The General had just landed from some point or expedition where food had been



MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

a rather scarce commodity, and even generals are human enough to be hungry at times. A quantity of sausages looked so tempting that the General's mouth watered, but he could not think of any way of carrying them home. He looked longingly, and the longer he looked the more tempting the sausages appeared. Then he asked the sutler if he could not furnish a feed bag in which he could carry the sausages. The sutler smiled and at once produced one. The sausages were weighed and put in the bag, which



ORDERLY.

the orderly, Comrade Fowler, then fastened behind his saddle. The General started up the beach, followed by the orderly on a brisk gallop, but they had not gone more than a mile or two before Fowler thought of the bag of sausages and put his hand behind to feel if it were all right. There seemed something wrong. The bag did not feel as full as when he started. It might be imagination, but then suppose it were not? The orderly looked back and saw the sausages trailing along the beach. The bag had burst open, letting the sausages out link by link, until they had the appearance

of a rope being dragged over the sand and dirt. Comrade Fowler looked toward the General and saw that he was riding straight on, never looking back. The orderly commenced hauling in the sausages hand over hand, as a sailor hauls in a rope, until they were all gathered once more in the bag, all covered with sand. When the General arrived at the camp, Fowler handed the sausages to the cook without explaining anything about the accident. When General Vogdes dismissed Fowler he asked his name. Saluting, Fowler gave it, and said he belonged to the Connecticut Light Battery. "You have done so very well, I may want you again sometime," the General said as he entered his tent. Fowler not having explained about dragging the sausages along the beach for a mile or so, felt very uncomfortable, and was mortally afraid that when the General discovered it, he would send for him again, and the meeting might not be as pleasant as the parting

The comrade on his return to the camp said that he wished the General had not asked for his name. For a few days he lived in mortal fear of being sent for, but he never heard anything more about the incident, for which he was truly grateful.

General Vogdes was a very nervous man. He had been captured at Harper's Ferry, and the experience was so very unpleasant that he was always afraid of being again in the clutches of the enemy. In order to prevent such a catastrophe he kept an unusually strong picket guard out at night. The Battery came in for its share of extra service in that line. The General was evidently determined not to get another dose of prison life if doubling the guard could prevent it. It was said that during the excitement and confusion among the Unionists, when the Confederates captured Harper's Ferry, some one ran away with the General's horse, and, in the hasty retreat, he was forced to ride a mule. The mule was orderly and easily managed while going through the town, but when it got into the country where grass was growing, the animal lost all its reverence for the proud officer on its back and stopped to feed. General Vogdes used all his persuasive power in trying to get the mule to move—he kicked, driving the spurs into the animal's side; he coaxed and talked, but with no other result than making the mule retaliate by kicking backwards instead of moving forward and the General, was overtaken by the Confederates and captured. The officer never liked the look of a mule after that experience.

One of the pleasantest features of camp life on Folly Island was the Debating Society. Comrade Edgar Davis was elected President, and most excellently did he perform the duties. The subjects discussed were of the widest range, and the members showed that they possessed not only logical minds, but the gift of eloquence in a very marked degree. Comrades Upson, Griswold and Sloan were very active in assisting the President in keeping up the interest in the Society, while many other comrades showed their appreciation by taking part in the debates and starting new subjects. The conduct of the war, as well as the issues likely to arise out of it, were prominent topics, but art, science, literature and politics were subjects not neglected. The debates were sometimes held in the open air, but mostly in the Chapel tent, until it was destroyed early in February, 1864.

The last meeting of the Debating Society, held in the chapel tent, was a

warm one. The old subject, "Which was the greater evil, Slavery or Intemperance?" was debated; Comrade Marcus Hall opening by maintaining that slavery was the greater evil, while Comrade Edward Griswold took the opposite side, arguing that intemperance was the greatest bane of the country. Comrade Hall was eloquent, as all New Englanders were, on the question of slavery, and his well-rounded sentences and logical arguments were received with many outbursts of enthusiasm. Comrade Griswold worked on the feelings of the audience by portraying the evils of intemperance. He drew a vivid and realistic picture of the drunkard's home, telling of the patient wife waiting with anxiety the return of the one who had promised to love and honor and respect her, he described the Bacchanalian songs, the brutal treatment with which the wife's devotion was repaid, the famished children and all the suffering to be found in a drunkard's home. The tears came into the eyes of many, audible sobs could be heard, for the comrades were moved to the extreme by Comrade Griswold's word painting, when one of the comrades, who had been familiar with such scenes in his early life, interrupted the speaker angrily, believing that Comrade Griswold was picturing his own life and home and family. In vain the eloquent speaker declared that he was drawing an impersonal picture, and that he had not once thought of the comrade, but the interrupter refused to credit the statement, and the debate closed at once rather than allow what might have been an unhappy termination. It was regretted by all the comrades, for the debates had been the means of providing considerable instruction and pleasure to those who attended.

On the last day of 1863 the comrades were gladdened by the receipt of a large consignment of good things from the citizens of Guilford. There were no less than eighteen barrels of vegetables, and as many boxes filled with all sorts of dainties and necessaries, which would remind the comrades of their homes in old Connecticut. The people of Guilford seemed never tired of doing nice things for the Battery, and while all parts of the State rejoiced in the work the comrades were doing, yet it had to be admitted that Guilford was to the front when any practical work of sympathy was on hand. Some of the blankets which had been sent by the Ladies' Aid Society of Guilford to the Battery, when in camp at Beaufort, had not been

used, and these were awarded as prizes for the best revolver shooting while on Folly Island.

On April 12th Captain Rockwell started on a short vacation, but when he reached Hilton Head he was ordered back, his leave of absence countermanded, and orders given to have the Battery in readiness to move at an hour's notice. The Captain returned the following day to the Island, and on the same day there arrived at the headquarters of the General commanding, Special Order No. 154, which ordered the First Connecticut Light Battery to report at Hilton Head with its camp and garrison equipage. A few days later the Battery knew that it was to go to Virginia to join the Army of the James, General Terry receiving Special order 163:

“Brig.-Gen. A. H. Terry, U. S. Volunteers, is hereby relieved from command of the Northern District, and will proceed to Fort Monroe and report to Major General B. F. Butler, commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, for the purpose of organizing the troops belonging to the Tenth Army Corps. He will ascertain the wants of the troops, and make such requisitions as may be necessary to supply them.”

On that same day orders were given to prepare ten days' cooked rations for the Battery, and on the afternoon of July 18, 1864 General Schimmelfennig reported:

“The First Connecticut Light Battery has embarked, and is about to sail direct for Fort Monroe; verbal instructions were given to Captain Rockwell by General Terry before he left here.”

The Camp at Folly Island, where the Battery had spent nine easy months, was broken, and real war with all its dangers and horrors was to be engaged in by those comrades who had read much but seen little of its actualities while stationed on the Island.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

In the Battery were many who were good and earnest Christians, and they felt, even more than others, the responsibilities resting upon the defenders of the flag.



CHARLES A. HOTCHKISS,
of New Haven.

Mustered Musician Oct. 26, 1861. Re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63. Promoted Corporal Nov. 7, 1864. Mustered out June 11, 1865. Secretary of the Christian Association during its entire existence.

A meeting was held at Beaufort and the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, which we transcribe verbatim from the secretary's minute book:

WHEREAS, the undersigned members of the FIRST LIGHT BATTERY, Connecticut Volunteers, having left our homes and many religious privileges to come here to battle in defence of our Country's rights, feel it not only our duty to do what we can in defence of our country, but to sustain its principles and follow the teachings of our forefathers, and above all that, as those who profess to be the

“War is hell,” said General Sherman at the close of the war, and at its very commencement the professing Christians realized that only by constant vigilance and unceasing prayer could the soldiers resist the temptations which would beset them.

In the month of June, 1863, the members of the Battery had proved that their predilections were correct and some among them proposed the formation of a religious society.



EDGAR G. DAVIS,
of Guilford.

Enlisted Oct. 26, '61; mustered in Nov. 2, '61. Discharged Nov. 2, '64; time expired. First President of the Religious Association, President of the Debating Society.

followers of Jesus Christ, and desiring to see his cause prosper, and the salvation of souls around us; also having been presented by our friends at home with a chapel tent, in which we can worship God according to our own free will:

THEREFORE it becomes us as Christians to use and improve these privileges, that we may advance our spiritual and eternal welfare, and also the spiritual condition of our fellow soldiers around us that they may be brought to Christ, and to do this it is expedient that we organize ourselves into a society that by so laboring with united hearts and hands we may the better promote the cause of Our Blessed Master here in our midst:

BE IT RESOLVED. 1st. That we, the undersigned members of the First Connecticut Light Battery, do hereby organize ourselves into a society that we may the better promote the cause of Christ in our midst.

2d. That we will endeavor to live as Christ would have us live, ever showing forth to our unconverted associates that love which Our Savior manifested toward us, and that we may by our living testify to them that there is a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, and by our words and actions seek to induce them to unite with us in the service of Our Blessed Master.

3d. That we will do what lies in our power to discountenance and discourage the use of profane and vulgar language in our company and encourage the use of only such as would be used in refined and virtuous society at home.

4th. That we be joined together in the bonds of Christian love and fellowship, that we work with united hearts and hands in the service of the Redeemer and encourage each other to live faithful, devoted and Christian lives.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION I.

Article 1. That the officers of this society shall consist of a President, Secretary, Treasurer, Assistant Secretary and a Committee of three members.

Article 2. That the officers shall be chosen by ballot, quarterly.

Article 3. To become a member of this society and have a voice in its business affairs, each person shall read these resolutions and sign his name to them.

Article 4. That the tent which has been given us for a chapel tent shall be used for religious and literary purposes only, except in extreme cases and when necessity requires it, for the wounded, etc., and then only by the consent of the committee.

SECTION 2.

Article 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all business meetings.

Article 2. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to record all business meetings, their time and place of holding, also the religious meetings, by whom conducted and what transpired of interest, and to keep a correct account of conversions.

Article 3. It shall be the duty of the Assistant Secretary to assist the Secretary when needed, and when that officer is absent, to act in his place, also to act as Librarian, keeping a correct account of all books, given out or received.

Article 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep a correct account of all funds of the society and take charge of all cash on hand.

Article 5. It shall be the duty of the committee to see that the tent has proper care, that it is lighted during all meetings; to appoint meetings, both religious and business; to provide chaplains or others to conduct religious meetings, and to see that the tent is used for its legitimate purposes, as provided in Sec. 1, Art. 4; to transact all business necessary to be done, and not coming within the duties of the officers of the society; and to call on the Treasurer for all funds necessary for lights, repairs, etc.

Article 6. That all funds necessary and requisite for the society shall be raised by contribution.

Article 7. That all books received into the library shall be selected by the committee, and should the funds permit, the committee can draw on the Treasurer for payment for said books.

Finally

That we cordially invite all those in our
Battery, who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and
desire to see his Kingdom extended upon Earth,
to unite with this Society and with heart
and hand try to serve God faithfully here
and thence be prepared to meet God in Heaven
hereafter, and then to live in those mansions
which He has prepared for all those that
love and serve Him

Joseph W Fowler
George R. Ingram
Loren J. Waldo
Stephen H. Norton
Edgar J. Davis
C. A. Hatchtip
Edward Trisswald
Cheney Wakeley
Kurtis H. Evers.
Frank J. Gresham
Hart London
H. E. Lanolera.

Warren W. Bissell
Alfred E. Leonard,
Arthur E. Clark
William B. Ives.
John Loomis
J. D. W. Lean
Edward P. Norton
William Brown
Henry C. Gillette
Elias C. Norton.
John C. Albro
E. C. Blatchley

Charles A Sikes

*John T. Sloan
Theron Upson,*

Through the courtesy and kindness of the widow of our dear comrade, Charles A. Hotchkiss, we are enabled to give a photographic fac-simile of the page of the Secretary's Minute Book, showing the signatures of the comrades who recorded their names as members of the religious association.

On the 12th of June the society organized and elected the following as officers to serve three months:

President—Edgar G. Davis.

Secretary—Charles A. Hotchkiss.

Assistant Secretary and Librarian—Warren H. Bissell.

Committee—Hethcote G. Landon, Edward Griswold, John E. Albro.

Treasurer—Ebenezer Wakeley.

Some religious books had already been purchased and paid for out of the funds of the society, and it was thought advisable and prudent to hand them over to the Company library which had just been established for the benefit of the Battery.

The chapel tent was one of the best that could be procured and had been purchased and sent out by the patriotic people of Guilford. A vote of thanks was sent by the society to the donors.

During the first quarter religious meetings were held, services conducted on Sundays and prayer meetings during the week, presided over and conducted by members of the society, Comrades Davis, Griswold and Hotchkiss being especially active.

The second quarterly meeting was held October 8, 1863, at the camp on Folly Island, with Comrade Edward Griswold in the chair, the President and Treasurer being both sick. After adopting a resolution in favor of election by plurality, the society elected officers:

President—Edward Griswold.

Secretary—C. A. Hotchkiss.

Assistant Secretary—W. H. Bissell.

Treasurer—E. Wakeley.

Committee—A. E. Clark, J. E. Albro, H. G. Landon.

The Treasurer reported receipts during the quarter \$12.50, and expenses \$8.65, leaving a balance in hand of \$3.85.

The Secretary's minute book, kindly placed at the disposal of the Editor by his widow, shows that there were times when camp duties and terrible storms prevented meetings being held, but with these exceptions the society proved itself faithful, and at services and prayer meetings Comrades Hotchkiss, Griswold, Landon, Henry C. Gillette, Edward Norton, Loomis, Albro, McLean, Davis, Sikes, Wakeley and Upson, took an active part either in leading in the prayers or reading sermons. Sometimes a chaplain was obtained, and then a good rousing service was held.

Capt. Rockwell frequently read the Episcopal service in the tent, and one of the comrades would read a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, Charles H. Spurgeon, or other well-known divine. The Christian Commission conducted the services several times and renewed earnestness resulted. Three prayer meetings were held each week, and two, and sometimes three services on Sunday.

At the third quarterly meeting there were some changes made in the officers, John T. Sloan becoming Assistant Secretary, the committee being John Loomis, Jacob T. Guptil, and Hart Landon.

Mr. J. R. Bacon gladdened the hearts of the members by sending a handsome Bible and Book of Psalms, enclosed in a black walnut case, which proved a very acceptable present, not only because of its intrinsic value and usefulness, but because it was from him that the inspiration came to organize the association.

Mr. Bacon, a city missionary from Five Points, New York, and a native of Connecticut, was spending some time in Beaufort for the benefit of his health. Being an indefatigable worker for the cause of Christianity, he was grieved to see the lax manner in which the chaplains fulfilled their duties. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, visiting the hospitals daily, going into the camp and talking with the soldiers, opening up the local churches which had been closed when the Union troops entered the city; reading sermons when he was unable to secure the services of an ordained clergyman; holding evening services in the largest church in the city, and leading 2,000 soldier voices in Gospel song. All these things endeared him to the hearts of the comrades, and a revival of religious thought and feeling

was brought about. The religious work inaugurated by Mr. Bacon spread throughout the department, and many of the comrades of the Battery took an active part in the services.

On Sunday February 7th, 1864, one section of the Battery was sent to John's Island, on an expedition of great danger, sixteen of the Battery and a corresponding number of negro soldiers going to man the pieces. The members did not forget to pray for their absent comrades, and a meeting of praise was held on the following Friday when the section returned with all hands safe, though all much fatigued. Several times after that the Battery was disunited, and while the society still held its meetings many of its members were far away among the flying bullets and the whizzing shells of the enemy.

The tent began to show the effects of the weather and the members discussed the question of obtaining a new one. A special committee was appointed to see what could be done and reported that no suitable tent could be obtained from the Quartermaster. The spirits of the committee fell very low, but Captain Rockwell came to the rescue, and said he would draw on the Quartermaster for an hospital tent, which could be used by the society except when needed for the sick or wounded. While waiting for the new tent the old one was blown down during a serious gale and completely destroyed.

When the Chapel tent was destroyed on Folly Island the comrades realized how much they missed the services on Sundays and the prayer meetings and discussions during the week. Those who had been indifferent were ready to subscribe towards the purchase of a new tent, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Capt. Rockwell to see what he could suggest. The Captain promised that a tent should be procured at once. He said that as he was about to go North on a vacation, he would arrange for a tent to be sent from Hilton Head. Capt. Rockwell was unable to fulfill his promise, for he was ordered back to Folly Island and instructed to be ready to take the Battery to Virginia.

The new tent did not come, and the society had to discontinue its meetings, owing to the Battery being ordered to Virginia, where the active

duties and constant fighting rendered it impossible to attempt any regular services. The last officers of the society were:

President—Sergeant H. G. Landon,

Secretary—C. A. Hotchkiss.

Assistant Secretary—John T. Sloan.

Treasurer—E. Wakeley.

Committee—E. O. Norton, Chas. Sykes, H. C. Gillette.

There is no doubt that the society did a vast amount of good, and the influence of the members was felt outside the ranks of the Battery and among the soldiers of the various regiments with which they came in contact.

The religious association was of the greatest good morally to the comrades. It helped the weak to resist temptation, and added increased strength to those who were of firm principle.

Comrade Clark, one of the most earnest members of the association, frequently acknowledged through the pages of his diary how much good the association with other good Christians had done.



HETHCOTE G. LANDON,
of Guilford.

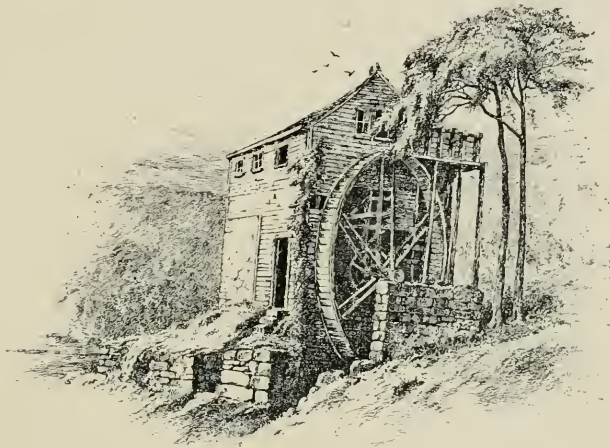
Enlisted Oct 8, '61; mustered in Oct. 26, '61 as Corporal; promoted Sergeant May 25, '63; discharged Oct. 26, '64; time expired.

“We have had a prayer meeting in camp to-night,” he wrote on April 27, 1863: “I feel that God has been with us and blessed our souls. One or two backsliders have publicly confessed their failings and pleaded for sympathy. I begin to see that, perhaps, God has called us together as a company in order that we, who profess to love Him, may work for the salvation of those who are outside the pale of Christ's family. Christians and sinners cannot associate as closely together as we do here, without one party or the other gaining ground. If the Christians live right, the others must feel the power of their influence.”

All the members were in earnest, and testified by their lives as well as by their attendance at the meetings, that with them religion was a living reality.

Comrade Charles Hotchkiss, the Secretary of the Christian Society from its commencement to its disbanding, has passed across the river of death and is receiving the reward of those who have “fought the good fight

and finished their course." His influence still lives, for he left behind him his diary and the record of the work of the Christian Society, and so enabled the Historian and Editor to place on the imperishable pages of history a narrative of earnest Christian work in the camp and on the battlefield.



THE OLD MILL.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM FOLLY ISLAND TO BERMUDA HUNDRED.



FAREWELL, Folly Island! Not a soldier objected. Nine months of sand, mosquitoes, fleas and tides, which threatened death and disaster many times.

Any change was a pleasant one; and the comrades rejoiced when they heard they were to go to Virginia.

Two steam propellers, the General Meigs and Ella Knight, had been sent to the Island for the Battery, and on April 19, 1864, the gangplanks were hauled in, and the two steamers left Pawnee Landing. In war, it seems that there is always a lack of transports, and the comfort of the men who have to do the fighting, bear the burden of warfare, shed their blood, and lay down their lives, is of secondary consideration. It is recalled that the horses, guns, carriages, ammunition, forage, provisions and baggage took up all the lower decks of the steamers, and the men were crowded on the top, with but little accommodation and few conveniences.

In the war of the Secession this was unavoidable. The Government was not prepared for war; the Republic was essentially peace-loving, and when the great trial came neither money nor equipments were available to any great extent. The Government did the very best possible, and it is a wonder to those who have studied the matter carefully to find so little gross or wilful neglect of the men's comfort, and so small a percentage of dishonesty. If ever a war was conducted on an honest basis, it was the great war of Secession. It was natural that the soldiers should feel the hardships of the campaign; because they were citizens and not professional

soldiers they left the desk, the store, the bank and college; they threw down the hoe and left the plough at the call of their country, and being accustomed to home and its comforts the change was acutely felt, but the vast majority accepted the situation without a murmur.

The comrades remembered the terrible sea trip on the sailing craft, the Ellwood Walter, and were afraid of the prospect, but the one consolation was that instead of canvas they had steam and, therefore, more certainty of a quick passage.

The weather was fine on the way to Stono Inlet; and as the comrades were supplied with plenty of rations, and the ship's cooks allowed coffee to be made twice a day, the prospect was not so very disagreeable.

Stono Inlet was left at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 20th, and the weather was still good. The steamers hugged the shore, for they were only river craft and not considered very seaworthy. The Ella Knight led at first, and by the end of the second day the General Meigs was not within sight.

The trip was not a tedious one. The time not required by the care of the horses was passed in singing, playing on violin, banjo, bones and other instruments. In the evening there was dancing—full sets were formed for cotillion, Virginia Reel, and the comrades proved that they could waltz as well as any. The Religious Association held prayer meetings, and Comrade Hotchkiss would stand, tuning fork in hand, leading the singing. Dwight Hall, the "possum hunter," spent considerable time fishing over the side of the steamer and shooting at porpoises. The ever-watchful "Sod" was keeping his eyes open to find a good square meal, even if he had to lay siege to a share in the officers' mess when the cook was looking some other way. "Sod" had sailed on the ocean many times, and understood just how the cook's galley was arranged, as well as the habits of the cooks. During the voyage he kept his eye on the cook's quarters, especially on the galley where the officers' food was prepared; he had learned by years of experience that if there was anything good on board it would be found in the possession of the officers' cook. "Sod" saw a fine-looking piece of roast beef lifted out of the oven and placed on a small shelf all ready to take to the officers' table. While the cook stuck his head out of the galley to get a little fresh air, as cooks frequently do, on account of the confined quarters in which they have

to work, "Sod" pushed his head into the galley for a little fresh beef; in fact, he took the whole roast joint, steaming hot as it was, and poking it under his shirt, walked leisurely forward to his detachment and informed his tent mates that he had been to market. The roast was quickly carved, and the comrades took care to place it where no mortal eye could penetrate. No search was made and "Sod" was never found out. How the cook excused himself, or what he provided for the officers, was never known; for, of course, no one could inquire without betraying a guilty curiosity and violating a military law. Perhaps the cook's proverbial excuse "It was the cat" was called into requisition and made to satisfy the officers. That was the last time "Sod" was ever known to raid the officers' mess for either food or whiskey.

So calm and pleasant was the water that the comrades enjoyed themselves on deck, not even fearing the dreaded Cape Hatteras, for they had come to think that its roughness was only a fairy story. They congratulated themselves that they were not blown out to sea for fourteen days as they had been on the *Ellwood Walter*, and they wondered whether the storm would have been so bad if they had been on a steamer instead of a sailing craft.

In the midst of their wonderment, just when they began to fancy that life on the ocean was one of peace, there blew up a slight wind. It was not much, but some of the comrades began to feel that something was wrong with their stomachs. They might have eaten too much, or it may have been the water that was creating a revolution in their internal organisms. The water was enough to make any one sick without the motion of the ocean waves, for it was the first attempt to use sea water for drinking purposes. The water was condensed, the salt evaporated and the water filtered, but it was very disagreeable, and sticky enough of itself to make the men sick; and the least rolling or pitching of the vessel caused the comrades to feel qualms. The wind increased in force, and but little interest was manifested when it was announced that Cape Hatteras was in sight. "The wind was too strong, and the desire to contribute to the support of the fishes too great just then," a comrade said, for much pleasure to be manifested.

Comrade Griswold humorously describes some incidents of that part of

the trip. He says: "The General Meigs was an old canal boat and, as the carpenter would say, had been built up one story, being very narrow and high; so we could expect that even a slight swell would make her roll, which it did, to the great inconvenience of many of the comrades, who were compelled to surrender their suppers to feed the fish of the sea. Well do I remember that while these comrades were in that condition, somewhat amusing to the onlookers, they were jollied by a certain corporal by the name of Beecher. I had not felt sick myself, but did not think it well to crow, and told the boys their turn might come, and, sure enough, it did; for Corporal Beecher lay very quiet in his bunk all the way to Fort Monroe—not sick, of course, but in a motionless, talkless condition. In the morning I went on deck, and as soon as I reached it, I began to have that peculiar feeling that only the seasick can understand. Looking along the deck, I discovered a row of comrades at the rail, each striving to excel in the work of feeding the fishes. I joined the line, and believe I stood a fair chance of being declared winner. But while sick, I could not but be amused at the different way the comrades acted. Comrade Daniel F. Scranton, whom we all loved, had ways and expressions peculiarly his own. He was at the rail, and every few minutes would cry out: 'I shall die! I shall die!' We tried to cheer him, but he only said 'I shall die, I can't stand it!' Notwithstanding my own miserable feelings, I could not help laughing at him; he finally fell back on the deck exclaiming, 'I am dying! I am gone!' Just as he uttered the last expression, one of the sailors came along and gave him a sharp kick, saying, 'Get up, you fool, you wont die yet.' Dan was instantly on his feet, his fists doubled, threatening to whip the sailor. 'I told you that you were not going to die,' I said. Afterwards when reminded of it, Comrade Scranton would say, 'Yes, there was Griswold; I really believe he would have laughed if I had been really dying', which was not true, of course."

"Is not this awful?" asked a comrade, as the ship gave a lurch.

"Not nearly as bad as the sand flies, the mosquitoes and fleas that have been sucking out our life blood on Folly Island for nine months," answered his friend, who was too good a sailor to be seasick in such a small squall.

"You seem to enjoy it."

“No, but I am delighted to get away from Folly Island, and I am glad we are going to Virginia.”

“Why?”

“We have heard of the many defeats and hardships of the Virginia campaign under ‘Little Mac’, Meade, Hooker, Pope and all the others, and we ought to be proud that we are going to retrieve the disasters and win new laurels for our State.”

The heavy sea prevented further conversation, for even the bravest had to acknowledge the power of Neptune when he lashes the sea into a fury off Hatteras.

The comrade had only expressed the feelings of the members of the Battery, for as one said :

“We felt that we had seen service enough, been initiated into the hardships of campaigning, and had a right to consider ourselves veterans, and had no special fear of the fighting line. It was with this sort of veteran’s self-confident spirit that we entered Virginia and joined the Army of the James at Gloucester Point. For had we not been under fire and had our nerves as well as our guns tested and were not found wanting? We had worked together long enough on the drill ground and the battlefield, so that we had supreme confidence in our Captain, our guns, our horses and each other to enter the new campaign equal to any emergency.”

The steamers entered Hampton Roads, and anchored off Fort Monroe about six o'clock on the evening of the twenty-second of April. The night was calm and moonlight and the harbor presented a beautiful sight with its numerous transports, its war ships and gun boats. The Captain reported at Fort Monroe and was ordered to proceed to Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, there to join the Army of the James, under General Benjamin Franklin Butler. During the night the Battery started up the York River, the General Meigs and Ella Knight being convoyed by gun-boats.

When the Battery landed at Gloucester Point a camp site was selected, and the position of the Battery in the Army of the James assigned.

“When we learned that General Butler was to command, it did not make us feel very enthusiastic,” writes a comrade, “for somehow we had the impression that he was not a powerful commander on the field of battle,

but had gained his reputation more as a Provost-Marshal or a Provost than by successful field operations, but we had with us Generals Gillmore, Baldy Smith, Terry and other officers of known ability as field officers, and concluded that they would steer General Butler right."

While in camp at Gloucester Point some of the comrades obtained permission to cross to Yorktown, the historic ground where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, and also where McClellan had his base of supplies during the first Richmond campaign. The visit paid to the bend of the river to look at the guns "Little Mac" spiked and blew up when he retreated after the battles of the Peninsular campaign, the famous seven days' retreat, caused the comrades to realize that they were viewing historic ground, and those guns were a reminder that serious work was before them.

Near the camp was a small cluster of houses, occupied by contrabands, and the little pickaninnies would often venture into the camp, and on their return would tell the old folks the wonderful stories they had heard in the camp. These little ones were especially delighted with the musicians, and they would gather around Commissary Hotchkiss' tent and listen to him playing on his guitar or on the Carmina Sacra he had brought with him on his return from the North. The darkies would take the child on their knees and tell them of the glorious future when the war was over; how there would be no more slavery, but black and white be alike free.



A LITTLE PICKANINNY.

A few days after reaching Gloucester Point the comrades were required to give up all extra clothing and the A tents, and, in place of them, were provided with shelter tents. These shelter tents were simply a piece of canvas about five or six feet square for each man. Two men joined, and by cutting forked sticks, made a tent from the two pieces. The tents were so short that, when the men straightened out, their feet stuck out far enough for turkeys to roost on them. Officers and men were reduced to the minimum allowance of baggage. The men were allowed one woolen and one rubber blanket, no extra clothing except one shirt and one pair of socks; if their shoes were partly worn, or in a dilapidated con-

dition, they were advised to throw them away and draw a new pair. The officers were merely allowed a hand valise. One baggage wagon was also dispensed with. The surplus baggage was loaded in the wagon and, in care of Lieutenant Clinton, Sergeant Merwin, and Comrade Wm. M. Fowler, sent to Norfolk.

Lieutenant Clinton and Sergeant Tuttle had only arrived at the camp the day before from a long recruiting trip to the North.

A company inspection was ordered, to see if everything was in proper condition for field service, and also preparatory to a grand review by General Benjamin F. Butler, which the General announced he intended having very soon after the Battery landed.

That review was a momentous one for the comrades. They realized, perhaps, better than they had ever done the magnitude of the war, the powerful resources of the Government, and the stern determination to fight it out to the bitter end. The Army of the James was only one of the armies fighting under the Stars and Stripes, and it was said to number, on the day of the review, forty thousand men of all grades.

The entire Army of the James was reviewed by General Butler in a large field, and lasted from sunrise to sunset. It was one of the most impressive sights ever witnessed. Divisions, Brigades, Regiments of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery marched in review, each under the command of their generals and staffs. All seasoned warrior veterans, each man having a creditable fighting record, gained by actual service before the enemy in many hard-fought battles and skirmishes.

Comrade Marcus M. Hall had the distinction of holding the colors on which the entire line formed.

The great Army of the James, numbering between thirty and forty thousand men, formed in line, and General Butler, accompanied by Generals Foster and Ames, rode down the line, receiving the salutes of the generals of divisions and brigades. Then the generals of divisions placed themselves on the right of General Butler, each brigade commander on the right of the division commander; their staffs, followed by their flags and orderlies, placed themselves on the right of the staff and orderlies of the division commanders. Then the command was given for the march past—the cavalry, then the mounted artillery and the infantry:

“Sweeping lines of evolution, fast the wheeling columns come,
Half a hundred thousand men are stepping to the beating of the drum.”

When the Battery filed into camp after the review the comrades were dusty, tired looking and miserable—for standing in the broiling sun, in line, nearly an entire day, with nothing to do or occupy your mind, only watching thousands of soldiers pass by and waiting to take your turn in line, inhaling all the dust, is one of the most tedious duties in the line of drill. Many men were sunstruck and the stretchers were kept busy.

Before going out for inspection or review of any kind, all the harness had to be thoroughly cleaned, the brass trimmings polished as bright as the blazing sun, horses groomed until every hair lay in proper direction, gun carriages cleaned and polished to the greatest lustre. This occasion being a special one, the comrades took as much pains and showed the same pride to look and appear well as if they were preparing to attend a grand reception at home and expected to meet their best girls.

On the day following the review, the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew with such violence that it was like a cyclone. The comrades having but little experience with shelter tents did not understand their peculiarities, and so were absolutely without cover: The Commissary tent was blown down and all the stores were soaked.

The camp, being intended only for temporary occupation, had not been drained, no gutters had been made round the tents to carry off the water, and, as the soil was a red clay, when the rain fell it only slowly soaked into the ground, the result was that every rain storm made the camp like a miniature lake for a short time, leaving a thick, sticky red mud, which adhered to the boots and gave each comrade the appearance of carrying red bricks on their feet instead of boots. The effect was ludicrous but very annoying.

“I shall never forget that night,” says Comrade Henry S. Lawrence, “it was full of events for me. I was corporal and on guard from six in the evening until two in the morning. The sky clouded up and the rain began to fall, it was dark as pitch and the horses were getting loose all the time. I had some sharp work getting from one post to another after them. Then an orderly came at midnight and I had to show him to the Captain's tent. In a few minutes I was ordered to wake Comrades Hotchkiss and Jillson, the former to cook rations and get ready to load up by daylight, the latter to be ready with his bugle. At two o'clock I called Corporal Scranton, and then went to bed. I had just got to sleep when the wind took my tent

and about half of the others and laid them low. I got what I could of mine around me and lay down on the wet ground until morning."

On the morning of May 3, 1864, the order came to break camp and load the Battery on transports. The guns and caissons were placed on the *L. Durant*, an old Hudson River barge, the horses and men were to have the steamer *Convoy*. That night the horses and drivers remained on shore, much to their discomfort.

The comrades had become so accustomed to being loaded and unloaded on all kinds of ships and steamers, that everything went as smoothly as an ordinary drill, and seemingly with but little more trouble. Nothing could please the Connecticut Battery more than to be on the move.

The Fifth New Jersey Light Battery was also loaded on the *Convoy* and *L. Durant*, and the comrades found the Jersey men very affable and pleasant. That night while the *Convoy* was out in the river, the united comrades got up a very enjoyable concert. Comrade Watson, a new recruit in the Connecticut Battery, had a good voice and sang some songs excellently while Comrade Hotchkiss accompanied him on a guitar borrowed from one of the Jersey comrades.

It was soon found that the facilities for embarking the Tenth Army Corps were insufficient, and General Butler, who was waiting at Fort Monroe, was getting impatient. As usual he was sarcastic and wrote General Gillmore:

"Having waited for your army corps from Port Royal, I am not a little surprised at waiting for you here. Push everything forward."

Two hours later he again writes:

"How do you proceed in the embarkation?"

One hour after that he again writes:

"How do you succeed in embarking? Are you all ready? If so push off your divisions in the order you mean they shall land."

General Gillmore had kept the divisions back until the whole corps could sail. He wrote to General Terry to send his division to Fort Monroe as soon as possible, and to General Ames to take the lead, urging him not "to wait here." Then Gillmore replied to Butler:

"Two divisions have started. The miserable conveniences for embark-

ing troops have been a cause of great delay. No greater speed could have been made under the circumstances."

At midnight the Battery left Gloucester Point, the Convoy having the barge in tow, and reached Fort Monroe at four o'clock in the morning. As the sun rose the scene was one of great beauty, and was really enhanced by a terrific thunder storm, which burst over the roads that morning. The lightning flashed, as it seems to do with more brilliance in Hampton Roads than anywhere else, the thunder rolled like the magnified sound of many parks of artillery, the water glistened and danced, its color changed like a chameleon as the lightning played upon it, the wind joined in the chorus and churned the water into multi-colored waves rising mountains high. Some of the transports collided, causing damage to bowsprits, railings, rigging and even to the hulls. It was a grand sight to those who were proof against the terrible seasickness.

The troops comprising the Tenth Army Corps were loaded on every kind and description of tugboat, sloop, flat, scow, ship and steamer that the mind of man could imagine. Everything that would float seemed to have been impressed into service. From every one flags and streamers were flying, the sight, as they wended their way up the James River, convoyed by gunboats, presented a scene never to be forgotten by any soldier who was fortunate enough to witness it

It was terribly beautiful! Sublimely grand!

The sun shone so brightly that it gave the boats the appearance of being parts of a mammoth excursion, bound up the river some few miles and then to anchor while the excursionists had a dance and picnic. Terrible, because every man knew that, underneath the surface of all the apparent beauty of the boats and floating palaces, there was a dread intent, that the boats were loaded with death-dealing missiles, which were to be placed in the hands of thousands of determined men who occupied the decks, and by the gayety and happy *sang froid*, gave the pageant a holiday appearance, that these missiles were to be used for the purpose of destroying property and taking human life; every man was keyed to the tune of fight, kill, destroy the country and the enemy and then "On to Richmond."

All knew that Richmond was the destination of the great army, but all realized that many would fall by the way, yet buoyed up by hope, patriotism,

love of country and a desire to save it, they moved forward cheerfully, sanguine of success, apparently indifferent to consequences, never thinking of what the enemy might do to them, but always thinking what they were going to do to the enemy.

A comrade writing of that journey up the James, says; "We had read the full account of the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor, and as we passed the place where the fighting occurred, we were all interested. There was no mistaking the exact spot, no need of a guide to point to it, for there lay the wrecks of the battle ships Cumberland, Congress and other strong vessels of war, in evidence of the masterly work of the Merrimac the day before she was met by Ericsson's Monitor and disabled. To sail over this historic river was inspiring. There we saw Jamestown, the site of the first English colony, planted as early as 1607. On Jamestown Island we knew that there still stood the old church in which Pocohontas was baptized, and later married, and we could not help recalling that story so full of romantic interest of the way the Indian bride was won. The tombs of the first Governors of Virginia were also in the church. There, on the mainland, could be seen the much-sought-after locality called Powhattan, which three hundred years ago was the home of the historical Indian chief Powhattan and his lovely daughter Pocohontas. After camping so long in a marshy country the banks of the James looked lovely to us. When the fleet of forty transports and as many barges was first seen by a Confederate officer, who was enjoying a brief visit with his family at City Point, it was said that he mounted his horse and rode into the back country as fast as his horse could travel. Those who saw his wild ride believed that he was a scout stationed there to watch for the 'hated Yankees,' and as soon as he saw us coming he rode back into the country to give warning to the people to hide their valuables before the Yankees landed."

As the transport having the Connecticut Battery on board moved up the James, it passed within hailing distance of the man-of-war General Putnam, and a seaman waved his hand as he recognized the comrades on deck. The Battery boys returned the salute and were delighted to have seen the face, if but for a moment, of their old comrade George Stevens, who on April 28, 1864, had been transferred from the Battery to the Navy.

The Battery reached Bermuda Hundred late on the evening of Thursday,

May 5th, but could not land until the following morning. General Butler was again nervously anxious and wanted to know if the whole of the Tenth Army Corps could be landed before daybreak on the Friday. General Gillmore replied at 2.45 a. m., May 6, 1864 :

Major-General Butler,
Commanding Department :

I have just seen General Terry, and he reports that he cannot get the use of any of the wharves where the Eighteenth Army Corps have been disembarking, and that the pontoons are so unwieldy that they cannot make more than two trips to-night. The only wharf I have had is one arranged for the landing of General Ames' division. Colonel Serrell reports that the landings or scows brought up have neither anchors nor ropes, nor any means of making them fast. All the arrangements for landing seem very imperfect. Whatever they are, they are being and will be used to their utmost capacity, but my command will not be on shore by daybreak by considerable.

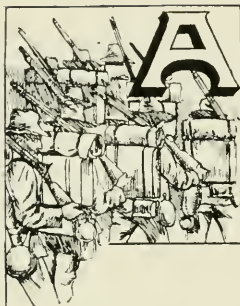
Q. A. GILLMORE,
Major-General Commanding.

The Battery landed at seven o'clock, and a little before ten had commenced its march towards Petersburg, the hearts of the comrades beating high with enthusiastic fervor.



CHAPTER XVII.

MARCHING TO BERMUDA FRONT.



AT the end of the third year of the war, the President, Congress, politicians and the people knew that, unless some swifter process and more energetic action was taken, there might be such a reaction in the North that, in the Presidential election to be held that year, the fate of the Republic might be sealed and its enemies triumphant.

Everyone realized that there must be one supreme commander, and the war had proved to a positive certainty who that man was. Whatever may have been Grant's failings, whatever men may think of him in his conduct of the war, no one will deny that he was the necessity of the time, and that Congress acted wisely in passing a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in February, 1864, and that President Lincoln did the only thing possible in conferring that rank on Ulysses S. Grant. Only Washington and Scott had previously borne that commission in the United States service, and through the three years of the war we had nothing higher than a major-general in the field.

General Grant was not afraid of the politicians, the other generals had been. Everyone knew that Grant would "gang his ain gait" whether it pleased the politicians or not, and so instead of taking the advice of Gen. Sherman and staying in the West, he announced that his headquarters would be in the field, and until further orders, with the army of the Potomac. His first general order, as Commander of the entire United States Army, was dated March 12, 1864. In thirteen months from that date he had won the proud position of being considered the foremost soldier in the

world, ranking with the greatest generals of all time, and not having been excelled by any. The war was ended, Lincoln was in a martyr's grave—alas! that it should have been so—and the olive branch was being held out by Grant to a subdued but valiant and grandly noble people.

Grant planned a campaign whose very magnitude frightened the politicians. He made the Army of the Potomac his center; the Army of the James, under Gen. Butler, his left wing; the Western armies, commanded by Gen. W. T. Sherman, his right wing; and the army under Banks in Louisiana, a force operating in the rear of the enemy.

To move such immense armies simultaneously, so that each should co-operate with the other was looked upon as visionary. His plan was that all should move at the same time—Butler against Petersburg, to seize the Southern communications of the Confederate capital, Richmond; Sherman was to defeat Johnston's army at Dalton, Ga., or failing to defeat it, to force it back and capture Atlanta with its workshops and important communications; Mobile was to be reached by Gen. Banks, and its harbor closed to blockade-runners; Sigel was detailed to drive back the Confederate force in the Shenandoah valley, and prevent that beautiful and fertile district continuing to supply the enemy with grain; while Grant, with his Army of the Potomac, took Lee's army as an objective, following it wherever Lee's master mind should take it, flanking and fighting it until it should be captured or scattered.

Gen. Grant, in his instructions to Gen. Butler, said:

“Richmond is to be your objective point, and there is to be co-operation between your force and the Army of the Potomac. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River as you advance. Then should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and by means of transports the two armies would become a unit.”

Gen. Grant was certain that Butler would be able to move his force the same day that Meade moved from Culpepper, and that the two armies could drive the enemy into Richmond.

Gen. Butler did not move as promptly as the armies of Grant and Sherman. The Army of the James was for two weeks assembling the 18th Corps at Jamestown, and the 10th Corps at Gloucester, immediately

opposite, on the York River. Butler's first care was to mislead the enemy concerning his intentions. For that purpose he sent Henry's brigade of New York troops, on May 1, to West Point, at the head of the York River, to begin the construction of wharves, while cavalry made a demonstration in the direction of Richmond. He also sent the bulk of his army in that direction as far as the old lines of McClellan at Gloucester Point and Yorktown. This strategy deceived the Confederates, and they were not undeceived until it was too late to prevent the mischief. On the night of May 4, transports, sent up from Hampton Roads, conveyed Butler's army around to the James River, and by dawn the next morning, artillery and infantry, to the number of 35,000 men, accompanied by a squadron of war vessels, under Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee, ascended the river for the purpose of seizing City Point. The transports were preceded by three army gunboats, under the command of Gen. Charles R. Graham, formerly of the Navy. The remainder of the naval force consisted of four monitors, the ironclad *Atlanta*, and ten gunboats, commanded by Admiral Lee, whose flagship was the *Malvern*, formerly a blockade runner.

Gen. Butler, in addressing the Army of the James in October of that year, recalled that voyage in the following language:

“At sunset, on the 4th, you were threatening the enemy's capital from West Point and White House, within thirty miles on its eastern side. Within twenty-four hours, at sunset, on May 5, by a march of 130 miles, you transported 35,000 men—their luggage, supplies, horses, wagons and artillery—within fifteen miles of the south side of Richmond, with such celerity and secrecy, that the enemy were wholly unprepared for your coming, and allowed you, without opposition, to seize the strongest natural position on the continent. A victory all the more valuable because bloodless.”

Gen. Gillmore reported to Gen. Butler:

“On May 4th my command embarked at Gloucester Point, and on the following day ascended the James River, in rear of the 18th Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. W. F. Smith.

“On the night of the 5th both corps effected a landing at Bermuda Hundred, and on the 6th advanced and took up the line we now occupy,

extending from the James River to the Appomattox, my command being on the right."

At 8:30 a. m. of the 6th, Gen. Smith sent a message to Butler from the point reached by his advance, not far from where the line of intrenchments was subsequently made. He reported that the engineers had already commenced laying them out. At 9 o'clock Gillmore sent a similar report to Butler. It was not until about 4 p. m. that Smith sent out Heckman with a brigade to make a reconnaissance toward Port Walthall Junction, in the direction of Petersburg. Gillmore devoted his force to building the earthworks. This delay of the advance proved a serious mistake. The landing at Bermuda Hundred had been a complete surprise and the enemy were totally unprepared. Between Petersburg and Drewry's Bluff, there was, during the forenoon of the 6th, no force at all excepting a few cavalry pickets. When, about 5 o'clock, Heckman came near Port Walthall Junction, near where the turnpike crossed the railroad, he found a force of the enemy posted behind the railroad embankment, strong enough to successfully resist his further advance, but the records show that the greater part of this force had reached that point only an hour or two before Heckman's arrival; apart from Drewry's Bluff and apart from Petersburg.

The enemy was, of course, reinforced during the night, so that they were able to repulse the attack on the morning of the 7th of May, but even then these did not exceed 5,000 in Petersburg and Port Walthall Junction by the evening of the 7th.

Capt. Rockwell, commenting on this delay, says:

"The truth appears to be, that the failure to march on the 6th, or even on the 7th, across the Appomattox and make a determined attack on Petersburg was a gigantic blunder. It is beyond question, that had Butler, leaving say 10,000 men to work on the entrenchments, moved promptly with 20,000 on Petersburg, south of the Appomattox, we should have taken Petersburg on the 6th or 7th."

Gen. Butler had sent Kautz with 3,000 cavalry out from Suffolk, May 5, to cut the railroads south of Petersburg. Kautz had done his work so effectively that the reinforcements which Beauregard was bringing as rapidly as possible from North Carolina were seriously delayed, and Beauregard did not himself reach Petersburg till the morning of the 9th. "With Peters-

burg in our hands," says Captain Rockwell, "we should have had control of all the lines of railroads from the South, excepting one into Richmond, and the situation of Lee's army would have been a very different one. The question of supplies for it and for Richmond would have become a very serious one.

"It is idle to speculate upon what would have been the result, but a great general—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and many others—would have seen at once that it was such an opportunity as seldom happens. The capture of Petersburg at that time would have had far-reaching effects."

When the First Division of the 10th Army Corps landed at City Point, the 39th Illinois Volunteers were sent in advance as skirmishers, up the Bermuda Peninsula toward the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

The day was intensely hot, and marching under the broiling sun was almost a torture. The Connecticut Battery followed closely in the rear of the advance guard and the skirmishers. All along the road could be seen blankets and shoes, and even knapsacks, which had been thrown away by the infantry as being too burdensome in such a rapid march under the noon-day broiling sun. One comrade said, "We literally walked on discarded blankets."

Notwithstanding the intense heat, the comrades enjoyed the march through the beautiful lowlands of Virginia, for the air was so pure after the miasma of Folly Island. As one comrade exclaimed, "This is God's own country!" Along the roads they found large shade trees—oaks, pines, fruit trees in abundance—while the cultivated lands on either side of the road, the good spring water, so delicious after the brackish water of Folly Island, comfortable looking houses, sheep, chicken and lots of foragable articles, put the comrades in the highest spirits.

During the march strict orders were given that no one must leave the line for anything, and the majority of the comrades obeyed to the letter. A comrade recalls an incident of that march which is best told in his own words: "We had comrades in the Battery who could smell anything good to eat at a distance of one to five miles from a camp or line of march in any direction. Comrade Dwight Hall was an expert in getting a line on anything eatable if it were within a day's journey of wherever the Battery

happened to be located. He was a persistent hunter, always shooting game, large or small, though opossum was his favorite. On this account he was nicknamed 'Opossum.' He always had something extra to eat, and had a most uncommonly large appetite, but was very generous and divided his extras with any comrade who happened to see him first when he returned with any game or delicacy. The infantry picket ran into a flock of sheep, bayoneted a few, but in the rapid movements they were required to make could not stop to capture the entire flock. When the main army followed they finished the flock of sheep, and our comrade was, as usual, on hand, and just as lucky hunting sheep as 'possum.

"As the Battery resumed the march Comrade 'Possum' was missed. The sergeant of his detachment kept looking around, asking, 'Where is Dwight Hall? Where's Hall?' The word was passed down the line: 'Where's 'Possum? Who has seen 'Possum?' A comrade replied, 'O, he has caught sight of an opossum,' and another laughingly added, 'or something else good to eat.' Before his name had been called many times Comrade Hall was seen running to overtake the Battery, with a lamb on his back, which he quickly divided among the comrades who first saw him. He cut the lamb into pieces small enough to put into the haversacks, the wool, blood stained and dirty, and skin all on. Each comrade dressed his own piece when the Battery went into camp for the night."

The enemy offered no resistance, and after a hot march of five miles, the Battery camped in a field full of young spruce trees and surrounded by dense woods, through which ran a stream of water, deliciously cooling and pleasant. A spring that was strongly impregnated with lime was in a corner of the field. The surroundings were decidedly pleasant when compared with other camps, and as each recent camp had been an improvement on the preceding, so this was vastly superior to the one at Gloucester Point. The comrades were pleased with the prospect of constantly changing



DWIGHT H HALL,
of Guilford.

Enlisted First Connecticut Infantry Co. F, April 18, 1861; mustered out July 31, 1861; enlisted Light Battery November 7, 1861; mustered in November 14, 1861; discharged November 13, 1864; time expired

camps, believing that the farther inland they got the better would be the camping ground. During the night the comrades heard the familiar sound of a cow bell. There was something homelike in it, and many preferred to listen to its music rather than sleep. Comrade Dickinson says that some of the comrades thought the cow bell was a device of the enemy to entice them from the camp so that they could be captured.

It was difficult to realize that so many thousand soldiers were camped within a small radius, though occasionally the sounds from the camps would be borne on the breeze and be evidence that other regiments were not so far distant.

In the evening tremendous cheering was heard on the skirmish line and in the camps near the Battery. It was at once thought that an important victory had been won, and the hearts of the comrades beat fast with patriotic fervor. Later the report reached the camp that the cheering had been occasioned by Gen. Butler's escape from the Confederates.

It was reported that Gen. Butler, in riding from one division to another of the Army of the James, got on the wrong road and was riding directly into the Confederate lines. Almost as soon as he discovered his mistake, some of the enemy's cavalry started after him, firing and racing their horses at their topmost speed. Gen. Butler was mounted on his very fleet charger "Almond Eye," which certainly saved his life that time. Butler was not a graceful rider, he was too fat to be ornamental, and his appearance was made still worse by the loss of his hat and one glove. The Confederate cavalry pursued him almost into the Union lines. When Gen. Butler reached the Union picket line he was shaking like a jelly-bag and presented a very comical appearance. His horse was covered with dirt and foam, shots had been falling so close that they narrowly escaped hitting him, and the Commander of the great Army of the James was dirty, hot, his coat tails flying in the wind, and he was without hat and one glove as he entered the lines. Never handsome, his face more like a caricature than that of a real, living person, he now looked so very grotesque that no one could help smiling, and it was with great difficulty that loud laughter was suppressed.

The officers congratulated him on his escape, though some, thought the Army of the James would have been benefited by his capture. There was honest sorrow when it was reported that one of his orderlies, who was

not as well mounted as his chief, had really fallen into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Butler had a very wholesome fear of falling into the hands of the enemy, for in December, 1862, President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States, had issued a Proclamation declaring that "Benjamin Franklin Butler was an outlaw, and that if captured he was to be held for execution."

His horse, Almond Eye, had saved his life, but was soon to lose his own through a strange mistake.

A few days after this adventure Gen. Butler received information that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Butler could scarcely repress his emotion, for he almost loved the horse. When he recovered himself, he ordered an Irish soldier to go and carefully skin the horse and have the skin prepared for preserving, for the General determined that the skin should be a rug in his study in his Massachusetts home.

"What! Is Almond Eye dead?" asked the soldier.

The General glared fiercely at him and exclaimed:

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

The soldier saluted and left the presence of the brusque and uncouth officer. It was two hours before he returned.

"Where have you been all the time, Pat?" the General asked almost softly.

"Skinnin' the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor; but then, you see, it tuck 'bout half-an-hour to catch him."

"Catch him? Fire and furies! Was he alive?"

"Yes, yer honor; an' you know I could not skin him alive."

"Skin him alive? Did you kill him?"

"To be sure, I did. You told me to obey an' ask no questions. Sure an' I asked you if he was dead."

Gen. Butler uttered but one word:

"Go!"

But his eyes flashed with such dangerous fire that it would not have surprised anyone if he had taken some means of skinning the Irishman.

“Poor Almond Eye!” It was a groan, but that was all. The eccentric General, the curious compound which made up the personality of Benjamin Franklin Butler, dismissed the matter from his mind and never after referred to it.

The bugle called the comrades at three o'clock in the morning, but before the horses could be harnessed it was known that it was a false alarm, and the men returned to their tents.

On the morning of May 7th the Third Brigade of Terry's division, commanded by Col. Harris M. Plaisted, reported to Maj.-Gen. Smith, commanding the 18th Army Corps, and was assigned for the day to Gen. Brooks' command. The column took up the line of march in the direction of the junction of the pike and the Petersburg Railroad, Gen. Burnham's Brigade having the advance. The Connecticut Battery moved with Plaisted's Brigade and was held in reserve.

Col. Plaisted says: “I was ordered by Gen. Brooks to descend into a wide valley to the right of Burnham and find the railroad, and to destroy as much of it as possible. Barton's Brigade was also to make a demonstration in the enemy's front. Taking a wide detour to the right by a ravine, and concealed by the woods, I moved my brigade to the pike in three columns, the 100th New York Volunteers, Col. Danby, on the right; 24th Massachusetts Volunteers, Col. Osborn, in the centre; and the 10th Connecticut Volunteers, Col. Otis, on the left, the two latter regiments somewhat retired. Finding no enemy on the pike, I put the 100th (my right regiment) in through the wood upon the railroad, a short distance to the north of the junction. This regiment immediately became hotly engaged. Col. Danby attacked the enemy with great vigor, charging across the railroad and driving him from the high ground beyond. He swung his right forward and held the enemy for full two hours and a half, while the 24th and pioneers were destroying the road.”

Col. Danby on reaching the pike found the woods in front between the head of his column and the railroad very difficult for skirmishers and impenetrable by any other description of troops. He, therefore, turned to the right and entered an open field, which, though swampy and cut up by small streams, was practicable for infantry. Across this field, under a brisk fire from the enemy, he carried his colors, and crossing the railroad rallied his

men on a height overlooking the enemy's position and within short range of their advanced rifle pits. On his left the 48th New York was forming and rendered splendid assistance. Twice the enemy charged the position, and twice were driven back by the gallant New Yorkers. While Col. Danby and Col. Barton held this position the other regiments of the brigade were engaged in tearing up and destroying the telegraph lines, both on the turnpike and the railroad.

The loss was very heavy, but the result, from a military standpoint, was held to have more than counterbalanced the account. The Connecticut Battery returned to camp without having participated in the engagement. Supper was being prepared on the evening of the seventh when an order came to break camp and march about a mile nearer Petersburg, where it went into battery, supported by the 7th Connecticut Volunteers.

Comrade Dickinson, speaking of that camp, says:

“The next night, just after dark, that our Battery, led by one of Gen. Terry's staff, started, and after a hurried ride of nearly an hour, camped on ground which we afterwards came to know very well. When I woke next morning the first sound I heard was the rippling of running water, and on turning out to see what it was I found we were camped near the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which ran a little rippling brook. It was the first running water we had seen for many months, and all the comrades were delighted with it. We made that our permanent camp, and from it we made frequent excursions against the enemy.”

Gen. Butler was pleased with the progress made, for he reported to Secretary of War Stanton on May 7th:

“We got into position yesterday. Are intrenching for fear of accident to the Army of the Potomac. Sent out a reconnoissance yesterday on the Petersburg Railroad. Have sent two divisions this morning to take possession of the road. Up to this moment have exceeded my most sanguine expectations.”

Referring to this dispatch of General Butler, Captain Rockwell says it shows “how completely he failed to appreciate the situation. We lost 240 men, and all we had to show for it was 300 yards of the railroad torn up. Our troops were withdrawn into the intrenchments leaving the railroad

and pike in the hands of the enemy. They could, in a few hours, repair all the damage done.

“That remark, ‘Are intrenching for fear of accident to the Army of the Potomac,’ is another evidence of Butler’s colossal assurance.

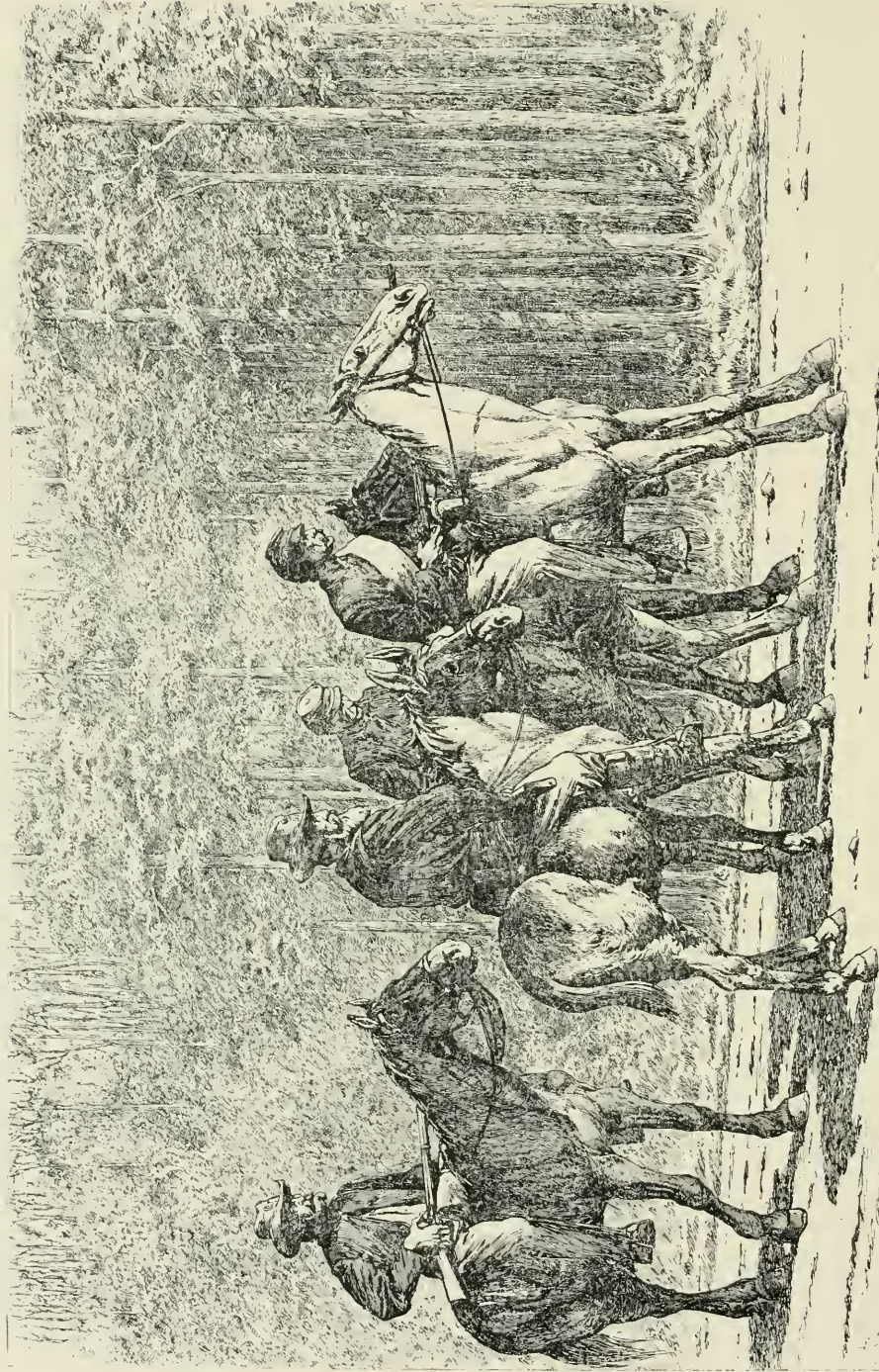
“Grant had ordered Butler to push with all his might for the taking of Richmond, implying that the capture of Petersburg was the preliminary, and how did Butler execute it? Landing on the 5th at night, at 8:30 on the 6th he was within three miles of the railroad and pike. He made no serious attempt to take Petersburg, and began the move toward Richmond only on the 12th, thus allowing Beauregard time to get up his 10,000 men from North Carolina, and collect enough from elsewhere, to enable him on the 16th to dislodge us from our earthworks in front of Drewry’s Bluff, and virtually force us back into our intrenchments, some two to three miles from the railroad and pike.

“The enemy in Richmond were greatly scared on the 6th. A captain of a Connecticut regiment, who has just been visiting me, tells me that he was at that time a prisoner in Libby Prison, Richmond, and that on the evening of the 6th the prisoners were all sent off South from Libby, in great haste. The Confederate telegrams to Beauregard say that in Richmond they were ‘in great straits.’

“Now we made clear the point we were aiming at, and then gave the enemy ample time to get ready for us.”

While Gen. Gillmore was working faithfully, in accordance with orders, his superior, Gen. Butler, was trying to have him removed and one of his own favorites installed in his place as commander of the 10th Army Corps. In a letter to the Hon. Henry Wilson, marked confidential, and dated “Headquarters, Bermuda Landing, May 7th,” Gen. Butler says:

“I must take the responsibility of asking you to bring before the Senate at once the name of Gen. Gillmore, and have his name rejected by your body. Gen. Gillmore may be a very good engineer officer, but he is wholly useless in the movement of troops. He has been behind in every movement. He has lost twenty-four hours here in putting his line in a state of defense; but, above all, he has refused to move when ordered. I directed him to co-operate in a movement with Gen. Smith when he went to make demonstration on the Petersburg Railroad, and he failed to do so, and



E. Forbes

(From a War Sketch by E. Forbes.)

ADVANCING SCOUTS.

then sent me word that he did not obey the order for reasons that seemed good to himself, and has not deigned to give me the reasons, although he has sent me a report of his operations, or, rather, want of operations. I have known Gen. Gillmore only since he came here, but I find many of his troops are desirous of getting away from him. I have a good corps commander here in his place. Show this to Wade, Chandler and Fessenden, and bring the matter to a vote at once."

To Gen. Gillmore, on the same day, he wrote:

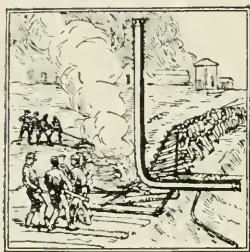
"It will be necessary to put your line in posture of defense at once. Your rations will be along in time. I took your teams for the purpose of sending along your shovels: work first, eat afterwards."

Gen. Gillmore at once set the entire force at work making intrenchments and following out Butler's orders, though he protested that the position was not the best that could be taken.

Several skirmishes were reported along the line during the night and the 8th of May. On that night the Battery was relieved from picket duty and fell back of breastworks, camping for the night, but before midnight Capt. Rockwell ordered rations to be given out and for everything to be in readiness to move at daybreak.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVANCING TOWARDS PETERSBURG.



LONG before daybreak on the morning of May 9, 1864, Gen. Gillmore was ready to move out a large portion of his command, in accordance with orders received from Gen. Butler, to strike the railroad at, and southward of, Chester Station. Gen. Butler's order was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS

DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
BERMUDA LANDING, VA., MAY 8, 1864.

Maj.-Gen. Gillmore:

You will take all your command but three brigades, which were detailed before, and demonstrate to the right and front, *via* Ware Bottom Church, upon the railroad, accomplishing its destruction at any place where you may strike it, and along as much of it as possible. The enemy are in our front with cavalry, 5,000 men, and it is a disgrace that we are cooped up here. This movement will commence at daylight to-morrow morning, and is imperative. Answer if you have received this order, and will be ready to move.

BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Major-General, Commanding.

The Special Order issued to the brigade commanders by Gen. Gillmore was that " Brig.-Gen. Ames, with one brigade and one battery will march at 4.30 a. m. Brig.-Gen. Turner will follow immediately after Gen. Ames, with one brigade and one battery. Brig.-Gen. Terry will follow immediately after Gen. Turner, with two brigades and two batteries. The troops will be supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition, and three days' cooked rations. If this number of rations is not on hand, they will take what they have, and the remainder will be packed in wagons, ready to move if ordered.

The men will move in light marching order, with rubber blankets or shelter tents, and with full ranks, according to the morning reports. Engineer detachments and pioneers will be equipped with axes, shovels and picks (a greater proportion of axes). All straggling is strictly prohibited, and will be summarily punished."

At four o'clock, on the morning of the ninth, the battery was hitched up and moved forward in the place assigned it in the column of march, immediately in the rear of the First Brigade, First Division, until the Richmond and Petersburg road was reached. At that point the right section of the battery, under Lieut. George Metcalf, was detached and sent along the turnpike towards Richmond to protect the right of the line; the left and center sections took up a position about three-fourths of a mile from the cross-roads.

About eleven o'clock Capt. Rockwell moved the left and center sections of the battery down the turnpike toward Petersburg, to the point where it crossed the railroad, and there halted.

When the railroad was reached there was ghastly evidence of the skirmish which had taken place two days previously. Several dead men were in sight, one hanging on a rail fence with his head on one side and feet on the other; another lay in a ditch by the side of the road head downwards, and several were lying, as they had fallen, at the foot of the railroad embankment. A Union soldier was found in the bushes, wounded, and only just alive. He had been there since the skirmish on the morning of the seventh. The poor fellow's glassy eyes lighted up as he saw some of the Boys in Blue, but he could not speak, and died in a few minutes after he was discovered.

A comrade writes: "In a field near our camp that night lay the bodies of three dead soldiers, not buried, but turned black from the exposure. At first we thought they were negroes, until by examining their features and uniforms we discovered that they were Confederates, who had been shot while defending the railroad. One of the enemy lay in the corner of a fence, in a position which indicated that he was struck while climbing over it. These were ghastly signs on the eve of a battle, pointing to us the probable fate of many who were then enjoying the excitement of camp life in an active campaign. Cheap as life was seemingly held, every comrade who

looked at the ghastly forms of those dead Confederates paused, and their faces assumed a thoughtful, pitiful expression, feeling only slightly consoled by the thought that they were not Unionists, and that their death, perhaps, diminished the shooting capacity of the enemy by three."

Not many slept in tents that night. Comrade Marcus M. Hall says he slept in a small canyon, or ravine, in a place having the appearance of a stone quarry, his bed a shelving ledge of rock, his pillow a piece of stone. He moved his head every few minutes to try and find a softer spot in the ledge on which to rest it.

The guns of the two sections were posted during that night in the road, at a point commanding the road and the railroad.

During the long hours of the 9th the comrades could hear the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry in the distance, and expected every minute to be ordered into the thick of the fight.

The 6th and 7th Connecticut Regiments were engaged in cutting telegraph wires, tearing up the railroad track and burning the poles and ties. The brigade stood close together and pried up the rails, tumbling them down a steep embankment. The method adopted by the engineers and carried out by all the regiments employed in destroying the railroads was a very simple, but effective one. The fish plates or bolts would be removed from one end of a section of railroad, and then a number of soldiers would line up, facing the road, shoulder to shoulder, close to the track. At a given command the men would stoop, seize the rail with both hands, and then, at a second command, would raise rail and ties to a vertical position and topple it over the embankment. The weight of the rails and the impetus of the fall would tear up another section and, at the same time, so twist the rails that they could not again be used.

Captain Rockwell is of the opinion that this method of destroying a railroad was not as effective as the one adopted by General Sherman's army. They built a fire of the ties and heated the middle part of the rails red-hot; then with two men at each end of the rail it was bent round into the shape of a loop, the ends crossed, and thus completely ruined.

Gen. Ames, commanding the 3d Brigade Second Division, was also at work destroying the railroad, and by noon Gen. Butler was able to report that "most of the railroad has now been destroyed."

Captain Rockwell thinks that General Butler was incorrect in his statement that most of the railroad had been destroyed. He says: "The road from Richmond to Petersburg is 24 miles long, and we never held more than 3 or 4 miles of it. It is doubtful if more than 2 miles of it were even temporarily disabled. No bridges or ties were burned."

In the afternoon the right section retired about a mile, to guard the rear on the pike, with about 500 Infantry, under the command of Col. Cyrus J. Dobbs of the 13th Illinois Infantry.

The 1st U. S. Colored Cavalry, Col. Garrard, had been ordered to report to Maj.-Gen. W. F. Smith, commanding the 18th Army Corps, but by some mistake reached the 85th Pennsylvania at Ware Bottom Church, and after a short time, found out their mistake and left for Chester Station

While the right section of the Connecticut Battery was on duty up the turnpike, about one mile beyond Chester Station, a body of mounted men was seen approaching through a ravine and along the side of a hill between the lines. Col. Dobbs ordered the Battery to fire on the troops, but countermanded the order before any shot could be fired. The Colonel said that he would ride over and see what troops they were. He found that they were 2,000 colored cavalry sent up from Portsmouth to report to the Colonel commanding the Brigade. He censured them for their neglect in not reporting at once, and told them that they might have been fired into. The colored commander replied:

"If you had fired we would have wiped you off the face of the earth."

They had their martial metal tested before many hours passed. They were forming in an open field, more or less surrounded by woods, apparently reconnoitering. Suddenly from the woods a galling fire was poured into them by the Confederates, who evidently had been watching them. The colored cavalry was taken completely by surprise, and did not stop to wipe anybody off the face of the earth, as they had threatened the Connecticut Battery some hours before. They put spurs to their horses and ran away as fast as they could make their horses gallop. They did not go in military order, but each one for himself, some with their heads bent close to the horse's neck, others with heads so low down that they were covered by the horse, some hung by the pommel of the saddle in their efforts to get protection from the bullets in any way possible. They galloped away.

looking very unsoldierlike—their black, wooly heads white with the dust made by the horses feet as they tore over the field down the turnpike and through the line of the Connecticut Battery. Comrade Charles Coss, who was standing close to his gun with his sponge staff, knocked one of the cavalry off his horse, shouting as he did so:

“Where are you going you —?”

They were in a panic, riding like furies, throwing away their canteens, guns, caps, anything in their mad flight. Col. West, a few days later, said that he would never wish for better cavalry than this colored regiment, but evidently he did not base his report on that day beyond Chester Station.

From that time on they were known as the “Monkey Cavalry.”

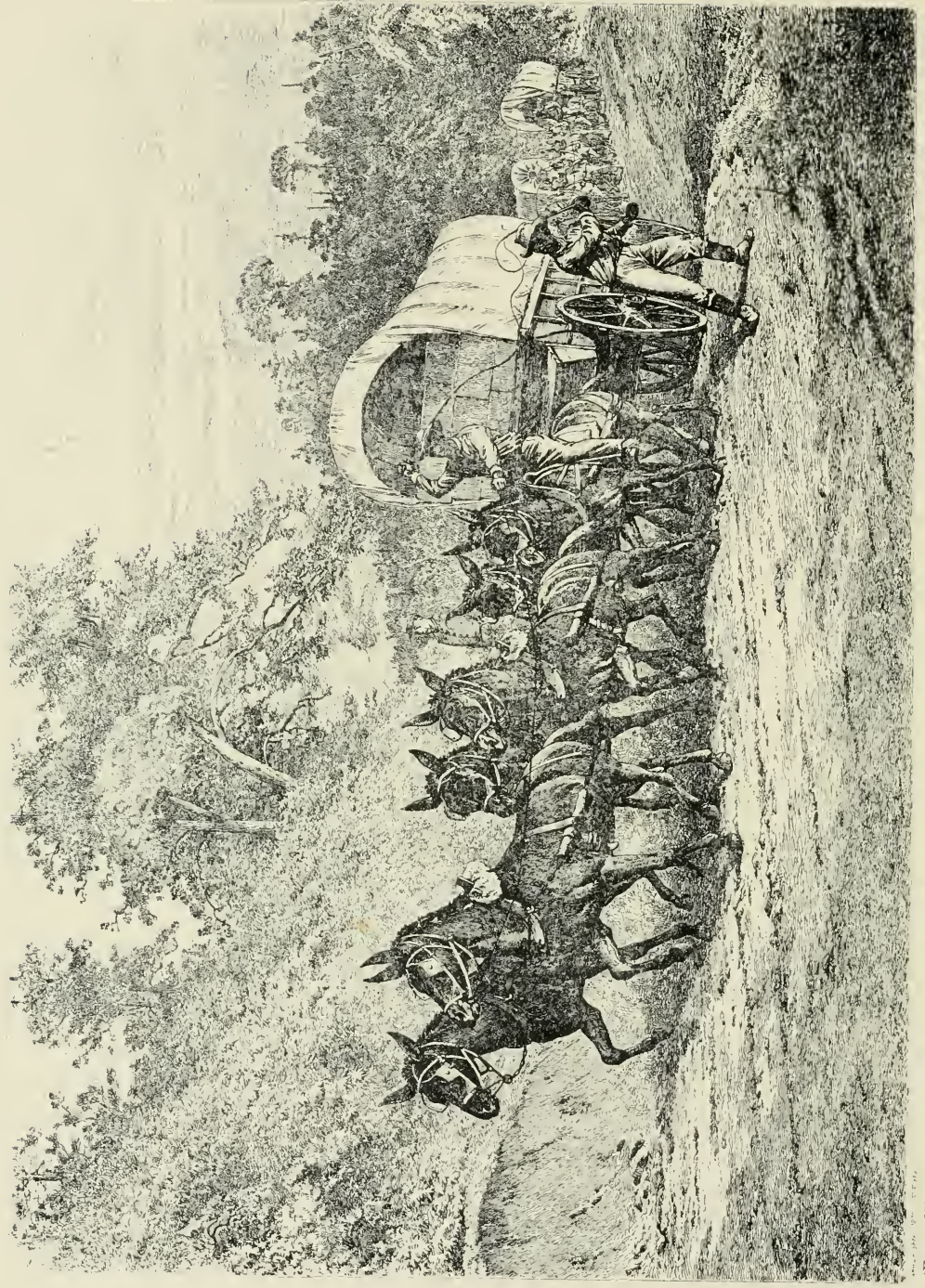
The Confederates followed them up and attacked the Union force consisting of 500 Infantry and the right section of the Battery.

The Battery section held the enemy at bay, firing rapidly and retreating after every shot, using a *prolonge*, which is a hempen rope about 26 feet 7 inches long, with a hook at one end and a toggle at the other, with two intermediate rings, into which the hook and toggle are fastened, to shorten the distance between the limber and carriage. It is used to fasten the gun to the limber when firing in retreat or advancing. In this way each gun retreated about 75 feet after firing. This was kept up until dark, when the enemy fell back.

When night came on and the section fell back to the turnpike, where the roads cross, the comrades felt that they were in a dangerous position, so far from camp, and almost surrounded by the enemy; in fact, the rumor had reached the centre and left sections that the Confederates had broken through the lines and had cut off the right section. Not a man was allowed to leave his piece for a moment, the cannoneers slept lying under and on their guns ready for action at a second's notice. The night was one of anxiety, and nerves were strung to a fighting pitch, the men would start at every unusual sound, while a sergeant kept whispering:

“Don't speak! Keep those horses quiet! Make those horses stop rattling the harness.”

During the evening of the 9th and early the following morning the left and centre sections were receiving all sorts of reports about the right section.



(From War Sketch by E. Forbes.)

THE SUPPLY TRAIN.

Some declared that it had been captured and others that it was out of ammunition and at the mercy of the enemy.

Everyone was anxious, all the comrades were worked up to the greatest nervous tension, and many feared the worst.

Comrade Dickinson, speaking of the awful anxiety felt during the time the right section was away, says: "When the right section was away up the pike towards Petersburg, we all felt very uneasy. When night came and no word had been received from the section, Gen. Terry and Capt. Rockwell felt very anxious, and about 8 o'clock Comrade Upson and I were ordered to report to Gen. Terry's headquarters. Reporting, we were ordered by the General to proceed up the pike, find the section, and, if possible, learn something of Col. Dobbs, who had taken his regiment up the pike when the section went up. We started immediately, but we found the road so full of gullies and worn into ruts that we were compelled to go at a walk. There was no moon and the pike bordered, as it was, with thick woods, was very indistinct. After going, perhaps, two miles, we met an orderly looking for Gen. Butler. He had fallen, he said, several times in the gullies and was almost played out. Leaving him, we went as far again, when, in a very dark place in the road, we were halted by some one at the side of the road, and saw that it was Corporal Huntington. The section was drawn up in column on one side of the pike, but it was so dark that we would have passed them, although they were not more than ten feet away. They told us that the regiment was further up the pike all right, so riding back, we reported and then went into camp."

During the night Col. Henry massed all the infantry, who were armed with Spencer carbines, in rear of the picket line, and by skilful manœuvring gave the enemy the idea that the picket line had been withdrawn, inducing them to charge the reserve, when the hidden Spencers opened with terrible effect, making a horrible roar and doing great execution among the enemy.

While the right section was engaged in deadly conflict with the enemy in the afternoon of the 9th, a section of the Connecticut Battery was sent over a hill to teach a lesson to a battery from Petersburg. A Confederate Battery had been causing considerable annoyance to the Union pickets and the Connecticut men were ordered to silence it. Three or four shots from

the Connecticut Battery guns made the Home Guard Battery of Petersburg fly for safety. It was evident that the Confederate Battery was manned by amateurs, for as one of the Connecticut men said: "They would not stay long enough to give us half a chance to show what we could do."

The right section spent the night of May 9th on the turnpike, at the crossing of the Chester Station road. Early in the morning they moved into the lane in front of the Winfree house, which position they held until they had fired all their ammunition. The firing in front of the house was breaking all the window glass, and shaking things up generally; a woman came out without hat, or any head covering, and with a fierce glare in her eyes, walked to the lane fence and, in a tone of voice indicating she was both mad and excited, ordered Comrade William Fowler to take the guns away; her eyes were flashing with indignation as she said:

"You'd better get away from here, or you all get hurt."

Fowler smiled and wondered at the temerity of the woman, but replied as calmly as he could:

"If you don't want to get hurt, you'd better get into your cellar as quick as you can."

The woman asked where the Battery came from, and, on being told, said:

"I used to live in New Haven myself, and know what a mean lot of folks you all are. I tell you, you'd better go away from here, or you'll get hurt! *Our folks won't stand it!*"

"My good lady," Fowler replied very courteously, "my advice to you is, get into your cellar as quick as possible."

During the conversation the section was firing rapidly, and Fowler had no time to extend further courtesy to the lady; as he turned to prepare another shell she was still standing at the lane fence, ordering the Battery away.

The incident was an amusing one, and the comrades often wondered what became of the New Haven woman who had united herself to the cause of the South.

Comrade William Fowler, during this early morning fight, tried to cook some coffee for his brother and one or two other comrades. He had built a fire in the corner of a snake fence, nicely sheltered. His duties were to deal

out ammunition and cut fuse for the shells. He would cut the fuse, hand out the shell and ammunition, then, while it was being carried to the gun, look after his fire and coffee. This routine he kept up all the morning. The Confederates had the range on the Battery a little too high, but nearly in line with Fowler's coffee-pot. So the comrade with his many duties of cutting fuse, dodging the shells and looking after his coffee, was experiencing a hot time. The shots came so regularly that by close calculation he was able to give attention to the cooking. After all his trouble and risk he had to leave the field and the coffee, for the section had run out of ammunition and was ordered to the rear on double quick, and got away just in time to avoid being captured.

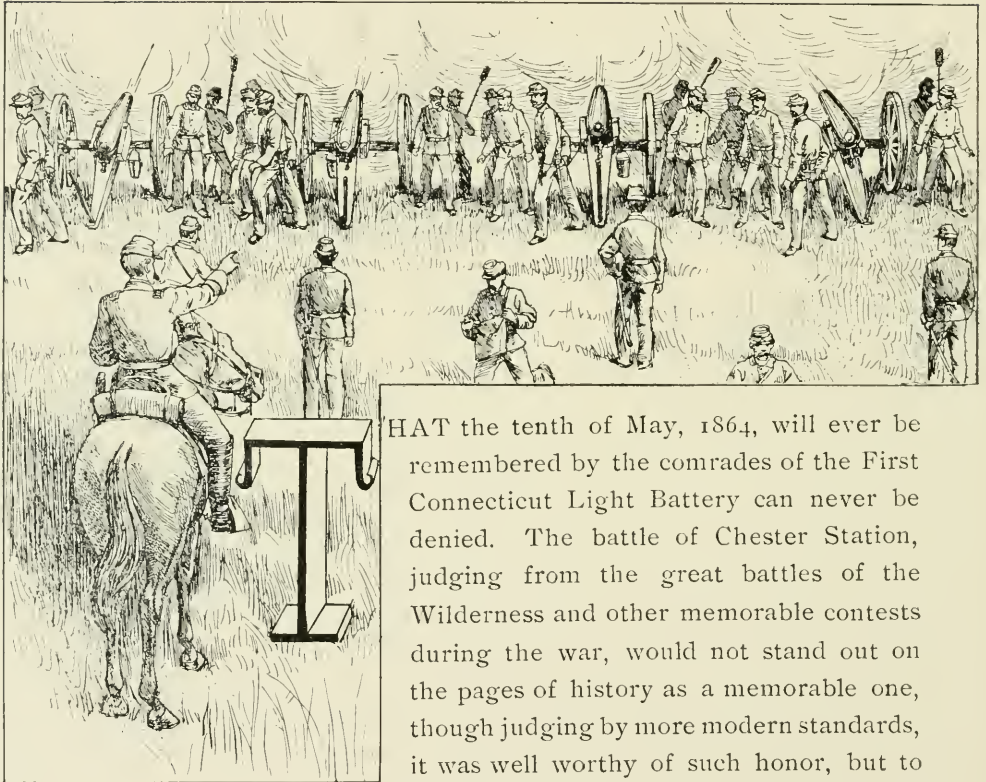
This engagement was the first in which a magazine shot or repeating rifle had been used. When the enemy made a dash to capture the Union pickets, they were calculating on receiving a volley from the regular Springfield, one shot, rifles; after they received one volley, they made a rush to advance as far as possible while they supposed the guns were being re-loaded, but to their utter astonishment there was no stopping to load, but volley after volley met them in quick succession. All engaged in that charge, who were not killed, were captured; one of the prisoners, in passing down the line, said:

“Say, Yanks, what kind of a thing is it that you fellows wind up and it shoots right along all night?”

Colonel Henry's skilful movement struck terror into the enemy.

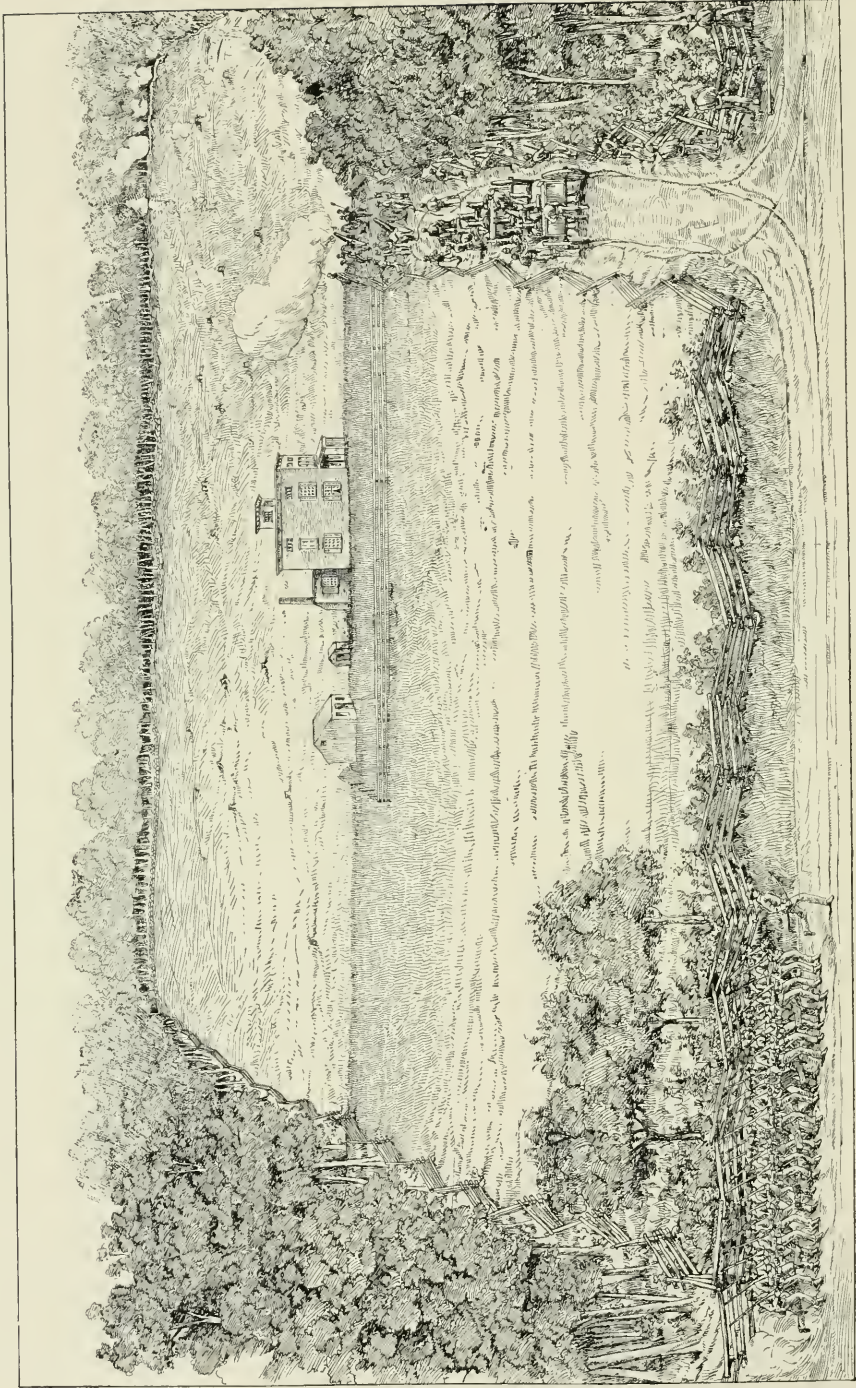
CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF CHESTER STATION.



THAT the tenth of May, 1864, will ever be remembered by the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery can never be denied. The battle of Chester Station, judging from the great battles of the Wilderness and other memorable contests during the war, would not stand out on the pages of history as a memorable one, though judging by more modern standards, it was well worthy of such honor, but to the comrades of the Battery it was one of the fiercest and best contested battles in which they were engaged.

It gave an opportunity for them to show that they were men actuated by the highest principle, and that while they could die for the flag they



THE RIGHT SECTION IN THE LANE ON THE MORNING OF MAY 10th, 1864.

could never desert it or retreat ignominiously though the odds were against them. At one time the right section was nearly out of ammunition and the comrades became the target for the enemy's sharpshooters, but every man stood as steady at his post as if on the drill ground.

The right section of the Connecticut Battery, supported by four companies of the 67th Ohio Volunteers, was ordered down a lane in front of the Winfree house early in the morning, and had hardly been placed in position by Col. C. J. Dobbs, commanding, before the enemy appeared in the front with the three arms of the service.

The fighting had been furious, the enemy had been ready when morning broke to engage the Union force at all points, and a cordon was being drawn round them, with the Winfree farm as a centre. Col. Dobbs ordered the Battery to open fire, which was so well directed that the enemy was staggered, but in a few minutes re-formed in grand style and advanced. Col. Dobbs allowed the enemy to approach within easy range, when a volley from the entire front and some rapid firing from the section of the Battery threw them in confusion and finally in hasty retreat.

When nearly out of ammunition, the right section moved down the lane towards the turnpike, where it was met by Capt. Rockwell, who seeing the situation, ordered Lieut. Metcalf to withdraw. Only for the timely arrival of the centre and left sections and the infantry support they would have been captured. A delay of ten minutes more and the right section would have been surrounded and fallen into the hands of the enemy.

It was necessary that reinforcements should reach the gallant few who were holding the position at that point.

An orderly was dispatched by Col. Abbott, commanding the brigade during the temporary retirement of Col. Hawley through illness, to Gen. Terry. He arrived, his horse bathed in perspiration and covered with a white lather from the speed he had been made to travel.

The left and centre sections occupied advantageous positions on the turnpike towards Petersburg, and "on that early morning," a comrade says, "we heard firing that sounded directly in our rear. Some of the boys said it sounded like our guns, and while we were speculating about the position and sound, an orderly was seen riding down the road, and into the camp at a furious gallop. We soon learned that our comrades in the right section

were having trouble, and the firing we had heard did come from their guns."

Comrade Marcus M. Hall says that Gen. Terry was sitting on the trail of the sixth gun, which was unlimbered and in position pointing toward Petersburg, Capt. Rockwell was standing by him when an orderly rode up to them at a break-neck speed, perspiration running from his horse in streams. The orderly handed Gen. Terry the message from Col. Abbott. The General just glanced at it, turned to Capt. Rockwell and said:

"Capt. Rockwell, limber your Battery to the rear."

The Captain turned away to execute the order, and the orderly told how Col. Abbott had been attacked by a very large force, and that it was doubtful if he could hold his position.

"Tell Col. Abbott to hold his position at all hazards," was Gen. Terry's reply.

A few minutes more and other messengers came bearing a similar report, and to each the same order was given.

During this time the infantry was engaged in tearing up the railroad track and rolling the rails down the embankment.

Another messenger arrived and announced that the section of the Connecticut Battery was out of ammunition.

"Unless I receive reinforcements I cannot hold out," was the message sent by Col. Abbott.

Another report came:

"You have lost your First Connecticut Battery, General."

"I am afraid so. Hurry up the infantry."

Comrade Dickinson recalls the events of that morning in this way:

"After breakfast, we had gone some distance, when we saw an orderly coming down the hill in front of us, apparently in a hurry. He saluted and informed Capt. Rockwell that Gen. Terry wanted the Battery up the pike. So the cannoneers were mounted and the order was given to trot. A little way farther on we saw another orderly coming on a run, who again informed the Captain that the General wanted him to report with the Battery at the earliest possible moment. 'Trot out,' rang the bugle; with the horses on a keen run, the drivers swinging their whips, and the

cannoneers bouncing about on the chests, we whirled up to where Gen. Terry and his staff were gathered."

Gen. Terry ordered the 7th New Hampshire Volunteers, 6th Connecticut and the two remaining sections of Rockwell's Battery to the front, to reinforce the small force under command of Col. Dobbs.

"Cannoneers mount gun-carriages; caissons follow; drivers put spur and whip to horses—Forward! March!"

The command had been anxiously awaited, and all were in readiness to start when Gen. Terry rode up, and in a clear resonant voice shouted:

"Battery, boys; if you want to save your other section, you can't get there too quick."

The two sections of the battery went down the turnpike at double quick, and arrived at a point on the pike where the 4th New Jersey Battery was being attacked by an overwhelming force. Its support, two companies of the 169th New York, evinced great disorder and confusion, but upon the entreaties of Col. Voris, the 4th New Jersey battery gave the enemy a charge of canister, and the infantry grew more steady, but afterwards broke and fled to the rear, causing the loss of one piece. The arrival of a portion of the 7th Connecticut Infantry enabled the Jersey battery to resume fire, which it continued until the flames of the burning wood on the left became intolerable, and the enemy had gained a distance of 200 yards in rear of the battery right flank. The gallant conduct of Lieut. George, in command of the Jersey Battery, will ever be remembered. He advanced, and with the aid of the 7th Connecticut, recaptured his piece and retired in good order to report.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the tenth, the 7th New Hampshire Infantry had been ordered to tear up the track of the railroad near Waltham Junction. It was engaged in doing so for about an hour, destroying about a third of a mile. An order was then received to march the regiment by the turnpike northerly. The extreme heat, together with the exertions the men had already made in destroying the railroad, rendered the march very severe. As the regiment advanced, the rapid firing of artillery was heard more and more distinctly, indicating that an important engagement was being fought. On reaching the road running westerly across the turnpike to the railroad, at Chester Station, the firing was very near.

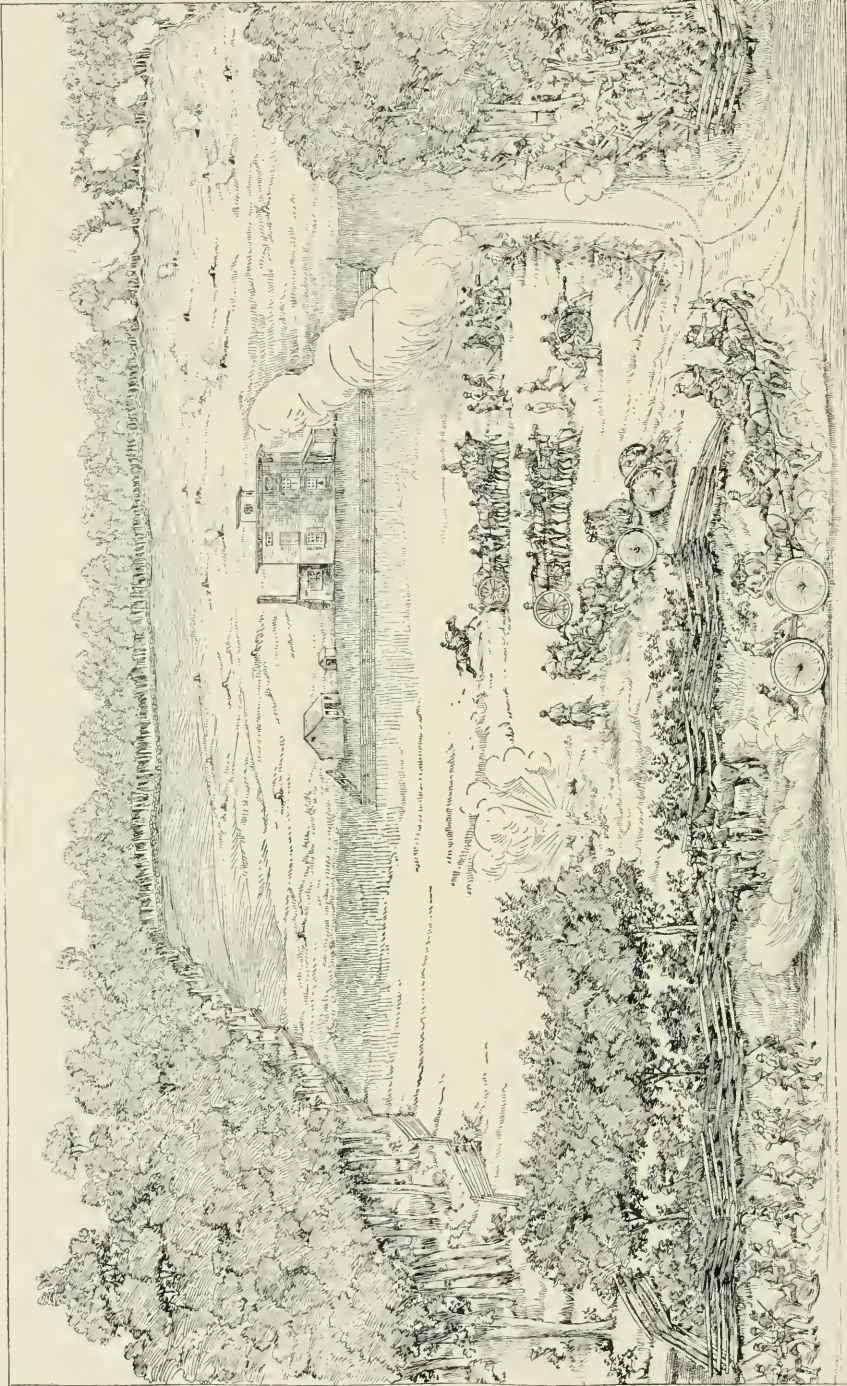
Gen. Terry ordered the regiment to move forward as quickly as possible, and to form line of battle to resist the enemy in that direction.

The 7th New Hampshire Infantry, under command of Lieut.-Col. T. A. Henderson, moved forward in obedience to orders, and at about half a mile from the turnpike entered a large field on the left, and moved toward the Winfree house, beyond which the firing was fiercest. The regiment, by order of Col. Abbott, commanding the brigade, formed line of battle, with the right in the rear and just beyond the house, the line extending back perpendicularly to the house along the garden fence. The enemy not appearing in force in front, the line of battle was changed to the front of the house, facing north. The enemy was firing from a battery on the left, and the regiment not being able to stand the flank fire, was moved to the right and then to the rear, where the men were directed to lie down behind a slight elevation, which afforded some protection from the enemy's artillery fire.

The two sections of the Connecticut Battery swung round into the narrow lane the right section had just left, which crossed the turnpike at a pace which seemed to imperil the guns. The lane was narrow, a snake fence on either side, a wood on one side, the bushes coming close up to the fence, the road full of ruts and holes. As the Battery turned into it, a number of the enemy were seen in the wood on the right, but, for some unaccountable reason, they did not fire.

The way in which the centre and left sections of the Connecticut Light Battery entered that field at Chester Station was one to arouse the enthusiasm of every lover of horsemanship. The turning into an exceedingly narrow lane from the turnpike road, with six horses and a cumbersome gun-carriage, at a swift gallop, was in itself something to be admired, but when it was known that behind every tree a rifle was ready to send its messenger of death to the heart of the drivers, it becomes more wonderful that they could keep their nerves steady enough to make that sharp turn at such a speed.

Along the lane, never once slackening the pace, the horses galloped, over ruts and stones, through the bush which had grown up over the side of the lane and into a field through a small opening hastily made in a snake fence, without an accident, was an achievement which made pride excusable.



BRINGING THE CENTRE AND LEFT SECTIONS INTO ACTION AT CHESTER STATION, MAY 10th, 1864.

Into the field, amid a shower of exploding shells and rifle bullets, from the sharpshooters, the drivers steered the guns, taking up the positions assigned without a hitch, the quickness in getting the guns in place, and the rapidity of loading and firing the first shot, proved that the Connecticut Battery was the equal of any in the service.

As the left section was swinging round the centre to get into position, a shell from the enemy struck the ground close to the lead horses, landing in the midst of a sow and litter of pigs, which had been feeding quite unconcernedly, though the shots were falling in every direction like hail. The shell sliced off the hind quarters of the sow, and with a most unearthly squeal, she fell over, the pigs were scattered in every direction, some being thrown in the air, where they described all sorts of evolutions before they fell.

Comrade Sloan, in speaking of that double-quick march through the lane, says: "The experience of that day was peculiar, and no two persons would tell the same story, as each one had enough to do to carry out his own part of the program. I was number three on the third piece, which was the first to go down that lane. I lay full length on the gun, my arms round the cascable, a comrade on the axle on either side. We could see the enemy in the woods on the edge of the lane, and why they allowed any of us to get through I never understood. When we arrived at the open field, a comrade and myself caught hold of a panel of the snake fence and broke it down, to enable our piece to get through. Our piece got into battery not far from the lane, and opened with canister into the woods."

"In a few moments," reports Lieut.-Col. T. A. Henderson, commanding the 7th New Hampshire Volunteers, "the enemy appeared advancing on my left, when, by order of Col. Abbott, I returned to the position along the line of the garden fence. Tearing down the fence, a slight protection was formed from the material, behind which the men were made to lie down. Several small outbuildings also afforded concealment and shelter from the enemy. For some 150 yards, immediately in front of my line, was a slight slope of cultivated ground. Next beyond, for several hundred yards, was a large space, considerably broken, and thickly covered with stumps. Beyond was a thick wood, in front of which were the enemy's skirmishers engaged with our own. Our skirmishers drove those of

the enemy back into the woods, whereupon a regiment of the enemy moved out of the woods, driving back our skirmishers, and advancing to within 500 yards of my line, protecting themselves somewhat by the inequalities of the ground and the stumps. They then delivered a tremendous volley, doing, however, but trifling execution. The volley was promptly returned by my regiment, and followed up in a most spirited and determined manner, the men accompanying their volleys with cheers of defiance to the enemy. The enemy withstood the fire a few moments and retired precipitately to the woods. Rockwell's Battery, in my rear, continued all the while firing rapidly, and apparently with great execution, into the woods."

"Our two sections, the centre and left," says Comrade Dickinson, "were sent to relieve the right, which had been engaged all the morning, and we proceeded to whack the Confederacy in the good old way. It was said that we were charged three times, but that I cannot vouch for. The Johnnies did get in our rear on the pike and charged up to it, expecting to gobble us up with our supports, but the two flanking companies of the 7th

Connecticut Volunteers, armed with Spencers, lined up on the side of the road in the woods and stopped their rush most beautifully. It was the first time those particular Johnnies had met with that kind of a gun, and they could not understand how our fellows could load and fire so fast."

Early in the engagement, Comrade Ebenezer Wakeley was wounded while going for ammunition. At the Historian's request, Comrade Wakeley tells the story in his own way:



EBENEZER WAKELEY, JR.

Joined Nov. 14, 1861. Re-enlisted Vet. Dec. 14, 1863. Wounded May 10, 1864, at Chester Station. Transferred to Co. I, 10th Reg't V. R. C., Jan. 32, '65. Discharged Aug. 11, '65. Treasurer of Christian Association during its entire existence.

"I was driving the lead team on the fifth caisson. There were three teams, one at the wheel, the centre and lead. The fight had been proceeding for some time. Reinforcements were reaching the enemy, some by the railroad from Richmond, some by the dirt road, and, as they arrived, they came into action and were driving

in, the troops left to guard the position the day before. But we were sending reinforcements as fast as possible.

“The two sections of our battery drove on ahead. I know we passed the 6th Connecticut. I remember as I was on the ground, or dismounted, a regiment came right through the woods and up to our side of the Chester Station Road. This side of the road where our caissons had rounded to and faced towards the railroad had a very good stone fence, but, on the other side, it was a hedge fence, with now and then a large tree in or about the hedge. To come to the caissons from the guns, quite a depression in the land was to be crossed, which, with the stone fence, offered quite a protection. But, to reach the caisson to get a new chest of ammunition we were obliged to rise enough for a driver to be exposed. We were fairly well exposed while behind the gun, but the shooting was at a distance and shots low, but I alone remained mounted. One of the middle team horses had already received a ball in the body, and, I heard, died from the wound later, but this horse was being used when I left the field.

“Our ammunition was exhausted, and the gun team had taken that chest back to the caisson, and it had been refilled, and, our chest being exhausted, we went back for another filling, and as we arose from a little depression in the ground, a skirmish line at the other side of the road begun to pick us off and a Minnie bullet struck me. We were going as fast as we could very well go, and I fell to the outside and made one turn, hoping to escape the wheel. Brown, at the wheel team, was sawing away to keep the wheels from going over me, and this he did.

“Comrade Jillson was the Company's bugler, but, in that action, he acted as an orderly for the General in Command. He came down to see what the trouble was, and the wheel team had come pretty close to where I was then standing, with the orderly asking what had happened to me. The driver of the middle team had crossed to my place, and this had left the middle team without a driver, but somewhat under the control of the drivers of the wheel and lead teams. Where this occurred was in the de-



FRANCIS V. BROWN,
of East Granby.

Enlisted Oct. 25, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 2, 1861. Discharged Nov.
2, 1864; time expired.

pression of the land from which we begun to ascend, when the skirmish line made it so hot for us.

“The orderly inquired if I thought I could mount, and, having spunked up somewhat, I told him I thought I could and attempted to do so on the middle team, but my right arm would not move after I had put my foot in the stirrup and had gathered the reins with my left hand, and this disclosed to me that I was disabled.

“As I could not mount, the direction was given me to go back to a tree, where I would find a surgeon, and I refused the assistance of two of our men as they ran to aid me. The orderly inquired if I needed any assistance, but I answered that I did not, and the two men who came from the caissons went back to them.”

A most remarkable feat of horsemanship was performed by Comrade Daniel F. Scranton at the time Wakeley was wounded. Comrade Scranton, who was on the swing team, crawled forward to the lead horse, stepping along the traces and holding to the harness. It was one of the most brilliant things ever done in horsemanship, on a battlefield, for the horses were going at full speed and swinging around a sharp curve. The change was made so rapidly that many never knew how it came that Comrade Scranton was on the lead horse.



DANIEL F. SCRANTON,
of Guilford.

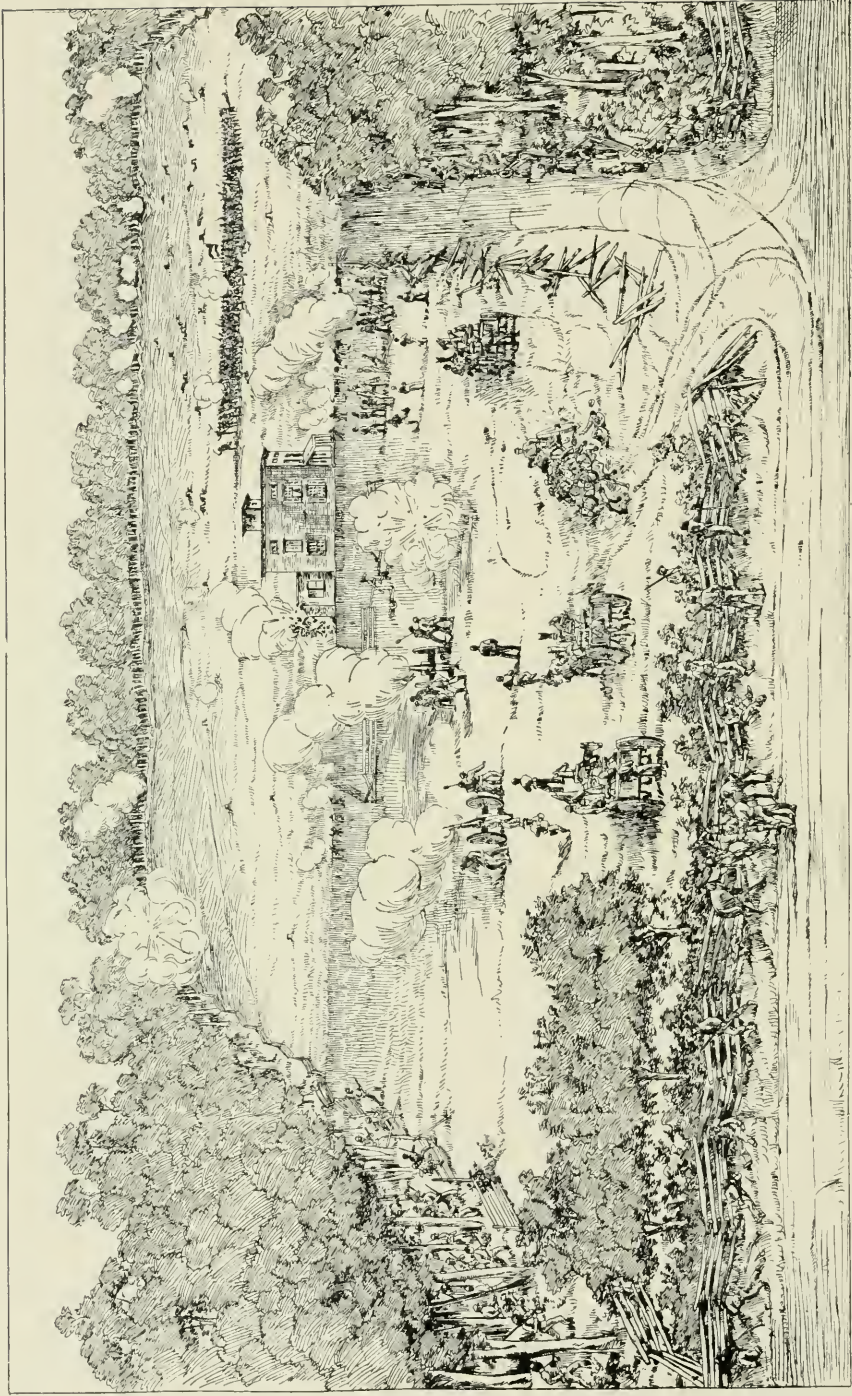
Enlisted 3rd Connecticut Volunteers, April 24, '61; mustered in May 11 '61; mustered out Aug. 12, '61; enlisted First Light Battery, Nov. 6, '61; mustered in Nov. 14, '61; discharged Nov. 13, '64; time expired.

After firing a few shots in the woods, the centre section ceased firing as the infantry had passed the lane on the pike and deploying into the wood were in front of the guns. The enemy was driven into the lane and quite a number captured.

The centre section took a new position in rear of the first and commenced shelling the woods and ravines where the enemy seemed to be forming for a charge.

The left section held the position first occupied, nearly in front of the Winfree House. While in this position the enemy charged with a courage and daring which proved their valor.

The enemy reappeared from the woods beyond in largely increased



THE CENTRE AND LEFT SECTIONS REPULSING THE CHARGE AT CHESTER STATION, MAY 10th, 1864.

force, displaying five stand of colors in front of the Union line and two on the right, advancing in splendid order. They charged through the ravine and up the hill towards the house, until they were almost within musket range, and then they gave utterance to that famous "Rebel Yell," which was blood-curdling to all who heard it. They rushed forward, when again

"There rose so wild a yell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

But before they reached the top of the hill they were met by a murderous fire from all sides, the Connecticut Light Battery firing canister. No living thing could face that rattling shower of ball and shell which poured upon them. They fell to the ground, they crept away, they hushed their yell of battle as they broke ranks and sought cover in the woods.

The excitement was intense. Grape and canister fly into the ranks, shells burst overhead and fragments fly all around. Men fall in every direction.

Three times the enemy, advancing over the brow of the hill into the ravine and up the hill again to close range, charged with impetuous fury, but only to be driven back by the accurate and rapid firing of the Connecticut Battery and the gallant resistance of the infantry supports.

It was a baptism of fire for the Battery, which completely overshadowed Secessionville.

It was in one of these charges that Comrade Marcus M. Hall was wounded.

While serving ammunition he received two rifle balls in rapid succession, in the left forearm, one of the bones being badly broken. The enemy seemed to have his range, for the bullets fell thick and fast on all sides of him, the sharpshooters apparently taking him as a mark. A horse, by his side, was killed, immediately before the bullets struck him.

The shells had set fire to the forest, and the blaze lit up the scene far and wide. The enemy's dead and wounded lay scattered all through the



MARCUS M. HALL,
of Guilford.

Enlisted October 6, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; wounded at Chester Station May 10, 1864; discharged November 2, 1864; time expired.

woods, and in many instances, the fire was burning them to a cinder. The cries of these poor wretches could be heard by some of the regiments near the edge of the wood, but nothing could be done.

At one time during the engagement the Confederate sharpshooters advanced to the Winfree House, and under its cover, attempted to pick off the "men behind the guns." The Battery turned their pieces on the house, knocked down the chimney, making the bricks and splinters and the sharpshooters fly in every direction.

The fighting was again general, the whole force on either side being engaged. Capt. Rockwell had the guns under cover of the rolling ground, which greatly assisted in protecting the Battery from the Confederate infantry. The Minnie balls were flying in every direction, and at times it seemed almost miraculous why so few men were shot.

Capt. Rockwell says: "On the morning of May 10th we were ordered back over the 'pike' toward the point where the right section had been detached and were proceeding leisurely, when, either in obedience to orders or because we heard Metcalf's heavy firing, we went as rapidly as possible and arrived just in time to assist in saving the position.

"We found that the right section had done excellent service and contributed their full share in repelling that morning, the enemy's attack and holding the position till the reinforcements came up, but they had very little ammunition left when the other two sections reached that point. I ordered Metcalf to withdraw and refill his chests, and then turned the two sections into an open field on the left of that cross-road. We took position upon rising ground and opened at once on a field battery, which was firing from a low hill across the lower ground between.

"There was a small farm house a short distance in front of us and just in front of that was our line of battle of infantry, an Illinois regiment, I believe. We fired over them safely enough as they were on lower ground. Our position was hazardous, if the infantry had fallen back, for there was no road out other than the one by which we had entered the field, and that road was our line of battle at that point. I find in a letter written on May 10th, 1864, the words: 'At one time I feared my battery would be taken,' and also that 'our loss (Battery) is four men wounded and two horses

killed,' and that 'the men did behave admirably and to the satisfaction of the General commanding.'

"One man (Marcus M. Hall) was wounded in the wrist or forearm, as he was serving ammunition from the limber, by a musket ball which passed through the side of the ammunition box just below the lid, I was sitting on my horse close by him and saw the shot."

This very excellent reminiscent account of the doings of the Battery at Chester Station, free from the formality of an official report, is a valuable addition to the History, and is another proof of the efficiency and thoroughness of Capt. Rockwell, as well as his interest in the Battery which he once commanded.

An amusing incident occurred during the engagement. Comrade Blatchley, better known as "Sod," was Number One on one of the left pieces, when a cannon ball, shell or bullet, he never knew which it was, gave his massive frame a severe shock and a close call for his life. He ran up to Comrade Mark Hall, who was handing out the ammunition, when "Sod" exclaimed:

"Damn 'em, they've got me. I've got a piece of shell in me as big as your fist. Damn 'em, our guns are not half big enough. We oughter have bigger guns." "Sod" started to the rear, clasping his hands over his heart and stomach. As he passed Comrade Griswold, he exclaimed:

"Good bye, Ed. Old Sod is a goner this time."

He was met by Comrade Sloan, who, from "Sod's" action, expected to see him disemboweled, and asked what was the matter.

"I've got a ball right through me," he answered.

"Put down your hands and let me see the wound."

"No, no, I can't do that; I'd bleed to death."

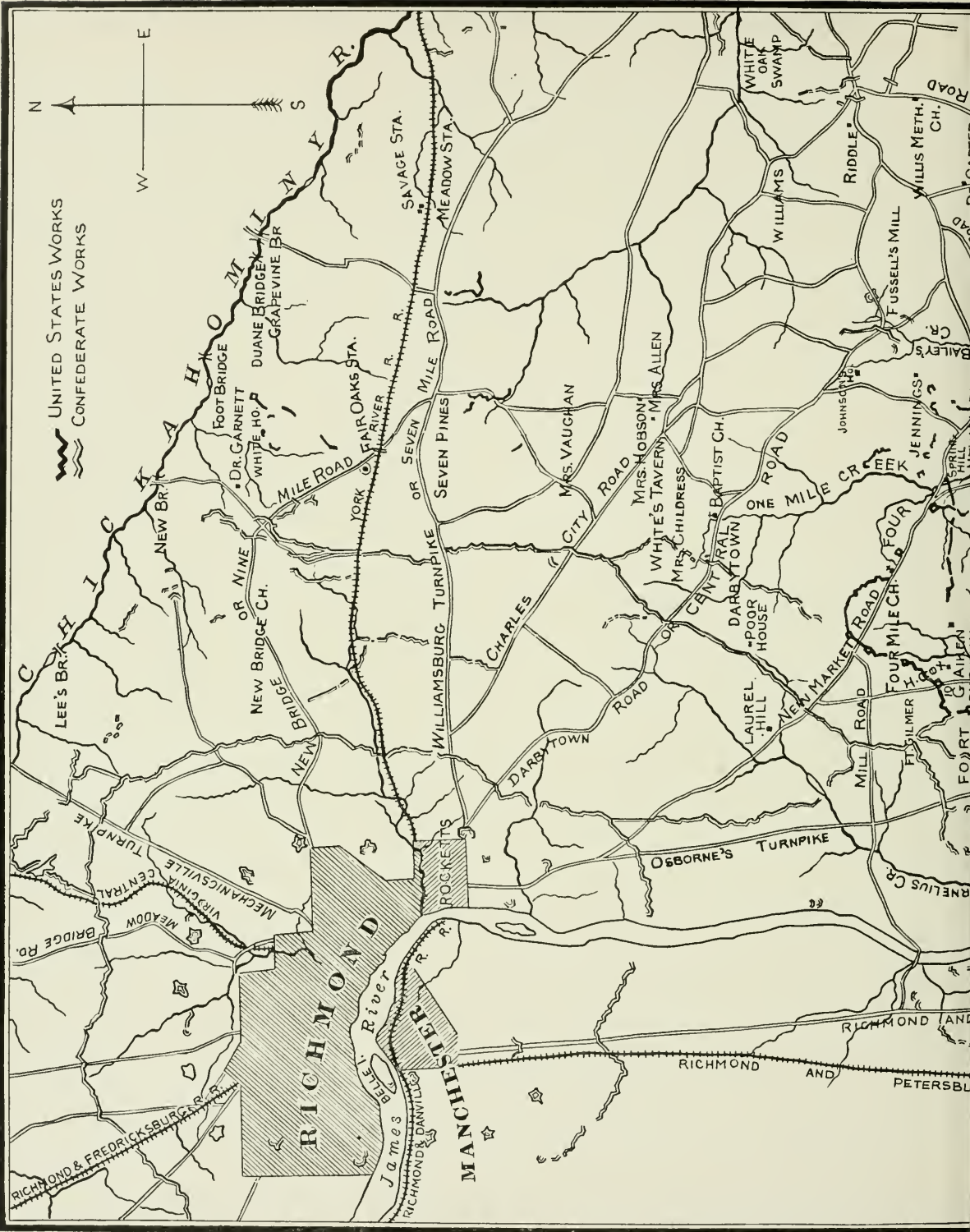
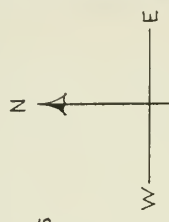
Comrade Sloan carefully and gently removed the big fellow's hands and made an examination. No hole in his clothes, no blood, no wound was found, but a deep red circle over Sod's heart showed that he had been hit by a spent ball that had bruised his skin without penetrating the flesh, causing a sharp stinging pain. "Sod" met Lieut. Clinton and told him that he was wounded, and as he held the lieutenant's horse, he said he felt as though "puking would make him feel better." He had no sooner said so than he did vomit, and it had the desired effect. The shock had

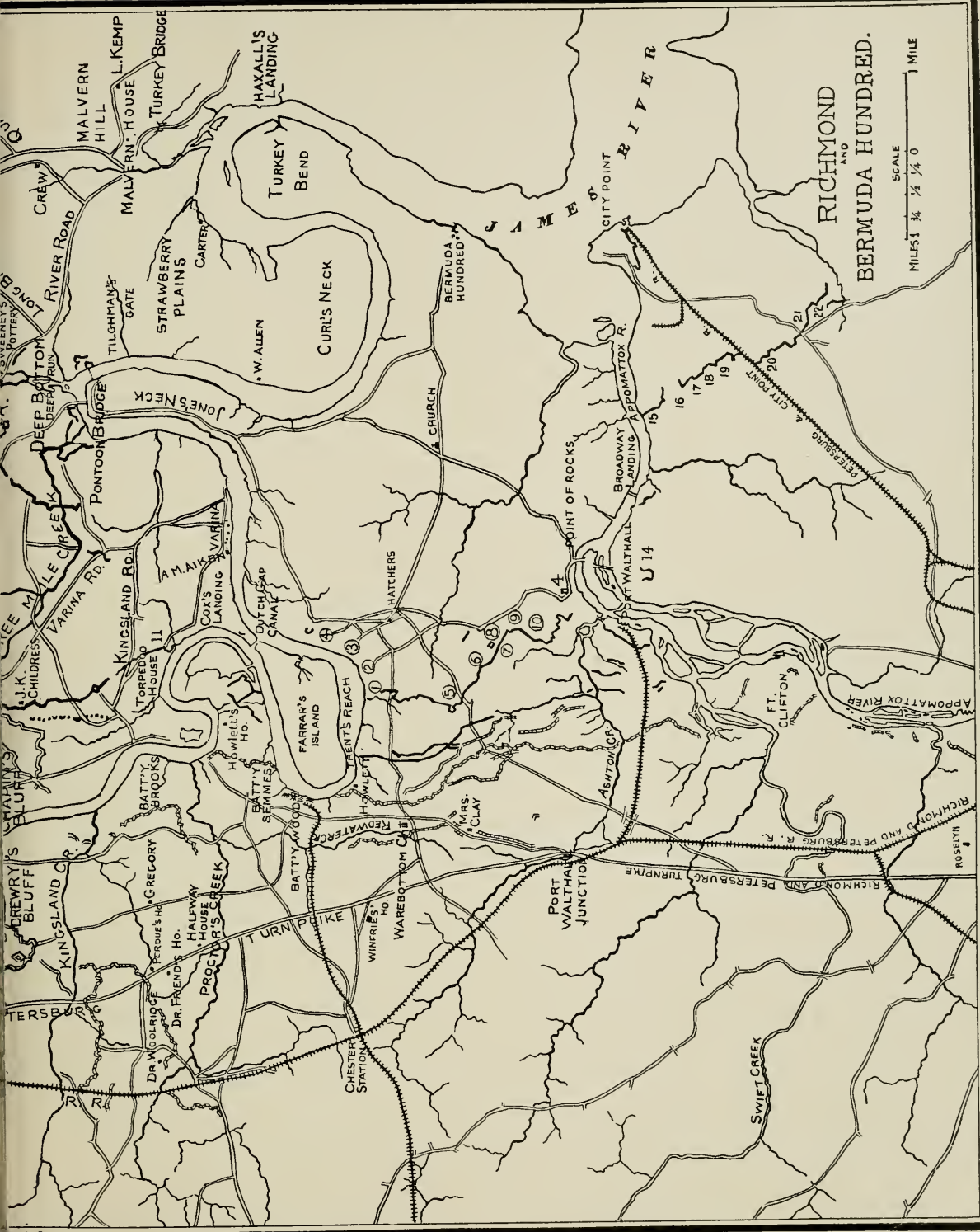
doubtless made him feel a similar sensation to sea-sickness for a minute. When he was convinced that he was not about to die, he sprang to his feet and returned to his post as fast as his long legs could carry him. The spent bullet had entered his sleeve, going through two thicknesses, and, being turned out of its course, struck him over the heart, leaving the circular mark on his flesh just like an impression of the bottom of a bullet. "Sod" carried the mark of that bullet through the remainder of his life, and often bared his chest to show it to his comrades.

Comrade Griswold says that, at the time "Sod" was wounded, "the battle was raging fearfully on all sides of us, and especially was the fighting desperate on the pike. We were anxious that our force should not weaken there, and we believed from what we could hear that they were holding the ground. The Confederates were now seen forming in large numbers in the woods on our front, preparing to charge the Battery. We gave them spherical case as rapidly as we could send them, and we knew it was doing its deadly work. Still they continued to form and were soon seen moving, and we realized that more lively work was before us. Our noble support had suffered severely, but we had learned that they were made of the right material and would stay with us. On came the enemy out of the woods, over the rail fence into the open field, in splendid order and large numbers. Now came the charge and the never-to-be-forgotten rebel yell; up the hill they came, and as soon as they were near enough our four guns opened fire upon them with double-shotted canister, and never did guns fire more rapidly; still onward came the enemy, closing up the fearful gaps made by our canister—still they come almost up to the muzzles of our guns, when their line breaks and back they go—no mortal man could continue to face such a storm of canister—back down the hill and into the woods they go. Again they form, and again the fearful rebel yell, as up the hill they come, almost as far as they came before, when they again break and retire; they then attempt the charge the third time, but only get a part of the distance when they retire and the firing and fighting seems to lessen."

The comrades were cool and deliberate, and watched the effect of their firing as calmly as though at target practice. The shower of bursting shells, the passage of solid shot as they rake their murderous channels through the ranks, the plunging of wounded horses, the agonies of the dying, the clash

UNITED STATES WORKS
CONFEDERATE WORKS





RICHMOND
AND
BERMUDA HUNDRED.

SCALE
MILES 1/4 1/2 3/4 1 MILE

of contending arms, which follow the dashing charge of the brave Confederates, all appear to the men of the Connecticut Battery as so much incentive to cool action.

No fear causes a tremble, and yet those very comrades would have been almost overcome with anguish had they seen a fellow-creature mangled in the streets of New Haven. The fever of the battlefield is in their blood, they never think of the consequences, but stand and fire as regularly and as coolly as on the drill ground, though they know that their shells and shots are tearing great gaps in the ranks of the charging enemy.

The very guns seemed like things of life as

“Scorching hot, from their grinning jaws,
 With a shout,
Came the whirling shot
And the bursting shell,
And the air grew gray
 With the drifting smoke,
 That quivered and broke
And heaved and fell,
 When the roar burst out.
And Death rode over the battlefield,
 Through the storm,
Like the withering breath of a curse;
And his voice rang out,
With a shrill report,
 When the rifles flashed
 And the bayonets gashed
The quivering heart,
 And the knife struck home.
And many a brave boy fell when the fire of the guns
 Burst out.
Yet they hurled the foe heavily back,
In the fierce, wild fight,
And the victory was won;
 But the dead lay white
 In the ghastly light,
As the sinking sun
 Looked down on the rout.”

At one time the 7th New Hampshire, in supporting, took cover behind the snake fence, the battery firing over them. An officer asked if it would not be possible to silence the enemy's battery, which was causing so much trouble. Comrade Samuel Scranton, taking the smoke as a target, after two or three trials, succeeded in dismounting one of the enemy's guns, causing the battery to retire. The 7th New Hampshire at once turned and cheered for the excellent marksmanship of Comrade Scranton.

Comrade Griswold thus describes the sad scene at the end of the day's hard fighting:

“The cheering for victory is over and then comes the sad part. The regiments fall in line and have a roll call; some companies are without officers, and all have lost heavily. How still and sad it seems now, even with victory won, as company after company reported as follows:

“‘Company——, Regiment, went into action with——number of officers, ——number of men and officers accounted for.’

“Well do I remember the report made by a corporal, when he marched up his small squad and made his report as follows:

“‘Company——, 67th Ohio, went into action with sixty-four men and officers, only sixteen men and one corporal accounted for.’

“After resting awhile, we again fall back and cross the pike—what a sight on that road where the battle raged!—the ground covered with the dead and wounded. Many of Connecticut's boys fell here. Soon a flag of truce was sent in by the Confederate General commanding, asking for assistance to get his wounded from the burning woods, which the shells from our battery had set on fire. Those who have ever heard the roar of fire in pine woods will know that it equals thunder. Gen. Foster was sent out with assistants, and all the stretchers that could be spared were taken with them. When Gen. Foster returned, he rode up to the Battery and said:

“‘Boys, the ground was almost covered with the dead and wounded where your shells had set fire to the woods. I was in the Mexican war, have seen many sad sights, but God forbid that I shall ever again see and hear the like of what I have to-day; such screeching and begging as those poor fellows made as the fire rolled up to them, for it was impossible to save all.’”

The Battery had a narrow escape on that day, for at one time it was practically surrounded, the enemy occupying three sides of the field, the fourth side being a marsh, through which it would have been impossible to get the guns. The magnificent courage of the infantry supporting, and the steadiness and determination of the Battery, snatched victory from what seemed certain disaster. Every regiment engaged behaved splendidly, and all acknowledged that the First Connecticut Light Battery was a credit to the country and deserving of all honor.

Comrade Hall tells his experience of the treatment he received both at the front and in hospital, in a manner which makes interesting reading.

“I was ordered to the rear, and after reaching the turnpike, was sent by ambulance to Gen. Wild’s headquarters. From there a most comfortable hospital steamer took several hundred sick and wounded down the James to Fort Monroe. The hospital wards, there, were full to overflowing, with stretcher cases, others less seriously hurt were camped in small tents outside, with a bundle of straw for a bed. When my arm was first dressed the sleeve of my blouse was ripped in the seam to get it off, and eight holes were found in it, each ball having made two holes when passing through; two balls had gone through the sleeve near my shoulder, merely scratching the skin. I wanted to keep that blouse as a relic, worth saving to show my children and grandchildren, so I gave it to a colored woman to clean and repair, but with strict orders, however, in no case to meddle with the holes. In due time the garment was returned to me with every hole so nicely darned that it was almost impossible to locate them.

“After ten days I was transferred to Mower Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, which was said to be the largest and best regulated hospital in the world, and I could easily believe that assertion, for I could not see how it could have been improved. All that medical skill and tender, intelligent nursing could accomplish was bestowed upon the serious cases; the convalescent enjoyed a library containing 2000 volumes, loaned by the city; schools were established for the study of the common branches of an English education; singing classes and religious meetings were held several evenings each week. A beautiful grove, of ample dimensions, was open to all, and fitted up with swings, bowling alleys and other means of healthful exercise.

“I desire to bear witness to the patriotism of the Philadelphians; the soldiers found it very truly a ‘City of Brotherly Love.’ Nothing was too good for the soldier.

“When we landed at the river front, we were taken in charge by richly dressed ladies, apparently the *elite* of the city, and were carried to the depot in the princely fire ambulances then in vogue. Wounded, dirty, war-begrimed men were handled as carefully as infants, and every comfort anticipated and supplied until we were each assigned a place in the hospital. To illustrate the sentiment manifested toward soldiers, I recall that in going to a barber’s to get a shave, no matter how many were waiting their turn, the soldier was made to take the first chair vacated; the soldiers were the aristocracy of the people in that city. Thousands of old soldiers will remember the ‘Quaker City’ with the kindest feelings and with pride and gratitude.

“While at this hospital I became acquainted with an inmate, whose experience was interesting. He had been buried, or partially so, it being believed that he was dead. After one of the bloody battles of the Wilderness, the dead were collected for burial, a long trench was dug, six feet wide, and the bodies placed in it side by side, my acquaintance among the rest, the trench was being filled, and he was covered, with the exception of his head and shoulders. One of the fatigue party had paused in his work, for a moment, and noticed some slight muscular action in the man’s neck. He called the attention of others to it and the man was taken out, revived and eventually got well. He had been struck by a piece of spent shell on the side of the head, making an ugly-looking, but superficial wound, which made him unconscious. When I met him he was ward-master at Mower Hospital, the jolliest of all jolly men, but minus one ear.

“Most old soldiers can tell stories of the freaks played by shot and shell. An instance of an apparently impossible freak came under my observation while at the hospital. One day I noticed a number of the boys gathered round one who seemed to be causing considerable merriment. On approaching to learn the cause of the mirth, I saw this central figure, with what seemed to be a small grape-shot, between his finger and thumb, which he was holding up for exhibition while his mouth was stretched wide open. He could barely pass the shot into his mouth without touching his teeth; yet

this missile had, in action, actually passed between his teeth without breaking one, up through the roof of the mouth and out by the side of his nose. The suggestions offered as to his possible position when he was struck by the shot was the cause of the fun.

“At Mower Hospital I was granted a thirty day furlough, and I went home on a visit that was very enjoyable. When my furlough expired I went before Dr. Jewett, of the Knights Hospital, New Haven, to get my furlough extended. He refused my application. I then went to Gov. Buckingham and told him that, as I was unfit for military duty, I might as well be at home as in Philadelphia. He did not like, he said, to ‘interfere with the military authorities,’ but he secured my transfer to New Haven. At the New Haven Hospital I was assigned to Ward No. 6., of which, to my surprise and pleasure, our own comrade Corp. Warren Bissell was in charge. From this time to the end of my service the hospital was little more than a visiting place. We had roll call three times a day, at which times every man was supposed to be in, or standing at ‘attention,’ by his bed. But Comrade Bissell very kindly arranged that if I was present on Sunday morning for inspection, he would see that the roll call was attended to. At this time and up to the time I was honorably discharged, my time having expired, I had an open wound in my arm, yet I enjoyed myself very much. There was one thing which diminished my happiness—I wanted to be back with the Battery and to enter Richmond, for I did so much wish to be in at the death, but that pleasure was denied me.”

Comrade Ebenezer Wakeley tells his hospital experience very graphically. He says that when he sent the men back to the caissons and told the orderly that he did not need any assistance, he looked in vain for the surgeon or the green sash which was to mark the surgeon's post. He continues: “I turned then towards the turnpike, and men wounded were met in the field and woods I passed through. I heard that these woods were burned later on in the day by fire caused by the action then proceeding. There was some skulking in these woods, and I heard officers on horseback directing men to go forward, and I inferred, in one or two cases, that they were in no hurry themselves. I reached the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike in time, and not very far from the road that turned into Chester Station. Here, on this road, was an ambulance corps filling up as the

wounded came to the ambulance. I got right in. When loaded, I was taken to the hospital established some miles nearer to Petersburg the day before when fighting was to the left and near Petersburg.

“The fighting had become so sharp on the left up around Chester Station that all the troops in the direction of Petersburg were ordered to the right of rear, and the hospital was ordered abandoned soon after I arrived, and before my wound was dressed. I, with many others of the freshly wounded, were told to remain there or to follow the ambulance train. There were some of the 6th Connecticut band at this hospital acting as nurses and assistants. Two of them from Bridgeport, Connecticut. They met me after I had gone awhile and had dropped down, not able to keep up with the ambulance wagons. They helped me for two or three miles, as the case might be, to the regular General Hospital of the 18th Army Corps. This hospital was at a plantation named Point of Rock, not far from the James River.

“For a long distance, on the way to this hospital, I thought I would never be able to take another step when I had finished the one I was taking. I became so weak from loss of blood, and continued exertion, that it was with the utmost effort of the two men and all of my remaining will and endurance that I finally arrived at the General Hospital of the 18th Corps. Here, after one or two had come off the table, I went on it and had my wound dressed, and was given a stimulant and sent out into the doorway, where, perhaps, there were two hundred Confederates and Union soldiers.

“During the day Comrade Evarts came with my blankets and haversack, and told me of the fact that our troops had returned to the River Encampment, or to the position held on the morning of May 9th, 1864.

“On the night of the 12th, or morning of the 13th of that May, an ambulance took me to the landing, and I went on the ‘Hero of Jersey,’ was carried down the river and taken to the Hampton Roads Hospital. Here the wounded were in hundreds, if not thousands.

“From this hospital there was a further distribution to the North, as men were able to be removed. On the 21st of May I was transferred to the ‘City of Richmond,’ and on the 23d of May, 1864, arrived in New York

City, and was sent to the Central Park Hospital, not far from Harlem, or 110th street. This was a Catholic building, leased to the Government for hospital purposes. Here, at this hospital, the top wound, or place where the Minnie ball came out of my shoulder, suffered the affliction of gangrene. There was a tent, number nine for such patients. Here I was operated on, and being spare and thin of flesh, the disease was checked before it reached the lower wound, or where the rifle ball first penetrated my right shoulder. This first wound was close to the main artery, and this disease located in that wound would have surely taken me off. I was in tent nine from June 10th until June 29th, 1864. After the last date, came back to the ward from which I was taken. I was in this hospital on July 4, 1864. I find an entry in my Journal of that date saying, 'My thoughts go back to one year ago to-day to the dinner we had in Beaufort.' I was referring to that famous 4th of July dinner we had in that South Carolina town.

"On July 14th, 1864, was transported from the Central Park Hospital, and on the 15th was in the 'Knights' Hospital' at New Haven. I see by my Journal that there, on July 15th, I met 'Mark Hall and George Bissell.' On the 16th I noted down that I had 'seen Warren Bissell.' I presume he was in the hospital at New Haven too. Here I remained until, say, the last of January, 1865, when I was sent into the invalid corps, and went from New Haven to Elmira, New York State. I remained in invalid corps until I was fully discharged from the service, on or about August 11th, 1865, at Buffalo.

"On the 4th of July, 1865, at Fort Porter, Buffalo, New York State, to which place my company in the 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps had been transferred from Elmira, I met with an accident that nearly ended my existence. The war being over, there was vast rejoicing and great celebration of the 4th. I was detailed, with others, to take the old (there were two such) Howitzer guns standing in the park there, and fire the meridian salute. Because of my right arm, I acted as number three and thumbed the vent, but perceived that number one (from an infantry regiment) knew nothing about loading a cannon. I volunteered and took his place and gave him the vent. The second discharge went off prematurely, and destroyed the ramrod I was holding and tore off the sleeve of my blouse of the right arm, and filled that hand with powder and mightily jarred

the right side of my head, and I was thrown around like a top, coming to the ground after one or two turns about. This put me in the local hospital a short time. It was a poor time to be killed or wounded, after the war was over. I was so well drilled as a number one (cannoneer who loads the gun in a battery being number one) as to save the exposure that would, to a man unfamiliar with the way to do it, be sure death."

That night after the Battery had retired behind the intrenchments, one of the comrades had a startling experience.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer, the rain fell in drizzling unpleasantness, making the soldiers feel exceedingly uncomfortable. There was considerable excitement in the camp, for it was believed that on the morrow a decisive battle might be fought. Comrades wrote letters home it might be their last chance—they arranged for the disposal of their belongings, and then, with one last thought of the world, the majority sought consolation in prayer, and retired to what rest they could obtain.

In the headquarters of Gen. Gillmore stood a man coldly cynical and self-possessed. He was the bearer of dispatches of great importance to the General commanding the 10th Army Corps.

Gen. Gillmore read the dispatches and raised his eyes suddenly to the face of the courier. Did he expect a tremor, or a sign of confusion? If so, he was disappointed.

But why should the General look so searchingly at the courier?

What was there in those despatches which should make him gaze into the clear eyes of the man who had ridden hard to carry them?

"Do you know the contents of these dispatches?" he asked.

"No, General; I was bidden to deliver them and take back an answer from you."

"You can wait. I shall have a dispatch ready for you in a few minutes."

Gillmore's voice was not very reassuring. To the courier there was something in it which did not seem altogether pleasant. It may have been a guilty conscience which caused him to feel so strange.

Gen. Gillmore looked searchingly at him, and the courier knew then that he was doubted; he realized that he would have to make explanations, and in his mind he saw the tribunal before whom he must answer, he heard the

decision, he must die as a spy; quickly before his mental eye he saw himself seated on his coffin and being carried to the place of execution; the scene changed, and he was the centre figure of a hollow square, with a gallows erected above him, the noose of the deadly rope ready to encircle his neck.

All this passed in rapid review before his mind in that instant while Gillmore was looking at him.

“Why should I fall into the trap?” he asked himself. Life was sweet, he was young, he loved the cause to which he had devoted his life, but he believed he could serve it better by living than by an ignominious death.

Outwardly he was cool, he smiled as the General looked at him, and, without a tremor in his voice, he said he would wait for the dispatch he was to carry back to Maj.-Gen. Butler. But as he spoke he backed very cautiously towards the door, and seizing his opportunity, rushed out, jumped upon the back of a horse standing outside, and like a flash of lightning across the summer sky, rode across country. It was a ride for liberty, for life, and the horse was a good one, for it belonged to one of the General's staff, and was noted for its speed.

“Stop, spy!”

The cry rung in his ears. He knew that his surmise had been correct. He must never fall into the hands of the Unionists. He struck the spurs into the sides of the horse, and it seemed to him that not even the wind could be faster.

He did not know which way to go. In the darkness of the night, with the keen sense of danger nerving him, he rode on, trusting to chance to extricate him from his peril. He knew he was followed, he knew that he would be pursued, and that only a few minutes were his in which to escape.

Fortune seemed to favor him for a time, for he lost the sound of the pursuers and breathed more freely.

Comrade William Fowler was feeling nervous and could not sleep; he adopted his usual remedy for insomnia, a short sharp walk. He rambled around the outskirts of the camp, keeping within the lines, and thinking of home and the chances of a battle on the morrow. His sharp ears caught the cry: “Stop, spy!” He listened and again heard it, but soon all sound died away, and he wondered if the poor fellow had been captured.

Chancing to look up, he caught the glimpse of a horse, apparently riderless, coming down the hill, directly towards the camp which was not far from



WILLIAM M. FOWLER,
of Milford.

Enlisted Oct. 20, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 2, 1861; discharged Nov.
2, 1864; time expired.

headquarters. The little glimmer of light, to which Fowler had become accustomed by his wandering, revealed the horse, but no man on its back. The cry, "Stop, spy," seemed as though it again sounded in his ears, and he at once thought the spy was on that horse, lying low, so that he might not be seen.

Comrade Fowler was wearing his belt, from which hung a leather holster, containing a heavy Navy revolver; the holster flap fastened over the pistol grip by a small brass stud, which was riveted on the inside over a washer. When Fowler attempted to draw the revolver, quickly in his excitement, the cylinder caught on the rivet, and he was unable to draw the weapon. He had carried that revolver for two years, and this was the first time he had ever needed to use it on an enemy, and at this critical moment it did seem like a strange misfortune that the pistol should stick fast. There was no time to fumble at the holster, and the comrade made up his mind that the spy would escape, for the horse and the rider were rushing towards him, and he was unseen by the spy. Just as Fowler realized that he must step aside or be run down, the horse jumped a ditch and, stumbling, threw its rider at Fowler's feet. He instantly jumped on his chest and grabbed him by the throat; in the haste of getting a quick and firm hold, Comrade Fowler used the hand with a stiff finger, which causing him great pain, by being bent under, prevented him holding the man securely. The two struggled in the grass for a few moments, without either getting the advantage. It was a desperate struggle for life, for if the spy got the advantage it meant death to Fowler, and if he failed the man knew that he would be shot, or hanged, as a spy.

The spy came very near getting away, but Fowler took great chances and changed his hand, getting a firm grasp of the man's throat with his sound hand. He could have strangled him as easily as not, and the spy knew it.

"It's all a mistake," the spy exclaimed, "I'm no spy, but a courier. I have just been to headquarters, and the General bade me wait."

"Did you wait?" Fowler asked.

"I delivered my messages, and my commander told me not to wait for anything, so I jumped on the first horse I could find; it is not mine, I know, mine is at the headquarters."

Not for one instant did Comrade Fowler relinquish his grip on his captive. Like grim death he held on, and it was a wonder that he did not squeeze out the life of the unfortunate spy. He got his fingers inside the collar of the man's uniform and pressed his knuckles into his throat until he shouted for mercy.

Gasping for breath, yet realizing that unless he could escape death would be his lot, he managed to persuade the Union soldier to ease his grip a little. The man had told a plausible story, which might be true, that was not for Comrade Fowler to determine, so he slightly relaxed his grasp, and told the man that he would take him to the guard tent, and if his story were true he would be detained only long enough to get a message to Gen. Gillmore.

"If you are a spy," continued Fowler, "you will probably be shot."

The corporal of the guard, Comrade John Merwin, heard the scuffling and hurried to see what it was about. Fowler explained the situation, and between them they took the man to the guard tent.

It was generally believed that the man was proved to be a spy, and that he was tried and executed. He was a brave man, but he had taken the chances, knowing the penalty of failure.

Comrade Fowler was congratulated by his fellow Battery Boys for his bravery; and yet there are times when Fowler's kind heart aches at the thought that he might have been the means of sending a courageous man to an ignominious death.

Capt. Rockwell's report of the battle was as follows:

Report of Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, of operations May 9-10, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY,

Sir:

MAY 11, 1864.

I have the honor to submit, for the information of the Brigadier-

General commanding, the following report of the operations of the First Connecticut Light Battery during the 9th and 10th instants.

In obedience to the orders of the General commanding, the Battery was hitched up at 4 a. m. May 9, and moved forward in the place assigned it in the column of march immediately in the rear of the First Brigade, First Division, until we reached the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike road. At this point I detached the right section, under Lieut. George Metcalf, to take position upon this road about three-fourths of a mile from the cross roads. About 11 o'clock I moved these two sections of the battery down the turnpike towards Petersburg, to the point where it crosses the railway, and there halted. During the night the guns were posted in the road at the point commanding the road and the railway. The following morning the Battery was ordered to move back along the turnpike, and about 9 a. m. it commenced moving in the rear of the Second Brigade. As we approached the cross-roads, rapid firing was heard near the position in which my section was posted the day before. In obedience to the orders of the General commanding, I at once took the four guns with me—rapidly forward to the cross-roads and up that road to the left, a few hundred yards, into the open field, where Lieut. Metcalf with his section had for some time been actively engaged with the enemy. Finding him nearly out of ammunition, I ordered him to fall back to the turnpike and immediately came in battery in the field and opened on the enemy, who were firing slowly from a battery of 12-pounders. The enemy appeared to have at least six guns, in detached sections, one section posted about 800 yards in my front, commanding the narrow cross-road, and the other two sections, giving me a cross-fire from the right, and also down the turnpike. The section in my immediate front twice ceased firing and changed position, whether or not forced to do so by the fire of my guns I cannot say. Soon after the guns were in position, firing commenced between our skirmishers and the enemy, and increased. He twice charged from our left front and endeavored to carry the position, but was gallantly repulsed by my infantry support. I would take this occasion to express my appreciation of their efficient support. The enemy pressed hard upon our right, but were there repulsed also. When his fire ceased, I fired slowly until the order came to retire gradually, when I fell back to a new position, and remained there until the infantry were ready

to retire; then I withdrew the Battery slowly down the road to the turnpike and took a new position with one section in the road on the left of Gibbs' Battery. The Battery was in the field from an hour and a half to two hours, the greater part of the time under the fire of artillery and musketry more or less severe. In the latter part of the afternoon I moved back to camp within the intrenchments, as ordered by Gen. Terry. The right section was detached and under the command of Lieut. Metcalf during the greater part of two days. He reports that he remained in position on the turnpike, about one mile from the cross-roads, till 5.30 p. m., 9th instant. About four o'clock the enemy with fire of musketry and artillery drove in the colored cavalry at the front, which fell back in disorder down the road into the low ground in advance of the section, and soon afterward went to the rear. He immediately opened upon the enemy, checked their advance, and kept up a rapid and steady fire till their artillery ceased firing; then learning that they were endeavoring to turn the left flank and cut off his retreat, he fell slowly back about a quarter of a mile, and subsequently took up a position about 200 yards to the rear of the cross-roads, where he remained undisturbed.

At 6:30 a. m. Col. Voris ordered him up the cross-roads to the left, which position he held, keeping the enemy in check by a rapid fire at intervals till I relieved him with the two other sections. He then withdrew to the turnpike, as I ordered, and reported to Capt. Langdon on the right, and was immediately ordered by Col. Howell into a position near Ware Bottom Church, where he remained until evening, when he was ordered back to camp.

I desire to call attention to the courage and good conduct of my Lieutenants—Metcalf, Clinton, Bliss and Smith, and to the excellent behavior under fire of the non-commissioned officers and most of the men of my command. Where so many did their duty, it is difficult to give preference to any one. My loss was three wounded. Herewith I give a full list as required. I had also two horses killed.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALFRED P. ROCKWELL,

Captain, Commanding First Connecticut Light Battery.

Capt. Adrian Terry,

Asst. Adjt.-Gen. First Div., 10th Army Corps.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG PIKE.



GENERAL GILLMORE, from his headquarters at "the junction of old and new pikes, near railroad," at 2:40 p. m., on May 10th, 1864, reported to Major-General Butler: "General Terry is at the same place, on the new pike, next the railroad. The fighting has been very severe." An hour later he sent word that "General Terry has pushed the enemy up the pike, and holds the ground the enemy held this morning."

Then came the report that the enemy was massing in the direction of Drewry's Bluff, and the order was given to the Tenth Army Corps to retire.

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,

IN THE FIELD, MAY 10, 1864, 4:20 P. M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TERRY, Commanding First Division:

You will retire with your command to your old position within the intrenchments, ordering back such parts of Ames' division and the Eighteenth Corps as may have been sent to your support. Leave no wounded, sick, or stragglers of either command behind, and retire slowly.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL GILLMORE.

ED. W. SMITH,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

And later the following order was received by General Terry:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,

MAY 10, 1864, 9 P. M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TERRY:

Major-General Gillmore wishes you to bring all your troops within the defenses to-night, commencing immediately. You will leave your picket

line as it was, and has been, before we started yesterday morning. You will notify all detachments in your front—not of this command—of your withdrawal.

I am, General, very truly, &c.,

R. S. FOSTER,

Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

The order to fall back was not liked by the comrades. It looked too much like a defeat. One of them wrote on May 11, 1864:

“Well the enemy got the pike after all, and they are pouring over the road all day. Why didn't we throw up breastworks across the road at the junction of the railroad, and mass every available light battery there, and along down each flank, and hold it until all was blue? We had ample time to fortify, instead the troops were throwing up breastworks below, so far from the pike that we now have poor consolation of hearing the enemy tramping their forces from Petersburg to Richmond, unmolested, and we are here sucking our fingers.”

This extract from a comrade's diary shows how easy it is to criticise, but it also proves that the comrades were intelligent, reasoning men, with logical minds.

The enemy was just as much surprised at the falling back, for Maj.-Gen. R. F. Hoke reported to Gen. Braxton Bragg, at Richmond: “The enemy have retreated upon Bermuda Hundred, either with the intention of leaving or crossing the James River. They have shown very little disposition to fight. The railroad to Petersburg is clear and can easily be repaired.”

Maj.-Gen. R. Ransom, Jr., reported: “The enemy fell back from their position toward the James River, apparently in some haste. Lieut.-Col. Haskell reports the turnpike open to Petersburg.”

Brig.-Gen. Seth M. Barton, who commanded a Confederate brigade at Chester Station, was relieved from his command, and many of his men accused of cowardice, which might have been taken advantage of by the Union forces. Gen. Ransom, speaking of Barton's brigade, says:

“My own observation, and that of my staff and other gentlemen who were with me, will prove, beyond cavil, that large numbers ran from the field and could not be checked. I have stated that the regiment and a half on the

left of the turnpike were forced across the turnpike to the right. I am satisfied that much the larger portion ran directly from the field."

Gen. Beauregard expressed his surprise that the Unionists did not press forward instead of falling back to the intrenchments.

How welcome the camp was after that fierce fight at Chester Station!

What stories the comrades had to tell of the startling incidents of the day, how the blood turned cold as they remembered how nearly captured they had been at one part of the engagement! Then there were the amusing episodes, for war, like life, has its lights and shadows, its humorous situations as well as its tragedies.

"We cleaned up, told stories and rested," wrote one comrade.

"It was a pretty close call for us, and we were full of joy to think we were back in camp," said another.

All day, following that at Chester Station, the Battery rested.

In the afternoon of May 11, Generals Gillmore and Smith, commanding the 10th and 18th Army Corps respectively, received the following order from Maj.-Gen Butler:

"A movement will be made to-morrow morning at daybreak of the troops in the following manner: Gen. Smith will take all his corps that can be spared from his line with safety, and will demonstrate against the enemy up the turnpike, extending his line of advance to the left, with his right resting, at the beginning of the movement, on the river at or near Howlett's house, pressing the enemy into their intrenchments, with the endeavor to turn them on the left, if not too hotly opposed. Gen. Gillmore will order one division of his corps to report to Gen. Smith with two days' rations, ready to march at any time after daylight, at Gen. Smith's order. Gen. Gillmore will make such disposition with the remainder of his corps as to hold the enemy in check if any movement is made upon the rear of Gen. Smith, or upon our lines from the direction of Petersburg, holding such troops as may not be necessary to be thrown forward by him upon the turnpike in reserve, ready to reinforce either point that may be attacked.

"Of course, Gen. Smith's demonstration will cover the right of Gen. Gillmore's line of works, unless he is forced back. Gen. Kautz has orders to proceed as soon as the demonstration of Gen. Smith's troops has masked his movements at or near Chester Station, to make demonstrations upon

the Danville road for the purpose of cutting it. It is intended to develop by this movement the entire strength of the enemy in the direction of Richmond, and, if possible, either to force them within their intrenchments or turn them, as the case may be. If successful, it is supposed that the troops will occupy, during the night, the line of advance secured. Gen. Hinks has orders to seize and hold a point on the Appomattox, opposite Gen. Smith's headquarters, during this movement."

On the morning of May 12th "Boots and Saddles" rang out from the bugles, and the First Connecticut Light Battery was again to go to the front, in light marching order. Each man took his haversack, canteen, rubber blanket and three day's rations, consisting of coffee, sugar, hard tack, bacon or salt beef. Although the men were put under restriction as to what each carried, there was no limit placed on ammunition. Heavy four horse wagons followed the Battery, conveying a double portion of shot, shell and powder, supposed to be sufficient to last three days, even if the Battery were called into action each day.

Gen. Alfred H. Terry, commanding 1st Division of the 10th Army Corps, reports:

"On the morning of the 12th I received from the Major-General commanding instructions to move with two of my brigades and two batteries out of the intrenchments and place them in support of the force which, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Smith, was moving up the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, and by the bank of the James River. In obedience to this order, I reported to him on the old turnpike with Plaisted's and Hawley's Brigades, each consisting of three regiments, the fourth regiment of each being at the time on picket, and with Warren's and Rockwell's Batteries."

The Battery followed close upon the 18th Corps in the advance movement, firing often on the march, but the enemy retreated so rapidly that no serious resistance was encountered. On the advance, the firing was by half-battery; that is, three guns would be fired at a time, alternately, advancing and firing; this method gives the impression of two full six-gun batteries, and sometimes the enemy is misled into that supposition by the movement.

After marching several miles along the turnpike, the troops turned into a cornfield upon the left, belonging to a man named Perdue, and there

bivouacked for the night, near the spot known in history as the Half-Way House. The horses were fed on corn blades from Perdue's barn. During the night a wind and rain storm made camping very unpleasant, and some of the comrades protected themselves by getting together a quantity of corn stalks and building a hut with them, which gave slight protection from the rain and gave them a chance to get some sleep.

While in camp, Col. R. White, of the 55th Pennsylvania Volunteers, with two regiments from the 3d Division, commanded by Gen. Adelbert Ames, viz., the 55th Pennsylvania Volunteers and the 4th New Hampshire, reported to Gen. Terry, by order of Gen. Gillmore.

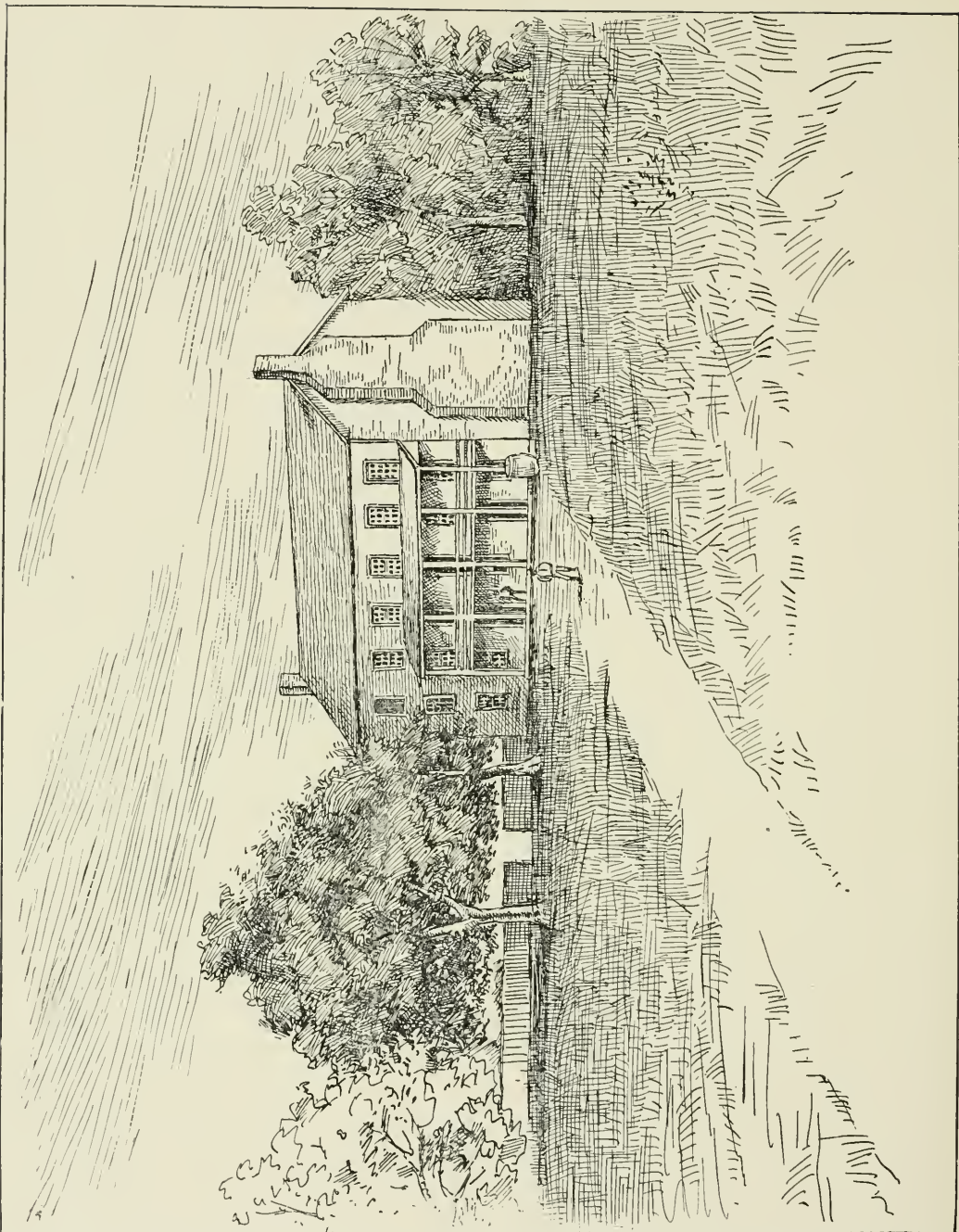
Col. Joseph R. Hawley reports that his brigade left its camp near the line about to be fortified about 3 a. m. May 12. It consisted of the 7th Connecticut, Lieut.-Col. Daniel C. Rodman commanding, 21 officers and 610 men; the 7th New Hampshire, Col. Joseph C. Abbott, 24 officers and 330 men, and the 3d New Hampshire, Lieut.-Col. Josiah I. Plimpton commanding, 26 officers and 700 men. Total, 71 officers and 1,640 men. The 6th Connecticut, Col. Redfield Duryee, was on picket, but came up the next day, under Lieut.-Col. Meeker, and was placed in Col. Alford's brigade, of Gen. Turner's division, where it remained during the expedition. Hawley's brigade followed Plaisted's along the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, near Chester Station, and bivouacked at Perdue's farm, furnishing 300 men for picket duty. Two men of the 7th Connecticut were wounded on picket.

The entire command was ordered to bivouac and lie on their arms during the night. A very heavy rain during the day had served to injure the roads, and the soldiers slept that night, drenched to the skin.

Gen. Weitzel had skirmished all day after leaving Gen. Gillmore's line of pickets, and had succeeded in driving the enemy in front of him until he reached the turnpike crossing of Red House Creek.

A reconnoissance made by Gen. William Farrar Smith, better known as "Baldy" Smith, during the afternoon, on Gen. Weitzel's right, developed the fact that the enemy held the left bank of Proctor's Creek with artillery, and that the slopes were steep and heavily wooded. No infantry was seen.

During the night Gen. Marston's Brigade, which had formed a second



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE, As the inn was called, was the scene of many skirmishes and some serious engagements. It is still standing and looks very much as it did in the days when Federals and Confederates fought round it as a centre.

line behind Gen. Weitzel, was ordered to report to Gen. Gillmore for the purpose of making a flank movement around the head of Proctor's Creek.

On the morning of May 13th, the 10th Army Corps moved to the left and took the extreme left of the line, the First Connecticut Battery being transferred to the 18th Army Corps, under the command of Gen. W. F. Smith.

Early on that morning, Gen. Smith, with Gen. Brooks, made a reconnoissance on the front, finding a practicable country for infantry across Cattle Run, a branch of Proctor's Creek, and beyond that a high hill which overlooked and commanded the left bank of the creek and vicinity of the turnpike.

A brigade of infantry was at once thrown forward on the hill, and sharpshooters so placed that they covered the passage of artillery down the turnpike to the point necessary to gain the hill. Skirmishers were then thrown forward across the creek, and it was found that the enemy had retired.

The 3d New York Light Artillery, Battery E, was placed in position in front of the Half-Way House, and on the right of the pike. Fire was opened upon a work which the Confederates had thrown up a mile distant and on the road. The enemy replied with two 12-pounders, and having an accurate knowledge of the ground, got a good range upon the Battery, but did little damage. The New York Battery kept firing until dark, and succeeded in silencing the enemy's guns. The Connecticut Battery was in rear of the skirmishers, ready to assist them if necessary.

While these skirmishes were proceeding, Gen. Gillmore had moved the 10th Army Corps to Chester Station, and thence by long and circuitous route through the woods west of the railroad, to a position in rear of the right of the first of the enemy's line of intrenchments defending Richmond from the south. At the station Col. White's command was detached, and, accompanied by one piece of artillery, proceeded up the railroad to attack in front, while the main body should turn the enemy's flank. The 3d New Hampshire Volunteers, under Lieut.-Col. J. I. Plimpton, was then ordered by Maj.-Gen. Gillmore to make a detour to the left and gain the rear of the position. The regiment immediately attacked. The enemy's works were uninclosed, but were placed on a high, rounded ridge,

and presented a bastioned front, flanking the railroad. The enemy had a tremendous force defending the works, and when taken in reverse, threw themselves on the exterior slope of the parapet, pouring a galling fire into the Union troops.

With a magnificent courage and glorious daring, the 3d New Hampshire charged up the hill and nearly reached the works, but the odds were too great and they were compelled to fall back. As they did so, it was seen that the ground was covered with their men, the charge had only lasted a few minutes but the regiment lost over a hundred in killed and wounded.

The 7th Connecticut and the 7th New Hampshire went to support the regiment already engaged, but the enemy being threatened upon the front of their works by Col. White's column and shelled by Langdon's battery from the railroad, abandoned their position.

Col. Joseph Hawley, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, 10th Army Corps, reported:

“Gen. Terry ordered me to follow and support Lieut.-Col. Plimpton, who by this time had become fiercely engaged. Moving in the direction of the sounds, I brought the regiments into column in an open field, and they hurried forward with enthusiasm. As we neared the road by which the 3d New Hampshire crossed the swamp, we met Maj. Randlett, of the 3d New Hampshire, and a large number of the Third coming back wounded. Lieut.-Col. Plimpton soon appeared, reporting that his regiment was in danger on his left flank, on which the enemy appeared to be coming. The 7th New Hampshire was ordered across the creek, and it went over and up through the strip of woods, where it formed on the edge of the field, covering the Third, which had met largely superior forces, and after a gallant fight, having advanced up the field to a house and outbuildings, forcing the enemy to jump over their works and fight from the front of them, had been forced to retire. The 7th Connecticut was about to follow the 7th New Hampshire across the swamp, when, it being reported that the work was apparently enclosed (a re-entering portion of it having certainly that look from the rear), and that forces were moving to attack the left flank of our column, the 7th Connecticut was a little withdrawn and moved off in line to meet such force. The 3d New Hampshire, which had met at least one brigade (some prisoners reported

two), had lost about 140 in a few minutes, and had taken 10 prisoners, was called back across the creek to reform. While my commanding officers halted a moment for consultation, and to discover the suspected movement against our flank, it was learned that Col. White, of the 55th Pennsylvania, with that and the 4th New Hampshire, coming up the railroad upon the front of the works about the time of our attack, had caused their evacuation, and had entered a portion of them. We immediately moved over, and occupied half a mile of the right of this most important line. I threw out four companies of the 7th Connecticut as a picket line on the north, under Capt. Mills, and sent the 7th New Hampshire down into a wood on the north side of the works to the railroad, to feel of a rebel light battery in sight toward the east, on the line supported by some infantry. Being unable to continue the movement beyond the railroad, they formed a good picket-line connecting with Capt. Mills, from which they were relieved at 10 o'clock by the 10th Connecticut."

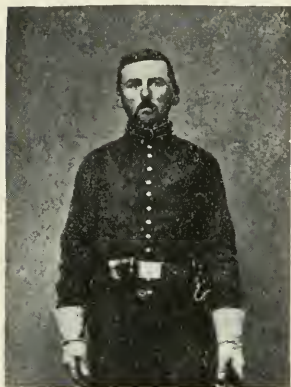
The 18th Army Corps held a disadvantageous position during most of that day. A narrow strip of open country extended from about 300 yards on the left of the turnpike, down to the James River. To the left of this open country were woods, with thick undergrowth on the front of the Union line. The woods extended nearly a mile to the right. The skirmishers were pushed forward, supported by the line of battle, until they reached some points of the outer edge of the woods.

From that point the enemy's line of defenses could be seen for over a mile, having a strong profile, with a ditch on the outside. Numerous embrasures for artillery were also filled. The approaches to the works on Gen. Brooks' front required an advance over open ground of from 300 to 700 yards, all of which could be swept by the enemy's artillery.

Gen. Smith knew that such a line could not be carried by assault if held in force by the enemy, and would not attempt it unless he received orders to do so.

The Connecticut Battery had been firing all day by half-battery and sections. While resting under the cover of a hill the comrades saw many wounded men, and the surgeons working with them. Comrade Griswold tells one little episode of the day which harrowed the hearts of the comrades:

“On one occasion,” he says, “a poor fellow lay upon the ground near us with a ball through his arm, a drunken surgeon came up to him and commenced in a very brutal manner to handle him, torturing him fearfully; he commenced preparations to amputate his arm, the poor fellow pleading hard against the operation, but finding that he could not prevail on the surgeon to let him alone, he appealed to us for assistance. Some of our men had had some experience in the hospitals and were satisfied that



EDWARD GRISWOLD,
of Guilford.

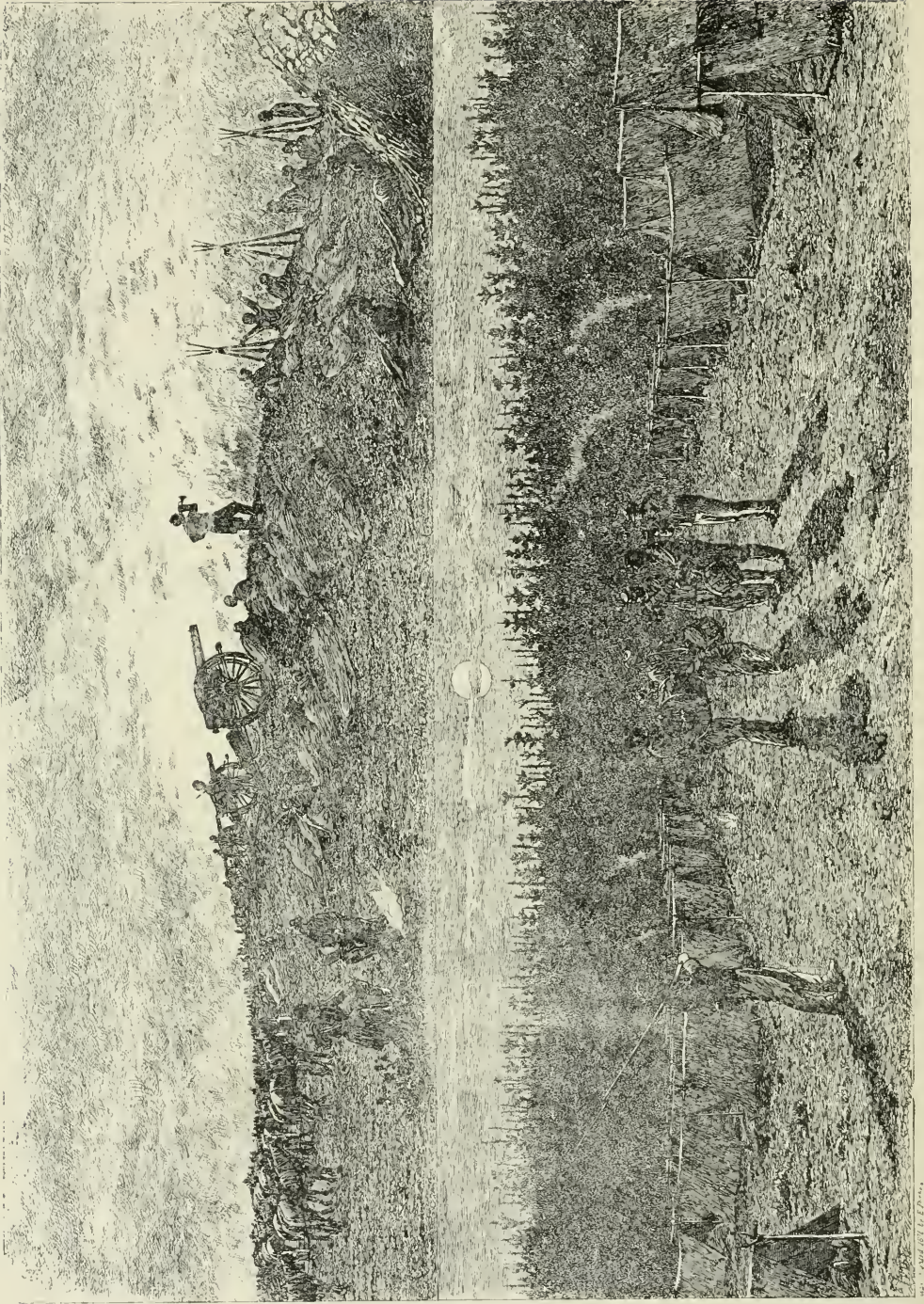
Enlisted Oct. 9, 1861. Mustered
in Oct. 26, 1861. Discharged Oct.
26, 1864.

amputation was not necessary, and that if it was, the surgeon was in no condition to perform the operation. We saw that the poor fellow was being tormented by the rough treatment and we could stand it no longer, and though knowing full well what the consequences might be for such action, we decided to risk them and took the wounded soldier away from the surgeon, who threatened to have us arrested. Comrade Edgar G. Davis bandaged up the soldier's arm and received the sincere thanks of the poor fellow. We called for a stretcher and had him carried off the field, but we were never troubled by the surgeon for what we had done.”

During the afternoon Gen. W. F. Smith rode along the line, telling the troops that Gen. Hancock had captured a Confederate corps with all its commanders. It was through the enthusiasm created by this report that the infantry made a rush and captured the enemy's works.

An amusing incident occurred late that afternoon. On the pike was a large house, and one of the officers rode up and hitched his horse to the fence, not noticing that there was a hive full of bees close by. The bees resented the proximity of the horse and proceeded to attack it. The bees and the horse made a combination which caused considerable excitement.

Comrade Sloan tells of the discovery of a sow and a litter of pigs, and how a thousand hungry soldiers made that sow surrender. There was very little left to tell of the existence of that sow and little pigs a few minutes later.



(From a war sketch by Forbes.)

TATTOO.

The march on that afternoon of May 13th was full of interest and excitement. It was slow, many halts were made, occasionally shells were fired into the woods to frighten sharpshooters or skirmishers, or a shot sent, as a feeler, toward some suspicious looking hill or mound. New scenes opened up to the vision of the comrades, every quarter-of-a-mile traveled developed new ideas to the Northern-born men—the houses, the plantations all excited curiosity and pleasure—while the thought that they were marching toward Richmond was so stimulating that all danger was forgotten and only a patriotic warmth filled the hearts of the comrades. A comrade says: “Early in the afternoon of the 13th we were posted in battery, in a field situated between two patches of woods, and near a spring of water. A Rhode Island Battery of 30 pound Parrot guns was in battery on our right. There was brisk skirmishing directly in front, an occasional bullet, or fragment of shell, passing over our heads, giving evidence that the enemy was near. It was at this spot that the enemy made a most determined stand. On the pike was a signboard, on which was painted:

MANCHESTER 14 MILES.

We were informed that Manchester was just across the James from Richmond. To us it appeared that another day's march would bring us in sight of the coveted capital. We also expected that a desperate struggle would take place before we were allowed to enter the city, and we wondered when and where that final struggle would occur. All night we lay by our guns on the wet ground, the frequent showers made camping without tents very moist business, our clothes were wet through, for the occasional gleam of sunlight during the day had not been enough to dry our clothing, so all day, and all night, for three or four days and nights during that marching and fighting, our clothes were wringing wet, and the only thing we were able to keep dry was the powder and ammunition.”

The troops camped on the ground captured from the enemy that night, and every man lay on his arms ready for the summons to renew the fight.

One section of the Battery was on picket, the other two sections lay beside the guns, the horses harnessed, and but few slept. Comrade Clark says that all realized what true soldier style meant, lying on the ground with their head upon a log.

In the middle of the night an alarm was raised. An officer thought he

heard a cavalry charge. The sound conveyed to his ears was clearly that of horses galloping. The alarm was given, the whole brigade called to arms, men's faces lighted up with eagerness for the excitement of battle, when instead of a charge of the enemy's cavalry it was found some soldiers had been chasing a calf. There were some very strong words uttered, the air was blue for a time, and then all returned to their couch of grass and pillow of wood or stone.

Gen. Gillmore reported to Gen. Butler from "Headquarters, inside the enemy's works."

"After a severe conflict we have taken the enemy's works on his extreme right. The troops have behaved splendidly."

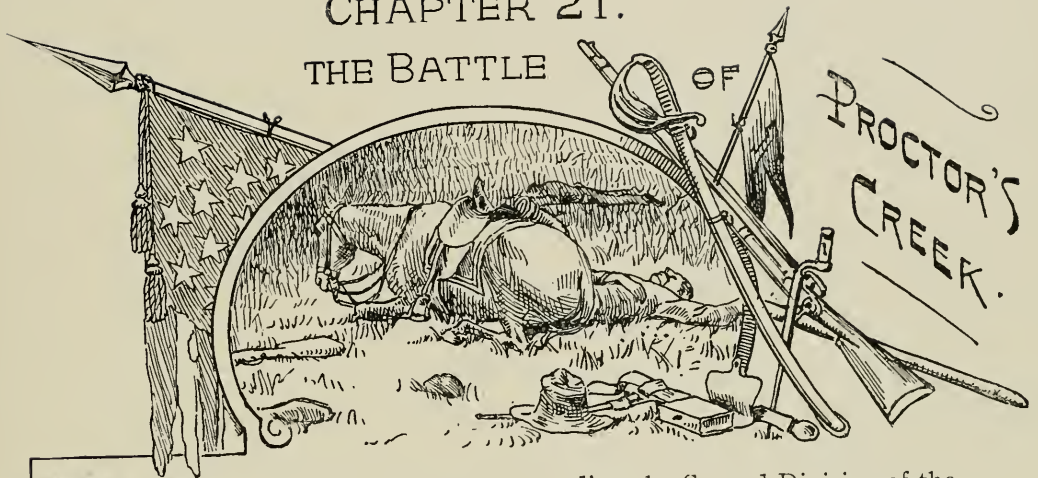
Maj-Gen. Butler replied:

"Gen. Gillmore:

"Dispatch received. Your success is truly gratifying and worthy your energy and perseverance."



CHAPTER 21. THE BATTLE



WHEN Gen. Turner, commanding the Second Division of the 10th Army Corps, heard that the enemy had advanced his position shortly after daybreak on the morning of May 14, he at once moved his whole line half a mile, when his skirmishers found the enemy beyond a belt of timber in his front, and behind another series of intrenchments. Gen. Terry received an order to move toward the turnpike and connect his right with the left of Turner's division. This movement brought Terry's division in front of the enemy's second line of works. The division consisted of Hawley's brigade on the right; then Plaisted's, White's, with its left on the railroad and a little retired, and later in the day Marston's, on the west of the railroad.

Terry's right and centre were in a low, wooded and marshy valley, directly in front of which arose a ridge, on which was placed a most formidable line of works, those in front of the right and centre consisting of three heavy redoubts, connected by strong infantry parapets. On the left of the railroad was an equally strong redoubt, from which the line turning

sharply to the north and flanking the road was visible for at least a mile.

Gen. Hawley sent forward skirmishers of the 7th Connecticut, who were soon engaged. They moved through a wood about 200 yards to an open field. Up a slight slope about 400 yards distant was a large and well-kept house with garden fences and outbuildings, and beyond that a formidable line of earthworks well manned.

As the skirmishers approached, they were met with a deadly fire from the houses, as well as from the main works. The enemy's artillery also became troublesome. Gen. Hawley asked for a piece of artillery to be sent him. He aimed two shots, himself, at the buildings, and both the house and outbuilding were soon in flames. The firing still continued very heavy and so Gen. Hawley sent skirmishers from the 7th Connecticut, under Capt. Dennis, to drive the enemy out of the buildings. Twice they were driven back, but they persevered, though suffering heavy loss, and drove the enemy from the cover of the buildings. Then Gen. Terry ordered an advance, the 7th Connecticut and the 7th New Hampshire moved up the slope in the finest style, cheering heartily, and going right up to the buildings on the top of the slope. The 3d New Hampshire followed to the edge of the wood. The enemy's fire was at times very severe, their field pieces were frequently silenced, though they inflicted some injuries.

Gen. Gillmore sent an aide to Col. Otis, commanding the 10th Connecticut, to advance on the second line of works, the 10th Regiment forming the reserve of the brigade.

The sharpshooters in the woods near the railroad annoyed the Union force very much, and Col. Plaisted ordered the 10th Connecticut to take position in the line on the left, and to send forward a strong line of skirmishers, under Major Greeley, to support him with the balance of the regiment, and, if possible, uncover the enemy's position.

With promptness the gallant Tenth executed this movement, driving the enemy's skirmishers from the woods and establishing a line on the opposite side.

Early on the morning of May 14th the Battery was making ready for a quick start, the horses were fed, and everything put in order. Very few of the comrades had slept soundly the previous night, for all had realized that a great battle would soon be fought, and the many rumors afloat of the

exploits of different men and regiments the day before, the knowledge that the enemy was vigilant, active and in strong force made many fear that the Battery might be destroyed during the next movement. All night and on that early morning the pickets were exchanging shots, and the reports could be heard in the camp, the ring of the rifle shot being at times drowned in the heavy, sullen roar of a distant cannon.

Toward noon the bugle sounded "Forward," and the Battery was ordered into the pike, and a short distance ahead, into a cross-road to the left, approximately parallel with the enemy's works. The comrades did not know in which direction they were marching, except as they looked at the sun they were able to form some idea about north, south, east or westerly direction. The day was excessively and unusually hot—a nasty, sticky, muggy heat, with little or no wind stirring, making the atmosphere nearly as hot in the shade as in the sun, when the sun burst through the clouds at intervals. No soldier was allowed to leave the line of march or get out of his place in that line; the orders were very strict and were rigidly enforced.

About midday when the sun was at its zenith, and the heat the most oppressive the Battery reached a spring of fine, clear, cold water by the roadside. Everyone wanted to fill his canteen from that spring, for good water was scarce. The Battery could not halt, and the men had strict orders to keep their places in line. One comrade at a time would venture out of the line, taking with him the canteens of several comrades nearest to him, just as many as he could carry, then he would rush to the spring, fill the canteens, and running with them overtake the line of march. These comrades took great risks, for had the order been given to "Trot, march!" they could not possibly have overtaken it, handicapped with, perhaps, a dozen canteens of water each. If the Battery had gone into action, without every man in his place, it would have been a serious matter for the absent ones, besides the comrades who had given their canteens to be filled, would have to get along without water of any kind. Had they kept them they might have got brook water or some warm lime spring water, but without canteens they would have been left in a very uncomfortable condition. The luxury of a drink of cool, clear spring water was tempting beyond the power of resistance, and so desperate chances were taken to get it, and in nearly every case the comrades were successful.

A fine spring was at the roadside, the water falling into a natural trough, in which it sparkled and bubbled with cool freshness. Three or four comrades were at the spring filling the canteens they had collected, when an officer, mounted on a fine, spirited horse, rode up. He angrily ordered the comrades away and drove his horse into the spring, not merely allowing him to drink, but letting him stand in the cool water and roil it up so that no one else could get any clear water. Among those at the spring was Comrade Edwin Gridley, a man past middle age, who was very much fatigued by the march. He was so anxious to fill his canteen from that spring and get a drink of cool, clear water, the first in several days, that he did not obey the officer promptly but continued trying to fill his canteen. Those who were there say that the officer rode his horse on to "old man Gridley," as he was called, and with a flourish of his sword drove the comrade away before he could get a drink or fill his canteen. The comrades could not help expressing their indignation at this piece of unnecessary cruelty.

During the afternoon the Battery was ordered forward to take an advanced position on a ridge west of the railroad, on the extreme left of the 10th Army Corps, which was on the left of the army.

During this forward movement a line of ambulances was met, the Battery halting close beside them. Each ambulance was filled with wounded, who had been etherized for the different operations they had undergone and the odor of the ether was exceedingly strong, making the atmosphere feel full of it. Some of the comrades had read of the power of the subtle fluid in putting men to sleep and rendering them unconscious, and they began to wonder how the strong odor would affect them, some actually became nervous and uncomfortable, and wished the Battery would resume the march. This nervousness amused the ambulance attendants and others who were better posted on the effects of ether. It was a new experience to most of the Battery boys, for they had not been hanging around hospitals very much.

The Battery moved forward, crossed the railroad track and halted in a narrow path in the wood alongside a deep cut by the track. Comrade Griswold says that they were so near the enemy that "we could be counted as we crossed the track."

The trees had been cut on one side of the railroad leaving the stumps quite high, the skirmishers who were engaged in driving back the enemy's skirmishers and thus making a place for the Battery, used these stumps to cover their advance. The fight was hot, the enemy stood their ground with doggedness and courage, the Unionists had hard work and some began to use the tree stumps to cover, not their advance, but their retreat to the rear. Gen. Robert S. Foster, Chief of Gillmore's staff, was in command as the representative of the Major-General, and he wanted the position held until he could send forward reinforcements. He stood in his shirt sleeves, in the very thickest of the fight, ordering the skirmishers to hold the ground and to move forward, not back.

As he watched with zealous eye, he saw a man sneaking down the bank of the railroad into the cut.

"Where are you going?" Gen. Foster demanded.

"I'm scouting, General."

"Scout to the front ——you."

The man began to climb the soft muddy bank but his feet slipped and he made but poor headway. Gen. Foster raised his revolver and fired two shots, in quick succession, at the alleged scout, evidently with no intention of hitting him, and the man tried to get up the bank in mortal fear of being shot. He dug his fingers in the soft mud but his hands slipped back and for every step forward he lost at least half a step backward.

Turning round the General saw a man sneaking behind a tree and evidently trying to evade being seen.

"Where are you going?"

"For ammunition, sir."

"Go to the front or I'll shoot you." Then in a loud voice, brave, sturdy Gen. Foster told the men that unless they moved forward he would shoot them down. The General shouted: "If I had my old Brigade here they would drive them to the wall instantly, there are not ten men in front of you." As only a very few showed any inclination to retreat, the others cheered the General, and a few shots from his revolver were all that was necessary to put courage in the most timid. He made them hold the line until the 10th Connecticut was ordered up and passing right over them,

drove the enemy back, so that the Battery could move through the woods, and take a position on higher ground.

During the hot fight between the skirmishers of the 10th Connecticut and the enemy's skirmishers the Battery was so close to the firing line that the comrades lay on the ground and used their heavy revolvers to aid the gallant Tenth.

The Battery halted there for some time while the infantry drove back the enemy's skirmish line. Stray bullets passed near and Capt. Rockwell recalls how one struck with a dull thud. He looked round to see who had been hit, and saw one of the horses shake his head in a very peculiar manner, when out of the animal's mouth dropped a tooth, broken by the bullet. The action with the skirmishers caused the enemy to open fire with some heavy guns mounted in their works, perhaps 1000 yards away. They had the range, but most of their shells passed just over the Battery.

While the Battery was halted there, Capt. Rockwell rode along the wood road, with Capt. Langdon, Chief of Artillery and Maj. Brooks, both on Gen. Terry's staff, who were to show him the position the Battery was to take. The three dismounted on the edge of the woods and walked into an open field, which sloped gradually up to the ridge. Maj. Brooks looked over the ground and said:

"That's your position, Captain," pointing to the ridge.

Scarcely had the words left his lips when a shell, or spherical-case shot, burst very near the three officers, and a piece struck Maj. Brooks on the arm, causing him to fall.

With magnificent coolness and courage the officer said:

"Drag me behind that tree and I will give you the rest of your orders."

Capt. Rockwell, cool in the midst of danger, brave when the risk was greatest, did not hesitate to assist Capt. Langdon to do as the wounded Major desired. The two officers did not allow their iron nerves to quiver, for both were men imbued with splendid courage.

Maj. Brooks, though badly wounded, went on with his instructions, while the shells passed unpleasantly near. Then Capt. Langdon helped him from the field.

When Capt. Rockwell was ready to return to the Battery, Comrade

Jillson, who was holding the horses, called the Captain's attention to his saddle, which had been cut by a fragment of shell. In the excitement of an engagement, when masses of men are charging, when deeds of bravery are being performed each moment, and soldiers are proving their manhood by heroism, coolness becomes contagious to a certain extent. It is in times when a man is alone, or nearly so, and the bullets pass over him and shells explode so close that he is in danger of immediate death, that coolness proves the grand courage of the man. Capt. Rockwell showed at all times that he was too brave to tremble, too courageous to think of himself in moments of peril, and the coolness of Comrade Jillson, when he stood faithfully holding his Captain's horse, though shells were bursting and shots flying around him, without flinching, went to show that brave as was the Captain he had equally brave men composing his command. Jillson was a good, snappy fellow, full of grit and without fear, he had that spirit which animated the officer when he said he "could die but never surrender."

During the absence of Capt. Rockwell the Battery was under the command of Lieut. Metcalf. The Lieutenant, in his anxiety to get the Battery into a position less exposed to the enemy's shots, attempted to countermarch the Battery, and moved the right section into the woods a short distance, and got the pieces so tangled up in the brush and young trees that the engineers had to be called on to cut them loose. When the order came for the Battery to move forward, the centre section was on the field first, closely followed by the left section, both being in position before the right section got disentangled. Capt. Rockwell recalling that day says: "It was a very trying position certainly, to have to stand still with those shells flying and bursting overhead."

Comrade Dickinson says of this incident: "While Capt. Rockwell had gone with Maj. Brooks to look at our proposed position, Lieut. Metcalf tried to countermarch the Battery and had got his section—the right—tangled up in the trees so that the sappers had to be sent for to cut it loose. While they were at work, the other sections moved forward and went into position in the field in our front."

The enemy had doubtless counted the time it would take for the Battery to get through the woods, but they miscalculated, for just as the last caisson

had rolled out of the woods several shells were dropped directly in the path they had traversed. One minute sooner and the Battery might never have reached the line, for the enemy had the range and distance so accurately.

When the woods were cleared the Battery got into position, the pieces being rolled to the front by hand. As No. 5 piece of the left section was taking its position Capt. Rockwell grabbed the wheel and assisted in placing the gun as he wanted it.

While the right section was cutting its way through the wood, Comrade Richardson was seen running as fast as ever he did in his life towards the section, crying out that he was wounded and that the Battery was cut to pieces, not a man being left alive. Some of the comrades thought that Richardson could not have been wounded and they stripped him. They then saw that he was really wounded in three places, a bullet having entered the upper part of his thigh and worked its way to a point just above the knee, making three distinct wounds. He was taken to the rear and placed in the hands of the surgeon.

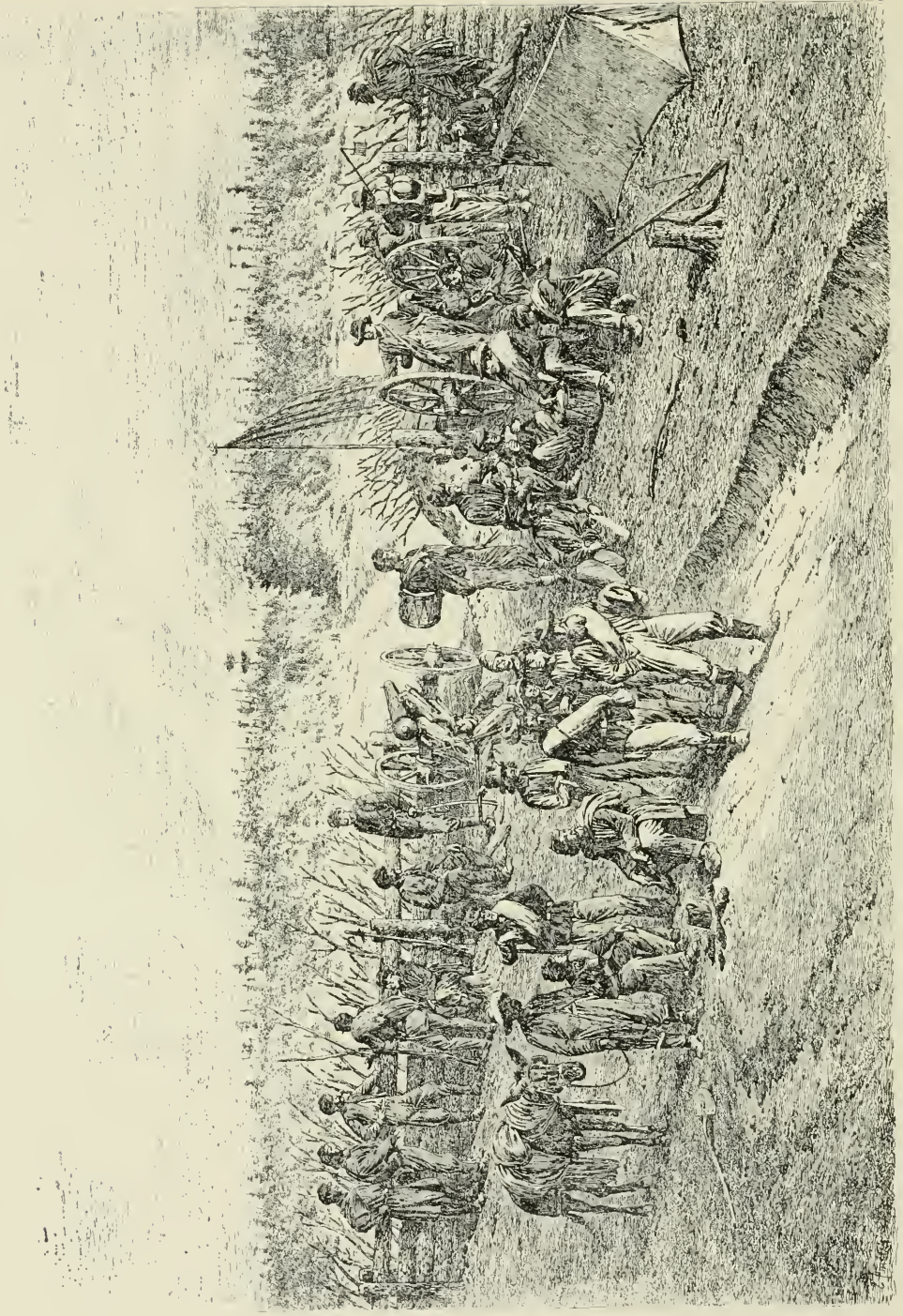
As the right section entered the field a shell struck and wounded the two horses driven by Comrade Joseph Fowler, one of the horses had its leg broken and had to be killed, and the one on which Fowler was riding received a nasty flank wound. A piece of the shell struck Sergt. Tuttle, who was with the first piece and wounded Comrade Peter McGee slightly.

Although Comrade Richardson had exaggerated slightly, there was a very good basis of truth in his story, for the left section experienced the most disastrous time in its history, and it looked as though it would be wiped out of existence.

Scarcely had the left and centre sections got into position before a shell burst, wounding Comrades Leonard, Besley, Charles Bissell, Hart Landon, Richardson, Sullivan and James Reynolds, and killing six horses.

As the guns of the right section were being got into position near the crest, a spherical-case shot burst just in front of the left section and killed Private Wilmot instantly, mortally wounding Lieut. Metcalf in the groin, killing, at the same time, several horses. One of the balls of the spherical case struck Lieut. Metcalf's field glass and dropped into his riding boot.

A fragment of a shell struck Comrade John F. Bliss, and he made sure that he was badly wounded, but finding no blood when he put his hand to



(From a war sketch by E. Forbes.)

A LULL IN THE FIGHT.

the place, he concluded that he had been hit by a spent piece and paid no further attention to the matter. Many a man would have made that an excuse for a temporary withdrawal from the field, but the Connecticut men were made of sterner stuff and stood their ground until they could no longer perform their duties.

Lieut. Metcalf died in the field hospital a few hours later. He died calmly and peacefully, "having long since," as he told the attendant, "set his house in order." Capt. Rockwell rode over to the hospital the first opportunity to see the lieutenant, but he was too late. The Lieutenant's body was taken from the hospital on the Battery wagon to Bermuda Hundred Landing and there buried, later it was disinterred and sent to his native city of Hartford.

Comrade Elias O. Norton, recalling that opening fire, says:

"We had gone into Battery under the brow of the bluff, so that our horses might be protected, and moved our pieces by hand to the front, and commenced firing. I was lead driver on the left piece of the left section. I had just dismounted and stood by the head of my near horse, holding a line from both of them, when a spherical-case shell came from the enemy's line and killed Comrade Henry L. Wilmot, who was Number 2, instantly, hit my near horse in the forehead, both of the swing horses and one of the wheel horses. At the same time the swing driver had one of his arms taken off above the elbow, and Lieut. Metcalf, who was hitching his horse to the limber, was mortally wounded. Lieut. Metcalf and myself, with the swing driver, all stood in line and I have often wondered how I escaped getting hit.

"When I looked round to see what had happened I did not see the swing or wheel driver, and did not know until after the fight that the swing driver Comrade Charles Bissell had lost his arm. I found myself alone with six horses, four of them badly wounded and all of them pretty well mixed up. I went to work and succeeded in getting everything off the wounded horses,



ELIAS O. NORTON,
of Guilford,
Enlisted Nov. 3, '61; mustered
in Nov. 14, '61; discharged Nov.
13, '64; time expired.

except the surcingle and piled them into the limber. It took me some time to accomplish it, as I had to duck quite often on account of the shells from the enemy. I then took the two horses that were



CHARLES N. BISSELL,
of Hebron,

Enlisted Oct. 7, '61; mustered in Oct. 26, '61; wounded at Proctor's Creek May 14, '64; discharged Oct. 25, '64; time expired.

uninjured and with the limber started for the rear to get some more horses which were in reserve. When I got about half through the woods I saw Comrade Hart Landon sitting at the foot of a tree fanning himself with his cap. Stopping my team I asked him what was the matter with him and he replied that he was wounded and not able to walk. I lifted him on top of my load of harness and he rode there until he crossed the railroad, when it hurt him so much that he wanted to get down. I stopped and took him off and hoisted him on my back, holding him with one arm and leading the two horses with the other. I had carried him quite a distance in that way when I looked ahead and saw the wheel driver coming toward us. I stopped and put the comrade on the ground until the driver came to us. I asked him if he would look after the horses while I attended to the comrade. I soon found two soldiers with a stretcher, and placing Comrade Landon on it, sent him to the hospital. I did not see Comrade Landon again until I was discharged and reached home."

Comrade Hart Landon, writing of that engagement, says:

"On May 14 the Battery advanced through the woods near the railroad track, the enemy's rear guard firing on us, the Battery having to stand and take it. The General told us not to flinch. He ordered the men to cut the trees, so the Battery could move to the front. Soon we had orders to march to the front through the woods into a plain lot, where I think the Battery



HART LANDON,
of Guilford,

Enlisted Oct. 26, '61; mustered in Nov. 2, '61; wounded Proctor's Creek May 14, '64; discharged Nov. 2, '64, time expired.

had its hardest engagement, two being killed and ten wounded, myself among the latter. I was carried off through the woods on the back of Comrade E. O. Norton."

The Battery kept up an incessant firing, Capt. Rockwell standing at the right of the Battery on the brow of the hill with his glass in hand, directing every shot. As soon as the enemy found that we were in position they cut their fuse shorter, and the first two shots exploded in front of each piece of the left section. Comrade Griswold says "I was Number six and had just stooped to pick up my fuse shears, which I had accidentally dropped when this spherical-case shell exploded just in front of our piece. That night when I shook out my rubber blanket, which was strapped upon the limber chest during the fight, there were twenty-five ball holes through it. The wheel of the limber was struck with a piece of shell and used worse than the wheel the Battery has on exhibition at the State Capitol, Hartford. Six wounded horses were floundering about me all snarled up in their harness. The spherical case that struck in front of the left piece killed Lieut. Metcalf, wounded several men and killed six horses. Had the enemy succeeded in keeping this accurate firing many minutes, our battery would have been annihilated, but our Captain was a good officer, and as soon as we had the range on the enemy, he ordered a rapid fire, making it lively for the enemy, as they soon began to fire wildly."

Capt. Rockwell says: "There was no means of knowing how effective our fire was. Looking up the track, I could see the trains discharging troops brought from Richmond. They were probably beyond the range of the battery guns, though we fired several shots at them. After a while the fire of the enemy ceased and we stopped also. We remained there till dark, and then were ordered back to a point near headquarters. Shortly before we left Sergt. Tuttle was hit in the arm, if I remember rightly, by a chance bullet as we were lying down."

The limber wheel of the 5th piece, left section, was struck by a shot, and so shattered that it fell apart on the field and could not be repaired. Comrade Andrew Nolan says that he stood right in line of that shot, and it was a lucky accident for him that it ricocheted and struck the wheel, or it would have gone right through him. He helped to remove the shattered wheel and to put on the spare wheel, which is always carried on the caisson.

Comrade Sloan relates his experience during that engagement at Proctor's Creek, as follows:

“The third piece, on which I was No. 3, advanced to a point near a board fence, and opened fire before we were discovered. When we opened at an earthwork about six hundred yards distant, on our right were the 10th Connecticut lying in the tall grass, and keeping up a hot fusilade against the enemy. As soon as we opened, the enemy replied in good shape, giving us all we wanted to do—they certainly had our range, and all that saved us was the fact that we were behind a little knoll.

“Personally I knew nothing of that day's history but what happened within a few feet of me, and, in a few words, will tell my own experience. Capt. Rockwell was near our piece most of the afternoon, and from hearing Col. Plaisted tell him that Metcalf was seriously wounded I learned of that fact. O. K. Abels, who was No. 4 on our piece, insisted that he could see a line of Confederate infantry in our front and borrowed a field glass to make sure that he was right. He was still of the same opinion, and as the Corporal had orders to fire at regular intervals, the pieces firing in turn, Corp. Scranton thought there would be no harm in sighting the gun at the supposed line of infantry, but when the rails commenced to fly, it showed that there was nothing but an old snake fence. Between us and the enemy's works were three or four old houses, and these made cover for a lot of sharpshooters, who annoyed us a great deal. Col. Otis asked Capt. Rockwell to see if he could not do something to stop them, so we were told to see what could be done. After a few shots the houses were set on fire, and when the sharpshooters tried to get to cover the infantry supporting us got in some good shots. One shell came very near finishing up our piece, but the only man hit was Peter McGee, who was struck a glancing blow in the breast by a large piece, and was forced to go to the rear, but he found it so much worse there that he preferred to return to his post, No. 5, where he felt safer. One of the very many pleasant recollections of Comrade Upson is that on that day he brought us canteens of cool water from a spring near the hospital—nothing that I ever drank tasted so good as that water. I also remember that some one reported to Capt. Rockwell the wounding of Sergt. Tuttle.

“We occupied our position until quite dark, when the pieces were with

drawn, one at a time, our piece last. At Capt. Rockwell's order I shot two horses that were badly wounded.

“Before we left, the enemy's skirmishers were getting pretty close to us, and making it very warm, but our piece which was first in and last out, lost no one, although for some days Peter McGee was not on duty. We fell back to a field near the hospital, where we hoped to spend the night, but some part of the Battery was on the move all night.”

The fighting was desperate all along the line. The 7th Connecticut skirmishers, commanded by Capt. Dennis, fought desperately for two hours, expending all their ammunition and the supplies sent them.

About half-past three in the afternoon the line, Col. Hawley commanding, was ordered forward on the charge, going up with the 7th New Hampshire on the left, the 3d New Hampshire in reserve, to the summit of the slope, where the house had been burned, forcing the enemy to take to their earthworks, about 400 yards in front, leaving the 7th Connecticut in possession of the top of the hill, where fighting continued until dark.

The sun was setting, and there had been a light lull in the fighting when the enemy suddenly opened a furious fire and charged the Union line with desperation. The fight was furious, charging and countercharging—a fight full of daring deeds of valor on both sides—but after the fierce struggle the enemy was repulsed and the artillery fire subdued.

During the afternoon Comrade Dickinson had his horse shot through the flank, and when the Battery returned to camp he had to use the horse which Lieut. Metcalf had been riding himself prior to his being killed. It was one of a pair of big cream horses, one of which Comrade Marcus M. Hall rode when he carried the colors on review. In battle the fine side of human nature is seen to its best advantage, and especially so is this true when man comes in close connection with horses. Comrade Lewis Sykes drove a pair of good-looking, coal-black, medium-sized horses on the lead of gun No. 1, right section. Comrade Huntington, who had charge of that detachment most of the time, repeatedly said that Sykes was the best driver in the Battery, was always on duty, unflinching in battle, always in his place in the fiercest action as well as on the drill ground, his horses were well cared for, the equipments in the best of condition, without any rough or bad habits, he was in every way a model

soldier and a good man. He was passionately fond of his horses. The one he rode he named "Nig." At the battle of Proctor's Creek, Nig was



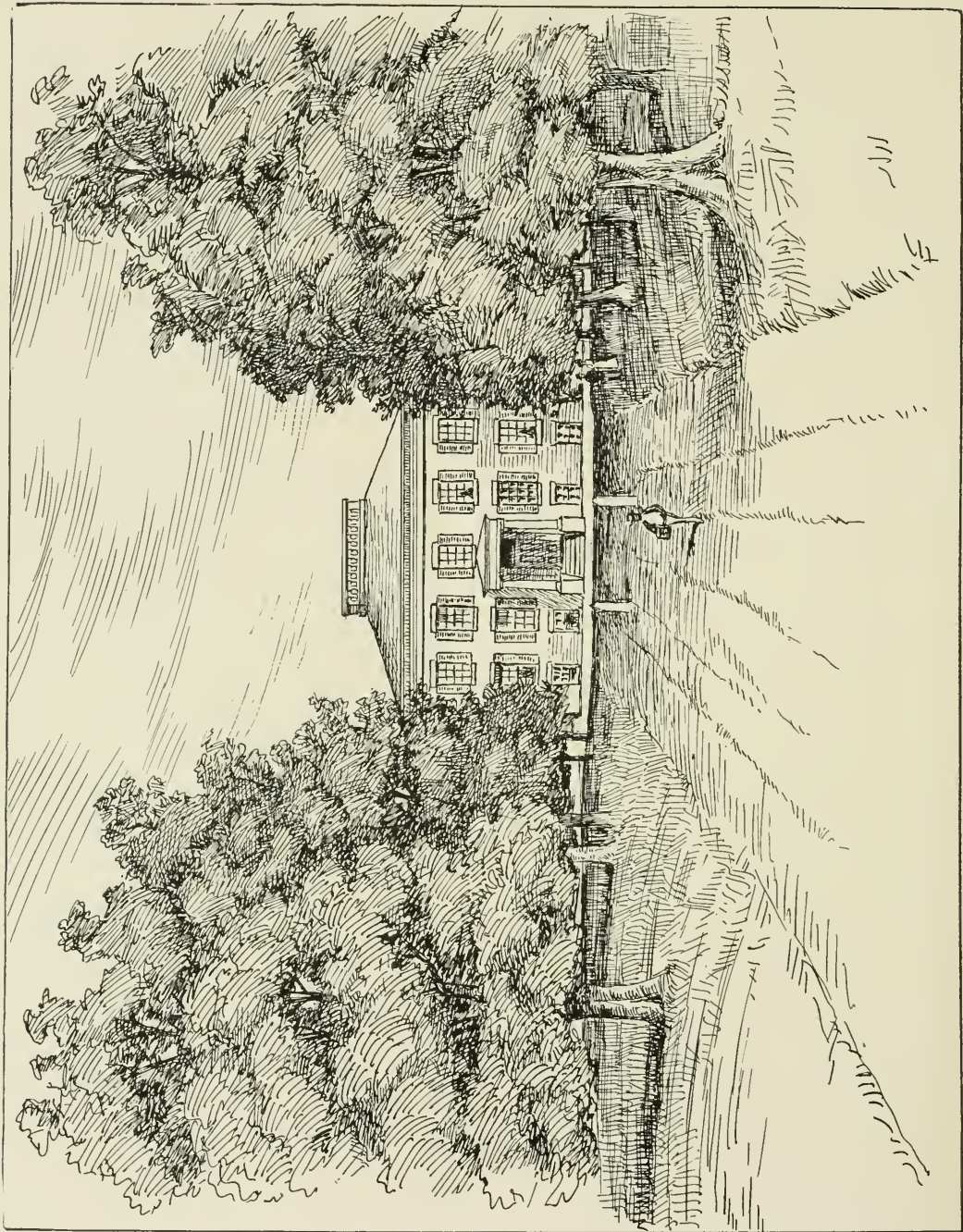
LEWIS SYKES,
of Hatfield, Mass.

Enlisted Oct. 25, '61; mustered
in Nov. 2, '61; discharged Nov.
2, '64, time expired.

shot by a sharpshooter, the bullet went through the jaws, breaking one of Nig's grinders, and wounding his jaw so that he could not chew oats, corn or hay. Comrade Sykes drew, from the Quartermaster, meal and bran, with which he made a soft mash and fed it to Nig. He worked over him every day until he got well, and was restored to duty. No parent could ever nurse and care for a sick child with greater anxiety and tenderness than Comrade Sykes bestowed on Nig. When Nig was hit Comrade Sykes thought he would die, and was so worried that he shed tears.

In one of the many skirmishes, the Battery was in, between the 9th and 14th, of May, 1864, one of Comrade Sykes' horses got a bullet hole through his ears, the wounds quickly healed but left a small hole, large enough to draw a small ribbon through. Sykes got a small blue ribbon and tied it to the horse's ears by passing it through the bullet holes. He often said that he would buy the horse from the Government when his time expired, and keep him as a souvenir of the war. Many noticed the blue ribbon which marked the course of the bullet, and there is no doubt that in the North the horse and his faithful master would have attracted considerable notice. The affection that Comrade Sykes had for his horses was really something to be greatly admired, he treated them as friends and cared for them as faithfully as he would have done for any human being.

Comrade John E. English drove a pair of handsome lead horses, to which he became very much attached. The nigh horse was his especial favorite, and he named him "Ned." He often predicted that his horses would be the first killed. At Proctor's Creek they were among the first shot. In the midst of the row and excitement and danger of that eventful occasion, Comrade English's horses fell, and he was found, with his arms round the neck of Ned, crying and trying to help the poor horse to his



DR. CHARLES FRIEND'S HOUSE, VA., GENERAL BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS, MAY 14, 1864.

feet and get him away from the battle field, utterly oblivious to the danger to which he was exposing himself.

In the hottest of the fight, Comrade James H. Reynolds, who was No. 1 of the 5th piece, left section, lifted up his foot, and holding it in his hand, commenced to hop about and call out:

“I’m shot, I’m shot, I’m shot through the heel.”

The Corporal told him to go to the rear. When his boot was taken off no sign of any wound was found, but a slight indentation was seen on the leather of the boot heel, Reynolds insisted that he had been shot through the heel, but the surgeon was equally positive that the bullet had not penetrated the leather.

“I cannot walk, and that’s a fact, wounded or not,” Reynolds said, almost angrily.

Later a very peculiar discovery was made. Blood was seen oozing from the boot on the foot which was supposed to be uninjured. On examination it was found that the bullet had gone clear through his right heel and struck the leather counter of the left boot with such force that it had shocked the nerves and caused intense pain. Reynolds had walked from the front on the wounded foot, all the time thinking that it was the other that was injured.

Comrade Richardson was wounded in a peculiar manner. In action drivers are permitted to get off their horses and lie down on the ground with the leading line twisted round the wrist. Comrade Richardson, who had only recently become a driver, got off his horse and lay down between the ridges in the ploughed field, under his horse. The first fire killed the horses and they fell over him, but not in time to prevent a piece from striking him and inflicting a nasty flesh wound.

During the march to Proctor’s Creek, Comrade David Crossley was slightly injured. The Comrade says that, while the consequences were quite serious in after years, the incident itself was not particularly interesting. “We had just got



ALFRED E. LEONARD
of Hebron,

Enlisted Oct. 5, '61; mustered in Oct. 26, '61; re-enlisted Veteran Dec. 19, '63; wounded May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek, Va; promoted Corporal Feb. 19, '65; mustered out June 11, '65.

our camp in apple-pie order and had our supper—I often think of those dried apples even yet—when ‘Boots and Saddles’ was sounded and we marched out of camp into the road back of, and parallel to the Bermuda Hundred lines. When we got into the road a halt was called. The comrades



DAVID CROSSLEY,
of Simsbury,

Enlisted Oct. 23, 1861; mustered in Nov. 2, 1861; discharged, time expired, Nov. 2, 1864.

will remember that the Battery was kept as fully manned, equipped and housed as any in the service. This occasioned a lack of seats for the cannoneers on the march. I was seated on the caisson. One of the reserves, Comrade Fred Smith, I think, came along with a crippled hand or arm, and during the halt I said: ‘Get up here and I will sit on the oat sacks on the rear chest.’ I stood up and just as I got on my feet ‘Forward’ was sounded, and my feet went from under me as the horses moved forward, causing me to fall under the wheel. I managed to scramble out, though the wheel went over my knee, cutting the thick army drawers where they were creased, as with a knife. Capt. Rockwell

had me put on a horse and taken to our hospital tent, which had been pitched in rear of Battery 1, on the Bermuda Hundred line. I stayed in the hospital with Comrade McLean and we had it all to ourselves till the Battery came in, when I went to quarters on the bluff on James River. While I was in the hospital Lieut. Metcalf was brought in on a stretcher. I have often thought that if I had not been injured perhaps no one would have been hurt. When I was able to hobble round with a stick, Comrade Clinton asked me if I would take care of Capt. Rockwell’s black mare with its long tail and kinky mane, the one that used to do the cakewalk. I soon found that limping up ravines with buckets of water, riding that mare and shaking my leg until I groaned in agony, was worse than being in



LORENZO D. McLEAN,
of New York City,

Enlisted Jan. 9, 1862; mustered in Hospital Steward Feb. 6, 1862; discharged Feb. 5, 1865; time expired.

battery, so I made application to be detailed back to my section, and it was granted."

The Battery lost in that engagement, at Proctor's Creek, Lieut. George Metcalf and Private Henry Wilmot, killed; and Sergt. Elijah C. Tuttle, Corp. Alfred E. Leonard, Privates Frederick Besley, Charles N. Bissell, who lost an arm; Hart Landon, Peter McGee, Charles Richardson, Thomas Sullivan, and James Reynolds, wounded.

The Battery retired from the field after the battle was over, crossing the railroad again, and bivouacking in an old field just in rear of the skirmish line.

On May 14th, Gen. Butler made his headquarters at the fine mansion of Dr. Friend, less than nine miles from Richmond. The following day he was joined by Gen. "Baldy" Smith, and Dr. Friend's house remained their headquarters during the advance toward Richmond.



PLAYED OUT.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUNDAY SKIRMISH.



EARLY on Sunday morning, ere the sun had risen above the horizon, Comrade Albro returned to the camp, carrying orders for every spare man and horse to hurry to the front, and to have two days' rations prepared and sent forward. When the load of harness was seen it made the hearts of the comrades, who were in camp, very sad, for it told a tale of destruction, of mangled horses and wounded men. It spoke strongly to the hearts of all, and each was afraid to question the comrade.

Had any of the Battery boys been killed?

The question trembled on the lips of many, but none cared to ask it. Each one knew that if any had fallen it would have been facing the foe, for the First Connecticut Light Battery was composed of men who

“Standing wherever free men dare their fate,
Determined to die or do!”

Their devotion to principle amounted to moral sublimity. Whatever their sufferings, their privations, their hopes, they were all desirous of being identified with that mighty host of true men in all ages who believed that liberty was a sacred thing, and who, bending the knee to none but God, rendered homage to worth and merit, and offered their lives a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

Everyone knew that Sunday would be a day of terrible fighting. The enemy had realized what the Union success meant at that point. If Butler succeeded, then Richmond would fall, and with it much of the enthusiasm of the Confederates would be dampened and the end hastened.

Gen. Gillmore had driven the enemy back into their second line of works, which, however, was as formidable to all appearance as the first, diverging from it to the westward, with its right well refused. Where these two lines crossed the railroad they were about a mile apart. Gen. Gillmore found that the second line was but a branch of the first, forming a junction with it in front of Drewry's Bluff, near the James River. Both lines were judiciously located, of great strength, naturally and artificially; had deep ditches on their exterior at every available point, and were well arranged for defense by both infantry and artillery.

Gen. Smith, commanding the 18th Army Corps, went out on a reconnoissance, early on that Sunday morning, on the extreme right behind the cavalry picket. He found that there was a tolerably open, undulating country, extending to the river and to the work at Drewry's Bluff, offering every facility for the movement of a heavy column by the enemy on his (Smith's) right and rear.

He reported to Gen. Butler that the necessary extension of his line had drawn him out into a very thin line of battle, and that he had no regiments with which to repair any break in his lines, and none to move to the right flank, whereupon the General commanding the department ordered Gen. Ames, who had three regiments at the Half-Way House, to act as a reserve for the line.

Genl. Beauregard saw that the Union force was well disciplined and carefully placed, and that to dislodge it and save Richmond would require a daring plan of campaign, carried out with energy and dash. In his official report he outlines this plan of campaign as follows:

“The line of the Union forces, under Butler, comprising the corps of Gillmore and W. F. Smith (10th and 18th), was generally parallel to our intermediate line of works, somewhat curved, concentric and exterior to our own. They held our own outer line of works, crossing the turnpike half a mile in our front. Their line of breastworks and intrenchments increased in strength with its progress westward and northward; its right and weakest point was in the edge of William Gregory's woods, about half a mile west of James River. The line of hostile breastworks from their right flank continued westwardly, intersecting the turnpike near our outer line of fortifications. Near this point of intersection at Charles Friend's farm was

advantageously posted a force of the enemy throughout the day's struggle, and here are said to have been the headquarters of Generals Butler and Smith. Butler's lines thence following partly the course of our outer works, crossed them and ran westwardly through fields and woods until after crossing the railroad, when his extreme left inclined to the north.

“With the foregoing data I determined upon the following plan: That our left wing, turning and hurled upon Butler's weak right, should, with crushing force, double it back on its centre, thus interposing an easterly barrier between Butler and his base; that our right wing should, simultaneously with its skirmishers, and afterward in force, as soon as the left became fully engaged, advance and occupy the enemy, to prevent his reinforcing his right, and thus form his northern barrier, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him far back before our left could completely outflank him and our Petersburg column close up his rear; and, finally, that the Petersburg column, marching to the sound of heaviest firing, should interpose a southern barrier to his retreat. Butler, thus environed by three walls of fire, with his defeated troops, could have no resource against substantial capture or destruction, except in an attempt at partial and hazardous escape westward, away from his base, trains, or supplies. Two difficulties alone might impede or defeat this plan. One was the possible stubborn and effective resistance of the enemy, in virtue of his superior numbers. Another (probably a graver one) existed as to the efficient, rapid handling of a fragmentary army like ours, so hastily assembled and organized—half the brigades without general officers, some of the troops unacquainted with their commanders and neighbors, staff officers unknown to each other, etc. The moral force which tells so significantly of the unity which springs from old association was entirely wanting, and from these causes, generally so productive of confusion and entanglement, great inconvenience arose. On the other hand, I reckoned on the advantages of being all in readiness at daybreak, with short distances over which to operate, a long day before me to maneuver in, plain, direct routes, and simplicity in the movements to be executed.”

Gen. Beauregard trusted to be able to arrange every detail, and place his force in the best position on the Sunday, so that early on Monday morning he could assume the offensive, and, as he expressed it in his

“Circular” to his division commanders, “cut off the enemy from his base of operations at Bermuda Hundred, and capture or destroy him in his present position.”

Early in the morning Col. Jackson, Chief of Artillery 10th Army Corps, a regular army officer, gave orders to Capt. Rockwell and Capt. Zenas Warren, of the 5th New Jersey Battery, to take the batteries across the railroad into the murderous hole they were sent into the day before. This was an open field, and the enemy’s guns commanded every inch of it. It was said that the enemy had practiced target shooting at that very field, and got the range absolutely perfect. They fired from forts and breastworks, with heavy guns, while the Union batteries had to fire from an open field with light guns. Yet, after the experience of the 14th, Col. Jackson ordered both Warren’s and Rockwell’s batteries into the same place again.

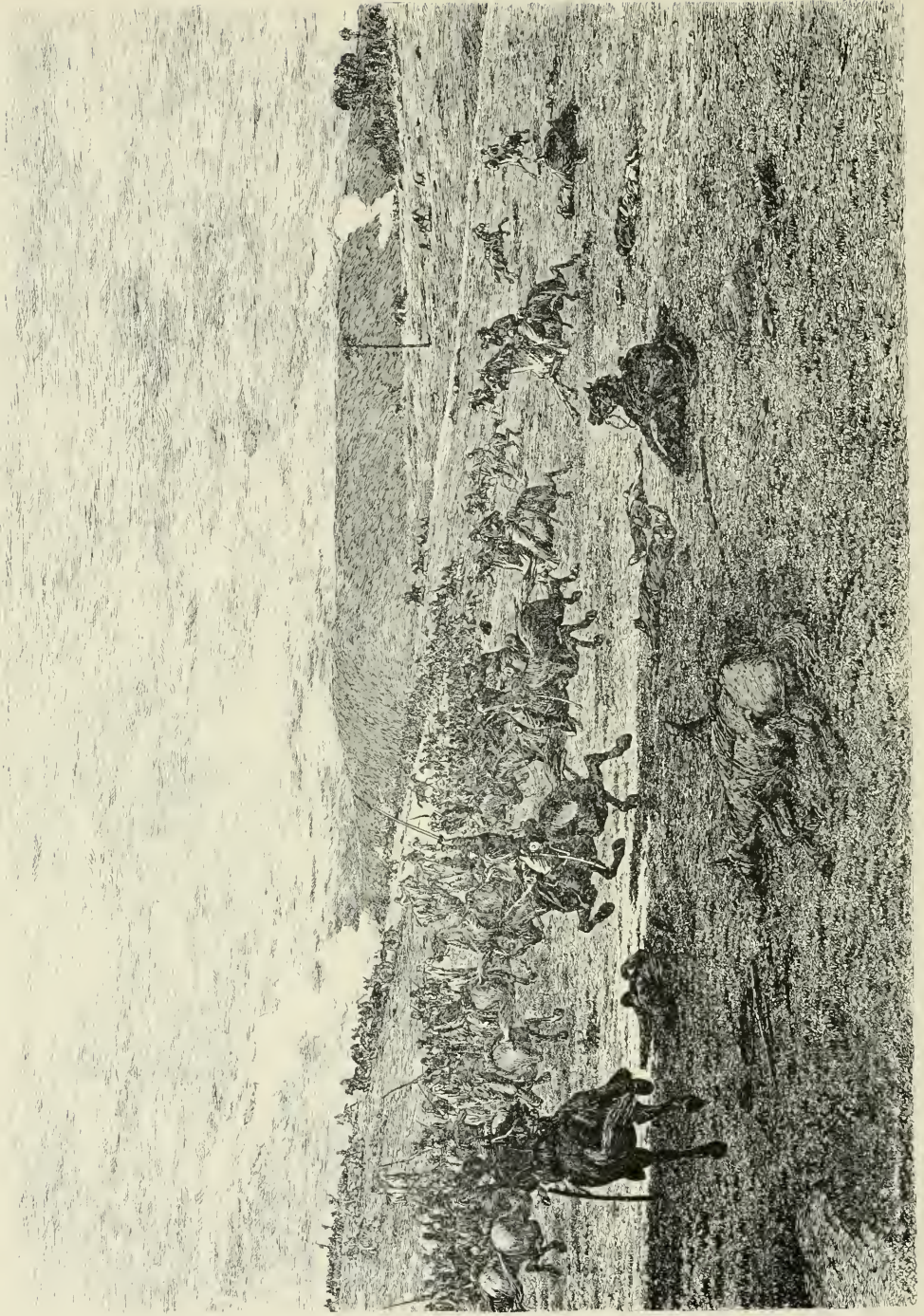
Captains Rockwell and Warren knew if they got into that field again they would not be able to get their batteries out without a terrible loss, so they made up their minds to protest at the proper time. Col. Jackson was Chief of Artillery, and his orders had all the authority of General Gillmore behind him. When Gen. Terry rode up to the Batteries he was met by the captains and the situation described to him, at the same time they told him that if Col. Jackson’s orders were to stand they would obey, even if every man and gun were lost, but gave it as their opinion that nothing could save the batteries if the order was enforced. Capt. Rockwell disclaimed any idea of desire to criticise an order from a superior, or to shirk danger, but he was certain that the situation had been misunderstood. Gen. Terry listened, with that courteous attention which always characterized his treatment of the officers in his command, and after a short hesitation, said:

“Capt. Rockwell and Capt. Warren you are at liberty to place your batteries where you think they can do the most good. I leave it with you, because I know that I can rely on your judgment.”

The fate of the Connecticut Battery had depended on that moment’s decision, for had it been sent into the same field again it would surely have been annihilated.

The right section was ordered to the left of the line on picket duty, when it was engaged in a sharp artillery duel with the enemy. Corp.

Huntington, who was at that time acting as sergeant, says the section was standing in the middle of the road, or pike, on a hill. About 1,800 yards away, across a ravine, was a clump of woods, and something had the appearance of earthworks, or a ditch; everything was quiet, no firing heard or enemy within sight. Some of the artillery officers, accompanied by infantry officers were curious to find out what was across the ravine, and also desirous of seeing a little artillery practice. They hitched their horses to a fence about one or two hundred feet in the rear, and walked to where the section was posted. They ordered Corp. Huntington, who was then acting-sergeant and commanding the section in place of Lieut. Metcalf, who was mortally wounded the day before, to fire. Corp. Huntington could not see anything to fire at, and as on the 14th, at Proctor's Creek, he had seen the evil results of firing promiscuously in the open where the enemy had a perfect range, and the Battery somewhat protected, did not think it wise to take any chances. He could not help thinking that if the officers wanted to satisfy their curiosity they ought to send out a thin skirmish line to feel the position about which they were so curious, but as a good soldier must keep his thoughts to himself, Corp. Huntington obeyed without question. It was artillery practice the officers seemingly wanted, and they got it. The first shot fired by the section just grazed the edge of the woods where the officers' curiosity was centered; the enemy instantly replied by sending a perfect line shot, which passed about ten feet over the heads of the comrades working the section guns, hitting and killing instantly the officers' horses that had been hitched to the fence. The officers' curiosity was gratified, but it cost them their horses, and made them hunt cover and walk the balance of the way. The enemy had a perfect line range on the spot where the section was located, but fired a little too high. One of the shells bursting over Corp. Huntington's gun, a piece struck it and chipped out a piece of metal, leaving a scar on the gun about an eighth of an inch deep. The artillery duel lasting about half an hour, suddenly stopped, the enemy ceasing to fire. Corp. Huntington did not know whether he silenced their guns, or they ran out of ammunition, or got tired and quit. After it was all over and the Corporal saw the horses lying by the fence, much as he regretted seeing anything hurt or property destroyed, could not help feeling pleased that the officers lost their horses and were compelled to



(From a War Sketch by E. Forbes.)

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

walk back, for ordering such a foolish and uncalled for, senseless attack, wasting ammunition and endangering the section with the only tangible result, the loss of a few horses.

The centre section was ordered into a ploughed field in front of the hospital, and not far from the battlefield of the previous day, to protect a portion of the line and feel the enemy's works.

The Connecticut Battery was in an untenable position, and incapable of doing much good. The enemy had the range accurately, and it seemed almost miraculous that a man escaped.

The rains had made the field soft, and every time the gun was fired it would recoil and sink into the mud up to the axles, which made firing difficult. The gun had to be lifted out of the mud by main strength after each shot, a detail of the 55th Pennsylvania being called to assist in extricating the guns. The infantry threw their blanket-rolls in a pile near a gun, and Capt. Rockwell, who accompanied the centre section, being very tired, sat on the pile. The bullets were flying about like hailstones, and the Captain had scarcely taken his seat when a bullet went through the roll on which he was seated, he moved, rather suddenly, for once acting without much deliberation, and tried to find a safer resting place, but some of the enemy's sharpshooters had a sight on him, and several bullets fell unpleasantly near, but, fortunately not one hit the mark, or the United States would have lost a good officer and the Battery an able commander.

Corp. Scranton says that he was firing nearly all day, but could see nothing but smoke and earthworks to fire at, the enemy kept so well covered behind stumps and in the woods, the bullets from the sharpshooters flying about the heads of the Battery boys thick and fast. There is no doubt that the accurate firing of Corporals Scranton and Holley, who were the gunners, assisted by the Union sharpshooters, kept the enemy dodging for cover so continually that they were unable to get good range.

During the engagement one shot struck the left piece on the tire, ricochetting to the hub, and burying itself in the ground. The hub-band flew off and struck Comrade Curtis Bacon, who was No. 1, on the arm, making a wound from which he afterwards died. No. 3, Comrade William Davidson, was thumbing the vent when the wheel was struck, and his face and breast were filled with splinters of iron, which caused him to believe he

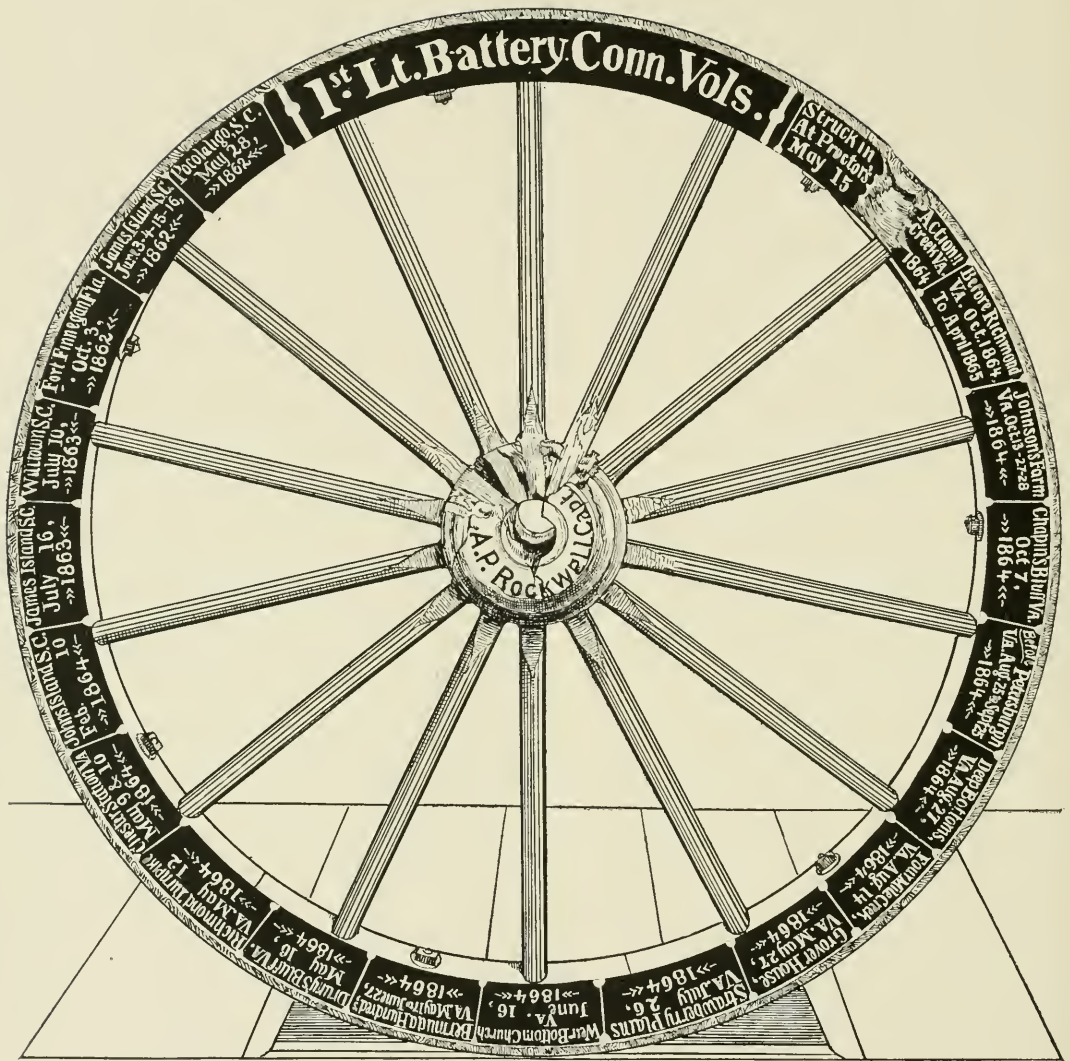
was dangerously wounded. He performed some curious gymnastic feats, and the red mud sticking to his clothes gave the impression to the comrades that he had received his call, and would never respond to the Battery bugle again. After a short time it was found that though he had received a severe shock to his nerves, he was physically none the worse for his experience.

Comrade Davidson had only enlisted in the Battery in January of that year, and therefore was not so well accustomed to the freaks of shells and solid shots as the other members of the section.

What a commotion that smashing of the wheel-hub caused! The men were thrown down and the dirt sent up in the air. All was in inextricable confusion. For a few moments it was not known whether any of the comrades had been killed or not. It seemed almost miraculous if all had escaped. Comrade Curtis Bacon was the only one injured. He was taken from the field and sent to the hospital. His wound was not considered very serious, but he died on July 10, that year, of hospital gangrene, at Fort Monroe. Comrade Bacon was one of the first to enlist in the Battery from Simsbury, entering his name on October 15, 1861. He re-enlisted as Veteran December 19, 1863, and was only 25 years old when he died in the hospital.

“Close his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foe-man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man or kiss of woman?
 Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemocking folly?
 Leave him to God's watchful eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by;
 God alone has power to aid him.”

Comrade Curtis Bacon had gone to his reward. “He had fought the good fight,” and though he had not died on the field amid the shrieking shells and whistling bullets, but on the hospital cot, from disease caused by his wound, he deserved all the credit, and the immortal wreath of honor rested on his head.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WHEEL (STRUCK BY A SHELL SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1864), MOUNTED IN THE BATTLE FLAG CORRIDOR OF THE CAPITOL AT HARTFORD, CONN.

Comrade James H. Gladding was standing close to the wheel when it was struck by the shot and Comrade Bacon was wounded. It was strange that he should escape without injury. To all it seemed more logical that he should have been the one to be injured, but there is no way of accounting for the strange happenings on the battlefield. Many times has Comrade Gladding held his friends and fellow-soldiers spell-bound as he dramatically described the scene of that moment, and up to the time of his death, though often racked with pain, he delighted to narrate his experience, and never failed to murmur a prayer of thankfulness for what he believed to be an almost miraculous escape.

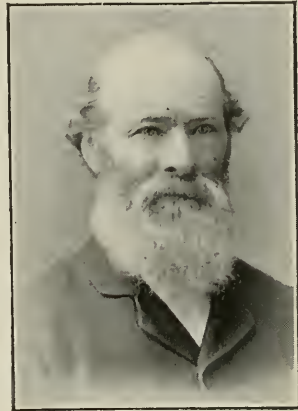
Comrade Gladding was proud of his connection with the Light Battery, and believed, to the end, that he had been engaged in a noble cause. He loved the flag and served his country faithfully and well.

Capt. Rockwell had the injured wheel sent North, where it found a resting place in the Battle Flag Corridor of the State Capitol in Hartford, a constant reminder of the valor and patriotism of the First Connecticut Light Battery.

Very soon after the wheel was struck the section was withdrawn to a position near the hospital.

Marston's command, consisting of three regiments of his brigade, and the 39th Illinois, was pushed forward in front of the redoubt on the west of the railroad in support of the right and centre sections of the Connecticut Battery, which were posted at the same point, and Warren's Battery which was on the right of the road in front of the 55th Pennsylvania.

A heavy cannonade upon the redoubt, directly in front of Terry's right, did terrible execution. The enemy's sharpshooters were very annoying, and Gen. Terry resolved to make a determined effort to drive them in. For this purpose the first lines of Hawley's and Plaisted's brigades advanced in the most gallant manner up the hill, and secured a partially protected position within 300 yards of the enemy's works. Gen. Terry says: "This position



JAMES H. GLADDING,
of Wethersfield.

Enlisted Oct. 26, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 2, 1861; discharged, time
expired, Nov. 2, 1864. Died April
2, 1896, aged 72 years.

was never afterward lost until orders were given to fall back, on the morning of the 16th, although several desperate charges were made upon it by the enemy."

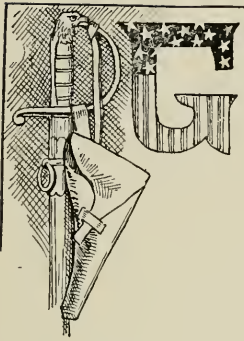
During the afternoon Gen. Terry was directed, by Maj.-Gen. Gillmore, to examine the redoubt on the right of the line, and to report on the practicability of taking it by assault. He found that it was a strong work of high relief, and at least partially covered by an abatis; that an assault would in all probability sacrifice many men, with a doubtful result. Gen. Terry adds: "Under the supposition that the redoubt directly in Marston's front was the extreme left of the enemy's line, I also examined the ground in the vicinity with reference to a turning movement similar to that by which we had obtained possession of the first line of works. This examination disclosed the existence of a formidable chain of works, and demonstrated the impossibility of the operation unless attempted by a large force moving on an arc of very considerable radius. During the afternoon one of Gen. Marston's regiments was placed upon the hill, captured on the 13th, with an outpost of four companies at Salem Church on the Chesterfield road, and the first New York Mounted Rifles, under Col. Onderdonk, which had reported to me, were directed to connect the church with Marston's left by a chain of vedettes. The 11th Maine Volunteers, of Plaisted's brigade, which reported during the afternoon, were also sent to the hill. At nightfall the batteries were withdrawn from their advanced position, and the infantry were directed to intrench themselves. Shortly after dark the enemy made a vigorous assault upon Hawley's front, but they were thrown back upon their works with equal vigor. The night passed quietly."

The left section was posted in reserve on a hill ready for action in case of a general attack. It had been so badly crippled at Proctor's Creek the day before, that it was not sent on the outposts. Some of the left section men were detailed for service in right and centre sections, to take the place of the men who were wounded in the action of the 14th and of those who were on the sick list

Comrade Griswold says that when they fell back at night they were very nearly used up in those "four days of severe fighting; and our poor horses, having been in harness all the time, were in sad condition. The flesh upon their breasts could be taken out in handfuls, so sore and raw had it become by the chafing of the harness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.



EN. BEAUREGARD intended that the battle on May 16th, should be a decisive one. He laid his plans so carefully that it seemed as though success must crown his efforts. No longer would he act on the defensive, but by a vigorous onslaught all along the line drive the Union force from its position, and either defeat it or render it powerless until the end of the war.

In the early afternoon of Sunday, May 15th, he assembled the division commanders and addressed them with warmth and enthusiasm so characteristic of the South, and with that earnest eloquence which always inspired men with courage. But not satisfied with merely oral instructions, he gave to each commander a "circular" setting forth what it was intended to do, and impressing on each the object of the attack, which was:

"To cut off the enemy from the base of operations at Bermuda Hundred, and capture or destroy him in his present position. To this end we shall attack and turn, by the river road, his right flank, now resting on James River, while his centre and left flank are kept engaged to prevent him from reinforcing his right flank."

With mathematical precision Beauregard assigned a specific work to each commander.

"Maj.-Gen. Ransom's skirmishers will drive back vigorously those of the enemy in his front, and will be followed closely by his line of battle, which will, at the proper time, pivot on its right flank, so as to take the

enemy in flank and rear. He will form in two lines of battle, and will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage. Col. Dunovant's regiment of cavalry will move with this division under the direction of Gen. Ransom. Maj.-Gen. Hoke's division, now in the trenches on the right of the position herein assigned to Gen. Ransom, will, at daylight, engage the enemy with a heavy line of skirmishers, and will hold the rest of his forces in hand to attack with vigor the enemy's line in his front as soon as he shall find it wavering before his skirmishers or as soon as Ransom's line of battle shall have become fairly engaged with the enemy. Gen. Hoke will form in two lines of battle, 400 yards apart, in front of his trenches at the proper time, and in such manner as not to delay his forward movement. He will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage. Col. Baker's regiment of cavalry will move in conjunction with Hoke's division, so as to protect his right flank. Col. Shingler's regiment of cavalry will move with the reserve division.

“The division commanded by Brig.-Gen. Colquitt will constitute the reserve, and will to-night form in column by brigade in rear of Hoke's present position, the centre of each brigade resting on the turnpike. The division will be massed under cover of the hills now occupied by Hoke's troops, so as to be sheltered at the outset from the enemy's fire in front. During the movement the head of the reserve column will be kept at a distance of about 500 yards from Hoke's second line of battle. As soon as practicable the intervals between the brigades of the reserve division will be maintained at from 200 to 300 yards. The reserve artillery, under Gen. Colquitt, will follow along the turnpike about 300 yards in rear of the last brigade. Simultaneously with these movements, Maj.-Gen. Whiting will move with his division from Petersburg along the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, and attack the enemy's flank and rear.

“In the meantime they will give all necessary instructions for providing their respective commands with 60 rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and at least 20 rounds for each in reserve. They will cause their commands to be supplied with two days' cooked rations.”

Such were the instructions issued to the Confederate commanders on Sunday afternoon.

Monday morning opened with the densest fog ever experienced in the

valley of the James, a fog which commenced during the night and lasted several hours after dawn. General Ransom, however, moved at 4.45 A. M., and was soon engaged in a spirited assault on the Union line.

Brigadier-General Weitzel reports that on the morning of the 16th the fog was so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few yards, and in the worst of the fog heavy firing commenced on his right.

General Heckman's Brigade, of Weitzel's Division, held Smith's right. After a gallant fight it was overwhelmed by the sudden and heavy blow, and General Heckman was captured.

The enemy succeeded in gaining the rear of that flank, and was pressing on to seize the road leading to Bermuda Hundred, when the 112th New York, of Ames' Division, of Gillmore's Corps, came up. Being at the same time reinforced by the 9th Maine, the two regiments checked the assailants by such a fierce and stubborn resistance that the enemy first halted and then withdrew.

General Smith had caused the stretching of telegraph wire from stump to stump, a short distance above the ground, in front of this line, which tripped the assailants when they charged in the dense fog, and they were shot or bayoneted before they could rise. They recoiled, and that part of Beauregard's plan entirely miscarried.

The other seven regiments of Weitzel's "division did not move until after they had thrice repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter, they being piled in heaps over the telegraph wire. They were ordered to fall back."

Weitzel's division, or what was left of it, assumed the second position covering the direct road past Dr. Howlett's house, advanced with four regiments in *echelon* with skirmishers well advanced to recover the lost ground, in order, at least, to get the wounded; but his skirmish line could not get quite up to the position, because the Confederates had a line of battle too strong to attack on his side of the rude breastwork, so he never regained the original position.

Confederate General Ransom reports that "despite the density of the fog, the advance was ordered at the hour appointed. Very quickly the strong line of our skirmishers became engaged, and the enemy was pressed as vigorously as possible across the open field in front and to the right of Willis' house, and after a little over one hour's stubborn fighting the enemy's

rifle pits and breastworks were carried about one hundred yards inside the woods and in front of the fields. These works ran along a small wood leading from the river road to the turnpike. After taking the works, I found that from the perfect inability to see anything, the lines had become confused and required readjusting, and that ammunition had to be replenished throughout. I sent to General Beauregard for fresh troops to continue the pressure upon the enemy. In taking the breastworks, five stand of colors, one brigadier-general, and about four hundred prisoners were captured."

Comrade Sloan gives it as his opinion that the trouble on Monday morning "arose from the fact that the 1st U. S. Cavalry (colored), were the extreme right of the line. The Confederates had an advantage in the dense fog and attacked along the line, this regiment gave way, offering no resistance, allowing a large force of the enemy to get in our rear and capture a full brigade, which joined them, so getting between us and our base."

General Smith had discovered, by his reconnoissance, that there was about a mile of open country between the right of his infantry line and the James River, which was merely picketed by a battalion of the 1st U. S. Colored Cavalry, a force which had practically been untested, and which, even if it had been the best, was wholly inadequate to withstand a determined attack of a line of battle. General Smith made some efforts to extend and strengthen his right, but evidently had not regiments enough to do it effectively. Smith knew that his line was weak and Beauregard knew it also and determined to make his heaviest attack at that point. The attack was no surprise, but its determined character was hidden by the fog.

Gen. Burnham was attacked immediately after daylight, his brigade being shelled quite severely, while the enemy made a furious attack with his infantry on the troops to the right of the pike. The attack gradually extended to the left, and in the course of an hour Burnham's brigade was involved in a furious fight. His skirmishers were driven in after an obstinate resistance, bringing with them 20 prisoners. Gen. Burnham officially reported that "The attack now became more furious, when Lieut.-Col. M. B. Smith, commanding the 8th Connecticut Volunteers, on the extreme right of my brigade, next to the pike, after making but feeble resistance, abandoned the line of fortifications, and ordered his regiment to fall back, which he did in considerable confusion. The re-

maining three regiments met the attack of the enemy, and, pouring a withering fire of musketry upon him, drove him back in confusion. The attack was again renewed, the enemy attempting to carry the position by a furious charge, but he was again repulsed, with a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. I think, on this occasion, that some telegraph wire which I had ordered to be strung on the stumps in front of our position had a good effect in throwing the enemy into confusion as he charged my position. The fight continued to rage hotly, my command holding its position with great tenacity, with the exception that the line of the 118th New York was somewhat modified to protect the right flank of the brigade, which was strongly threatened by the enemy."

Lieut.-Col. Martin B. Smith, commanding the 8th Connecticut Volunteers, defends himself by saying:

"The enemy charged on our forces to our right and drove them, leaving our flank entirely exposed. Finding our right flank thus exposed, I ordered three companies to protect our flank, but it was found impossible to hold that position, therefore they fell back under cover of the woods. We held our position on the works for some time, with considerable loss, until flanked right and left, when we fell back in as good order as possible under the circumstances, the fog and smoke being so dense that it was impossible for officers or men to distinguish each other. We then took a position between the 10th New Hampshire Volunteers and the 118th New York Volunteers. We remained in that position until the 118th New York fell back, when we took our position on the right of the 10th New Hampshire Volunteers, where we remained until nearly noon, when we were ordered to fall back."

About 6.20 a.m. Gen. Gillmore received a dispatch from Gen. Butler, dated 6 a.m.

"The enemy has advanced from his works on our right and made a vigorous demonstration there; a rapid movement on the left would, I think, carry his lines in your front. Make it at once."

While Gen. Gillmore was reading this dispatch Gen. Terry was engaged in a furious engagement with the enemy. Three assaults were made on his right and centre, the enemy leaping over their works, and advancing

with great speed and determination. In each case they were driven back with great loss, having made no impression on Terry's lines.

Gen. Gillmore at once replied to Gen. Butler:

“Your orders to charge the enemy's line will be obeyed as soon as our troops are ready. Terry has just repulsed an assault on part of the line.”

Half an hour later General Gillmore sent this dispatch to Major-General Butler:

“There have been three assaults on General Terry's front; each has been repulsed handsomely. The assaults were in force. If I move to the assault and meet a repulse, our loss would be fearful.”

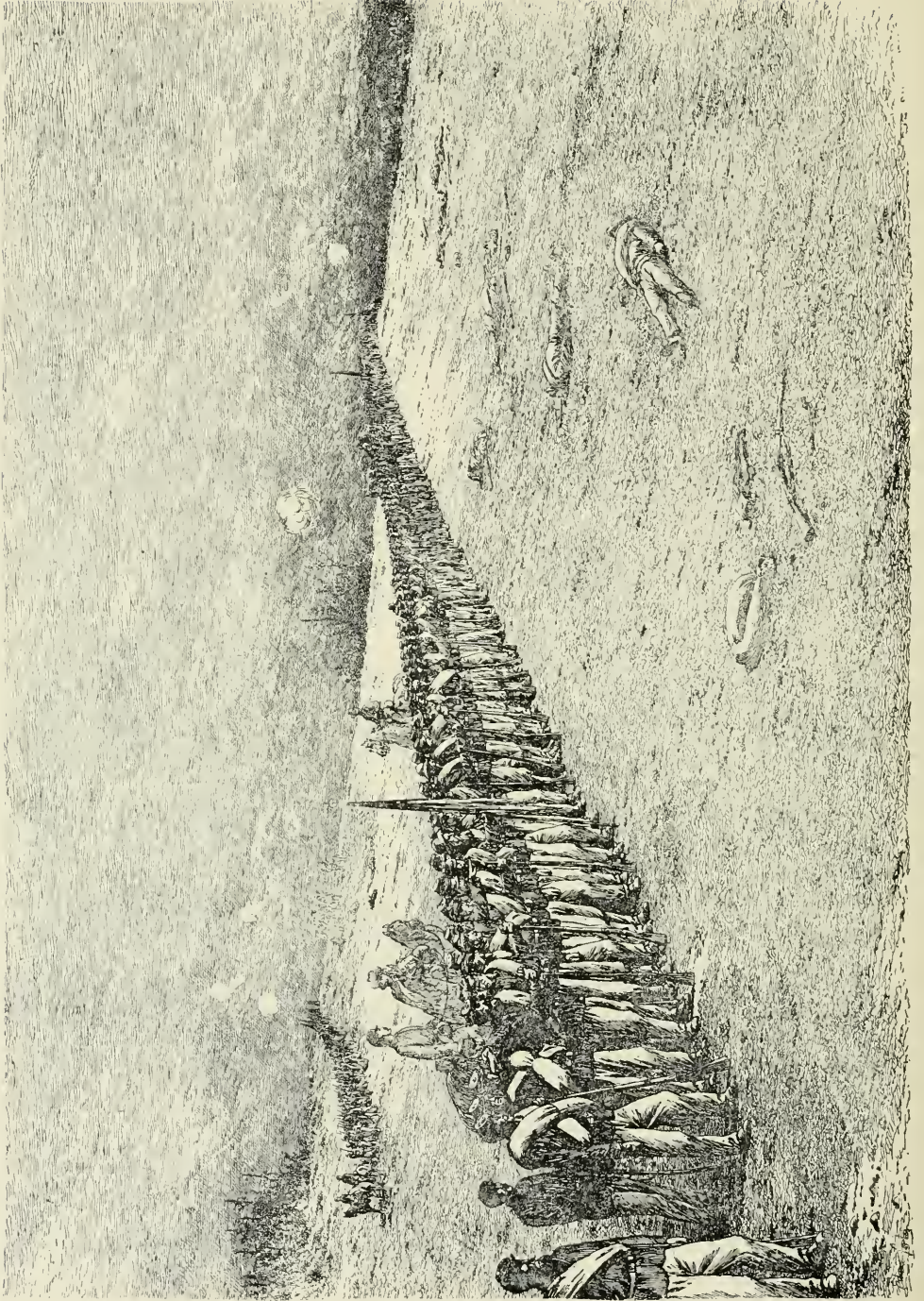
General Butler ordered Gillmore to send a regiment to report to General Smith, and at 7.40 a. m. a regiment was taken from Turner's line and sent to General Smith, and soon after the 7th New Hampshire and the 11th Maine Volunteers were sent from Terry's division to the Half-Way House on the turnpike.

Comrade Sloan says that about this time in the morning “the generals were holding a council of war at the hospital, when every gun the Confederates had was fired and it seemed as if every shell went over our park. All the generals, led by Butler, started to the rear, about as fast as their horses could carry them. Soon orders were received which resulted in loading all the ammunition in the chests of the centre section, and we started for the front under the command of Lieutenant Smith.”

The enemy's attack in the thick fog of the early morning made no impression on the 10th Corps' front. Hawley's brigade repulsed several charges most gallantly with heavy loss, but the capture of General Heckman and his brigade made it necessary to change the line of battle. The Battery was ordered to work its way to the right of the 10th Corps, which movement was effected slowly, and with frequent halting. A few shots were fired during the march, but no serious engagement took place.

The right and left sections were ordered back into the reserve line, and posted in positions ready to repulse a general assault, as it was feared the enemy, after the morning's victory, would be flushed with success and would try again to rush the Unionists and force them back.

The centre section, under Lieut. Smith, with Corporals Scranton and



(From a war sketch by E. Forbes.)

THE HALT OF THE LINE OF BATTLE.

Holley as gunners, was left in front to cover the retreat, and the section had plenty of hot work before it joined the Battery again.

The centre section was stationed at the right of the 10th Army Corps near where it joined the 18th Corps, supported by a New York regiment. At the first hot fire from the enemy the New York regiment broke and ran away, leaving the section without support.

Comrade Sloan recalls that incident and says: "For some reason the New York regiment became rattled and broke, rushing through us like a flock of sheep. A small force of the enemy showed on the edge of the woods, but our canister persuaded them to stay where they were. As soon as the break was over General Terry, who commanded that day rode to our position and inquired of Lieutenant Smith if his men were all there, supposing that in the rush some of the men had taken the scare, but not one comrade left his post. As far as I personally was concerned, it never occurred to me that there was any possibility of leaving the piece, without orders. During his last sickness I saw General Terry several times, and in referring to that day, he said that he was proud of the fact that Connecticut soldiers would stay at their posts in the face of such a break rushing by them."

The section stood firm, loaded with canister, and fired a few rounds of the deadly missiles into the enemy, effectually checking the Confederate rush until other support arrived. For a few minutes the section was in the greatest danger of being captured.

Soon after this a considerable force of the enemy was seen moving down the pike to reinforce the troops which were trying to cut off the Union army from its base of supplies. The Connecticut Battery section was ordered to check the march. Comrades Scranton and Holley were as good gunners as any in the United States army, and they soon got the range and sent the shells where they would do the most damage.

It was terrible to see the great gaps left in the ranks of the enemy after each shell exploded. The comrades could see the men fall, and almost hear the order to "close up," as the gaps became so palpable.

During most of that day the section remained in battery on the extreme front line to cover the retreat which was being made very deliberately. This gave the section plenty to do and it had fired all its ammunition,

save one shell, and yet no orders had come to withdraw. It looked, at one time, as if the section was to be sacrificed. Although out of ammunition the section remained in battery, going through all the motions of loading, with nothing to fire at the enemy but blank cartridges. To make things look blacker to the comrades a rumor reached them that the ammunition train had been cut off, which, if true, would place the section in a very dubious position.

Comrade Oliver K. Abels was No. 4 on one of the guns. He was a wide-awake, impetuous, intelligent, and courageous man. Comrade Tallmadge describes him as a man with less faults and more virtues than any other person he was ever acquainted with. The rumor had just been received about the cutting off of the ammunition train, and No. 5, on the same gun with Comrade Abels, was trotting down with a shell, and exclaimed: "Here's the last shot!" Instantly Abels grabbed it away from No. 5, and hugging it to his breast, with both arms around it, said:

"O, don't fire it! No, sir, I Gaddy! I won't let you fire this now, we may need it more later."

Inasmuch as the way Comrade Abels confiscated the shell was not in his line of duty, the manner in which he clasped the shell to his bosom and begged Corporal Scranton to save it for a time when it would be more needed, amused the detachment. Comrade Abels was evidently looking for more serious times than they had yet encountered and wanted *the last shell* to count for something when the enemy got nearer, so did not want it wasted at long range.

For some minutes the section remained in battery without ammunition; it seemed to each that hours had been so spent, their minds wondering what would be their fate if the enemy were to rush them. When the order came to retire it was obeyed cheerfully, and the section soon reached the position occupied by the right and left sections, when their limbers were filled with ammunition, and Comrade Abels was especially happy and ready for another chance "at 'em." He had not to wait long.

Speaking of that episode and retreat, Comrade Sloan says: "When we had fired all but one shell Comrade Oliver Abels took that, and holding it in his arms, insisted on keeping it for a time when it would be more needed. When it was seen that the right was holding its ground, we were

ordered to the rear, and left with only one blank cartridge in both chests. We were obliged to move slowly, so as not to attract attention, and not get too far from the skirmish line, which was following us in. I was not lucky enough to get a seat on the limber, so had to follow on foot. I soon picked up the sponge staff, which had been shaken off, and later a bucket, and made the best time I could in keeping up, but the section had reached the point where the rest of the Battery was in reserve before I overtook it.

“Here we received a supply of ammunition, and waited until the skirmishers were safe, when we started for camp.

“When we reached the turnpike the enemy had two pieces on a hill about 2,000 yards distant and were raking the pike in great shape. A section of the 1st U. S. Artillery tried to shake them up, but the Parrots would not reach as far and our section was ordered in the road. The enemy had our range, and the shells went down the road on either side of us, fortunately doing no damage. We sent them off by making it too hot for them.

“We then started for camp, with a motley array of camp followers and stragglers.

“As we reached the cross-road which led back to Bermuda Hundred, we found the darky cavalry, that had been the cause of our early morning trouble, stationed to stop stragglers, and Capt. Rockwell had to vouch for all the men with the pieces, otherwise they would have been arrested as stragglers.”

Gen. Gillmore received orders to “hold the road to intrenchments at all hazards.”

Up to that time Generals Terry and Turner still held the front line along which their commands had moved by the right flank to keep up connection with Gen. Smith's left. They were both actively engaged under the orders to attack the enemy in flank, and could not withdraw quickly without great loss. A part of their commands not engaged had been sent to the rear. Gen. Gillmore at once sent peremptory orders to them to retire, and the final withdrawal of the troops engaged, began about 10.15 a. m., just as Gen. Gillmore received the following order:

IN FIELD—10 o'clock.

The commanding general directs that you move to the right and rear

of Smith to hold the turnpike, Smith pressing to his right to hold the road there. Smith can't move till you reach the turnpike. Get there at once. The troops at Gen. Ames' old position at junction are forced back. If you don't reach the pike at once we must lose it or the short road on the right of Smith. Press strongly. This is peremptory. We will lose turnpike unless you hurry.

By command of Gen. Butler.

J. W. SCHAFFER,

Col. and Chief of Staff.

Orders were given Gen. Terry to take the by-paths leading from his position to the turnpike near Proctor's Creek. Scarcely had Terry received this order when the enemy again charged upon Turner's division and Terry's right and center. For a few minutes the enemy's fire of artillery was very severe, but it was soon repulsed with heavy loss. The 24th Massachusetts and the 10th Connecticut, of Plaisted's brigade, was sent to reinforce the troops already at the Half-Way House. The 7th Connecticut and 3d New Hampshire, of Hawley's brigade, were put in position on a hill just in advance of Proctor's Creek, and the remainder of Terry's command was formed near Perdue's house.

Terry received orders from Gen. Butler, in person, to take command of the troops at the Half-Way House, and to remain there until the whole of Gen. Brooks' command, then retiring on the right, should have passed that point. While waiting at that point the enemy opened on the troops with artillery at short range. Two sections of James' Rhode Island Battery on the right replied and silenced the enemy's guns.

After the withdrawal of Gen. Brooks' force, the whole of the corps retired to the intrenchments.

Gen. Terry placed much reliance on Rockwell's Battery, detailing it to cover the retreat to Bermuda Front. The right section was posted on prominent hills and knolls, and at cross-roads, taking positions as they retreated, remaining at each position until the infantry had passed, then limbering up and retiring to another commanding position.

On the retreat Corporal Scranton was directed by Capt. Rockwell to fire at an earthwork behind which were guns and sharpshooters, causing considerable annoyance to the retiring columns.

“Can you stop those fellows, Scranton?” the Captain asked.

“I don't know, sir, but I can try,” answered the Corporal.

The first shot just skimmed the top of the enemy's works, making the Confederates dodge. Corporal Scranton called to his No. 6, Comrade Tallmadge:

“Give me a little longer fuse.”

The fuse Tallmadge cut for the second shell was just right; it dropped into the enemy's works and exploded.



HENRY H. TALLMADGE,
of Granby.

Enlisted Nov. 4, 1861; mustered
in Nov. 13, 1861; discharged Nov.
13, 1864, time expired.

Comrade Samuel W. Scranton often comments on Comrade Tallmadge's good judgment and steady nerve in action while preparing ammunition, cutting fuses, etc. No. 6 was one of the most responsible positions in the gun detachment and the very best men were selected for that place.

During this artillery duel the enemy quit the field, though there were no means of finding out the damage inflicted, the shots seemed to fall right, and certainly made the enemy change positions.

Comrade Sloan says that just before arriving at camp there was a ravine, in the bottom of which was a spring of delicious water. He collected as many canteens as he could carry and filled them with the water. As he was returning he met a friend from the 7th Connecticut, W. H. Pierpont, of New Haven, who had been wounded in the arm, and was going to the rear, carrying his musket. His wound was quite serious, though after some nursing in the North, he was able to resume active service, rising from sergeant to captain.

When the intrenchments were reached the comrades found that two companies of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery had been sent to reinforce the 10th Corps, from the forts around Washington, and they had already constructed a line of earthworks.

Comrade Sloan says: “As I went inside this line I met several whom I knew, and tried to scare them by telling them a lot of stories of the immense armies of Confederates that were following us. There was a great

contrast in our appearance: they were clean, had white belts, bright brass buttons, while the little sleep I had been able to get for a week had been taken on the ground, and the smoke and dirt had given me the complexion of a ducky. We were fortunate if we got enough water to drink and did not bother to wash. As soon as I reached camp I wrote a line home, and then went to the river and took a bath.

“We had been through a very hard time, and met with the most severe loss of our service, both in men and horses, and had it not been for the thoughtfulness and ability of Capt. Rockwell, we should have met with many more serious losses.”

Comrade Griswold, speaking of that retreat, says: “Our camps were over in the rear of the right of the line, and we were already cut off from the regular road. What a time! Everybody in a hurry to get to the rear before the enemy had us! The infantry could get through the woods all right, but to get a battery through was a different thing, but with the assistance of the engineers and Col. Hawley’s regiment, we finally got through the woods and came into an open field. The sun was now shining, and there stretched across this field a handsome sight. It was the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, which had just arrived from the forts at Washington, and composed of some 2,000 men. How clean and nice they looked, and how dirty and mean it made us feel. They were posted there to stop skedaddlers. We returned to camp and learned that Lieut. Metcalf’s body had been brought into camp and the next day was buried at Bermuda Hundred.”

That ever-watchful comrade, Charles Hotchkiss, gives his account of the fighting at Drewry’s Bluff in his usual style. He says:

“The enemy massed in a thick fog in the morning with heavy columns of fresh troops. Our generals evidently did not know it, and the enemy came down on our forces like an avalanche. I could, as soon as the fog lifted, see the battle from our camp. I don’t care to witness another. I could see the fighting above, but the suffering men were all about. War is terrible. Our gunboats have been working up the river, fishing for torpedoes, and have now got abreast of our line of breastworks which extend from the James to the Appomattox. Our camps are now safe for the present, or at least those within reach of the guns on our vessels; the enemy give a wide berth to those guns.

“It was near dark when our whole brigade fell back to the camps. The poor fellows looked hard worked, and our Battery appeared surely as though it had been through the war; the uniforms tattered and torn, a lame horse here, a wheel gone there, some of the men bandaged up, etc. I was prepared for them, and had the rations all ready and plenty of good strong coffee, and our coffee is invariably good, and plenty of it. The United States did not skimp the men on coffee.”

The 6th Connecticut occupied the extreme front at the center of the line, on picket. The Historian of the regiment tells of that day's battle in these words:

“Just before daylight, while a thick fog prevailed, the rebels massed their forces and made a very determined dash in our front, charging upon us furiously, shouting with that peculiar yell so characteristic of the Johnnies. We knew they outnumbered us, and to stand alone as a picket line would be of no avail; yet we emptied our rifles at them several times and fell slowly back upon the reserve. They proved too strong for our corps and it gave way gradually. We did not ‘retreat,’ but ‘changed front to the rear,’ and contested every foot of ground; but the enemy, knowing our strength, forced us back slowly but surely. The turnpike, being the safest ground to pass over, was besieged by the troops; ambulances carrying the wounded, negro men and women, rebel prisoners and Union soldiers filled the roadway, while heads of staff were busy issuing orders to the different regiments to form here and there to check the rebel advance. One regiment would file in a piece of woods; another make a stand in a ravine, while our batteries limbered up to get a better position and the whole force resisted bravely the attack. We were forced back about six miles, and, a night came on, the battle ended. The loss on our side was much larger than that of the rebels.”

Gen. Butler's report to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, was very brief, and was worded as follows:

“On Monday morning about sunrise the enemy, having received reinforcements which made them equal to my command, taking advantage of a very thick fog, made an attack upon the right of Gen. Smith's line, and forced it back in some confusion and with considerable loss. As soon as the fog lifted Gen. Smith's lines were re-established and the enemy was

driven back to his original lines. The troops having been on incessant duty for five days, three of which were in a rainstorm, I retired at leisure within my own lines."

Gen. Grant did not seem altogether pleased with the result of the fight at Drewry's Bluff, for in his report to the Secretary of War, he says:

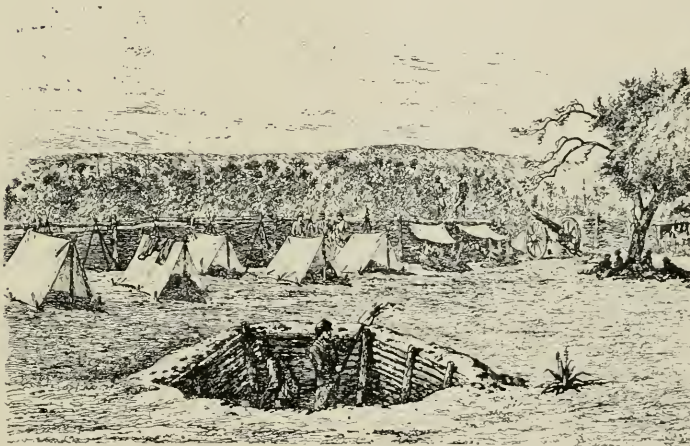
"On the evening of the 13th and morning of the 14th, Gen. Butler carried a portion of the enemy's first line of defenses at Drewry's Bluff, or Fort Darling, with small loss. On the 16th, the enemy attacked Gen. Butler in his position in front of Drewry's Bluff. He was forced back, or drew back, into his intrenchments between the forks of the James and Appomattox Rivers, the enemy intrenching strongly in his front, thus covering his railroads, the city, and all that was valuable to him. His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked. It required but a comparatively small force of cavalry to hold it there. The army sent to operate against Richmond having hermetically sealed itself up at Bermuda Hundred, the enemy was enabled to bring the most, if not all, the reinforcements brought from the South by Beauregard against the Army of the Potomac."

General Butler took issue with Lieutenant-General Grant and declared that his movement had been highly successful. "I occupied an almost impregnable position," he said, "with the two rivers on each flank at my command, and I could have struck a most determined blow for the capture of Petersburg, had I not been ordered to send nearly two-thirds of my effective men to the north side of the James to assist the Army of the Potomac, which was contending with Lee in the vicinity of the Chickahominy."

Lieut.-Col. Fuller, under date, May 20th, 1864, wrote to Col. J. W. Shaffer, Chief of Staff, that he had just seen a Richmond paper, in which the Confederates acknowledged a loss of 1,500 in killed and wounded at Drewry's Bluff. Among the list of 1,000 prisoners were Gen. Heckman, Col. Lee, 27th Massachusetts; Col. White, 55th Pennsylvania; Lieut.-Col. Bennett, 55th Pennsylvania; Lieut.-Col. Bartholomew, 27th Massachusetts; Capt. Belger, and others of lower rank. Heckman refused to be searched at Libby Prison, showed fight, but was threatened with the black hole and succumbed.

Col. T. L. Livermore in his "*Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-1865*," gives the details of the losses as follows:

Union Army: Effectives engaged.....	15,800	
Killed.....	390	
Wounded.....	2,380	2,770
Missing.....		1,390
Total loss.....		4,160
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Confederate Army: Effectives engaged.....	18,025	
Killed and wounded		2,860
Missing		210
Total loss.....		3,070



WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

End of Volume I.

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