

ACADEMIC BUILDING.

doir) than to mount a barbed steed, he "had" Mithers beyond all controversy; and Mithers must either get even with him or heap coals of fire upon his head by forgiving him.

Well do we remember "the practice march," as "Bully" was wont to call it, to Stony Point and back; all the way at a walk, never once breaking into trot or gallop (how we hated this). It was by no means an unusual occurrence, as we passed Cozzens' Hotel, for a gentleman at the rear of the squad (by name, Custer) to suddenly disappear; as luck would have it, his absence never being observed by "Bully." This was before the class "took the pledge," Custer's purpose being *to water his horse at the trough, in front of the bar of the hotel.*

On one such occasion Lieutenant Williams's attention had been specially directed to Custer's horse after he had rejoined the squad, and as he wheeled us into line, preparatory to dismounting, he gave this parting shot: "Gentlemen, I regret to say that you have treated your horses to-day very much as the schoolboy does his first penknife." "*Dismount!*"

Now, a word before the "Squad's dismissed!"

Sir Walter Scott was advised to desist from further effort with his pen after his "Marmion." Yet there followed "The Lady of the Lake." To fully reassure himself after the caution of friends, he read aloud his later production to an old and experienced hunter. At the point where the hounds of James Fitz James plunge into the water to follow the shallop to the Isle in the

Lake, the old man sprang up and ejaculated, "Stop! it will never do for the dogs to make *the* plunge, *after that run.*"

An old hunter in perusing the lines of our manuscript, enters this remark, "Fail not to tell me what that Blazer, Williams, meant by his joke about the 'schoolboy's penknife.'" ("Birds of a feather flock together" — of course, of course — how else would they flock? they wouldn't be such blasted fools as to flock apart.") To be perfectly candid with you, old friend, it has taken many years for the cadets of our day to "gather moss" on this subject. But Oh! how refreshing it is to discard the dried-up "chestnuts" of modern days and think over what we *had* done on that past day to our horses that the schoolboy does to his first penknife. No wonder your brain is sore perplexed to know what the "Blazer" meant; none other than "Bully" the "Blazer" can respond to this most natural query.

Before the writer goes too far in this vein, he may add that Lieutenant Williams was greatly respected, as all officers of merit and distinction well must be. Indeed, a mishap to Cadet Mithers should bear out this remark. Mithers had taken the hurdle ahead of "Old Clothesline" (the swayback horse of the squad). "Clothesline" following, planted his foremost foot into Cadet Mithers's breathing apparatus, which necessitated this gentleman's being carried off to the hospital. "Now, gentlemen," said the noble "Bully," that was no fault of Mr. Mithers; it was entirely the fault of his

horse; and I take this occasion to say that at one time Mr. Mithers was the worst rider in the squad, whereas now he is one of the best;” had the writer been Mithers he would add, “and this was due entirely to Lieutenant Williams’s *most excellent* system of instruction.”

We can hardly leave the riding hall without one word for the senior instructor in cavalry tactics, “Charley Field.” Those of us who had read “Charley O’Malley” and were familiar with the exploits of “Charley May,” of Mexican War fame, knew full well what we were about in bestowing a sobriquet this time.

Charley May the very counterpart of “Charley Field,” was a gallant officer of good old Maryland stock, who rode into Arista’s batteries, and over his guns, at Resaca de la Palma, far in the lead of his troop, and with “Zeb Inge,” his first lieutenant, a close second. Poor “Zeb!” his last words were:—“Charley, ’tis not fair; hold back!”

The night before the battle of Palo Alto and two nights before Resaca de la Palma, “Zeb” invited “Charley” to call upon “Sam Ringgold.” “I go to see ‘Sam’ so often,” “Charley” replied, “I am afraid I’ll drink up all of his whisky; but I’ll tell you what I *will* do. I’ll go up with you and when asked, will decline to drink; and then when he asks you, ‘Zeb,’ to ‘take something,’ and you two fill up, I’ll say, ‘I hate to see you fellows drinking alone; I think I’ll join you.’” The program was carried out as arranged for. “Well, ‘Zeb,’ come along,” said “Sam;” “if ‘Charley’

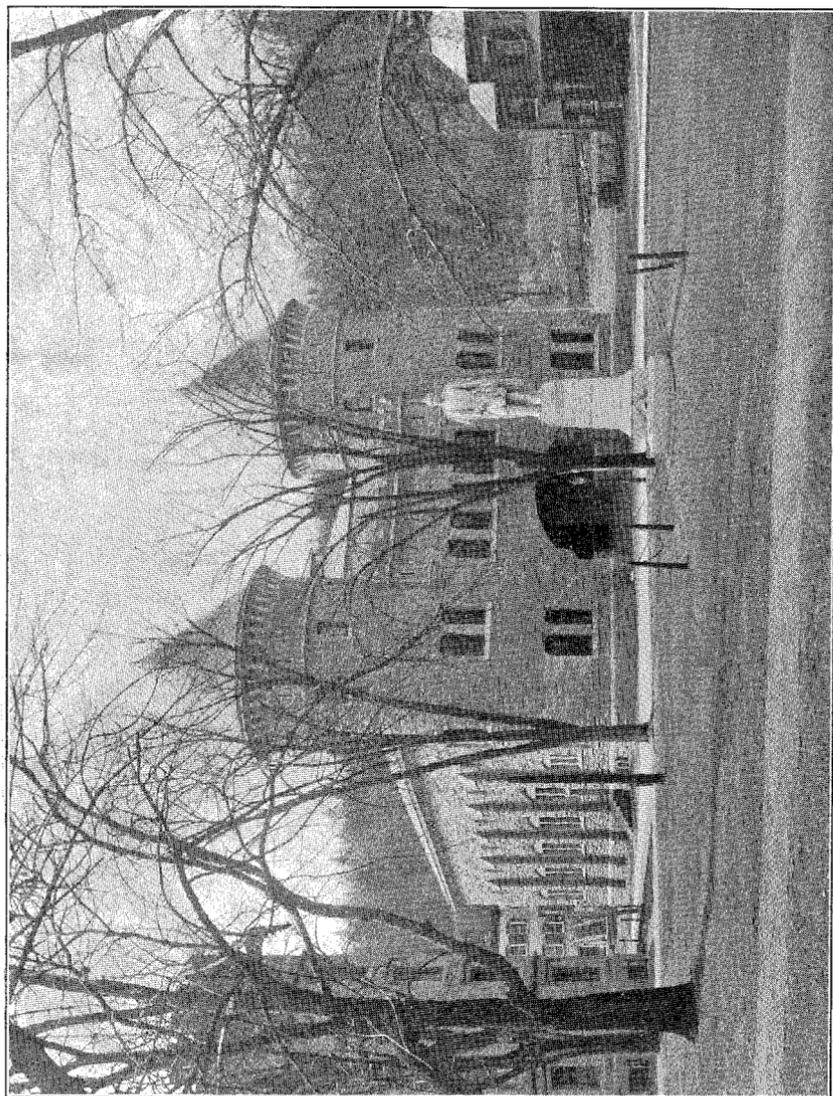
won't take anything, you will, won't you?" "Thank you, 'Sam,' I believe not; I, also, must swear off for the night; follow 'Charley's' example, you know." Alas for poor "Charley"! Within so brief a period as forty-eight hours, these friends were killed in battle, the one at Palo Alto, and the other on the day following at Resaca de la Palma.

To all outward appearances "Charley" May and "Charley" Field were much alike, except that while May wore his beard long and pointed, almost to his waist, Field contented himself with the conventional cavalryman's moustache. They both wore their hair à la Captain Cody, and from this Cadet Custer took his cue, and, as will be seen, A. McD. assisted him in dispensing with a large proportion of it at Sunday morning inspection.

Custer, after being several times reported for long hair, instructed the barber to give his head "a clean shave." This was something for others but not for Custer himself to laugh at, the laugh with him being altogether on "the other side of the mouth."

"A. McD." pursued this prospective cavalry leader relentlessly, as any other "dough boy" would have done, and at all military inspections, and in fact at all other times "on sight," reported Custer for "Hair out of uniform," until this young gentleman was forced to decorate his bald head with a tan-colored wig to save himself from dismissal.

The delinquency books of the Academy corroborate this, and further show that "Jim" Lord's boasted



GYMNASIUM — THAYER'S STATUE.

venture therein also had its entry. "Jim" was not reported for moustache at inspection, as he wagered that he would be; but simply for the unmilitary offense of "Trying to have some hair on upper lip," and this on a very chilly Sunday morning, "a cold day," so to speak for "Jim." Oh, yes; "A. McD." knew at that time as well how to manage cadets as at a later date he did the "Johnny Rebs." A strategist as well as tactician, was this prospective Major-General, United States Army.

And now, without further digression, let us get at "Charley" Field's system of instruction in cavalry tactics, a very different system from the one enunciated and practiced by the junior assistant in the same department.

Lieutenant Field had been ordered to Vermont to purchase horses, and had advertised throughout the State for vicious animals, his idea being, no doubt, that they might serve the useful and double purpose of teaching cadets to break in horses and horses to break in cadets. As a financial operation, his efforts, too, were a great success. "*Xantippe*," for instance, was knocked down for five dollars, though any cadet would have been only too ready to put up double that sum to have the brute killed.

After a large invoice of these Vermont horses had been received at the Point on one of those cool, crisp autumnal days, the air full of ozone and the horses full of the "Old Nick," the animals in the riding hall were equipped with blankets and *snaffle bits*, ready for the riders of the junior class.

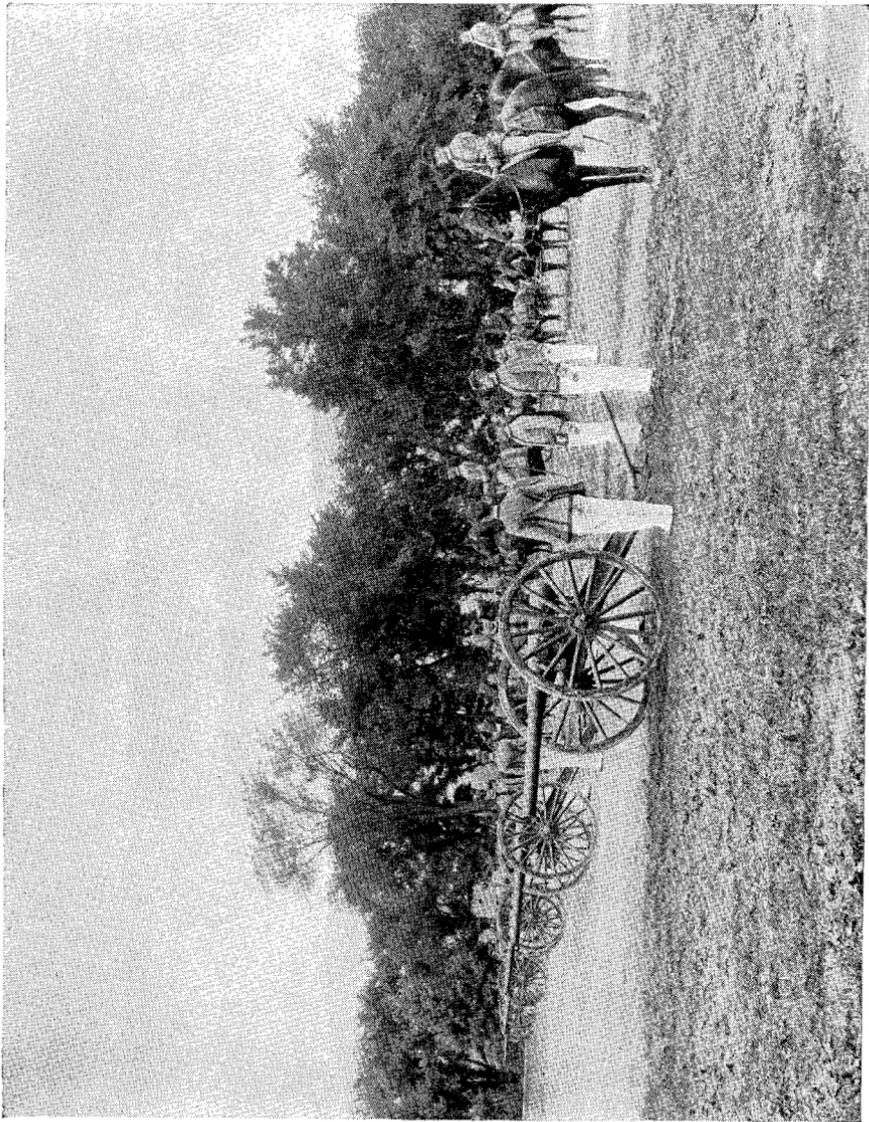
“Charley” conceived the notion of a turn to “Cozzens’” and back: “A practice march” indeed it was. The horses’ mouths, even in the short time they had been at the Point, were well hardened to the curb by the first class men’s exercises.

If there are any of us alive to-day (Yes, there are five!), it is thought they have not forgotten that first saddle blanket, *snaffle bit* ride to Cozzens’ on that exceptionally fine October morning. It not only “beat the band,” but was far ahead of any circus that we (What say the five?) ever after attended. Fully three-quarters of the entire squad picked themselves up at various points along the road, and trotted home on “shanks’ mare.” May not something be gleaned from this of Lieutenant Field’s system of instruction, the antithesis of that of Lieutenant Williams?

Cadets, as well as cats, it is said, have nine lives, and hence it is, that practice of this kind, when one is well insured, is not only useful but may save many a life in the long run.

And here is its usefulness: When war comes upon us as did the great War of the Rebellion, and cavalry leaders are sought for, the graduates of the Military Academy will in the future as in the past be ever ready for the contest.

We may name a few of the cavalry brigade, division, and corps commanders irrespective of the sides on which they fought during the Civil War: Earl Van Dorn;—Marmaduke;—Mackenzie;—Jubal Early;—Gregg;—Buckner;—Averill;—“Harry” Wilson—“Jeb” Stuart;



ARTILLERY—IN BATTERY, PREPARED FOR ACTION.

(J. E. B.)— “Joe” Wheeler;— John Buford;— Alfred Pleasonton;— “Fitz” Lee;— “Charley” Fitzhugh;— Fitzpatrick;— Stoneman;— Merritt;— Custer;— “Phil” Sheridan;— “Bob” Williams;— “Charley” Field and a host of others too numerous to mention; all sons of our Alma Mater.

Proud mother of heroes!

CHAPTER V

THE WEST POINT LIGHT BATTERY

THE West Point light battery was commanded in 1861 by Captain Charles Griffin,* senior instructor of artillery tactics, and manned by cadets as acting chiefs of sections, chiefs of pieces and cannoneers. The drivers for the gun and caisson teams were dragoons assigned for this duty, and at the same time charged with the care of the horses in the cavalry stables.

It was presumed, under the orders from the War Department, received early in January, that the battery would not be required in Washington before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. These orders, however, necessitated recruiting the battery to its full enlisted strength, and for this reason the cadets feared that they were to lose not only the battery, but also the horses, which were used for squadron and trooper drill as well as for light artillery exercises. Everything seemed to be going from us at once: comrades, instructors, and, in fact, all adjuncts of our military training, and after the battery left the Point, it might be a long time before the cadets would again exercise on the cavalry plain in squadron or battery drill, cut heads, or jump the hurdle

* Later Major-General, U. S. V.

in the Riding Hall. The end of all things seemed at hand; the country, indeed, was "going to the dogs," and no mistake.

The writer recalls a day when, as the battery was dashing down the plain at full speed, its right piece drew ahead, horses on the run. "Halt!" signaled the upraised sabres. "Halt!" sounded the bugle, but there was no halt for the mad team as it careered across the battery front straight for the stable road. As the drivers strove to guide the brutes from this path of sure destruction, by a sharp, quick turn, over went gun, limber, horses, drivers and all in one common heap, and out on a tangent shot the cannoneers from the limber seats;— all save one. The limber wheel was lifted from his (broken?) neck. "Not dead yet!" were his very words as he was extricated from the wreck, and he ("Billy") is still mustered with the living.*

As the battalion stood in ranks, at reveille, on the last day of January, a bugle note sounding "Column, left!" "Forward, guide right!" brought, into view and for the *last time*, our field battery. Here was war indeed, though none of us could realize it. After breaking ranks the entire corps assembled in front of barracks and gave the battery three rousing cheers, as it wound its way around by the valley road on its long, uncertain journey, and as the last carriage passed from sight it was with aching hearts that we retraced our steps to the barrack rooms.

Cushing and Pelham: the one the Ringgold of the

* Col. William A. Marye.

Union and the other of the Confederate Army;— both were there to join in that good-bye cheer. Of the former we have already spoken, and now of Pelham but one single word; *a noble fellow*:*—had he premonitions on that moonlit winter morn, when, or where next the West Point battery's guns would respond to the guns of Pelham's horse brigade? Kind, brave and generous Pelham, we shall not forget you. No Union officer had aught but consideration at your hands when held by you as prisoner of war.

And Custer, how would Custer have fared without Pelham's Virginia "straight cut," and Pelham, how would he have made out without Custer's commissary "rotgut?" A traffic through the picket lines, on *quiet* days.†

The scene shifts; this is the field of Manassas, as Nicolay‡ describes it: "Death puffed from bushes,

* In April, 1863, there is recorded this tribute at the hands of Gen. Robert E. Lee: "Thanks to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and his noble brigade, it failed; not, however, without the loss of such noble spirits as Majors Pelham and Pullen."

† "The rule was for a Yankee to wave a newspaper, go forward toward the rebel line, meet a reb who came forward waving a newspaper, and midway the two pickets exchanged commodities to their mutual benefit.

"There was not one incident of this kind, but scores. Sometimes it was the Confederate who was suffering and the Unionist gave him what he most needed. Occasionally it was the Unionist who was suffering and the Confederate shared with him the necessities of life, but the minute the truce was at an end they were blazing away at each other without a thought of any obligation to forget their duties as soldiers."

‡ Scribner series.

fences, buildings; and yet the jets of flame and wreaths of smoke were the only visible enemy to assail. Officers and cannoneers held on with a desperate courage; some moved to new positions to foil the Rebel range. Griffin's battery came and took place alongside; eleven Union guns and thirteen Confederate guns were confronted at short range in a stubborn and exciting duel. But now the Rebel regiments, seeing the dangerous exposure of the Union batteries, were tempted to swarm out of their cover. They pressed cautiously but tenaciously upon Ricketts. Griffin, absorbed in directing the fire of two of his guns against the Rebel batteries, was suddenly startled by seeing a regiment advancing boldly on his right, in open view. Their very audacity puzzled him. They could hardly be friends, he thought; yet was it possible that foes were so near and would take such a risk? Instinctively he ordered his guns to be charged with canister and trained upon them. Yet at the dreadful thought of pouring such a volley upon a Union regiment, he once more hesitated, and held a brief colloquy with Major Barry, Chief of Artillery. 'Captain,' said Barry, 'they are your battery support.' 'They are Confederates,' replied Griffin, in intense excitement; 'as certain as the world, they are Confederates.' 'No,' answered Barry, 'I know they are your battery support.' Griffin spurred forward, and told his officer not to fire. The mistake proved fatal. During his interval of doubt the Confederate regiment had approached to point-blank range, and leveled their muskets just as Griffin gave his order to desist. Griffin's canister would

have annihilated the regiment; but now the tables were turned, and in an instant the regiment's volley had annihilated Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries. Officers and men, wounded or dead; and horses and caissons went tearing in wild disorder down the hill, breaking and scattering the ascending line of battle. Under this sudden catastrophe the supporting regiment stood a while spellbound with mingled astonishment and terror. They were urged forward to repel the advance on the guns; but the unexpected disaster overawed them; and under the continued volleys of the advancing Confederate regiment they fired their muskets, turned, and fled.

These disabled batteries, visible to both armies, now became the centre and coveted prize of an irregular contest, which surged back and forth over the plateau of the Henry Hill; but, whether because of confusion of orders, or the broken surface of the ground, or more probably the eagerness of capture and rescue, the contest was carried on, not by the whole line, but by single regiments, or at most by two or three regiments moving accidentally rather than designedly in concert. Several times the fight raged past and over the prostrate body of Ricketts, lying wounded among his guns, and who was finally carried away a prisoner to Richmond. The Rebels would dash forward, capture the batteries, and endeavor to turn the pieces on the Union lines; then a Union regiment would sweep up the hill; drive them back, and essay to drag the guns down into safe possession. And a similar shifting and intermitting fight went on, not merely on this single spot, but also among the

low concealing pines of the middle ground in front, as well as in the oak woods on the Union right, where at times friends became intermingled with foes, and where both sides took occasional prisoners near the same place."

"Officers of experience and sagacity, indeed, became seriously alarmed for the final result when Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries were destroyed."

There lay Ramsay and Craig dead, and Ricketts, their captain, wounded. Ames, after being wounded, refused to leave the field but was forced to dismount from his horse; so that but two of the six battery officers escaped without hurt.

What more shall be said of this battery of our Alma Mater? Its losses at Bull Run were twenty-seven killed and wounded. After this we hear of "D" of the Fifth at Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, and Appomattox.

What of Gettysburg? Hazlett, our gallant, chivalrous, handsome young soldier held Little Round Top, the key of the battlefield, against repeated assaults of the enemy, giving up his life, as did "Little Woodruff," his lieutenant, and the good work of this battery contributed greatly to that glorious victory.

"At Appomattox, the West Point battery saw its arduous efforts justified by the conquest of a noble peace," and a tablet at our Alma Mater will ever read:

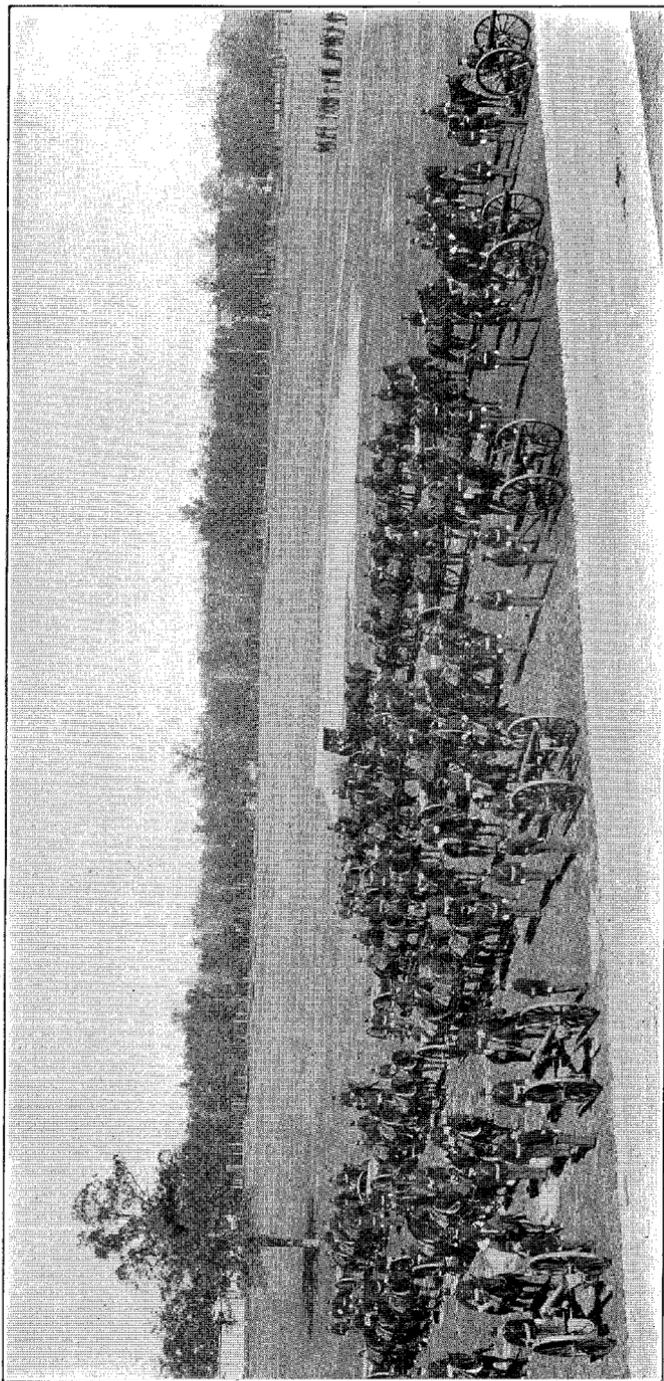
“No organization has a prouder record,” than Battery “D,” Fifth United States Artillery, the West Point Light Artillery.*

“In the spring of 1898, ten light batteries of the old regiments of artillery were concentrated at Chickamauga, Georgia, and the organization was later designated The Light Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Army Corps.

“Four batteries of the First and Second Artillery had preceded the brigade proper and had taken an active part in all of the engagements around Santiago, before the arrival of the remaining batteries of the brigade on the 9th of July, at Baquiri, some twenty miles from Santiago de Cuba.”

“D” of the Fifth, the old West Point Battery, left Fort Hamilton, N. Y., April 19, 1898; arrived at Chickamauga Park April 21, 1898; left Chickamauga Park April 30, 1898; arrived at Port Tampa, Fla., May 2, 1898; left Port Tampa July 3, 1898, and arrived at Baquiri, Cuba, July 9, 1898; disembarked all the horses preparatory to march, but were ordered to re-embark to join General Miles’s expedition to Porto Rico; left Baquiri July 21, 1898, and arrived at Guanica July 25, 1898; marched from Guanica to Ponce, Porto Rico, July 30, 1898, arriving there August 11, 1898; left Ponce August 8, 1898, as part of General Swan’s brigade, consisting of Troop “A,” Fifth Cavalry, Light Battery “C,” Third Artillery, Light Battery “D,” Fifth Artil-

*A photogravure plate shows this battery as at present organized and equipped at Fort Sheridan, Ill.



9TH BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

lery, and Eleventh Regiment of Infantry; taking the western coast of the island by way of Tallopo Yucca, Sabana Grande, Mayaguez, and Los Morias; engaged with Spanish forces near Hornigueros August 10, 1898, where the battery had three men and three horses wounded, all of whom recovered; returned and went into permanent camp at Mayaguez August 16, 1898, and remained there until November 3, 1898, when the battery moved into the city and were provided with barracks and stables; left Mayaguez November 23, 1898, and arrived at Savannah, Ga., December 1, 1898, where it remained in camp until its departure for Fort Sheridan, Ill., where it arrived January 13, 1899.

Battery "D" of the Fifth Artillery, the West Point battery, did not return to West Point after the Civil War. New horses had been purchased for the Academy, and a new battery organized in its stead.

And now a few words on the subject of the light artillery arm of our service:

A light battery organization existed in our service between the years of 1820 and 1835. This organization was however, never mounted — a mere paper arrangement. It was not then until Ringgold's battery of horse artillery appeared in 1838, and was followed by the batteries of Duncan, Washington, and Frank Taylor, that we could be said to have had any light artillery in this country. The distinction between the light batteries of the Mexican War — Washington's and Taylor's — and the horse batteries of Ringgold and

Duncan, is that the horse battery organization required all cannoneers to be mounted, none riding upon the limbers and caissons, as is provided for in the light battery. The celerity of movement of the horse battery gave to it the designation, "Flying Artillery." "The paper organization of the light artillery required a uniform* for both officers and men, which was very showy, and they were very proud of it. The coat of blue cloth was short, with three rows of buttons, and profusely covered with gold lace; pantaloons tight, of white cassimere, with boots to the knees. Gold wings were worn upon the shoulders and spurs were always worn. The saber-belt had attached to it a dispatch-bag, called a sabre-tache, which was bound with gold lace and ornamented on the flap with gold embroidered letters, "L. A." The cap was also much ornamented. The men, instead of boots, wore long black cloth gaiters, coming up square under the knees, after the manner of the "Old Guard." The great feature of the regiment was the mess, as in those days there were but two of the officers married, only one at headquarters. All officers were required to dine in dress uniform, and each officer was attended by a soldier, also in full dress." The dinner was the event of the day, especially on those days when guests were present.

When news was brought of the battle of Palo Alto, Texas, which occurred on May 8, 1846, it was learned that Major Samuel Ringgold had been mortally

* Uniform described in Haskin's History of the First Artillery.

wounded while gallantly directing the fire of the battery of horse artillery under his command, and that later he died of wounds, May 11, 1846, at Point Isabel, Texas.

As the irritation on the frontier (more particularly the southwest frontier) increased, he was indefatigable in perfecting the new arm of our service — the “Flying Artillery.”

“He was indeed the first to conceive this scheme, was profoundly interested in its development, and labored to such a degree that he suffered a complete collapse, experiencing a long and painful illness.

During the most acute and dangerous period of his malady, doctors were called in consultation. When the doctor came into the room, Major Ringgold feebly motioned him to his bedside and asked him for an opinion as to his prospects of recovery. The doctor told him of his perilous condition, but said there was a gleam of hope. “Save me, doctor, if possible.” Then, closing his eyes for a moment, he uttered these words, as if in prayer, Oh, God! let me die on the field of battle.” The scene was dramatic; the words seemed prophetic. Ringgold soon recovered. The war began in 1846, and Ringgold went at once to the front.”

In Patton’s “History of the American People” we find that “To Major Ringgold was due much of the credit for that perfection of drill and rapidity of movement which the American flying artillery exhibited on battlefields during this war.” Of the battle of Palo Alto, we read, “The enemy lost four hundred men, while the Americans had only nine killed and forty-four

wounded; but among the former was Major Ringgold, universally lamented, both as an officer and a Christian gentleman; as his officers offered him assistance when wounded, he said: "Leave me alone, you are wanted forward." His prayer was answered; he died upon the field of battle. There, too, was James Duncan, side by side with Ringgold at Palo Alto with his battery of flying artillery. He was breveted major for this action, and for gallant and highly distinguished conduct in the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Monterey breveted lieutenant-colonel; later for like distinguished conduct at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo he was breveted colonel. *Ringgold* and *Duncan*, what names! What inspiration for light artillery men of later wars! If indeed such inspiration were needed. History tells us that the United States Army in 1845 numbered about five thousand men. Three thousand five hundred of these were at Corpus Christi, Texas, under General Zachary Taylor. In March, 1846, Taylor moved southward to a point on the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras, at the time calling upon the Governors of Louisiana and Texas for five thousand volunteers. On the 1st of May he moved eastward with his main body to open communication with Point Isabel. To intercept his return, the Mexican General, Arista, moved with about six thousand men to Palo Alto, nine miles from Matamoras, and planted his force across the road. Taylor's returning column reached this point on the 8th of May, and gave battle. Two eighteen-pounder and two light batteries (Ringgold's and Duncan's) made dreadful

havoc in the close ranks of the Mexican infantry, while an attempt to turn the American right was promptly thwarted. The prairie grass between the contending lines took fire, and behind the curtain of smoke Arista drew back his left; Taylor made a corresponding change, advanced his artillery again, and renewed the fight. The movement to turn the American left was discovered, and the guns of Ringgold's battery were wheeled round to meet him, and under their steady fire the attacking column was put to flight. It was at this juncture the gallant Ringgold fell, mortally wounded. It has been said that the Mexicans were astonished at the celerity of our light battery movements, and that the victories of Zachary Taylor over the Mexicans (always a superior force) were due to the efficiency of the artillery arm of his army, notwithstanding the excellent mounts and the brave and impetuous character of the Mexican troops.

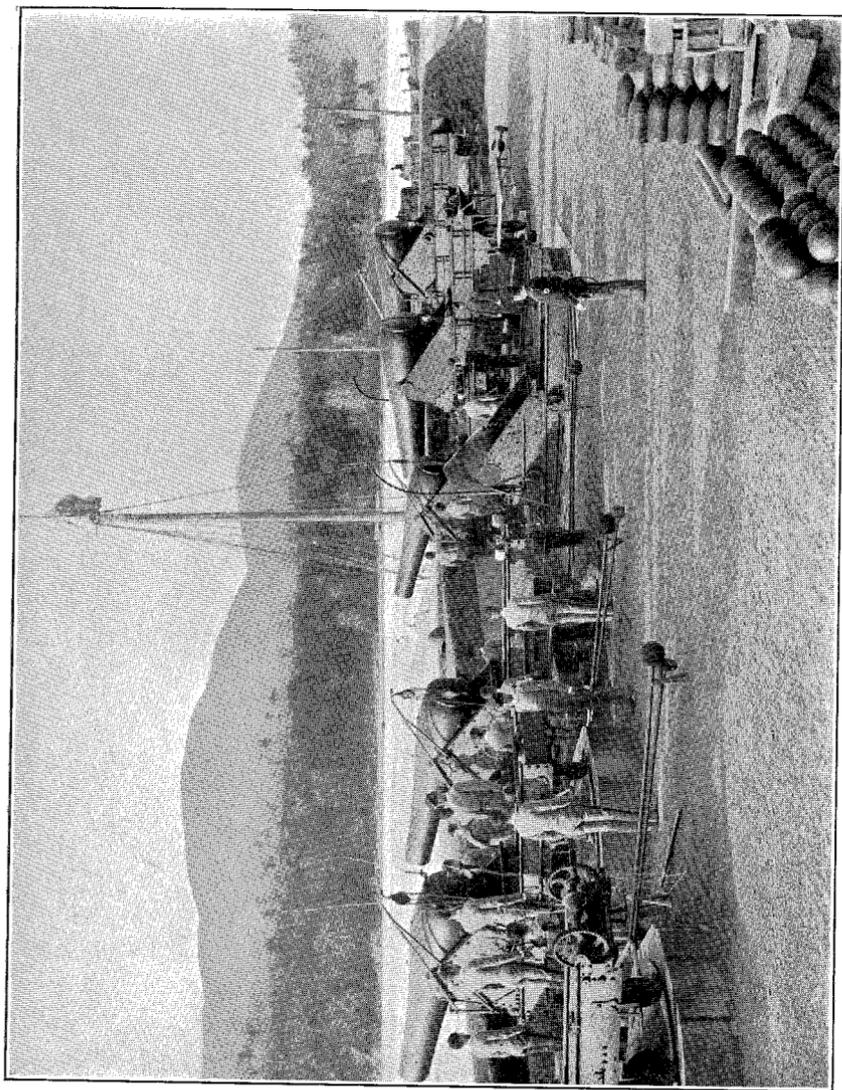
Ringgold's battery took an active part in the first battle of Bull Run, and Duncan's battery, with its veteran noncommissioned officers, arrived for duty at Alexandria, Va., from Fort Pickens, Fla., but at so late an hour, and the horses were so ill-conditioned from the voyage, that the battery could not be pushed to the front in time to take part in the battle; but took position at Centreville with the reserve, and for outpost duty, or in the defenses of the Capital of the Nation.

Owing to the laurels that this battery had won in the Mexican War, and its very efficient condition, General McClellan made it a horse battery, the first horse battery, in fact, organized at the outbreak of the Civil

War. After joining the reserve camp of the Army of the Potomac, at a point east of the Capitol building in Washington, it was shown greater consideration than any other battery, with Tidball commanding. It was admirably equipped, and appeared always at review in full dress uniform, wearing the horsehair plumes which were not in any other case issued as a part of the field equipment. The battery, when at drill, almost immediately broke into the gallop and kept up a lively pace throughout its manœuvres.

This practice was given to qualify the battery to manœuvre with cavalry. The guns were of the lightest calibre, twelve-pound howitzers, with range so short that its work could only be done at close quarters.

An amusing incident occurred at drill on an October morning when the Sixth Cavalry (Cameron's Own), an entirely new organization, men barely able to sit astride their horses, was drawn up in line for parade. The regiment presented at a distance a very striking appearance. The officers were in line in front of their companies; the band was at its post, and the regiment had received its colors; the glittering blades of the troopers reflected the rays of the morning sun; and the whole made an impressive tableau. The battery at a gallop swung around at the command, "Action front," unlimbered quite near to and in front of the regiment and loaded with blank cartridges. Captain Tidball, in a spirit of deviltry, had given the order to load with blank cartridges, and fire. We limbered up, and were off again at the gallop to some other part of the



SEA COAST BATTERY.

field; the smoke clearing away revealed no trace of the regiment. A panic had seized upon all the horses, and the streets of east Washington were crowded with runaways. Some twenty or more men were on the ground where the regiment had before been in line, and the horses were nowhere to be seen. For some days intercourse between the colonel of the Sixth Cavalry and the captain of Battery "A" of the Second Artillery was suspended, and here we may add that, had this incident occurred at West Point, as between old cadets and plebes, it would have been regarded as a simple case of hazing. The Sixth Cavalry had been hazed; it had received its baptism of fire; the experience may have saved the regiment from embarrassment on some later occasion.

Ringgold's battery* was pushed to the front at Bull Run, and did as good execution as the batteries of Griffin and Ricketts. The battery was at the time commanded by Capt. Richard Arnold, the officer who succeeded "Tim" Sherman, then acting as brigade commander. This battery had been serving in Washington City for some months prior to the battle of Bull Run, and was at the time known as Sherman's White Horse Battery (E of the Third). When "Tim" Sherman organized his expedition to South Carolina in 1861, he was allowed to take with him his old battery, then commanded by Lieut. J. R. Myrick. In the engage-

* Duncan's and Ringgold's were twin horse batteries during the Mexican War.

ment with the enemy on Morris Island, S. C., July 10, 1863, this battery was assigned position in the front line.

We have referred to Ringgold as the light artillery hero of the Mexican War; his loss was the more conspicuous from the fact that he was one of but nine in our Army killed at Palo Alto.

What further shall we say of Cushing, a second Ringgold, and of his battery at Gettysburg?

The battery lost in action all of its commissioned officers, more than half of its men, and all the battery horses save five (89 out of 94).

At this juncture First Sergeant, now Major, Fuger assumed command. He says: "We fired canister, double and treble charges, but still the Confederates came on; owing to the dense smoke I could not see very far to the front, but to my utter astonishment and surprise I saw General Armistead leap over the stone wall with about two hundred of his men, landing right in the midst of our battery; but my devoted cannoneers stood their ground, fighting hand to hand with pistols, sabres, handspikes, and rammers, until the enemy was driven out of the battery by General Tubbs's brigade, and Pickett's column collapsed. General Armistead fell mortally wounded a few yards from where Lieutenant Cushing fell, his young and gallant adversary. It has been asked, what other than Southern troops would have made that charge? Ay, sir; but what other than Northern troops would have met and repulsed it? Northern endurance and pluck were more than a match for South-

ern dash. In this bloody charge scores of their officers went down — Armistead and Garnett killed, Kemper badly wounded — and of the whole number of field officers of this splendid division which advanced so proudly across the field, Pickett and a lieutenant-colonel alone remained. In front of Battery 'A' over six hundred of Pickett's men were founded dead; out of his whole division, five thousand strong, Pickett returned with one thousand. Pickett's men did all that mortal men could do.

“The aggregate of killed and wounded on each side in this action probably fell little short of eight thousand killed and thirty-five thousand wounded.”

At the great battle of Waterloo,* one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, a battle which decided the fate and changed the geography of all Europe, Napoleon had eighty-two thousand men, not including Grouchy, and two hundred and fifty-six guns. Wellington, with the allies, had one hundred and seven thousand men, or but seventy-two thousand before the Prussians came up, and over two hundred guns. They lost on each side in killed and wounded about twenty-three thousand men, a less percentage of loss for the allies than the French. Compare with the battle of Waterloo that of Gettysburg, and there is a wonderful similarity between the two in some respects. General Meade had in his army almost precisely the same number of men Napoleon had at Waterloo. He had

* This data is derived in part from the Army and Navy Journal.

eighty-two thousand men, with the Sixth Corps in reserve, with two hundred and fifty guns. Lee had an army of seventy-two thousand men, with two hundred guns. The losses were twenty-three thousand on each side in that engagement, almost identical with the losses at Waterloo.

“The battle between the French and Russians at Borodino was perhaps the bloodiest battle since the invention of gunpowder; there were thirty thousand men killed on each side. But as each army numbered over one hundred and thirty thousand, the per cent. of loss was less than at Gettysburg and less than at Waterloo. Take the great battle at Leipzig, where Napoleon had one hundred and seventy-five thousand men and where the allies had on the first day two hundred and seventy-five thousand, increased on the next day by reinforcements to three hundred and thirty thousand. There were about forty thousand killed on each side. Yet the very largest numbers engaged in that battle made the per cent. of loss very much less than at Gettysburg or Waterloo.”

Here is a remarkable instance of loss at Gettysburg: “The Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment was eight hundred and twenty strong. It had eighty-six killed and five hundred and two wounded, making a total of five hundred and eighty-eight, or seventy-one and seven-tenths per cent. That was in the first day’s battle; but the most remarkable part of it is that this regiment on the third day’s fight turned up with a little remnant of two hundred and sixteen men out of their

eight hundred and twenty, participated in Pickett's gallant charge, and came out with only eighty men left. There was a company in that regiment — Captain Tuttle's company — that went in with three officers and eighty-four men and came out with only one officer and one man."*†

* Army and Navy Journal.

† So much uncertainty attaches in estimates of the kind given above that the writer has been at pains to more exactly determine the numbers at Waterloo:

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| French — Infantry | 48,950 |
| Cavalry | 15,765 |
| Artillery | 7,232 |
| | <hr/> |
| Total | 71,947 |
| | <hr/> <hr/> |

Bulow's Prussian Corps made itself felt on the field at 2 o'clock, and before the charge of the Imperial Guard at 7 o'clock had 30,000 men engaged on Planchenoit, in the rear of the French right. Just as the Guard was repulsed, Ziethen's Prussian Corps attacked the right of D'Erlon's Corps and completed the defeat of the French. Ziethen had at least 10,000 men engaged. Add this 10,000 to Bulow's 30,000, and we have 40,000 Prussians coming to the aid of, and actually fighting (with heavy loss) in aid of, the 67,000 British troops. The allies had therefore 107,000 men against the French 71,000.

CHAPTER VI

GRADUATED AND ASSIGNED

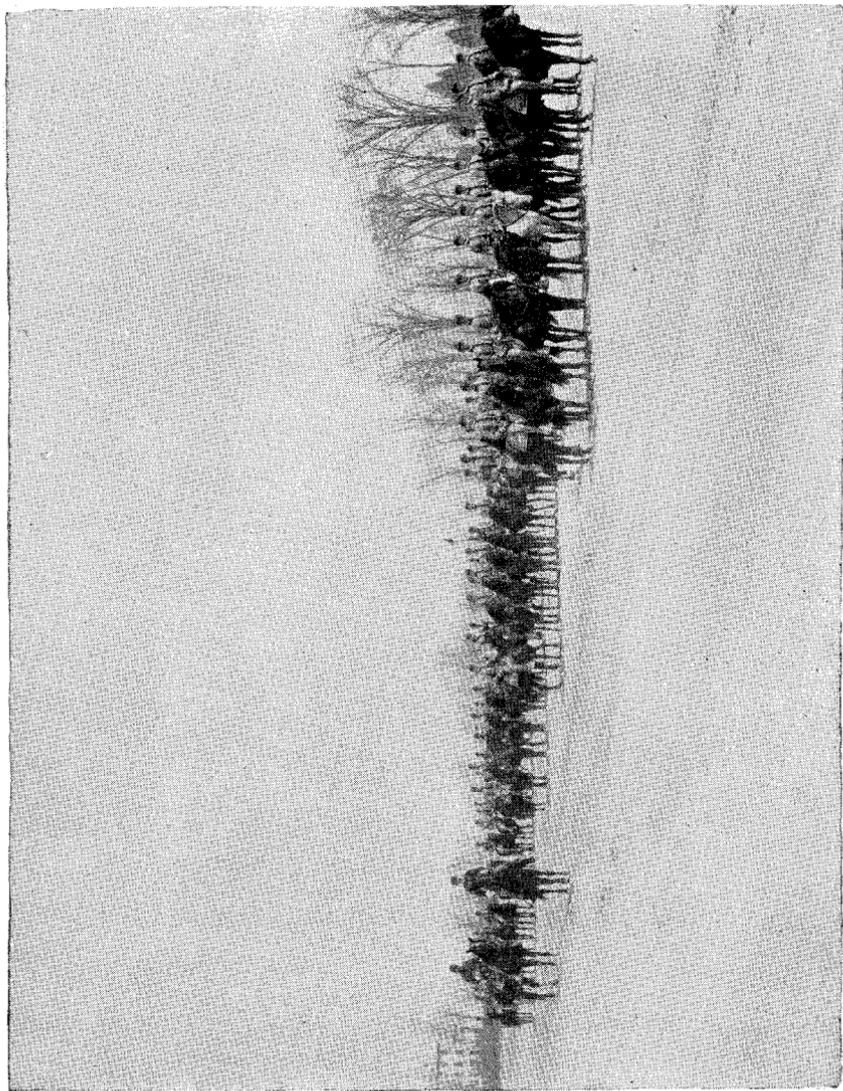
(Field service.)

THE graduation of the junior class of 1861 was not marked by the customary exercises and ceremonies, the class surrendering its "graduating furlough" and proceeding at once to the field.

Before a determination had been reached respecting the graduation of the class, a petition, signed by all of its members, was addressed to the Secretary of War, requesting that the class be allowed to graduate at an early date, in order to take the field. The petition was almost immediately considered, and a few days thereafter the class was hastily examined in its second class course of study. Such portion of the first class course as could be mastered in the short remaining period, before the date set for graduation, was taken up at once and pursued until late in the month of June.

We were marched into camp with the cadet battalion and remained at West Point for a few days thereafter to complete a short course of practical engineering. On the 24th of June the class reported for duty to Gen. Winfield Scott, at Headquarters of the Army, Washington City, D. C.

Arriving at the depot in Washington City, we were



CAVALRY—COLUMN OF PLATOONS.

met by a remarkably fine-looking officer, Lieut. Douglas Ramsay, of Ricketts' light battery. It was but one month afterward that this gallant young officer was followed to his grave by those of the class who had been assigned to his arm of service; on the field of Manassas his captain was wounded, his battery was completely wrecked, and he himself was killed.

Mr. Lincoln came over from the White House to General Scott's office for the express purpose of bidding us welcome to the service. After this ceremony was gone through with, we proceeded to the headquarters of the General commanding the defenses of Washington, and reported to him for assignment to duty as instructors or drill masters of the "three months' regiments," all of which were encamped in and around the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria. General Mansfield gave specific instructions to all, the writer remaining at headquarters as his aide-de-camp.

During the entire day of the Bull Run battle, Sunday, July 21st, the General's aides were in the saddle, forwarding troops to McDowell's Army. Late in the afternoon, grave apprehension as to the result of the conflict was felt, since the firing of the artillery became more and more distinct as the day advanced, and this augured ill for the Union Army.

When the aids were assembled in the office of General Mansfield, late in the day, he rose from his seat, closed the door, and drawing a telegram from his breast pocket, read aloud these words: "The left wing of the Army is in retreat upon Centreville" — a telegram from Gen-

eral McDowell to General Scott. At the moment we were made aware of this unfortunate state of affairs, a tap on the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly from General Scott's headquarters. The telegram this time read: "The Army is in full retreat upon Centreville." General Mansfield was much excited and kept us in suspense, by not reading the message aloud. He paced the floor for quite a time, apparently greatly disturbed in mind, and, finally turning to his aides, said: "The worst has happened that could have happened; *our Army is defeated*, in full retreat on Centreville; and I fear it is *a rout*." "Go to your quarters, gentlemen," he then said, "and prepare for a night's ride over the river; we will require the Second Cavalry escort." The General and staff started from headquarters about 9 P. M., and, crossing the Potomac, spent the night in vain endeavor to accomplish something and to ascertain the real condition of affairs at the front.

Directions had been given by the General commanding before starting for the front that, in the event of the advance of the Confederates that night, all the church and fire bells throughout the city should be rung. What there was to be accomplished by such warning was hard to tell, as the sound of the bells would have brought joy to the hearts of a majority of the inhabitants of a city which, like its sister city, Baltimore, was disloyal to its heart's core.

That dismal night ride on the south side of the Potomac discovered to us nothing but isolated figures flitting here and there in the darkness, and all tending toward

the Potomac long bridge and the Georgetown Aqueduct bridge. Picnickers who had gone out in strong force to see the fight, many in hacks, were the first to block travel over the bridges, in their mad haste to escape from that night-mare of the Army, the "*Black Horse Cavalry*." The day following this night was a dreary one indeed; drizzling rain, with heavy clouds hanging over as a pall. Fragments of regiments reported at headquarters from hour to hour, in bodies of a dozen or more, each squad claiming to be "all that is left of our regiment." Confidence fortunately was restored in the course of a few days, after it was ascertained that the regiments had not really been "*annihilated*," and that the stragglers were reassembling on their old camp grounds. We were also encouraged to believe that the Confederates were as much demoralized by victory as we had been by defeat.

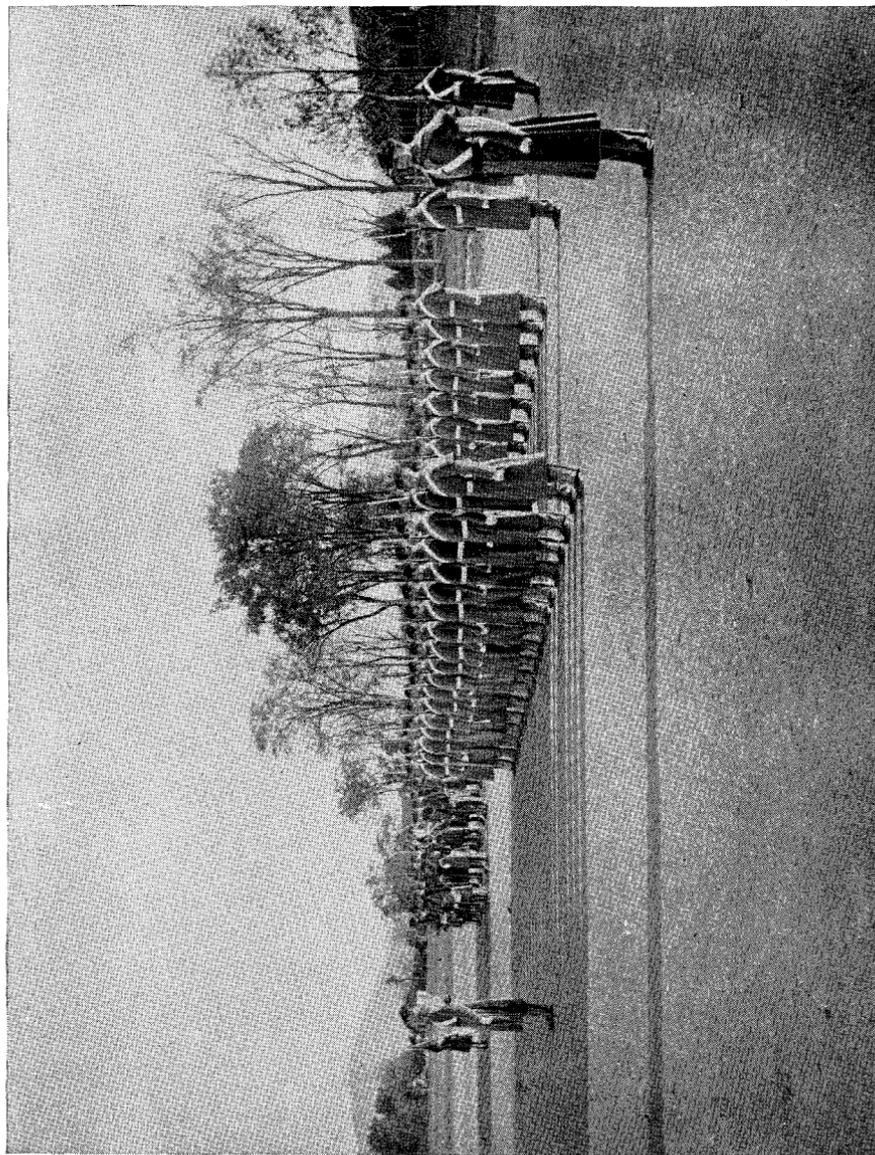
This day's awakening of the American people verified, as time showed, the old adage, that the uses of adversity are sweet indeed. Our loss was far less than at first reported, but we were sorely wounded in our pride and prestige. Of course valuable lives were sacrificed on both sides, and many of our men were made prisoners of war, but the loss was by no means commensurate with the force engaged, and inconsiderable when compared with that of later conflicts.

One of the aides-de-camp was sent out to Bailey's Crossroads to bring in a regiment which had been inadvertently left far beyond the line of pickets. Throughout this ride he was met by taunts and jeers as he passed

the farmhouses along the route, and the dogs were set upon him.

This officer, on returning, had reached a point on the monument road (a section of the city then called "Murder Bay") about midnight, when a man darted out in the darkness, from behind a treebox, and, seizing his horse by the bit and rein, bade him dismount and give up his horse. Two men ran up at this moment, and their coming terminated the struggle. The assailant feigned drunkenness, so that there was no opportunity afforded the officer to shoot the scoundrel, except at risk of the life of those who had come to the rescue. The man was consigned to the provost-marshal's guardhouse, and later it was learned that he was a private soldier in the Union Army, and, like hundreds of others in the city, was endeavoring to effect his escape by stealing a horse. In fact this incident is mentioned to show that it was impossible for an officer or indeed any one to hitch his horse, after the Bull Run disaster, at any point in the streets of Washington City with any certainty that some one would not come along, mount the animal, and ride him to death, on a North and South line, for home. A cordon of sentinels had been stationed around the city and at the railroad depots, and this rendered escape from service almost, if not quite, impossible, except when effected by deserters possessing themselves of horses.

General Scott retired from active service a few days after the Bull Run disaster, and was succeeded by Gen. George B. McClellan, who came to the defense of Wash-



Copyright.

GUARD MOUNTING.

Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

ington City with the prestige of his West Virginia campaign. His first step in perfecting the organization of the Army of the Potomac was to get his artillery into good shape; and his first order directed that all artillery officers serving on staff duty should at once join their batteries. This order carried the writer to Tidball's battery, then camped near the long bridge on the south side of the Potomac, and for some months sections of this battery were by daily alternation on outpost duty at Arlington Mills or other advanced points on the lines of approach to the city of Washington. The officers and men of the battery were all afflicted with malarial fever, but not to an extent such as to disqualify them for duty. Toward the fall of the year the battery was withdrawn from the right bank of the Potomac and placed in the artillery reserve in the city of Washington, east of the Capitol. General Barry, who had been its commander after Duncan, and before Tidball, and who was the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, was much inclined to favor his old battery; and caused it, as before stated, to be made a horse artillery battery, for the purpose of manœuvring with cavalry.

There was one feature in the case of our defeat at Bull Run which may be of interest to those not familiar with the true condition of affairs on that battlefield, and which occurred during the retreat of our Army from Bull Run to Centreville. It has been shown how the West Point battery, Griffin commanding, and Battery "I" of the First Artillery, Ricketts command-

ing, suffered in this action a very heavy loss both in men and horses—the guns of both batteries falling into the hands of the enemy. This, as before stated, was chiefly due to the fact that Griffin was not allowed to open fire upon a Confederate regiment, as he desired, because he was advised that this was a Union regiment and one of his battery supports. The point to which we would now make special reference is this: The right wing of our Army in the advance made a detour on a U-shaped line some ten miles or more in extent, while the distance from the start to the finish across the arms of the U was not more than a half mile. The men who had followed on the arms of the U in this advance did not, in fact could not, appreciate the real conditions of their march, and very naturally, when on the retreat, followed the road or roads by which they had advanced. So blocked were these roads by men and material that the enemy's cavalry could not penetrate the mass, but nevertheless greatly harassed the rear guard, a plucky little battalion of some two hundred regular infantry. After our troops had traversed a distance of some ten miles in retreat, the field batteries of the Confederate Army and their "Black Horse Cavalry" fell upon our flanks, and this indeed without having to make any advance whatever. The impression nevertheless created upon the minds of those in flight was, that they had been followed for ten miles or more; that the rear column was probably annihilated, and that this cavalry had cut its way through and was

closing upon the centre and even the head of the column. Such impression was, as all must agree, well calculated to throw even the very best troops into a panic. This attack of the Black Horse Cavalry was effected by simply fording Bull Run stream, or crossing over by one of its several bridges. The appearance of cavalry, under these circumstances, filled our troops with dismay, and on all sides the most exaggerated stories were told of the "terrible *Black Horse Cavalry*."

It was perfectly clear to all, after the Bull Run disaster, that the light batteries were not suitable for outpost duty. The several sections of the batteries (two guns and caissons each) were placed at the front, on the picket line, where they actually constituted an objective for the enemy; inviting attack, which, except for the guns, would not have been made. No protection on the flanks of these advanced positions could be afforded, and the enemy in small force could readily have broken through our thin line, struck in by the rear and flank, and probably have captured the guns.

This condition was understood by the General commanding, but there were other things to be considered. Most of the remaining regiments of three months' men were far from reliable and needed a moral support, to be secured only by association with regular troops. With the exception of about two hundred men of the Third United States Infantry,* there were none of the Regular Army at the time available for service with the Army of the Potomac except those with the light

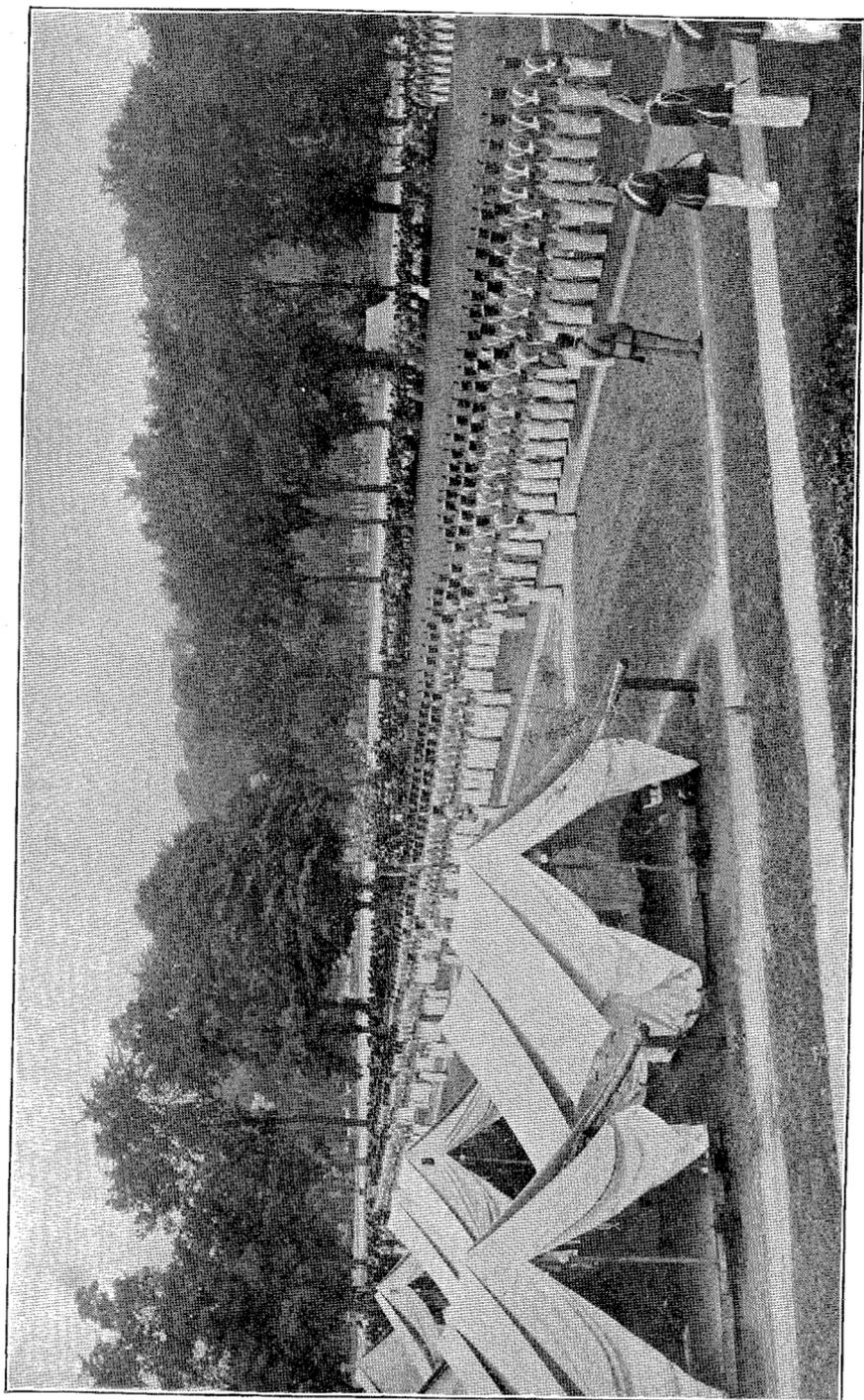
* Perhaps a few others.

batteries. Hence it was that instead of infantry being the support for artillery, artillery was made in fact to serve as a support for the infantry, a paradox indeed; and had we been in the presence of an enterprising adversary, warfare conducted on these lines would have been of short duration.

In order to keep the infantry at the front, it was necessary to make them feel that there was a *reason* for their being there, and the reason held out to them was the necessity for their remaining as supports to the batteries.

The writer remembers well the instructions given by Captain Tidball, who said, as a section of the battery was marching from park: "Remember, you must not lose your guns. Keep your prolonges always fixed, and be prepared to retreat at once if an attack is made upon you. Move by piece down the road and at the gallop. Halt your pieces at intervals and fire; pass pieces alternately; I will hear your guns, and will come to your aid; but, remember, you must *make no stand*." "The infantry supports will desert you without doubt, and you will lose your guns if you don't follow my advice." This was indeed a trying duty, out at the extreme front, with instructions to keep in constant readiness for flight on the first appearance of the enemy.

The night of the very day these instructions had been given, the sergeant of the section reported that there was suspicion of the enemy's cavalry in the road on our immediate front. The guns were of course always in readiness and loaded with canister, but the can-



DRESS PARADE—VISIT OF CUBAN TEACHERS.

noneers were forced that night to stand to their guns awaiting an attack and for several hours.

The section at this time was enveloped in a heavy mist, the night being dark as pitch. Everything was held in readiness for flight, in accordance with instructions, but no attack was made. The conditions were indeed far worse than if it had been; since, in that case, we would have had something diverting — a *flying* artillery trip, and a *running* fight.

Several regiments near the permanent battery camp, whose time had expired, had threatened to return to their respective States. Conditions were such however that these troops could not be spared and the artillery was required, when not on outpost duty, to take post in threatening attitude, in front of the regimental campgrounds. The instructions were, that if any attempt was made by the organizations to strike tents or break camp, to open upon them and rake their camps with canister.

It was reported that on one such occasion a regiment procured an old oxcart, and, in a spirit of derision, mounted a barrel upon it, facing the guns of the section. None of the regiments believed that we were there for business; and regarded our presence as a mere menace. Word was at once sent the colonel of the regiment that, if he did not have the cart removed, it would be cleared out with canister in short order.

Again, one of these disaffected regiments had been "marched" out for parade, and, after being formed in line, the adjutant gave a further command. Not

a man stirred; the command was repeated, and still the entire regiment stood in open mutiny. This condition of affairs was reported to the brigade headquarters, and summary action taken. A light battery was ordered out and the threat of a rain of canister soon brought the men to terms. We must here observe that, throughout the long years of our apparently endless conflict, the men who served with such zeal and courage were not "*three months' men.*"

There were many in the ranks of the volunteers who saw these things and understood them quite as well as we did, and as every one else now does — men who had the firmness of mind to stay where they were, fight the thing through, and give their lives without hope of glory. Regiments frequently surprised even themselves by their magnificent work; and on more than one occasion a general commanding has pointed to a certain regiment, and said: "There is a regiment to be depended upon in any emergency."

We want, for an army, men not too eager for a fight — patient and quiet men, always ready for any emergency. Men such as these are generally found in the Regular Army; they are just the same as other men, but they are disciplined; their will power, though not actually broken, is directed. As individuals, they may have no more courage than the undisciplined class; but, having entered the service for a long term and being thoroughly drilled (a majority expect to re-enlist), they are certain that they will get all the fighting they have bargained for, and are paid for, even before the beginning of a fight.

Our remarks apply equally as well to volunteers who are in for a long period of service, three years or more; in fact there should be no distinction between the private soldier of the regulars and the private soldier of the volunteers; he is made of the same stuff and is on the same footing. The rank and file of both organizations are recruited in the same way, and, if anything, the men of the volunteers ought to be of an order of intellect superior to that of the men in the ranks of the regulars, since they are men who *usually* command better wages in the ordinary walks of life. With an army conditioned as our army was at first, is it to be wondered at that much time was required to whip it into shape for active service?

McClellan, as a strategist, knew what the result would be, should he advance directly upon Richmond, retaining Washington City as his base.

He knew that every battle would be drawn; every victory achieved would find the opposing force on shorter lines, while his army would be farther and farther from its base, and with its front more and more extended. He studied the *map* as an engineer and strategist, and noted thereon streams, such as Bull Run, Acquia, Rapidan, Rappahannock, Matapony, Pamunky, North Anna, South Anna; or, better still, the rivers Potomac, York, and James.

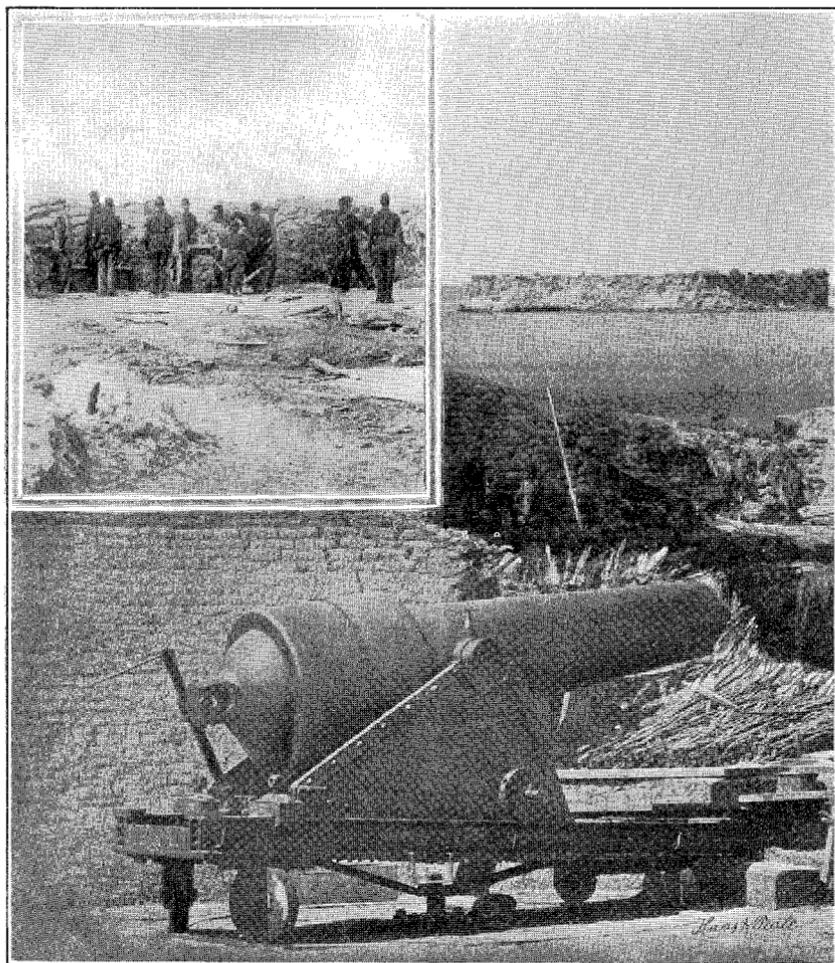
He realized at once that these watercourses were one and all defensive lines for any adversary if in retreat; all running to the Chesapeake on parallel lines and on lines at right angles to that which must be his

inevitable line of advance upon Richmond. He did then what all strategists would have done. He converted what otherwise might have been the enemy's lines of defense into lines of operation and supply for his own army, and this in the face of persistent and almost irresistible objections from no less a man than the Secretary of War, Stanton. He did more even than all this; his plot was well laid, and his enemy appreciated and feared him.* In the military profession the element of chance enters largely, and chance—not strategy, as his army at the time fully believed—defeated McClellan. He had his faults, grave ones too, and others better informed than the writer have made them quite clear. Here however there is this to be said, not only for those who have suffered in the past but for others yet to come who must, upon the battlefields of the future, command untrained and untried soldiers.

In the early days of any war in which our Nation embarks, there will inevitably be sacrifices of reputations, for which even our best young soldiers must be prepared, and this will ever continue until our people shall be brought to realize the consequences resulting from a state of unpreparedness for war.

Fortune's freaks in time of war are strange indeed, and our Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, and Schofield were themselves on the verge of that fate which overtook so many of their predecessors in command. Is there one to deny this fact?

* See footnote relating to the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., p. 162.



BATTERY C, 1ST ARTILLERY -- FORT SUMTER DEMOLISHED. "SWAMP ANGEL" [BURST AND DISMOUNTED] 300 POUNDER PARROTT RIFLE.

CHAPTER VII

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON AND BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER

AN expedition, under command of Gen. Thos. W. Sherman, U. S. A. ("Tim" Sherman), set sail from Annapolis, Md., on October 21, 1861, conveyed by a fleet of naval vessels under command of Commodore Dupont.

The expedition arrived at Hampton Roads, Va., on the following day and put to sea on the 29th of October under sealed orders, arriving at Port Royal, S. C., on the 1st of November. Adverse winds and perilous storms were encountered, and several of the transports were delayed and two lost; the Winfield Scott had to sacrifice her whole cargo and the Roanoke a portion of hers to save the lives of the regiments on board.

The vessels of the naval fleet suffered much and some of them were lost.

Fort Walker, Hilton Head Island, was attacked on November 7th at 9:30, and, after being under an incessant fire of five hours from the fleet, with loss of ten killed and many of its garrison wounded, the fort was evacuated by the enemy.

"The armament of the fort consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad model, bored to a thirty-two pounder and rifled; one eight-inch Columbiad model, bored to a

twenty-four pounder; one eight-inch Columbiad; nine navy thirty-two pounders; three navy forty-two pounders; three navy eight-inch Howitzers; two twenty-four pounders; two forty-two pounders carronades, and two long English twelve pounders."

General Sherman, in speaking of this engagement, says: "I was a mere spectator of the combat, and it is not my province to render any report of this action, but I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and manœuvring of our fleet against that of the Rebels and their formidable land batteries was a masterpiece of activity and professional skill that must have elicited the applause of the Rebels themselves as a tactical operation. I think that too much praise cannot be awarded to the science and skill exhibited by the flag officer of the naval squadron and the officers connected with the ships. I deem the performance a masterly one, and it ought to have been seen to be fully appreciated. After the works were reduced I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully-constructed work on Hilton Head was severely crippled and many of the guns dismantled. Much slaughter had evidently been made there, many bodies having been buried in the fort, and some twenty or thirty were found some half a mile distant.

"The island for many miles was found strewn with arms and accoutrements and baggage of the Rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into possession of about forty pieces of ordnance, most of which is of the heaviest calibre and the

most approved models, and a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage."

With Hilton Head Island and Beaufort on the mainland in our possession, Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River captured April 11, 1862, the Union forces were as well established to break the enemy's line of communication along the coast as if Charleston or Sumter had been held by us.

It was however clear that there were other reasons why these latter points should succumb to the Union arms. The blockade of Charleston's fine harbor and the various inlets from the sea was not as effective as desired, and daily the low-lying blockade runners with raking mast and lead-colored hulls slipped in and out through the cordon of Union vessels in spite of the greatest vigilance.

The squadron had no searchlights in those days and the fogs hung heavy at times along that coast. It was however under cover of darkness that the blockade runners were most successful in entering and departing from the harbor. Probably the largest portion of the Confederate importations were effected through this channel.

It was therefore clear that some great effort must be made to stop this traffic, on the part of the Confederates, with both France and England, principally with the latter country.

A large fleet of monitors, together with the New Ironsides, had been ordered to assemble off this coast early in 1863. At that time this was the most for-

midable fleet in the world in point of *effectiveness* of battleships, and Admiral Dahlgren was honored with its command. He was required to co-operate with a land force under Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, in a combined attack upon Fort Sumter and the city of Charleston. There was still another and most important motive prompting these operations.

The country had always felt that the flag must be once again run up on the staff of Sumter and its garrison returned. This sentiment was so strong that the talk in the early days of the war was to preserve the original garrison of the fort, as far as practicable, and restore it to the fort.

The operations during the summer of 1863 may be said to have commenced as early as May of that year, and it was expected would not be so futile as earlier efforts had been in accomplishing the stated object. The purpose of the General commanding was to approach Charleston by way of the Sea Islands.

After effecting a lodgment on Folly Island and fortifying the same, work was commenced at the north end of the island, where extensive batteries were constructed and thirty-two rifled guns with fifteen mortars were placed in position. The Union lines were no more than eight hundred yards from the Confederate batteries on the south end of Morris Island, but an inlet between the two islands favored our operations. The principal work was done at night, in order that the purpose of the Union general might not be revealed to the enemy, and this was carried on with great secrecy,

the operations being performed expeditiously and without the use of horses and mules, lest the animals should by neighing or braying disclose our purpose.

On the afternoon of the 8th of July a demonstration in force was made by way of James Island, south of the city, which feint was most successful in causing the withdrawal of the bulk of the enemy's force from the fortifications on Morris Island lying south of Fort Sumter.

The very large force sent by way of James Island with a numerous collection of transports caused the enemy to mass his troops at that point to oppose the advance upon the city of Charleston.

The real purpose of the Union commander was to effect a landing on Morris Island, capture the batteries at the extreme south end of the island, and as soon as practicable move upon the formidable outworks, Forts Wagner and Gregg, the latter fort being at the extreme north end of the island and almost within pistol range of Fort Sumter. On the morning of the 9th of July the batteries were manned for action at 1 A. M., but for reasons not understood at the time the action was postponed until the following day.

Gen. Truman Seymour, the brigade commander, entered the batteries and expressed impatience that the signal gun had not been fired, and directed that we should "open on the enemy before he could clear for action," as by this time the embrasures had been cut away and disclosed our position.

In the hasty loading of the first or signal gun, a

projectile had been rammed down before the powder and with consequent missfire. The charge had to be withdrawn, the muzzle of the gun depressed, and the projectile run out. This caused delay, and when the gun was reloaded no aim or proper elevation was attempted, since this was simply the signal gun to "commence firing." A primer was hastily inserted in the vent and the gun fired; this, then, was the first shot from the Union batteries in the siege of Charleston. It so happened that a company of Confederate regulars was drawn up in line at reveille roll-call some two miles in the rear of their line of batteries, and that the signal gun projectile plowed its way through a dozen or more empty tents, to the consternation and dismay of the enemy, who had no thought of an attack at the time.

By a remarkable coincidence this first shot was fired from Battery "C" of the First Artillery, and the writer learned that it was the same battery stationed in Charleston Harbor in 1832, at a time on a day (1832) when the redhot shot batteries of Castle Pinckney had been prepared to open upon the city of Charleston.*

Orders from President Jackson were received not to provoke hostilities and therefore the contemplated attack was not made. Throughout the "Nullification Times" no intercourse was held between the inhabitants of the city of Charleston and the troops stationed in that harbor. It was not until a fire broke out in the city and after the United States troops had rendered valuable

* This battery was commanded at the time by a first lieutenant, who was the father of the officer commanding the battery when it fired the first gun in the siege of Charleston, July 10, 1863.

assistance in its extinguishment, that the good feeling between the inhabitants and the troops was restored.

It is a matter of history that the Tenth Army Corps in the Department of the South, after a prolonged siege during the eventful and trying summer of 1863, finally captured the whole of Morris Island, and demolished Fort Sumter, leaving it a mass of ruins, but still with the Confederate flag flying, though it was daily shot away.

The assault on Fort Wagner on July 18, 1863, was probably one of the most disastrous affairs, considering the number of troops engaged, of any during the war, excepting always the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg.

The bombardment of Fort Wagner on this date by our fleet of monitors under Dahlgren, together with the gunboats and New Ironsides, was the most beautiful combined naval and army contest ever witnessed. The Union land batteries consisted of fifty siege guns, well placed, many of them of large caliber, and in position not far removed from Fort Wagner.* The bombard-

* General Seymour's official report of November 10, 1863, published in Official Records, War of the Rebellion, series I, volume XXVIII, part II.

* * * * *

The guns and material at the north end of Folly Island were transferred to Morris Island * * * and by the night of July 17th, in seven days, twenty-five rifled guns (ten, twenty, and thirty pounders) and fifteen siege mortars, with the large supplies required for their service, placed in position. This labor was performed under highly disadvantageous circumstances, under a broiling sun, with frequent heavy rains at night, under constant fire from the enemy's batteries, and at all times with very insufficient means of transportation.

ment of the fort was most destructive. The land batteries poured in a constant hail of shot throughout the day, while the monitors and the New Ironsides circled around on the water side of the fort, delivering fire from their fifteen-inch smooth-bore Dahlgrens as each in turn arrived at the firing point.

There were ten monitors moving on the inner, and a large number of wooden gunboats on the outer circle. Each monitor in passing delivered its shot in ricochet and then passed on, the shot skipping along the water and jumping into the fort. Ricochet was the only fire which was effective from the fleet, as direct shots buried themselves deep into the sand parapet, and, as it were, revetted the face of the fort, making it even stronger than before the shot had entered.

The fire from Wagner was very desultory toward the latter part of the day and it seemed as if the greater portion of the enemy had been driven from the fort and back on to his inner line, at Battery Gregg. Preparations were next in order to assault the fort after dark, the fire of the batteries and the fleet being persistently maintained before the assaulting column reached an indicated point, when a signal rocket admonished all Union guns to cease firing.

The column of assault, consisting of six thousand men, was drawn up along the beach about 5 P. M.; one of Putnam's New Hampshire regiments at the head of the column — Colonel Putnam, Lieutenant of the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

It was thought that the resistance of the enemy would not be great, as he must have suffered such casualties during the day as to have largely impaired his fighting strength, and therefore it was that Shaw's regiment (Massachusetts, colored), was advanced to the head of the column. This was to give these troops an opportunity to show what they could do for themselves under fire, and to correct what was hoped might be an erroneous impression, that the colored race could not be relied upon in action. In other words, there was to be an easy victory ahead, and the desire was to give prestige to colored organizations.

It is now well understood what colored troops can do in action since their conduct at Santiago, and their previous good work on the Plains. But these were thoroughly disciplined troops, whereas Shaw's soldiers were not well seasoned, although probably at the time the best of their kind.

The enemy during the day had retired to a bomb-proof that would comfortably accommodate two thousand men; here they were absolutely safe against the most destructive artillery fire, and certain it is, that no rain or hail of iron could have been more incessant than that poured upon the fort that day.

The Confederates had taken with them into the bombproof four twelve-pounder light artillery guns, and well knew what to look for after the bombardment. The stereotyped formula of the Union generals was, first bombard, and then assault, and the Confederates always laid low for the assault. Wagner was surrounded

by a deep ditch protected by abattis and *chevaux-de-frises* and there was no other approach to this fort except over a narrow neck of land, not much more than a company front in width, and over this the assaulting column must defile.

Gen. Truman Seymour, under Gilmore, with whom he was at the time serving, was in command of the assaulting column, which moved slowly up the beach in order not to arrive at the neck of land of which we have spoken, until after dark. The enemy noted the advance and preserved a dead and ominous silence in the fort. The fire both from the fleet and our land batteries ceased as the signal rocket shot up from the shore and was answered by another from the fleet.

For fully a quarter of an hour, the silence was unbroken save by the beating of the surf upon the beach. Just as the head of column reached the glacis of the fort, and our men were packed like sardines on the narrow neck, "Wagner" (before appearing as an ungainly and misshapen mass of sand) suddenly developed a fire along its entire parapet, and showed up as a perfect bastion fort, illuminated by incessant flashes of musketry and flash of artillery. Two thousand infantry with four guns as accessory concentrated their fire upon the packed mass of humanity blocked before them; now enveloped in darkness, illuminated only by the fire from the fort, which it was useless to return.

The colored regiment was down almost to a man and checked the advance of the other troops so effect-

ally that Putnam was compelled to climb over them with his New Hampshire troops and then up and over the abattis, down into the ditch and over the side of the fort, where with two hundred of his men and with a small number of men from Shaw's regiment this gallant young officer encouraged them to hold on until reinforcements should arrive.

Fully fifty per cent of the entire assaulting column was placed *hors de combat* in less time than it takes to tell it, and it was found to be quite impossible to advance those who were left. The Confederates, seeing this, came out from the works and into the ditch of the fort surrounding the bastion, and the desperate hand-to-hand fighting which followed admitted of no quarter for the gallant Putnam and his brave followers. All were shot down in the bastion of the fort, and the dead were buried where they fell.

The repulse of our assaulting column was so complete and demoralizing that a mere handful of men following up the retreating, disorganized force could readily have driven this remnant of the Union Army into the sea. Order fortunately was restored by the following morning, as all stragglers congregated at their regimental camps, the tents of which had not been "struck."

General Seymour was badly wounded, so much so as to necessitate his leaving the Army by transport for the North, one of his aides was killed and another wounded in this action. Shaw, the gallant colonel of the Massachusetts colored regiment, laid down his life

on the parapet of the fort, and General Strong* of the volunteers, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A., was killed. At a later period the fort was captured by the Union army, but only after prolonged siege operations, our saps† having been run to the very sally port of the fort. It was then found that the parapet and all the outworks of Wagner had been used as cemeteries for the dead; the removal of the least amount of sand revealing some limb of a human body.

Winter had set in and the major part of the command had been withdrawn from Morris Island, after the capture of the whole of the island and the destruction of Sumter. Headquarters were removed to Hilton Head, Port Royal Harbor. Those who had been hard worked during the summer had now a breathing spell.

The composite photogravure plate shows Sumter in its demolished condition in the distance, Fort Moultrie just beyond, and the "Swamp Angel" in the middle distance. This two-hundred-pounder Parrott burst on the seventeenth round, its shots having all reached the city of Charleston. Battery "C," First Artillery, which fired the first gun in these siege operations, is shown in the same plate, and a three-hundred-pounder Parrott in the foreground.

This latter gun was the most prominent one of the

* Strong and Putnam, killed in this action, had both been first captains of the Corps of Cadets.

† The man who ran the saps and lived, as it were, under constant fire for months, during the siege operations, was Lieut. Peter S. Michie, late Professor of Philosophy at the Military Academy.

group of so-called "Swamp Angels," used in the batteries before Forts Wagner and Sumter in the siege of Charleston, 1863-1864. The muzzle of this gun is shown to have been carried away with an irregular fracture by the premature explosion of a shell.

This irregularity so deflected the projectile that it became necessary to chip it off to an even bearing for the projectile as it left the bore.

To accomplish this it was necessary to call for a volunteer mechanic who would be willing to sit astride of the gun to do this work, within easy range of the enemy's batteries, and to operate under a constant fire of artillery and sharpshooters both night and day.

Some months after this the writer had occasion to again employ the same man, "Old Stray," for service at the ordnance depot of the Army of the Potomac. He was asked (in view of his being a German with but few months' residence in this country), "What motive prompted him to this deed of valor—certainly *not patriotism?*" He replied in broken English and in his native accent;—" *My hatred of slavery!* "

CHAPTER VIII

OFFICERS IN QUEST OF SPORT ON THE SKIRMISH LINE

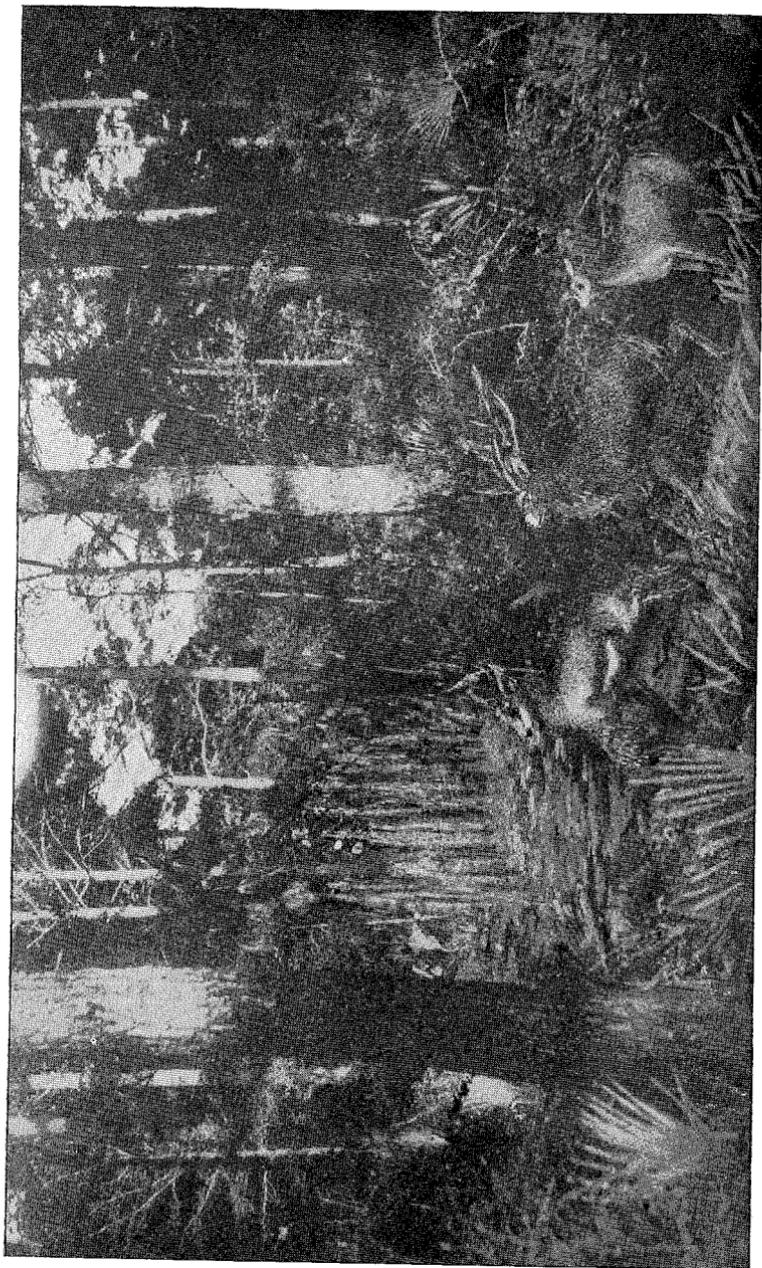
THE scene has shifted. Headquarters of the department for the winter months has been transferred to Hilton Head Island, Port Royal Harbor. Active operations have been suspended on Morris Island, and the Army has gone into winter quarters.

When opportunity offered, many of the officers would run up by boat to the First Artillery camp, at Beaufort, and were always met at the wharf by Langdon, captain of Battery "M" of that regiment.

The coach which carried the visitors in state to the battery camp had been picked up by Langdon in the stable of an abandoned mansion of this charming old Southern town, and to match his colors its running gear had been painted red — in fact the best endeavor of all visitors to the artillery headquarters was to assist the captain and his officers to so paint the entire town.

In search of adventure, Langdon had learned that an "agent" had two or three carriages stored away in a neighboring stable. "The idea that a Gideonite should have a carriage lying idle, absolutely going to decay, while the poor First Artillery could ride only on horses, struck him as supremely ridiculous."

"A council of war was held at headquarters, with the



DEER STAND.

result that an order from competent authority was obtained for a carriage from that particular stable."

The best one was selected, conditioned upon its being fully repaired and painted.

And painted it was! (Here let us quote Captain Langdon, *as he writes*, but not literally.)* Hidden in a hospital tent for a few days from prying eyes, it emerged one sunny morning, the wheels, pole, and other parts of the running gear a fiery red, while the body was a sickly green, the whole glistening with a thick coat of varnish. The horses were hitched in, driver mounted on the box, and the four ranking officers drew near to enter and take the first ride to town.

"Employed by the officers' mess, as valets, were two young colored gentlemen about eighteen years of age, named 'London' and 'Jeff.' The former was of rather a sombre temperament; but Jeff was cheerful and spry, and graceful withal as a monkey. Behind the carriage was a small platform, which had suggested the propriety of having a footman to give tone to the equipage. For over a week Jeff had been secretly drilled and equipped for this conspicuous position. A close-fitting swallow-tailed coat of brilliant scarlet was set off with gilt buttons and velvet trimmings. A pair of sky-blue government breeches encased his legs to just below the knee, where they ended under the clasp of plated knee buckles, the rest of the legs being clad in coarse, gray woolen stockings. A white "plug" hat,

* As he writes of Beaufort, S. C., in Haskin's History of the First Artillery.

with fashionable half-mourning to establish a claim to respectability, surmounted his black face, and he wore the conventional Berlin gloves."

"Jeff had an unpleasant way of never being able to stand with his knees and heels touching at the same time, and when embarrassed, rather gave the preference to the knees. But as a footman he was on the whole a success."

"The coach of the First Artillery was seen nearly every day, after drill hours, going about to all parts of the island, and rapidly became a popular institution. The volunteers laughed and the Gideonites, as we denominated the teachers, ground their teeth, but they all talked and carried the story of the drag even to the sandy trenches of Fort Wagner."

"On an occasion when a distinguished general officer was to visit the battery camp Jeff and the drag went down to meet him, and to give additional *éclat* to the occasion, a bugler in his scarlet striped jacket was mounted beside the driver."

Langdon related a very amusing episode which had transpired the day before our arrival:

"The Eighth Maine was camped right across the road from the battery. Only half a dozen yards divided the camps. That regiment had in their camp-ground a fine, tall flagstaff. But like the carriage, in its original condition it sadly needed painting. There was no flagstaff in the battery grounds, and that the American colors should float over a volunteer regiment and not over the First Artillery was a thorn in the flesh of the

First Artillery. It was determined in council not only to secure a flagstaff, but to get that particular one. The Eighth Maine was at that time a kind of 'Happy Family.' Scarcely a week passed without some poor devil getting in arrest, and at last the colonel himself was reported arrested. This was the moment chosen by the emissaries for fraternizing with the party out of favor with the colonel. The disaffected were made warm friends and lent themselves to the project."

How it was done Captain Langdon did not know, but at sundown the previous evening the weather-beaten flagstaff was standing in the Eighth Maine camp; and the morning of this recital it was gone, and in the battery camp stood one strangely like it, but freshly painted and flying a brand new garrison flag. There gathered "that afternoon a gay party of ladies and gentlemen to celebrate the flag-raising in the First Artillery camp."

After supper there was a grand jollification in which all joined in the "cake walk;" plantation ditties with the darkies, and they in turn helped us out in chorus to "Benny Havens, Oh!"

"To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battle-field the light of Heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny
Havens, Oh! etc."

It were a long story to tell, of the good times at the camp of Battery M, First United States Artillery, located in the very heart of Beaufort town. As the winter

months approached and hostilities had been suspended on Morris Island, it seemed by no means a bad plan for the officers to organize for a deer hunt. The islands along the coast, the Sea Islands, were known to abound in deer and small game, and prior to the war were used as hunting preserves by the planters and their sons. No sport of that kind had been indulged in by them for several years, as "they were out for other game."

There was promise here for relaxation and enjoyment after an arduous summer campaign. Morris Island, with its forts, Wagner and Gregg, was in our possession, and Sumter reduced to a mass of ruins, unrecognizable as a fort, but revetted as it were with iron on its land side — iron projectiles.

As headquarters had retired to Port Royal Harbor for the winter the time seemed propitious for the long-talked-of hunt.

A week off duty meant that a number of the commissioned officers of the Union Army would start from Hilton Head in a steam tug, and cross over Port Royal Harbor to find a footing on the Sea or Hunting Islands lying in a belt along the outer coast.

It was arranged that we should land at a certain deserted plantation, where the negroes held possession, and there be joined by the negro hunters with their hounds.

Since there was little, if any, hunting on these preserves during the war it was expected that the game would be plentiful.

The old darkies on the plantation where we landed viewed our coming much as did the aborigines of the Continent the landing of Christopher Columbus, and we were heartily welcomed by these simple souls. A supper had been prepared in advance of our anticipated arrival, consisting of venison, waffles, Maryland biscuit, and other good things in the preparation of which the negro cook excels. Here, occupied by a large family, was a cabin, consisting of but one room, as all, including pickaninnies, sleep on straw. The fire blazed high, as only the "light wood" fire of the Carolinas can.

There were not less than fifty spectators at the royal feast, and these enjoyed the entertainment quite as much as did the visitors their good supper, and the novelty of the situation.

A few hours later we were winding our way by devious route through the creeks of the swamp, in a large plantation boat supplied with ten or a dozen double sets of row-locks, a darky for each pair.

In the bow of the boat an equal number of hounds were crouched and in the "stern sheets" muffled in blankets and capes, the officers were lulled to sleep by the darkies' old plantation melodies, keeping time to the stroke of the oar.

Phosphorescence glided off in silvery masses from the oar blade, and by the light of a full moon the weird scene required but slight stretch of imagination to suggest thoughts of voyaging in some other world.

On arriving at our destination, after midnight, we

set about preparing a temporary resting-place for the few remaining hours of the night. Then it was that the light wood blazing up shed its warm and glowing light upon the rich verdure of the tide-water swamp, where grow the cypress, live oak, loblolly pine, tupelo, and magnolia festooned all with Spanish moss. After a few hours' rest we were up and off at early dawn to start the hounds, and Uncle Daniel, our chief guide, placed us at the stands. Here we were surrounded on all sides by evergreen masses of canebroke, sweet myrtle, and the bay bedecked with yellow jessamine. Where else, if not here, should we find the home of the deer and other wild creatures of the forest?

The deer are numerous on the islands of the Carolinas, and the Virginia deer, like other nocturnal animals, are rarely seen in the daytime unless disturbed, or in threatening weather, and always walk at night.

They browse on the buds and evergreen shrubs of the native swamps, and at times do not disdain to visit the cultivated field, if any be at hand. At sunrise the deer selects a spot for its daily nap — one well sheltered if the day is cold, or shaded if the day is warm. The habits of this deer give the cue to those who hunt it; and since, in its nocturnal wanderings in search of food, it leaves its scent about the bushes and the grass for hours after, a "cold trail dog" will take this scent and follow till he finds the animal asleep.

One such hound will lead a pack, the other dogs well understanding the meaning of his occasional yelp, and hunting of this kind develops woodcraft and a habit

of "o'bobsovervation" (as "Uncle Tom" would say) little short of marvelous in those of African descent, whose forefathers were imported two centuries ago.

There was one of this type with our party, one who smiled at the other darkies, and this cynical old fellow, Uncle Daniel, was of course our guide.

In his veins there ran a taint of the Seminole, mixed with the native African blood, and often did he astonish us throughout the hunt by his unerring judgment in pursuit of the game.

Like the dog of the "cold trail," so it was with Uncle Daniel, and we soon learned that from the voices of the dogs he could tell at once just where the deer would run; indeed the old man seemed to be gifted with the voice of the prophet.

His predictions never failed, and so certainly were they realized that there was no suggestion even of chance or coincidence.

When on the "stand," his vision was like that of the hawk, and no motion missed his keen eye; his ear noted and recognized sounds that made not the slightest impression on others, and his hunter logic excelled that of the mathematician.

A fact well understood about the Virginia deer is that, when roused in the day and chased by the dogs, they leave the woods by regular paths. These paths in the Adirondacks are known as "deer runs." The hunters take "stands" at intervals, and usually some one or other of the party gets a shot; not always however with the certainty of killing, though he may hit

the animal. When on this hunt, we found ourselves at times sitting out all day long without other companions than the birds and minor beasts, listening for the yelp of the hounds, but for long hours hearing nought save the chatter of the squirrel, the scream of the hawk, the pecking of the woodpecker, and other sounds of the virgin forest; to be suddenly awakened by the deep note of a hound, followed in a few moments by a burst of music from the whole pack in full cry.

Now is your wish to be realized! On they come — nearer and nearer — while you scarcely move or breathe; one slightest motion and your chance for a shot has gone.

Ah! here he comes, with horns thrown back and head and shoulders set as the race horse at the winning post; out from the thicket with the speed of the lightning express he bolts.

Now, keep dead still; the animal's mind is on the dogs; he is coming straight at you; but, as you step forward to take aim, he sees the movement and swerves so quickly to the left that your shot has missed, and he is out of range before you can recover.

At times we wait in vain, and the voices of the dogs, at first so near, gradually die away, and with them go our hopes; then, when really discouraged and ready to give up, suddenly the note is heard again and turned our way, when back to the stand we run, pulses bounding and nerves strained to the utmost tension. We hear the crackle of the cane with eye glued to the spot, and what do we see? Not a single deer, but a buck

and a doe, bounding as if to show their powers and defying a ten-rail fence.

Oh, such a sight! They think not of us, and every leap brings them nearer and nearer. Such specimens of their kind, and now we have time to study them; they are "playing before the dogs," and thinking of nothing else. Already we are measuring those horns, and thinking how they will look upon our wall as we sight along the barrel of the gun. Fire! down goes the buck, but up again and off before we can think to fire the second barrel, so sure are we that the first has killed. In despair the second barrel is fired, when it seems as if there could be no hope; but to our amazement the buck has gone down; our first shot was not so bad after all, and when we reach the spot, there, at our feet, is one of the finest bucks we had ever the good fortune to see.

Having had but little sleep the night before, and being assured by Uncle Daniel that the hounds and deer were off and away, it was useless to continue the hunt that day; and it was concluded to pitch the tent that we had brought along with us and one or two of the large paulins for shelter tents, and to get ourselves in comfortable shape for the week's hunt on this and the neighboring islands. In other words, to establish a temporary camp for headquarters.

We had brought a steward (an Englishman), with us from a vessel of the blockading squadron. And while assured that he was a first-class cook and a good provider, we were told that we must look out for him, as

“he could smell a jug of rum forty miles below the surface of the earth.” Now, the principal difference between Sullivan and the rest of the party was this, that, whereas we took our rum on the installment plan, he was very apt to lay in a wholesale supply, following the custom of the Indian messenger, who if given a week’s supply of food sits down and eats it all at once, draws a strap tight around his waist to stop digestion, and then starts upon his trip at the dog-trot. This works fairly well for eatables, but for drinkables the practice finds a failing case.

The warning given us invited a council of war to determine how or where we should locate our commissariat, and how, having located it, we were to maintain our line of communication without discovery.

All were up bright and early the following morning, and at selected “stands” in the woods. The hounds on the previous day had “rattled” most of the deer and the herds were scattered. In fact the deer appeared to be running wild, the hounds first on one trail and then on another.

An incident of this day’s hunt quite impressed the writer. He seemed to be surrounded by the hounds — right in their very midst — and was sure that the deer might show himself at any moment. On the instant in rushed one of the darkies, calling out: “Standing thar! standing thar, Lieutenant!” “Where?” “Standing thar! standing thar!” Great Heavens! we

thought, the deer is standing still and we can't see him, and surely he'll not stand there long in this cyclone. On rushed the darky, still shouting, "Standing thar! standing thar, Lieutenant!"

Here we were with a deer standing still to be shot at and to lose our chance from being blind; the deer would surely escape before we could get a shot at it. The cracks of rifles were heard all around and about, and it was certain that several deer were being killed by the party. In fact, that evening three deer were brought into camp — a buck and two does.

When the writer got hold of the darky who had come upon him during the hunt, he asked him, "Where in God's world was that deer standing when you shouted?" He replied, "Thar warnt no deah standin'; de deah was runnin'." "Why did you tell me he was *standing*?" "I tole you, Lieutenant, 'To stan' thar yo'self, an' keep on dat stan'; de deah was a comin' right fur you!"

There was considerable contention that night as we sat around our board at supper (the board being a canvas laid out on the ground) as to who shot the buck. Three claimed to have brought him down. Two rifle bullets were certainly found in the deer's body, bullets not from the same rifle.

To stop the altercation, one of the party said he was reminded of a story of an old darky who was working a stone quarry down in Virginny "befo' de war." "Uncle Robert, how are we getting on?" said the young master, as he rode up: "Dar you go agin, Marse Ned: 'How is *we* gittin on?' You reminds me of a

passel of coons dat went out huntin' in Sou' Car'liny. 'Long Sam' wen' 'long wid dem, an' dey 'ranged demselves 'round de swamp, an' put in de dogs, when putty soon sumthin' moved. Long Sam ups wid his rifle an' down draps sumthin'.

"Den dey all shouted, 'Ain' we lucky; dun got one already.'

"Long Sam sez, 'No *we* 'bout dis, pleas; I dun shot dat deah.'

"An' when dey got up to what dey s'posed was de deah, lo! and behol'! dar was Marse Richard's pet colt, what he got out of dat mar' he brought down from Richmon' last yeah. An' Long Sam sez, 'Boys, ain' *we* jes played hell?' 'No *we* 'bout dis,' sez de boys, 'you dun shot *dat colt*.' Now, Marse Ned, *I'ze* wurkin' dis 'ere stun quarry, an' *we'z* only gittin' on *middlin*!'"

It was far into the shades of night before it could be finally determined which one of the *we*'s was to have the deer. A similar animated dispute was going on at the darkies camp fire, and so we wandered over to get a share of their fun: "Dar you go — dar you go agin wid you' lies, you brack nigga, you; tell me dat any deah gwine to cum up to you an' let you ketch him by de leg; go home; don' cum talkin' like dat to me." "What's the matter?" we said. "Why," says the speaker, "he's dat nigga tellin' 'bout a doe an' a yea'lin' cummin' right up to him and he stan'in' still widout breadin' an' de deah takin' him for a stump ob a tree. Den he kotch de yea'lin' by de leg an' dis yea'lin' drag dis lyn' nigga a haf mile."

"Dars dat oder nigga; dars mo' truff in his story.

"He sez dat a doe got up an' jes' kin' ob walked 'way lookin' at him, an' he didn' shoot kase he was sartin' shur' dat dar was a 'buck' 'roun' dar sumwhars. 'Putty soon one start up,' so this nigga sez, an' he didn' see nuthin' but a streak of light and he fired in de air and sumthin' stopped an' turned ober, jes' like the water-wheel down at de mill; den he saw it was a 'buck.' He killed dat 'buck,' dis nigga sez, but he got 'way from him kase de dogs wouldn' go in arter him, and Uncle Daniel sez dat's a fac', dat de dogs won' take you to de deah when de deah is dead. All de same, Lieutenant, I b'lieb dis nigga's lyin', an' he neber killed de 'buck,' he say he did."

Here is another little matter which must not be overlooked.

Sullivan had been left during the hours of the hunt all alone in camp, and was the only one "at home to visitors."

A Virginia deer, tempted to a dangerous precinct by the demon curiosity, walked in upon Sullivan. Sullivan, "get your gun," was the first thought suggested, but he later acknowledged to a bad case of "buck ague." He seized a double-barrel shotgun in the ecstasy of the moment and gave the visitor a parting salute and a good sprinkle of bird shot. In his endeavor to overtake the deer he ran upon a flock of ducks, all of which took to the wing, with the exception of a solitary diver, "whereby hangs a tale." As the diver very imprudently left the water and took to

flight, Sullivan winged him just at the instant that a valuable bird dog belonging to one of the party came upon the scene.

Attracted by the report of the gun, and seeing the wounded diver, the dog plunged in after it, and, to the dismay of Sullivan, started out to sea with the bird well in the lead. Sullivan watched the chase until the diver was out of sight, but the dog kept on; it appearing to Sullivan, a mile or so away, still following the bird, until both were entirely lost to view.

Sullivan was much demoralized at the possible loss of this valuable dog which had been left in his charge; but some hours later, the animal returning, laid at his feet what was left of the diver. He thought he would put it out of misery by wringing its neck, but in attempting to do so found it hard and tough as rubber, so that this feat, not being accomplished, the bird was thrown aside to let nature take its course. Later on it was found to have quite revived; after this its leg was fastened by a string to a tree and the diver was held in captivity by Sullivan until his return to his vessel in the blockading squadron.

Sometime after the diver was dubbed "Hanks." — "Hanks," the mascot — and soon became quite a favorite with the sailors. With his wings well clipped and "given a little rope" in the water, "Hanks" remained alongside the ship in the day and came aboard at night. After awhile he became so attached to the vessel and its crew that without the rope combination he followed her around as she cruised from port to port,

and came aboard at the meal hour bugle call and at "taps." For years after the war and the deer hunt Sullivan and "Hanks" were inseparable companions.

Any one can see that this is a *wild duck* story, and therefore of necessity must be a *little fishy*.*

Whatever may be said of Sullivan as a hunter, his accomplishments in the culinary department had a most important bearing, as we shall see. Several deer were wounded on the third day and two more were brought in, making six in all, if we include those shot on the previous days. A fine chance offered this day and we brought down a doe, but only after experiencing a bad attack of "buck ague." Placed by Uncle Daniel at what was known to be the best stand on the island, it was not long after the hounds were put in the woods that their baying grew more and more distinct and satisfied us that the deer would soon make its appearance. There flitted across the swamp, from the line of woods to a clump of trees in the middle of the swamp, something akin to birds or swallows, rising and falling in their flight as they follow one another, but so close was this to the swamp grass as to be very suspicious. Here the writer ran forward with gun at full cock, in a state of excitement, believing this might be a deer, leaping as he ran. Scarcely had he reached a position some three hundred yards in advance of the stand before a large buck passed over the very spot which had

* We have in this instance to acknowledge valuable assistance from John Paine, Esq., who is well acquainted with our friend Hanks. Contemporaries, no doubt.

been abandoned, and got away without a shot being fired. At the same instant, from out of the clump of trees in the swamp, a doe bounded forward, head on, and received an entire charge of buckshot in her breast. The doe fell forward, turned a somersault, but, picking herself up, started away at high speed. The second barrel was fired, but, as the sequel showed, without effect. After this the chase began. On came the dogs in full cry, following up the deer for quite a distance until she turned at bay. Here a valuable gun stock was smashed into smithers (a borrowed gun), and someone had to pay heavily for this day's fun. Before returning to camp a drizzling, chilly rain set in late in the afternoon and soaked us all to the skin.

Ah! well, there was the comfort of a good hot supper in store, but on approaching the camp Sullivan's tent flaps were closed and tied up hard and fast. This was quite significant, and it soon became clear that the camp commissariat had been discovered. There had been originally a good supper prepared, but it was now spread over the floor of Sullivan's tent — a chicken or two, several omelets, a hunk of butter, and other delicacies, all of which might have contributed to the inner comforts of a wet and mud-bedraggled party:— a bad "spread" indeed was this and on the ground floor of Sullivan's tent. Making the best we could of the unfortunate business, we shook up Sullivan, who, on recovering himself, somewhat, set to work, with the assistance of the darkies, to prepare a second edition of his work.

That evening, while we were indulging in a game of

cards, Sullivan, the more fully to reassure us as to his sobered condition, requested "the gentlemen, before retiring to be kind enough to *turn down* the candle."

We had other game on the islands—squirrels, rabbits, ducks and curlew—and were arranging for a hunt of this kind when one of the darkies suddenly rushed into our tent and said that he was sure that some of the gentlemen from Charleston were near at hand, that he had seen their camp-fires, and there were at least a dozen in the party. This was very suggestive of Andersonville Prison. One thing was quite certain, and that was that our hunt must abruptly end, as the presence of white men on the islands would certainly have attracted the attention of the late arrivals. It was suggested however that the darkies of the party should continue the hunt with the hounds and keep in touch with the officers only so far as practicable, and that the officers should make a detour and get off on their own hook as best they might, the darkies joining them if possible at the boat landing. The retreat was in this way successfully effected, and in the course of twenty-four hours we were all safely landed at the plantation where the tugboat was in waiting to carry the party back to Port Royal Harbor.

CHAPTER IX

THE FINAL CAMPAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR

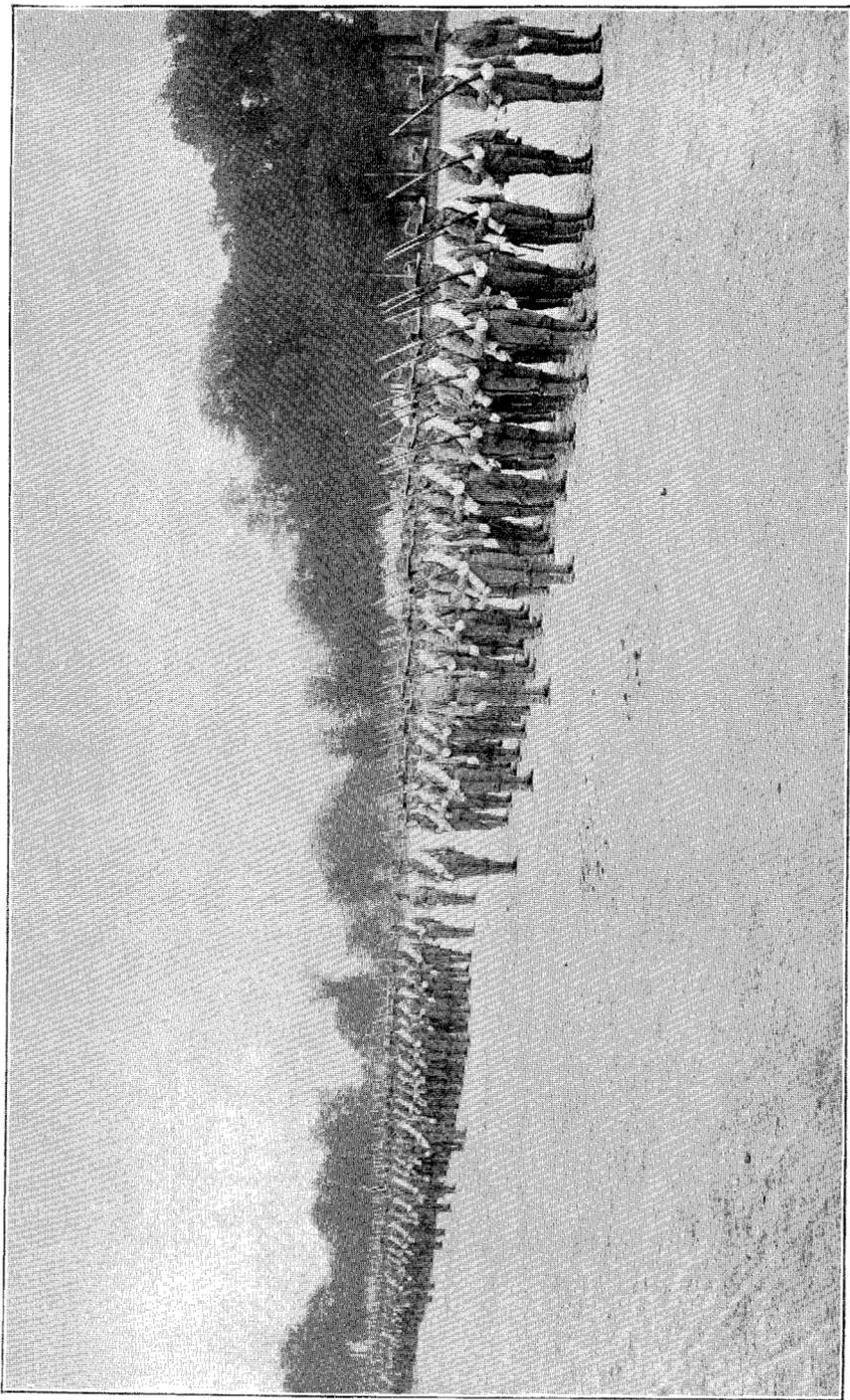
ABOUT the time of the transfer of the Tenth Army Corps from the Department of the South to the Army of the James, the principal supply depot of the Army of the Potomac was established at City Point, Virginia.

In a previous chapter brief reference has been made to McClellan's plan of campaign, followed by operations against Richmond, with base of supply first at White House on the York River, and later with base at Harrison's Landing, James River.

The plan of overland march was not at that time adopted for reasons already given, and foreign military critics agree that McClellan's course was by far the best that he could then have pursued.

His change of front and change of base from White House to the James was a masterly stroke, resulting, as it did, in well establishing his Army and terminating the seven days' contests in final victory at Malvern Hill.* When Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant assumed command of the eastern armies and took the field in person with Meade as his lieutenant, the force with which he had to cope consisted of some sixty-seven thousand

* See foot note, pages 161 and 162, giving details of this battle. In this same connection, see also note reference on page 112.



CADETS AS INFANTRY ON PRACTICE MARCH.

well-conditioned veteran soldiers and two hundred and twenty-four guns under the command of Robert E. Lee.

Grant's main object was to capture Lee's Army, and incidentally the Capital of the Confederacy. With a total force of one hundred and twenty-two thousand men and three hundred and sixteen guns* he determined to march directly against his adversary, and as the sequel showed, he arrived at or near the same point that McClellan had finally established as his base, and City Point, Va., became General Grant's base of supplies and the James River his line of communications.

The combined operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, striking the enemy simultaneously front and rear, greatly facilitated the advance of the Army of the Potomac by the overland route. And yet even while so operating, Grant's losses were enormous. In the two months during which the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Drury's Bluff, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, and the Battle of the Mine at Petersburg were fought, his losses aggregated in killed and wounded alone some fifty thousand men, whilst the exhausting effect of this campaign, the country being low and marshy, showed itself in an immense sick list of malarial diseases. The Confederate Army had one great advantage, its personnel was inured to the climate, and furthermore the enemy operated always on interior lines and near his base.

It would be safe to say that Grant's force was depleted fifty per cent., as against a depletion in the ranks of his

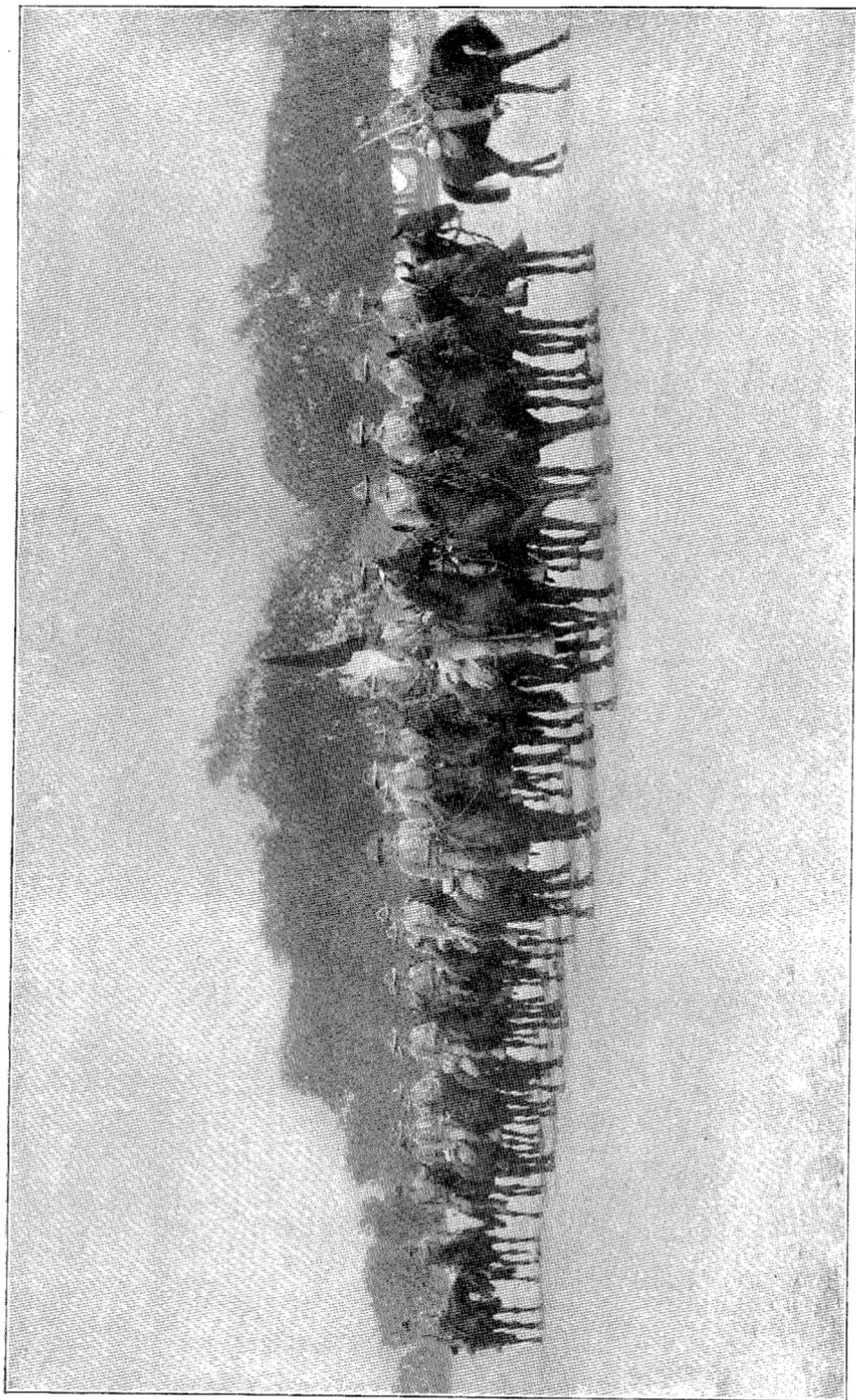
* Army of the Potomac, one hundred thousand; Army of the James, twenty-two thousand. Burnside's Corps increased Grant's available force by twenty thousand men.

adversary of not more than thirty per cent. up to the time a lodgment was effected by the Union Army on the south bank of the James River at City Point, Va. The strength of the opposing armies in July, 1864, may be reckoned at seventy thousand and forty thousand men, and in favor of the Union Army.

Grant, as he had the right to do, counted upon large reinforcements to be obtained by conscription, whereas the losses of his adversaries from day to day could no longer be compensated.

The Rebellion was "on its last legs," so to speak, and the game, with loss of four or even six to one, could be played with impunity by the commander of the Union armies. It is next in order to refer to certain incidents of the campaign brought under the personal notice of the writer.

The cause of the explosion of one of the numerous barges at City Point, Va., on August 9th, was not ascertained until the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln, when the work was traced to the torpedo bureau at Richmond. A clock-work torpedo was placed in the barge by a negro emissary and so regulated as to explode between the hours of 12 and 1 P. M., an hour when it was assumed that the laboring force would be absent for dinner. The object, as later disclosed, was not to destroy human life, but to lay waste the depot of supplies of the Union armies. Gen. Rufus Ingalls, in his annual report, dated September 28, 1865, says: "On the 9th of August, near noon, there occurred a fearful explosion in the midst of the City Point depot,



CADETS EQUIPPED AS CAVALRY ON PRACTICE MARCH.

killing and wounding some two hundred and fifty employees and soldiers, throwing down over six hundred feet in length of warehouses, and tearing up some one hundred and eighty linear feet of the wharf.

“It was found that a barge laden with ordnance stores had been blown up. Immense quantities of shot and shell were thrown into the air and much of it fell into the encampment of the Lieutenant-General, wounding however only one, Colonel Babcock, of his staff. The Lieutenant-General himself seems proof against the accidents of flood and field.”

It was assumed at the time that this explosion was the result of accident and the wreck of the ordnance material was cleared up and removed to a point well away from the central point of the general depot.

General Grant reported “Every part of the yard used as my headquarters is filled with splinters and fragments of shell. I do not know yet what the casualties are beyond my own headquarters. Colonel Babcock is slightly wounded in hand and one mounted orderly killed and two or three wounded and several horses killed.

“The damage to wharf must be considerable both in life and property.”

As is not unusual, after any tragic event, many were the stories told of hairbreadth escapes. The Fifth Cavalry officers with Grant's escort at headquarters were having a quiet “little game” with Clitz of the Navy holding “a full” and holding it so fast that when the cyclone struck the party and dropped Clitz some

twenty feet or more away, behind a barrel, there he sat, still gripping his cards and ready to go on with the game.

A darky riding up the hill on a mule was seen for the last time and the quartermaster was short one mule, but the saddle was recovered on the ridge pole of a tent some quarter of a mile or so away. A clerk in the office on the bluff had a shell pass through the wall and over his head, but as he fled across the yard, when escaping through a back window, he was struck in the neck by another shell and killed outright.

Under date, Richmond, June 3, 1865, Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck writes the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: "I have just received the original official report of John Maxwell of the Rebel Secret Service, of the blowing up of the ordnance stores at City Point, last year. It appears that the explosion was caused by a horological torpedo placed on the barge by John Maxwell and R. K. Dillard." The following is an extract from the report of John Maxwell above referred to, and is interesting in connection with the facts before given relative to an occurrence of a very exceptional nature: "On arriving in Isle of Wight County, on the 2d of August, we learned of immense supplies of stores being landed at City Point, and for the purpose, by stratagem, of introducing our machine upon the vessels there discharging stores, started for that point. We reached there before daybreak on the 9th of August last, with a small amount of provisions, having traveled mostly by night and crawled upon our knees to pass the east