

# SOUVENIR.



## First Regiment of Heavy Artillery Massachusetts Volunteers.

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DEDICATION OF MONUMENT,

May 19, 1901.

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PRESENTED BY

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Hon. Henry. Cabot Lodge.

compliments of  
The First Mass. Heavy Art. Assn.

J. W. Gardner  
Secy.









BATTLE MONUMENT  
 Spottsylvania, Va.

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Gift.

Hon H. C. Lodge  
June 16 06



## PREFACE

### COMRADES:

The committee desire to thank the comrades and friends who so generously contributed, making it possible to erect the beautiful monument which now stands on the Harris farm, the field of May 19, 1864.

"The day in June" is an exact description of May 19, '64.

"The nameless Graves" by Genl. DePeyster is appropriate.

Genl's Grant and Meade were at Army Headquarters during the fight. The 7th and 8th N. Y. H. Art. were in reserve between Army Hdqrs. and the front line (held by the 1st Me. and the 1st Mass.) and did not go into the fight until after the arrival of the men of the 2d and 5th Corps.

Ewell's Corps contained about 9000 men in three Divisions and were marching by the left flank toward Fredericksburg, Genl. J. B. Gordon in advance, Genl. Rodes in the centre, followed by Genl. Hoke. The heaviest of the battle was between Genl. Gordon's Div. facing the 1st Me. and Genl. Rodes Div. facing the 1st Mass. Genl. Kitchings Brigade on our left (6th and 15th N. Y. H. Art.) were engaged with Hokes Div. and lost heavily.

Genl. Wade Hampton in command of a Div. of Cavalry moved around our right flank entering Fredericksburg.

The report of Genl. Ramsem's report is correct in the main, and I wish to place on record here, that the three charges made by his gallant troops will never be forgotten, the conditions which they met each time they appeared in the open were fearful and deadly, and the second and third charges over the same ground were persistent and to them most destructive.

The casualties in Tyler's Div. were about 1300, killed, wounded and missing, of which 527 were from the 1st Maine and 398 from the 1st Mass.—Genl. Ewell placed his loss at *about* 900, it must have been more, for the burial parties found as many of the Gray as the Blue,—A few of those who wore the Blue were recognized and the rude headstones of pieces of board, tin plate or dipper, the name scratched thereon with a sharp point was the best that could be done. They were laid away in long trenches near where they fell, many of the boys in Blue sleep near our monument, and *all* of those in Gray are unmarked.

To those who are "lost and nameless" both of the Blue and the Gray,—Americans all—I most tenderly dedicate this souvenir.

JOS. W. GARDNER,

*Secretary.*





OUR OLD COMMANDER,  
COL. NATH L SHATSWELL.



## “A MOST BEAUTIFUL DAY.”

SPOTTSYLVANIA, VA.

May 19, 1864.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice ;  
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace ;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—  
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best ?

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE NAMELESS GRAVES.

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The stalwart and gentle, the old and the young,  
The colonel with words of command on his tongue,  
The private who lingered to cheer her who clung  
About him her lord and her lover ;  
The hope of the cottage, the pride of the hall,  
The stay of the widow, her only and all,  
Now sleep with the soil of the South for a pall,  
The sod of the South for a cover,  
In groves of dark pine where the twilight is dim,  
Where shadows like spirit forms circle and swim,  
And voices from somewhere seem chanting a hymn,  
Our heroes and brothers are lying.  
And as you bring blossoms to cover your brave  
Who peacefully sleep where the evergreens wave,  
Pray that the wild flowers may grow on the grave  
Where the tenant is lost and is nameless—.

BY J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

June 1883.



GROUP AT THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.





Boston, May 13, 1901.

Dear Comrades:—At last comes the day for the departure of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association and its friends for the ever sacred soil of Old Virginia, with the purpose in view of visiting the old battlefields and the dedication of a monument to the memory of the many brave comrades who sleep in unmarked graves. The forenoon has been dull and rainy, but shortly after 1 p. m. the skies clear away and the sun gives forth her approving presence to cheer us on. The comrades begin to arrive and we miss many whom we had hoped would be of the party; the ladies, in particular, were not so many as we had anticipated, but we need not here say that though the number was small the quality was first-class. It was near 4 p. m. when Capt. March of the good S. S. Nantucket of the Merchants & Miners Line pulled gently away from the wharf. As we moved down the harbor, there rang out on the clear air the bugle calls from Comrade Bradley's bugle, the same old bugle and the same old boy to blow it who sent us in to the deadly charge of May 19, 1864. Its tone and music sent the mind back many a year to the days of the cruel war. We immediately set about making acquaintance with those of the party who did not belong to the Regiment, and soon succeeded in making all feel "at home," everybody falling into the sociable mood at once. At about 8 p. m. we sat down to a fine dinner. At near its close the vote was taken by members of the Regiment, and each excursionist was made an honorary member of the Regiment during the trip.

In looking over the S. S. Nantucket, we find her a floating palace; all the appointments are first-class; everything in order to secure the comfort and convenience of her patrons; and in command one of the finest of the old school gentlemen, Capt. March. Our first meal was a sample of what we were to expect from his able and attentive steward, and it was most excellent.

After leaving Highland Light, our course was around Cape Cod, inside of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, passing near to Gay's Head on our left and near Block Island on our right.

Leaving Montauk Point on our right, our course is direct for Cape Charles, the southern point of Maryland, at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay.

Even before reaching Highland Light, it was evident that old ocean was in a careless mood. Although she looked calm and placid, her intentions were not favorable to us. We were to be treated to the "long roll," which, I am informed, is the most tedious condition for a fresh water sailor. After the dinner, many sought their staterooms, some for sleep and others—well, to make themselves more comfortable. During the night there were many strange noises, and in the morning there appeared the usual group of old-fashioned, pale-faced liars. Had G. W. been with us, I think he would have joined the crowd and broke over just once. All were in good spirits, many having seen Fire Island Light, which we passed 200 miles to the right of us about 2 a. m.

After a splendid breakfast, we began to feel more at home on the boat, and although we still were favored with the long roll, the most of us had added our "little bit" to swell the tide and were now quite tidy seamen. We are passing the day making ourselves acquainted with new-found friends, who are to be our companions for the next ten days, and as we meet one after another we are more than proud of the elegant character of our excursion. It could not have been a cleaner and better party. The gents' smoking room is well patronized, and a few are enjoying themselves at cards; but the little parties of half a dozen who are chatting together seem to enjoy themselves as well as possible, if the merry laugh is to be taken into consideration. Well, at about 2 p. m. our good Captain became sick of the long roll, and he told your humble servant that he was going to run a little way out to sea, which I think he did, for in half an hour we were in water as smooth and quiet as one of our New England ponds—and so it remained during the rest of the voyage.

We passed Cape Charles Lightship about 2 a. m. of the 15th, and at 3.30 a. m. were off Cape Charles, the southern extremity of Maryland. We were soon in Chesapeake Bay. Many of the party were on deck, and the Reveille from the bugle called the balance. All were well repaid for the early call. Just about sunrise we passed Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe on our right, and the Rip-Raps on the left, and around the point into Norfolk—passing the beautiful grounds of the Marine

Hospital on our right. After a most elegant breakfast on the boat, everybody was ready, and in a short time all were on the dock. Three hearty cheers were given for the S. S. Nantucket, Capt. March and the steward, and pinning a white badge on each, invited them to join us at any point of the excursion. The order was to look after your own baggage and go as you please to the depot to take the train for Petersburg at 9.35. Electrics were plenty and carried us direct to depot.

The ride from Norfolk to Petersburg was through the Dismal swamp for a long distance, and occupied nearly two hours. This part of the State has not improved much in appearance during the last forty years.

Arriving in Petersburg about 11.30 a. m., the ladies went immediately to Hotel Imperial, were assigned rooms, and were soon comfortably located.

*[From the Petersburg Daily Appeal.]*

The First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association, in charge of Colonel John W. Hart, of Salem, Mass., who are on a visit to Washington and the battlefields of Virginia, arrived from Norfolk on the "Ocean limited" train, and were met at the depot by A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, about fifty-five strong, under the command of Commander Wm. E. Harwood. The camp, headed by its fine drum corps, marched from its hall on Tabb street to the depot, and attracted much attention as it paraded through the streets. On arriving at the railway station the "Vets" were formed in line on the platform, and as the train pulled into the station gave the visitors a hearty rebel yell. After alighting from the cars the visiting veterans formed in line and, preceded by A. P. Hill Camp, marched to the hall of the latter, where they were welcomed on the part of the camp by Commander Harwood, who spoke as follows:

As commander of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg, gentlemen of the "Old Bay State," on behalf of the Camp, I extend to you a hearty welcome to our hall.

We welcome you as citizens of a grand old Commonwealth, honored and respected by our fellows. We welcome you as veterans of the greatest struggle of modern times, who, from a firm conviction of right, and a noble sense of duty, offered your lives upon the field of battle in defence of principles, and proved yourselves "foemen worthy of our steel."

Brave men will always honor and respect brave men. Men may differ upon questions as to the constitutionality of laws, but who will doubt their fidelity to their cause, or their heroic deeds during those "heroic days" of '61 and '65, when "life was counted but a worthless thing, where honor was at stake," of either the men who wore the Blue or the men

who wore the Gray, and by their deeds showed the world the valor of true American manhood?

You gentlemen have your memories of the past; we have ours—"Memories wreathed with honor and immortal fame"—a common heritage of a brave and patriotic people.

And when the end came, after four years of arduous struggle, when forced to yield to overwhelming numbers, the noble conduct of your great Commander, more magnanimous than Washington to a fallen foe, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the ragged veterans who followed the fortunes of our great Southern Chieftain, who is today "the idol of the South and the admiration of a reunited country."

When the Confederate soldier laid down his arms at Appomattox and furled that flag which he had followed for four long years with pride and honor, and renewed his allegiance to his country, then and there the war ended. How well he has kept his oath, the Spanish-American war will forever silence all cavil and doubt.

As an object lesson, there hangs upon yonder wall a picture of a gallant youth, born and reared in this old Cockade City, a member of this camp, who in the vigor of early manhood carried the flag of his regiment from the Bloody Angle of Spottsylvania to the burning brink of yonder Crater. Though ripe in years and full of military glory and civic honors, yet at his country's call he offered his sword and died at the head of his regiment upon the firing line in far away Manila, as true and as faithful to the "Stars and Stripes" as he had been true and faithful to the "Stars and Bars."

And, today, there is a noble youth, a native of this old town, the son of the first commander of our camp, who is bearing aloft his country's cause upon his sword in that far distant isle.

Sirs, that "Starry Banner" that symbolizes the indestructibility of the American Union and the majesty of American citizenship to us all, is as safe today in the hands of the old Confederate soldiers and their scions as it is beneath the shadow of your own Bunker Hill.

Gentlemen, again I extend to you a cordial welcome to our hall.

I now have the honor of introducing to you the Chief Executive of Petersburg, the Hon. J. M. Pleasants, who will extend to you the freedom of the city.

Mayor Pleasants spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery:

If I might judge from the friendly greetings you have already received, and those you are yet to receive, the cordiality of which is attested by this large presence, I would say that no formal welcome to our city is needed to make you feel that you are at home and among friends.

But occasions of this kind, so productive of good feeling, are of more than ordinary interest and significance. We find here assembled in friendly intercourse representatives of two sections of our beloved country, once arrayed in deadly hostility and swayed by bitter enmities.

We find them meeting together today on the basis of mutual respect and esteem, exchanging the handgrasps of cordial friendship, forgetting past prejudices and feeling that we are all in reality citizens and brothers in common of a country whose welfare and whose glory we have equally at heart.

On such occasions, therefore, we throw cold formality aside and with one accord, with open hearts and hands, bid you a sincere and cordial welcome to Petersburg, and to the unrestricted freedom of the city.

Comparatively speaking, Petersburg is a small city, occupying but a tiny dot on some of the maps, and on others not appearing at all, but it has a noble record, and has played an important part in the history of our country. Grandly historic in itself, it is the centre of a great section whose history and whose legends come down to us from the earliest colonial days. Around it in every direction, and for miles away, every foot of soil has felt the tread of contending armies, and has been made sacred by the blood of patriots and heroes.

It is a city of martial fame. Its earliest settlement was forced, as it were, in the face of Indian massacres. In every war in which this country has been engaged, from the Revolution down to the present, its sons have been in the fore-front of battle. Their conspicuous gallantry and indomitable courage in the war of 1812, and especially in the decisive battle of Fort Meigs, in 1813, won for their city, from the lips of President Madison, the proud emblem of heraldry which it bears untarnished today. "The Cockade City of the Union."

But turning from the past to the present, gentlemen, we welcome you today to a city of peaceful pursuits, to a quiet, orderly and business community, glorying in its many churches, its splendid system of schools, in the culture and refinement of its people, the true nobility, gentleness and beauty of its women, and the patriotism, chivalry and manliness of its men.

Here we bid you be at ease. May your going and coming among us be altogether pleasant, and when your visit in Virginia is ended and you return to your homes, may you bear with you kindly reminiscences of our city and its people.

Again, gentlemen, I extend to you a cordial welcome to Petersburg.

Colonel J. W. Hart followed Mayor Pleasants. He thanked both Commander Harwood and the Mayor for their very pleasant remarks. It was a great pleasure to them to visit Petersburg. Colonel Hart said he was no speech-maker, but he could thank the camp for the members of his association for the very handsome manner in which they had been received. He was no stranger in Petersburg. Colonel Hart then introduced Colonel J. Payson Bradley, of Boston, who, he said, was the youngest member of the regiment, and that he would speak for Massachusetts.

Colonel Bradley, who was the bugler of the regiment during the war between the States, spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Your Honor, the Mayor, and Commander of A. P. Hill Camp: This is an unexpected order, as I supposed that sounding the



march on this bugle from the station to this hall was all that I should be called upon to perform, but I should be recreant to Massachusetts did I not respond like the minute-men of Lexington who were called upon without a moment's notice to obey orders. Colonel Hart has stated that the youngest member of the regiment would speak for Massachusetts, and I am proud to respond in behalf of the old Commonwealth, especially while standing here on the sacred soil of "old Virginia," for you gave us Washington, who, in Massachusetts, took command of the Continental army under the Old Elm in Cambridge. We have our Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, the beginning of that strife which was closed at your Yorktown, and gave to us a nation which shall exist so long as your children, and our children and children's children shall live and keep in memory the principles on which this nation was founded. Mr. Mayor, we came here as a regiment thirty-seven years ago, and I can only say that at that time your rejection of us was as warm as your reception is today. It is a fact that a few of us you did take in, but the majority still remained without, knocking at your door for admittance, and this old bugle whose sounds you have heard today was heard along the lines morning and night calling our boys together and holding them up to their work of gaining admission, even if we were not invited.

Mr. Commander, we are glad to be with you today, and to receive from you, Mr. Mayor, this warm expression of your good will towards us. I must admit that we are proud of our old regiment, but we are more proud of our old Commonwealth which we today represent; yea, and we are also proud of "old Virginia," who, with the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, were the founders of this republic. But above them all we are, and you are, supremely proud of this glorious American nation of which all of us are a part.

At the close of Colonel Bradley's address the visitors were invited by Commander Harwood into an ante-room, to partake of some refreshments which had been prepared for them, and which they seemed to enjoy, their appetites having become sharpened by the trip from Norfolk. After the refreshments had been partaken of and some little time spent in forming acquaintances and talking over old war times, the visitors were escorted by the camp to the Imperial Hotel, where the Association will be quartered during their stay here.

The following gentlemen compose the committee in charge: Colonel John W. Hart, Salem, Mass.; J. Payson Bradley, Peter D. Smith, George W. Lewis, O. W. Norcross and E. A. Chandler.

Last night a campfire was kindled at the hall of A. P. Hill Camp, with Colonel J. W. Hart in the chair. The attendance was so large that the room was filled, and the evening was most pleasantly spent. Interesting war stories were told by the comrades who wore the Blue and Gray, and some of them provoked much laughter. After the singing of "America," the meeting adjourned.

After the reception was over, the Camp escorted the boys to

the Hotel Imperial, and in the evening nearly all attended the campfire. The meeting was full of sociability and good fellowship. Comrade Hart was in the chair and called upon Confederate and Federal alternately. In the last speech of the evening, Com. Bradley was in excellent form—his main point that today we should all stand together as Americans. After an hour or two of social meetings outside the hall, in small parties, the boys sought the rest which all knew we needed for the morrow. At an early sunrise the Reveille rang out strong and clear, and after a good breakfast, about 8.30 the carriages began to arrive in which Guide Clark was to take us over the old works of '64—and at 9 a. m. the procession started in all kinds of vehicles. We went over the ground which was occupied by the Confederate forces. It was some time before we could locate ourselves, but after reaching the vicinity of the Hare house the ground began to look natural.

I have not the space here to give any detailed account of this most pleasant and interesting ride. The Bryant house, where we arrived June 15, 1864, at 6 p. m., and from which we made that most desperate and bloody charge on the afternoon of the 16th; the race-track, where we gave the enemy the surprise and chase the morning of the 18th; the monument of the 1st Maine, where so many men were lost in a few moments the afternoon of the 18th; the spot where brave Capt. Kimball fell, June 22, when the most of our remaining comrades were made prisoners, are all matters of which much could be written. The recollections of the strength and courage of youth are strongly interspersed with the thoughts of blood and sacrifice of those who now sleep in nameless graves, and there are many of them around this old city. Hatcher's and Duncan's runs and the Crater are also visited. We arrive at hotel at 2 p. m., having been on the road five hours. We are ready for a solid meal, and the landlord does his best. It is with a sigh of regret that we leave this beautiful city (so hard to enter in the 60's) where we have passed over 30 hours of the most pleasant social entertainment. We shall always remember the warm reception given us by the A. P. Hill Camp, the Mayor and citizens generally. May the old Cockade City always prosper and retain a front place in the march of progress!

We are given a special car by the Norfolk & Western R. R., and at 7.30 (35 minutes late) start for Richmond. Arriving in Richmond, we proceed to Ford's New Hotel, and after the as-

signment of rooms, we have a good supper. There is a State Convention being held in the city and the host found it difficult to accommodate us as he would wish, but we assure him that we found everything comfortable at Ford's New Hotel. We established Headquarters in one corner of the large office, and made ourselves at home, and we were welcome. Although we had no public reception in Richmond, the greetings were warm and friendly. The Robert E. Lee Camp gave us an invitation to use their quarters all we could during our stay, and the most of our party visited and placed their names on their record book.

Capitol Square, just south of the hotel, includes the Capitol building, Governor's mansion, statues of Washington, Clay and Stonewall Jackson; State Library, old Bell house; in the Capitol, statue of Washington, bust of Lafayette. From the dome is a beautiful view of the city. Hollywood Cemetery is a most beautiful spot; an elegant Confederate monument stands here and recites the gratitude of the Southern people to the memory of their gallant dead. Here are the graves of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, Jefferson Davis, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Gen. G. E. Pickett and John Randolph of Roanoke. The National and Oakwood cemeteries are both full of the graves of men prominent, and are beautifully located.

The electric car service of the city is most complete. Visitors can land in almost any spot they desire. The city is rich in monuments—the Soldiers and Sailors', R. E. Lee, J. Davis, A. P. Hill, Howitzer and Wickham; the Soldiers' Home (Confederate); Jefferson Davis mansion (Confederate Museum); Belle Isle; the site of Libby Prison; Castle Thunder, Monroe Park, and many other places of interest, were visited by our party. The citizens of Richmond were sad over the loss by fire of their most elegant hotel, the "Jefferson," located in the heart of the city. This was without doubt one of the best in the country, and its loss is keenly felt by all classes. Com. Gibson and wife joined the party here. To say that all enjoyed the 25 hours in Richmond is needless. It was a day of "go as you please" and "come when you like." It was crowding too much into a few hours; in order to do the rounds in the city of Richmond, two weeks would be surely needed. The same good feeling existed here that we found in Petersburg, and every one we met seemed to be glad to see us. At the station we found another and a grand improvement; the railroad had placed at our disposal one



of its largest and most elegant cars, large enough to hold all our party and the baggage. This car was comfortable indeed, and we were to occupy it during the balance of our trip.

From Richmond to Fredericksburg is about two hours' ride. We arrived in F. about 10 p. m. (Friday). Here we met some old familiar faces—Col. Shatswell and wife, Peter D. Smith, wife and two daughters, Coms. Bartlett, Burrows, Thos. J. Putnam, Jerry F. Donovan and Len Stoddard swelling our party to 66. Although the landlord of the Exchange Hotel had contracted to put us in rooms, he had failed to make the proper arrangements, and many of the comrades were assigned with four and five in a room. At last, about midnight, all were comfortably located, many at private residences. Saturday morning, bright and early, the old bugle rang out a Reveille which must have put the old residents in mind of the old times. After breakfast, many started out to ride. There are no trolley cars in F., and teams were in demand. It was for some of us a season of rest, to be ready for the rough trip of next day. In front of the hotel is a plank platform. Chairs were taken out and we there met many an old-timer who told stories of love and war. I was much interested in Uncle Jack Hayden, who was Lee's favorite scout during the war. It was he who led Jackson around Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, who, falling on the 11th Corps unexpectedly, created that great disaster; and he also led Hampton into Fredericksburg, May 19, 1864, passing between the right of Tyler's Division of Heavy Artillery and Ferrero's Division of the 9th Corps at Salem Church, on the Orange County road.

During the day we were entertained by coon dancing in front of the hotel. In the evening we have a musicale and a bit of dancing. Many of the citizens called in the evening, and sociability was entered into in real earnest. At 12 midnight all was quiet and nearly all had retired.

Sunday a. m., May 19. Reveille at 8 a. m. The carriages which were to take us to Harris Farm began to arrive; all sorts of vehicles; the fare was \$1.50 for each person. The road 8½ miles from Fredericksburg to Harris Farm is typical Virginian and must in wet weather be almost impassable, the traveled path running from one side to the other, with traces of deep mud outside the traveled rut. Comrade Gibson could make a contract for the transportation of the monument only in the event of dry weather. Clouds had been hanging in the sky all

the morning and rain was expected every moment; 11 o'clock came and the party were all at the monument, which was draped with a beautiful American flag. The old boys spent half an hour wandering over the old field between the monument and Alsop house.

To Mr. Thos. H. Harris the association is indebted for the beautiful plot of ground upon which the monument rests. It is his contribution to the memory of the brave men who fell on the farm.

*[Extract from letter of T. H. Harris.]*

HARRIS FARM, OR BLOOMSBURY, is an old Virginian homestead of 400 acres—well watered and rolling land—located directly on the main road from Fredericksburg (nine miles), and three miles farther on is the county seat of Spottsylvania was purchased in 1855 of Wm. P. Robinson by C. M. Harris, who owned and occupied until his death in 1867, leaving four children (and his widow, who died in 1869). Thomas H. Harris the eldest—and who now owns the old homestead—well remembers the hospital scenes of 1864 and the many wounded men who were brought there during the many days of hard fighting around Spottsylvania and the Bloody Angle, and from a cherry tree in the garden he watched the engagement of Ewell and the first Mass. H. A. until the fighting moved close enough to the dwelling house to compel him, with his mother and brother and sisters, to take refuge in the basement.

*[From the Richmond News.]*

Where winds a peaceful pasture lane along the borders of a wood, on what is called the Harris farm, some nine miles from Fredericksburg, the veterans of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery yesterday unveiled a monument to the comrades who fell, May 19, 1864, in one of the most fiercely contested of the series of engagements constituting the battle of Spottsylvania Court House.

To the stubbornness of the resistance offered by the regiment to a flank movement made by Ewell's Corps, designed to cut Grant's line of communication and capture his valuable wagon train, a brave enemy gave unstinted word of praise.

Where thirty-seven years ago the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannon, the crash of bursting shell distraught the atmosphere and drowned the agonizing cry of wounded men and the fiendish yell of charging soldiers; where earth reeked red and battle-ground confusion reigned, the boys who had worn the Blue were welcomed yesterday by the boys, boys no longer save in memory, who wore the Gray, and the Sabbath stillness gave echo only to the assembly call of the bugle notes and once more the reveille. And there were men present yesterday, men who from the ranks of both the opposing forces had heard that same bugle blown by the self-same bugler, the youngest lad then in the regiment, ring forth in startled tones the flourishes that called to battle and the clarion "Forward!" command.





COMRADE JOHN W. HART,  
Chairman Monument Committee.



SERGT. C. B. WATSON,  
Co. K 45th N. C. Regt. C. S. A.



COMRADE PETER D. SMITH,  
Acting President of Assn.



COMRADE O. W. NORCROSS,  
Member of Monument Com.

The Massachusetts party, which passed through Richmond, Friday, en route to Fredericksburg, numbered fifty-four, including several ladies, when it sailed from Boston for Norfolk, but it had been augmented yesterday by arrivals from Washington and other cities till the Exchange Hotel was sore pressed for room, and it was with a matter of no small diplomacy that mine host, John Ultz, had to contend in assigning three and four to a room and obtaining accommodations without the hostelry. They had, however, enjoyed immensely their visits to Petersburg and Richmond, and no little inconvenience of this sort was permitted by the visitors to mar the pleasure of the trip.

Old Confederate soldiers showed them about the town, the National cemetery and Marye's Heights, where General Daniel S. Butterfield, last year, erected a monument to the men he had commanded.

There was an impromptu dance in the hotel Saturday night, and no dearth of entertainment by dancing darkies and singing "coons" with an eye to business.

It required some thirty vehicles yesterday morning to take all who wished to go to the Harris farm, and many more teams from the surrounding country doubled the company attending the unveiling ceremonies.

Five Confederate veterans of Manry Camp were present, the only ones in uniform. They were Commander Thomas F. Proctor, Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Smith, Adjutant R. C. Hart, Orderly Sergeant George W. Hicks, and Lieutenant-Commander Reuben McGee, who was lieutenant-colonel of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry.

Another Confederate veteran who was there, and who was there thirty-seven years before, was C. B. Watson, of Winston, N. C., who was sergeant in Company K, Forty-fifth North Carolina Infantry.

It is said no skirmishers were sent out preliminary to the battle of Harris farm. The attack was sudden and unexpected. Not so yesterday. Every one of the vets made himself a skirmisher. There was Colonel Shatswell, to whom the command of the regiment fell during the battle. Shot in the head, he had his wound bandaged and remained at the head of his men. He pointed out the spot which he had reached when a bullet found him.

The party passed over the fields and through the woods. They counted the rings on tree stumps to see if they had been growing things on the day memorable to them. There was the same rolling land and a small stream, but paths and fence lines were changed and trees were cut where once were woods and a new growth now had sprung up to confound them. Still locations were generally satisfactorily established. Reaching the Alsop house, now that of Enoch Lowry, the visitors came upon Mr. Watson, and an exchange of notes followed.

"Colonel Samuel H. Boyd was killed in that little ravine down there," said Mr. Watson.

"Yes," added P. H. O'Connell, Company E, First Massachusetts, now a stove dealer in Danvers, "and there is where my captain, Thompson, fell. I pulled him out of the brook. He died in the ambulance going to

the hospital." Mr. O'Connell was four times captured during the war. He escaped three times and has written a book about it.

"You remember your yell coming up that hill?" asked Mr. Watson. "It was 'Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!' and ours was one we used as boys chasing the fox: 'W-h-o-i! w-h-o-i! w-h-o-i!'"

P. D. Smith, of Andover, lieutenant in the First Massachusetts, pointed out the spot where he had received a bullet. Just then a little urchin came along.

"Want to buy bullets?"—a query that greeted the veterans much of the day. He pointed out the difference between the Union and Confederate bullets, the former being circled by three rings, the latter by two. The urchin found ready customers.

Major George A. Bartlett, who is now a disbursing officer of the United States Treasury Department, recognized some bullets similar to one he had taken off the field with him in some part of his anatomy after his brother had been carried off dangerously wounded. "Len" Stoddard told how the Major's brother was brought to his home in Washington, and that his own brother was said to have been the first man killed.

Glass McNair, another of the party, who lost a leg at Cedar Creek, was in the valley campaign under Sheridan, and was wounded on the day of the famous ride. He was in the Sixth New York Artillery, in Kitching's Brigade, on the extreme left, when on the night of May 19, 1864, the Confederate movement was repulsed.

Thomas H. Harris, who owns the Harris farm, was ten years old when the battle was fought, and his father's house was turned into a hospital. With his help the visitors unraveled the geography of the place and Colonel Shatswell showed them where Major Rolfe's horse emerged from the woods, riderless, leaving him in command. Rolfe had gone first into the woods with three companies and been suddenly confronted with a face to face fire from Confederates who numbered a whole division.

#### A FAMOUS BUGLE.

The morning had half passed when Comrade J. Payson Bradley sounded the assembly. It was the same old bugle that called the regiment to its baptism of fire, and though the comrade is the youngest man of the old command, he has already been commanding officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and as its color bearer, accompanied it on its famous trip abroad. Yesterday he also had a little silk American flag which he carried on his trip to England, and when the veterans grouped themselves about the monument on one of several sittings for pictures, he draped the flag about six-year-old Hester May Chilton, of Spottsylvania, and made her a figure of Liberty to grace the centre of the group.

The monument, of simple design, comprises a base, plinth, die and cap, standing eight feet high, about five in width and two in depth. Across the base is the word "Massachusetts," and in the face of the die this inscription:



In Commemoration of the Deeds of the First Regiment, Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers (Armed as Infantry), three hundred and ninety-eight of whose members fell within an hour around this spot during an action fought May 19th, 1864, between a Division of the Union Army, commanded by General Tyler, and a Corps of the Confederate forces under General Ewell. Erected by the Survivors of the Regiment, 1901.

Built of New England granite, the monument cost \$1100.

### UNVEILING EXERCISES.

Comrade John W. Hart, of the Artillery Association, opened the exercises, and P. D. Smith was introduced to preside. He was formerly department commander of the Grand Army in Massachusetts. Comrade George W. Lewis made the opening prayer and called for blessing equally upon those who wore the Blue and fought under the Stars and Stripes and those who wore the Gray and fought under the Stars and Bars.

Though the Secretary of the association, J. W. Gardner, is its historian, it devolved upon Comrade Bradley to be historian of the day, and he fought the battle over again. He characterized the attack as a well-planned movement of Ewell's, sanctioned by General Lee, which, if successful, would have brought disaster to the Army of the Potomac, and attributed its defeat to General Tyler's Division and Kitching's Brigade, describing the arrival of the First Maryland veteran volunteer and Fifteenth New York Battery when the command seemed doomed.

The First Massachusetts, 1800 strong, had received easy assignments, mainly near Washington, but its discipline had not been neglected.

After the battle of the Wilderness it was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and on May 17th it marched by way of Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court House. On the 19th it marched to the Harris farm, and in a large open lot back of the house formed en masse, battalion front.

### ATTACK A SURPRISE.

Word passed through the regiment that only a few of the enemy's cavalry was in the vicinity, and, in fact, no general officer suspected the movement that now has gone into history. The attack came with volleys from Ramseur's and Pegram's veteran brigades, and it left the untried men with nearly a third of their number in the First Battalion, which had first advanced, dead, dying or wounded. The senior major had fallen, his body pierced by eleven bullets. Ramseur's Brigade then charged, firing at close quarters as it advanced.

The disorganized battalion retreated, but kept firing, and then it was that Shatswell with the other battalions advanced. Three times Ewell's men drove them back, and then the Fifteenth New York opened its battery of canister. The death of Colonel Boyd, of the Forty-fifth

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North Carolina, and the appearance of reinforcements turned the scales in favor of the Federals.

The Richmond Examiner of May 24th described the fight and reflected the disappointment felt at the failure of one of the cleverest strategic strokes of the war.

### CONFEDERATE VET'S STORY.

Mr. Watson was then called upon, and he told the visitors that while he had promised himself a trip to that battlefield where he had himself received a wound, from which he had never recovered, he had selected this time, so as to meet the men he had fought and better study the ground. He presented a vivid picture of the battle.

"I belonged to the Veteran Corps of Lee's army," said he. "It was called the Jackson Corps. I had fought from Manassas, and on May 12 was in the Bloody Angle.

"I saw you men march out on this field, not deployed, but like soldiers on parade, take aim and fire a volley straight from the shoulder. You seemed then to me the biggest men I had ever seen. You were so near that I noticed that you all wore clean shirts. There was the most perfect discipline and indifference to danger I ever saw. It was the talk of our men."

Mr. Watson's talk took the gathering by storm, but his eulogy was no more loudly applauded than was his invitation to the visitors to come South often. "We want to see you," he said. "You are just as good as we are; you aren't any better."

Comrade Charles Burrows, Quartermaster General of the G. A. R., of Rutherford, N. J., served in Co. K of the First Massachusetts. He delivered an address which was regarded as a gem of panegyric poesy.

The ceremony ended with the singing of "America," and the reveille, and then a large part of the company drove over the neighboring battlefields, stopping at the Historic Hotel for dinner, where they were received by Sheriff T. A. Harris, of Spottsylvania; Commonwealth's Attorney Lee J. Graves and Clerk J. P. H. Crismond.

Then the party was driven around to the spot marked by a monument where Major-General John Sedgwick of the Sixth Union Army Corps fell, May 9, 1864.

V. S. Chancellor, who owns most of the land where was fought the battle of the Wilderness, acted as guide to the party in the trip of some three miles over woodland roads and paths that took them to the old bullet-ridden farmhouse near Bloody Angle, and to the Angle itself.

The keeper of the house displayed a varied assortment of relics, the most interesting of which were blocks of wood split from old trees in which bullets had lodged.

Col. McGee, on reaching the Angle, pointed out where General Edward Johnston was captured. The drive through the woods follows closely the old breast-works thrown up during the Wilderness and Spottsylvania fights and which are still in a remarkably good state of preservation. Mr. Chancellor is hopeful that the government will take the land for a national park.

The party reached Fredericksburg on the return after dark and proceeded to Washington, where it will spend two days.

Order of exercises at Monument:—

Assembly, Com. Bradley on the bugle.

Meeting called to order by Comrade J. W. Hart, who, in the absence of the President of the Association, called Comrade Peter D. Smith to preside.

Prayer by Comrade Geo. W. Lewis.

Report of Monument Committee, Col. John W. Hart.

Turning over Monument to Regiment, Col. John W. Hart.

Receiving Monument for Regiment, Peter D. Smith.

Unveiling Monument, Col. Nat. Shatswell.

Historical May 19, '64, Col. J. Payson Bradley.

Historical May 19, '64, C. B. Watson, 45th N. C., C. S. A.

In Memoriam May 19, '64, Chas. Burrows.

Singing, "America."

Reveille, Com. Bradley.

Com. Hart called meeting to order.

Comrades and Friends.—As Chairman of the Committee on Excursion and Monument, it devolves upon me to call this assemblage to order, and in the absence of the President of the Association, I will call upon our good friend and comrade to preside—Peter D. Smith of Andover, Mass.

Comrade Smith, on taking the chair:—

Dear Comrades and Friends,—I thank the comrades for the honor of presiding over the exercises on this occasion, for I feel that we are on holy ground. Thirty-seven years ago today, around this spot 398 of our comrades of the old 1st Regiment of Heavy Artillery were killed, wounded or missing, while striving to uphold the honor and integrity of the Government. We meet today to unveil a monument erected to the memory of those dear, brave comrades, by the survivors who are patiently waiting for the call. I will call on Comrade Geo. W. Lewis to open the exercises with prayer.

PRAYER AT SPOTTSYLVANIA DEDICATORY,

By GEO. W. LEWIS, May 19, 1901.

O God, Thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, today and forever, in whose hand rests the destiny of nations, we thank Thee that our lives have been spared and that we are permitted to meet on this sacred spot, hallowed by the memories of heroic deeds, performed by brave men who

willingly offered themselves a living sacrifice for the cause they loved so well. May their fidelity and devotion be an incentive that we may emulate their example and be as obedient to Thee in our every-day life. Bless our comrades who are suffering from wounds and diseases; may their last days be their best. Bless all those who fought under the Stars and Stripes, and equally remember those who fought under the Stars and Bars. We thank Thee that peace reigns supreme over our fair and happy land, and for an undivided country; that there exists to-day no sectional differences incident to the Civil War. May our interests be so centralized that we shall know no North, no South, no East, no West; and may the spirit that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, so quicken our mortal bodies that it may teach us to cherish that fraternal love which is essential that we should live together in unity, and may we say from our hearts:

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

The whole assembly joined in the Lord's Prayer.

#### REPORT OF MONUMENT COMMITTEE, AND TURNING OVER OF MONUMENT TO ASSOCIATION.

Comrade Hart said:—

Mr. President, Comrades and Friends,—At the annual reunion of the First Mass. Heavy Artillery Association, held at the Salem Willows two years ago, the matter of placing a monument on this spot was talked over.

At the meeting held last year, at the same place, a committee of six was appointed, consisting of Comrades J. Payson Bradley, Peter D. Smith, O. W. Norcross, Geo. W. Lewis, E. A. Chandler and John W. Hart, with full power to raise funds and make arrangements for erecting a monument on the Harris farm, Spottsylvania, Va., May 19th, 1901.

After examining five different plans, we selected and authorized Comrade O. W. Norcross of Worcester (a member of Co. D) to build the monument you now see before you.

Comrades, how well we have performed the duties assigned us, we leave for you to say. We have tried to do the best we

could, and feel that we have placed a monument here that is a credit to the Regiment and an honor to the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Mr. President, it gives me great pleasure to turn over to you as the representative of the Association, this beautiful monument.

Com. Smith, replying to Com. Hart:—

Comrade,—On behalf of the Association of the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, I accept this beautiful stone, and wish to extend to you and your Committee the thanks of your comrades of the Association for the thorough and complete manner in which you have carried out their wishes. My comrades, thirty-seven years ago today we had with us a Major commanding a Battalion, with the heart and voice of a lion, our hero of the day, who led us on the field with a white handkerchief tied over a severe wound in the head, refusing to leave the field; with the blood trickling down from beneath the bandage, he was indeed an inspiration. Providence has spared him until this time, and it is fitting that he should remove Old Glory. I now call upon Col. Nathaniel Shatswell to unveil the monument.

Col. Shatswell's remarks:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades,—This is indeed a proud day for me, having looked forward to it since the idea was advanced of erecting a monument to commemorate the acts of our Regiment on this field, thirty-seven years ago, and to pay lasting tribute to the memory of those who so freely gave their lives to their country in its hour of danger; but mingled with that pleasure would come the thought that it would be necessary for me to speak to my comrades and their friends on this occasion; many anxious moments have come to me as to what! what!! what!!! can I say that will be fitting for an historical event like this? Vainly have I endeavored to write some suitable remarks, but gave up in despair, and concluded that what I did say must come from my heart and the inspiration of the hour.

On that memorable afternoon, thirty-seven years ago, our Regiment was formed in line of battle near this spot, with no knowledge or scarcely a thought that the enemy were in our immediate vicinity. An order came to Major Rolfe, commanding the 1st Battalion, to send two companies of skirmishers into the woods and use the balance of his command as a supporting



line. They were met by Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps. Major Rolfe was killed at the first fire. I immediately ordered the 2d Battalion on the double-quick to the right of the 1st, where we met and checked the advance of the foe. I will not go into the details of the engagement, but will leave that for abler pens and more eloquent tongues to tell the story of your valor in that your first fight. The official reports of the war make little mention of the engagement; in the papers it was designated as "an affair on the right of the line"; but to us who participated in the conflict, it is impressed on the memory in indelible lines never to be effaced. We have the proud satisfaction of knowing that we and our comrades performed our full share in helping to save the supply train, and possibly in warding off more dire disaster to the Army of the Potomac. On that day the Regiment made a record that we can all refer to with pride, and justly entitles the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery to be classed among the fighting regiments of the war. On that day we established a mutual bond of respect and confidence in each other that will only end with life. To me it is a proud heritage that I have been able to retain the respect and love of those noble men it was an honor to command so many years ago.

Today we meet in peace and not in deadly strife; the Confederate Veterans greet us as friends, not foes, and we extend to them the hand of brother Americans, all living under one flag in a united country, and all enjoying mutual prosperity. Their presence with us in paying tribute to our dead shows that the bitterness of the strife has long since passed away, and that we can now meet together on a common footing, tell the story of the conflict, and bear lasting testimony of each other's valor. I am particularly pleased at the presence of Col. C. B. Watson, of the 45th North Carolina, one of the opposing regiments, who can tell us their side of the story, and whom we hope to hear from. And now, comrades, in the name of the State of Massachusetts, in memory of those who fell on this sacred spot (made more sacred by their blood), in memory of our comrades who have joined the Great Army above, in the name of all absent comrades of the Regiment, and in your name, I unveil this beautiful monument, and may it ever stand as a memorial of our love for comrades gone before.

Com. Smith said:—We have heard from the same bugle, in the same hands, blown by the same comrade who sounded the charge thirty-seven years ago today. We are not through with





COMRADE J. PAYSON BRADLEY.  
Historical Address.



COMRADE CHARLES BURROWS.  
Address, In Memoriam



COMRADE GEO. W. LEWIS.  
Chaplain.



T. H. HARRIS, ESQ.  
Owner of Harris Farm.



him yet, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce our comrade, J. Payson Bradley, who will deliver the Historical Address.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY J. PAYSON BRADLEY,

At the Dedication of the Monument, May 19, 1901.

Comrades and Friends,—Assembled on this beautiful Sabbath day to dedicate this monument erected to commemorate the heroic deeds of brave men, we claim you all as friends for today in this simple but impressive ceremony the men of old Essex County, Massachusetts, stretch out to the men of Spottsylvania, Va., the hand of a brother, and we know you will receive it and return the warm grasp in the same spirit.

Thirty-seven years ago today, upon this field was enacted a scene in that tremendous drama which, after four years of strife, in which the best blood of the North and South was shed, ended as God willed, and now what He in His great goodness and wisdom has joined together let no man or nation dare put asunder.

The memory of those stirring days comes back to us from the misty past, and again we see the faces of our beloved comrades, as, sitting around the camp-fires, we sing of home and loved ones; and now we seem to catch again the warning notes of the bugle, and as ranks are hastily formed we move forward in line of battle, well knowing that before another morning sun shall greet us our circle around the camp-fire will show many a vacant place and there will come to the dear ones at home sorrow and mourning for the loved ones who will never return.

Sad, sweet memories of the past which will never be forgotten; but let us thank heaven that we, comrades and soldiers standing here today, have lived to see a reunited country, which, when assailed by foreign foe, is gallantly defended by the citizen soldier and sailor from every section of the nation, all marching to the music of the Union under the protecting folds of the Star Spangled Banner.

My comrades, when your Committee directed that the youngest member of our old Regiment should prepare and deliver an historical address on the battle which was fought on this field May 19th, 1864, the task seemed more than any one man could accomplish in the short space of time given, for on investigating it was found that very little information could be gathered

from reports in the War Department, and history merely mentions it in a casual way as "a brilliant affair"; but from the Confederate War Records, together with copies of Official Orders and papers which have been carefully gathered together by our most efficient Secretary of the Regimental Association, Comrade J. W. Gardner, we were enabled to trace and place the movements of the Regiment during the entire day, and, from a careful and unprejudiced study of the whole situation, we can come to but one conclusion, and that is, that the well-planned movement of the Confederate General Ewell (sanctioned by General Lee) to turn the right flank of the Army of the Potomac, capture its supply train and also General Headquarters, and thereby bring confusion and disaster to the entire army, was defeated by General Tyler's Division and Kitching's Brigade of Heavy Artillery, the first line of which was held for nearly one and a half hours against overwhelming numbers and at tremendous loss by the 1st Massachusetts and 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, assisted by two guns from Hart's 15th New York Independent Battery.

General Ewell's movement was an entire surprise to the Union commanders and it was not until the battle was over that they fully realized how near it had come to having been successful, and God only knows what the result might have been.

The opening engagement of the Battle of the Wilderness was fought May 5th, 1864. On May 15th the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Col. Thomas R. Tannett commanding, was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac.

On the 16th it arrived at Belle Plain and reported to General R. O. Tyler, and was assigned to the 2nd Brigade of his Division.

May 17th it marched with the division by the way of Fredericksburg to the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac near Spottsylvania, arriving about two o'clock on the morning of the 18th and bivouacked on the left of the Fredericksburg road.

About six o'clock moved one mile to the right of the road and took up a position as support to a battery and was under artillery fire at intervals during the day.

Towards evening marched up the road about two miles and bivouacked in the woods for the night.

On the afternoon of May 19th, being encamped near army headquarters, we were informed by scouts that a small body of cavalry had been seen moving around our right flank. We at once marched about two miles to the Harris farm (on which we

are now assembled) and turning off the pike to the right we then wheeled to the left into a large open field near the Harris house, where we formed en masse, battalion front.

From this position Companies F and D were deployed as skirmishers, and word was passed through the regiment that there were only a few cavalry in our vicinity.

As soon as the skirmishers are sent out the 1st Battalion under Maj. Rolfe moved to the left of the knoll near the Harris house. The 2nd Battalion under Maj. Shatswell and the 3d Battalion under Maj. Holt moved to the right of the knoll, and in a few minutes we stand in line of battle, the 1st Battalion being just in front of the barn or smokehouse on top of the knoll, the 2nd and 3d Battalions being to the right of the 1st, which brought the extreme right of the regiment, which was acting as a brigade with Col. Tannett commanding, up near the Alsop house.

From the Harris house there was a road running north and south through the large open field and also one running from the field to the Alsop farm, which was the central point of that part of the battle in which the 1st Mass. and 1st Maine were engaged.

Although no general officer suspected that a movement in force by the Confederates was being made in our front, yet Gen. Tyler had so stationed his division of artillery (now acting as infantry) as to make them most effective.

On the extreme right of the Division was the 1st Maine, their left resting near the Alsop house. On their left was the 1st Mass. with their right at the Alsop house, and their left at the Harris house.

The 2nd New York was to the left and rear of the 1st Mass. in the second line.

The 7th New York was in the second line to the rear of the 1st Maine.

The 8th New York was in the second line, and in the rear of the 1st Mass. and 1st Maine.

The 15th New York Independent Battery (two guns) was posted on the knoll behind the smokehouse, in rear of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Mass.

Each of the five Colonels was to act as a Brigadier General, each Regiment as a Brigade, and each Battalion as a Regiment under the direct command of its Major acting as Colonel; and now in our narrative we must confine ourselves for the time be-

ing to such scenes in the battle as came under our own observation and have to do with that part of the field in which our Regiment was engaged.

As we stood in line of battle that beautiful afternoon, you, my comrades, who were present, will never forget the scene. The bright sunlight, the gentle south wind just moving the pine boughs so sweet with the odors of Spring, the almost Sabbath-like stillness, no sound but the chirping of the birds in the trees on the borders of the field, or the low murmur of the men's voices in which can be heard the expression oft repeated, "If we are going to have a fight I hope the boys will stand right up to the work and show the army and the folks at home the value of two years of constant drilling and severe discipline." But suddenly there comes from the woods in our front the sharp crack of a skirmisher's rifle, and instantly there rings out the command "1st Battalion, forward!" and, as if on parade, every man steps off touching elbow to elbow as we marched down the slope towards the woods in our front. The line was perfect, and up to that time not more than a dozen shots had been fired by the skirmish line; but all at once word went through the Battalion that Washburn of Co. F had been killed on the skirmish line, and instantly every man seemed to show by the look in his face that there was serious work ahead for the regiment. We had received orders not to fire until we saw something to fire at, and then to fire low. With a rush our line advanced into the woods about fifty yards, where it was met with a perfect hail of lead from a body of men who seemed to rise up out of the earth. This was our first intimation that the enemy was any where near us in force. This volley was delivered about 4 p. m. by the veteran brigades of Ramseur, Pegram and Grimes, of Ewell's Corps, made up as follows:

THIRD BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, C. S. A.  
GEN. S. D. RAMSEUR'S BRIGADE, RODES' DIVISION.  
2d, 4th, 14th, 30th North Carolina.

SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, C. S. A.  
GEN. JOHN PEGRAM'S BRIGADE, GORDON'S DIVISION.  
13th, 31st, 49th, 52d, 58th Virginia.

FIRST BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, C. S. A.  
GEN. BRYAN GRIMES' BRIGADE, RODES' DIVISION.  
32d, 43d, 45th, 53d North Carolina and 2d Battalion, North Carolina.

Words cannot describe the feelings of the men who still re-

mained standing in line, for about them lay a third of their comrades dead, dying; or wounded; the cries of pain, the noise of musketry, the hiss of the rifle ball, the dull thud as the leaden messenger of death finds lodgment in the body of some beloved comrade, remain with us today like the memory of some horrid dream.

The Battalion had lost its commander, who falls from his horse pierced with bullets. A few of the boys are kneeling and firing in the direction of the smoke; but only for a moment, for now the enemy, having found time in which to reload, charge on us with the most terrific yells, led by Ramseur's Brigade, who shoot down at close range those who would not retreat. On they come, over the dead and wounded which had fallen from his first volley. The remnant of the battalion, broken and disorganized, with almost every officer gone, was forced back, firing as they retreated towards the knoll from which they had made their advance only a few minutes before, every man's heart filled with revenge for the terrible reception we had received at the hands of the enemy on our first introduction into active service.

While all this was taking place Gen. Ewell had brought into line the remainder of his Corps, and the firing now extended the entire length of Rodes' and Gordon's Divisions in front of and facing the 1st Mass. and the 1st Maine, which constituted our first line of battle. In the second line, behind the 1st Maine and between them and Army Headquarters, were the 7th and 8th New York. The 2nd New York was to the rear and left of the 1st Mass., as before stated. As the troops of Ramseur's Brigade appeared in the opening, following closely the retreating remnant of our 1st Battalion, the situation was such as to somewhat check the ardor of Gen. Ramseur and his brave North Carolinians. The other two Battalions of the 1st Mass. had a little warning at the opening of the fight and did not break, and now, under the leadership of the cool and brave Maj. Shatswell, who though wounded in the head and heavily engaged in his immediate front, pours a hot fire into Ramseur's left flank. Behind the smokehouse on the knoll are the two guns of Hart's 15th New York Battery. Out they come one on each side of the house and send into the faces of the advancing Confederates round after round of canister. At the same time the 2nd New York from its advantageous position on our left and rear delivers a most galling fire into the right flank of the enemy. This combined fire in flank and front was more than human flesh and



blood could stand. They halt, and as they waver for a moment, our boys charge them with a cheer, giving them a hot fire as they fall back into the woods, and re-form for another and more desperate assault along the whole front of our lines. Again they advance and are received by the same withering fire from our men, who, although sorely pressed, hold their ground and finally by a counter charge send them back into the woods again. But Gen. Ewell is not through with us yet, and his veteran troops are formed for the third and last time to accomplish that for which he set out, the turning of the right flank of our army. The fighting now becomes desperate; the 1st Maine on our right are being hard pressed by Gordon's Division, and although losing men by the score they only yield a few rods of ground. In our own front Rodes' Division has pushed close up to our lines and each one is finding in the other "foemen worthy of his steel." The crash of musketry has turned into a roar like thunder and it seemed as if we must be swept from the field by the superior force of the Confederate veterans, but the death at this time of Col. Samuel H. Boyd of the 45th North Carolina Regiment, who fell while bravely leading his men, and the appearance on our right of the 1st Maryland (Union) Veteran Regiment under Col. Dushane, turn the scales in our favor. It appears that this regiment was marching up the Fredericksburg pike returning to the army from veteran furlough, and on hearing the firing the brave Colonel without a moment's hesitation marched directly for it and without orders from any superior officer sharply attacked Gen. Gordon's advancing line. This unexpected appearance of old fighters from a quarter which Gordon had been informed was free from troops seemed to check his further advance. Shortly after six o'clock reinforcements from Birney's Division of the 2nd Corps arrived on the field, quickly followed by other troops from the 5th Corps, but the fighting was practically over, although firing was continued until after dark. Gen. Ewell, on finding reinforcements of old troops in his front, and suffering from a severe strain received as his horse fell shot from under him, made no further attempt, and during the night fell back to the main army under Lee. So many of the bravest and best of the old Commonwealth were laid low upon that day, that we hardly dare single out any one of them for special mention as an example of the whole, but we cannot refrain from mentioning our "dead hero" Maj. Rolfe, who fell while gallantly leading the 1st Battalion of the Regiment into



action; and we know how unsatisfactory this address would be to the survivors of the old Regiment did we not mention our "living hero," the brave and beloved Maj. Shatswell, who was an inspiration to us all on that day, and who, we thank Heaven, is with us on this occasion. The battle is over, but look on yonder tablet and see at what a fearful cost. On the morning of the 20th we buried our dead where they fell on the "field of honor," and our sad hearts were cheered and we were all greatly encouraged by the following order of the Commanding General:

Headquarters Army of the Potomac.  
8 A. M., May 20th, 1864.

Special Orders.

The Major General Commanding desires to express his satisfaction with the good conduct of Tyler's Division and Kitching's Brigade of Heavy Artillery in the affair of yesterday evening. The gallant manner in which these commands, the greater portion being for the first time under fire, met and checked the persistent attack of a corps of the enemy led by one of his ablest Generals, justifies the Commanding General in this special commendation of troops who, henceforward, will be relied upon, as were the tried veterans of the 2nd and 5th Corps at the same time engaged.

By command of

Maj. Gen'l Meade.

S. Williams, A. A. General.

I have been asked this morning by some of our Confederate friends the reason of our determined stand against the persistent and repeated attacks of overwhelming numbers, and my reply shall be the order of our Brigade Commander, issued in June, 1865, a year after the battle:

Headquarters Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Army Corps,  
June 15th, 1865.

Special Order No. 166.

The 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery having been ordered to report to Gen. Hancock, the commanding general desires in parting with them to express his heartfelt thanks for their general good conduct while under his command. Although entering the field in the summer of 1864, at the height of the most severe campaign the army ever saw, they showed by their daring bravery and gallant charges that they had been disciplined for a purpose.

Their decimated ranks attest the valor and patriotic spirit with which they were inspired.

He has every reason to feel proud of their conduct both in camp and field, and shall ever remember with pleasure their connection and as-

sociations with the brigade with which their military history has now become a part.

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>

By command of

Brig. Gen. B. R. Pierce,  
Com'dg Brigade.

Official.

C. W. Forrester, Lieut. and A. A. A. G.

Had we the time, it would be interesting to give the Confederate Officers' Official Report of the flank movement, and also an account of the battle as given in the "Richmond Examiner" of May 24th, 1864. It is apparent that they were all disappointed at the miscarriage of well-laid plans, and greatly astonished at the stubborn resistance given them by the Heavy Artillery Regiments. And now, my comrades and friends, our duty for this occasion is performed. As we go from this place let us take with us the memory of brave men who reddened this field with their life's blood, and remember that they were all Americans; and leaving here with our friends in Virginia this memorial of New England granite, let it be as a corner-stone on which, in years to come, there shall be built in spirit by those who follow us an altar of love and service dedicated to our whole country, which we can never honor with too deep a reverence, which we can never love with an affection too pure and fervent, or serve with an energy of honest purpose too steadfast and ardent, and from our very heart of hearts may we ever pray—God bless our country.

Below are printed extracts from the report of one of the Confederate Generals referred to in Comrade Bradley's address:

Report of GEN'L S. D. RAMSEUR, C. S. A.  
2d, 4th, 14th, 30th North Carolina, Rhodes' Division.  
(Serial No. 67, Fol. 1082), Aug. 3, 1864.

About 3 p. m. (May 19) the corps was moved across the Nye River to attack the enemy in flank and rear. My Brigade was in front. Some half an hour afterward the enemy discovered our movement, and when further delay, as I thought, would cause disaster, I offered to attack with my Brigade. I advanced and drove the enemy rapidly and with severe loss until my flanks were both partially enveloped. I then retired about 200 yards and re-formed my line with Grimes' Brigade on my left and Battles' on my right. At this moment the troops of Johnson's Division, now under Gen. Gordon, on Grimes' left, were flanked and retreated in disorder. This compelled our lines to fall back to our first position. Here a heavy force attacked us. Fortunately, Pegram's gallant brigade came in on my left in elegant style just as the enemy were





COMRADE EDW. A. CHANDLER.  
Member of Monument Committee.



COMRADE GEO. S. GIBSON.  
Member of Monument Committee.



COMRADE S. B. DEARBORN.  
Member of Monument Committee.



COMRADE JOSEPH W. GARDNER.  
Secretary of Reg't'l Association

about to turn me there. Several attacks of the enemy were repulsed, and we were able to hold our position till night, when we quietly and safely withdrew. The conduct of my Brigade on this occasion Maj. Gen. Rodes witnessed. I may be pardoned for feeling that the steady bravery of my troops largely contributed to the repulse of the enemy's heavy force and the salvation of our Corps. . . . "While we envy not others their merited glory," we feel it to be our bounden duty to North Carolina, to our gallant soldiers, and to our dead heroes, that we shall be fairly represented in history's story. We therefore call upon our Maj. General and Lieut. General, both of whom witnessed our conduct on May 12th and 19th, to tell our fellow citizens how we did our duty.

S. D. Ramseur, Major General.

President Smith said:

After my arrival here this morning I at once proceeded to the Alsop (or Lowry) house to visit the spot where I received a bad wound, May 19, 1864. As I neared the spot I found a gentleman looking for relics; that same gentleman was present 37 years ago, but under different circumstances. At that time we were gunning for each other,—I found him there and as our party was the largest I easily drove him in,—in fact he was rather pleased to come along, and we now extend to him the soldier's greeting. Comrades, with much pleasure I introduce a brave soldier who fought in the Confederate gray, C. B. Watson, of Winston, N. C., who was a sergeant in Co. K of the 45th North Carolina Regt., Grimes' Brig., Rodes' Div., Ewell's Corps.

REMARKS OF C. B. WATSON, SERGT. CO. K, 45th N. C., C. S. A.

Dear Friends: I cannot express my feelings on this occasion. Thirty-seven years ago today the men of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery met me and the other members of my regiment as deadly enemies on this field. The inscription on this beautiful and stately monument will tell to future generations how deadly the conflict was. I have come three hundred miles, from down in North Carolina, to be with you today—to be with you while you commemorate heroic deeds.

Lord Byron's Manfred, speaking to the Chamois Hunter up in the Alpine Mountains, said: "Think'st existence doth depend on time? It doth; but actions are our epochs." This is the thirty-seventh anniversary of an epoch in the lives of each and every one of us.

Thirty-seven years ago this afternoon, General Ewell marched his corps of Confederate veterans from the main line over beyond the bloody "horseshoe" about a mile from us, for the purpose of turning the right wing of General Grant's army and taking possession of yonder highway leading from Fredericksburg to his army, and capturing or destroying his supply trains. And we came expecting to do it. Ours was the old Second Corps formerly commanded by Stonewall Jackson.

Many of its regiments had participated in every engagement from the first battle of Manassas to Spottsylvania Court House. We had been fighting for fourteen days in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. We met your forces that afternoon and discovered at once that we were confronted by fresh troops. You wore fresh uniforms. You did not wear the marks of the muddy trenches. We discovered at once that, while you did not have the art of protecting yourselves under fire which the veterans of many battles had, you had the courage, the discipline and the soldierly qualities that meant a stubborn fight for us. My surviving comrades and I have often spoken of the conduct of our enemies on that day. You marched as if on dress parade. Your fire was awfully effective. Your men did not know how to protect themselves by taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground which they defended, as they afterwards doubtless learned, but they did know how to stand up and fight and die like men. Had you not done so that day, you would not today be here celebrating that event and marking this spot with a beautiful and enduring monument. Men do not mark by shaft or pile a spot where ignoble deeds are done. Had you retired before our advancing lines that day, this field would not have become historic. Had you done so, I, as your contestant on this field, would not have troubled myself to quit business and travel three hundred miles to meet you here and witness your ceremonies.

The story carved on this granite will live throughout all generations, perpetuating the heroic deeds of the Massachusetts men who bled and died on this sanguinary field. It also records for all time the fact that men made of stern stuff, Americans all, stood in your front. Your division that afternoon was confronted, in the fiercest of the conflict, by the two North Carolina Brigades of Grimes and Ramseur. You have pointed out to me today the places where you made your greatest sacrifices. I have pointed out to you the places where we bled, the spot where our Colonel, Samuel H. Boyd, offered up his life. We were face to face during that awful sixty minutes.

And now, ladies of the Massachusetts party, I have told you something of the courage and devotion to duty of the young soldiers of the long ago, now your husbands and your fathers. Now, who confronted them? Were they worthy foemen? Did they have courage, patience and endurance? Let one speak for all, the living and the dead. Just over beyond that ravine stands the Alsop house, on a long extended ridge. Just in front of that house runs that little brook and just across runs a parallel ridge. On the first ridge stood the brigades of Grimes and Ramseur, on the second stood the Massachusetts and Maine men, about seventy-five yards apart. The fight had been on some time with varying success, but now the supreme struggle was at hand. The Americans in blue stood erect and fired straight from the shoulder; the Americans, Carolinans in gray, sat on their knees just behind the crest and fired from the shoulder. Death was the rule, life and safety the exception. The carnage was so great that the blood of a Ramseur burned as with fire. "Forward charge!" rang out from the left; we rec-



ognized the voice, down the slope we dashed. Before we reached the brook, Col. Boyd fell, shot through the heart. Men were falling everywhere. I fell and was borne to the rear and over to the house of the Misses Peyton you see yonder in the distance to the field hospital. I was clad in the usual manner of the Confederate soldier, cap, coat, pants and underclothing. They laid me under a tree in the yard of the Misses Peyton; the surgeon removed my outer clothing, cut from my body the underclothing saturated with blood, my socks in the same way. Encouraging me with kind words to live, he dressed my wound and stopped the flow of blood. That night I was placed in an ambulance, with no clothing but an old soiled gray coat and pants, shoes, without socks, and carried back to the division field hospital in the rear of our old lines. I was then placed in a two-mule wagon on a little straw or leaves, and hauled by day and by night, without medical aid or nourishment, to Hanover Junction, near Richmond, and carried thence to Richmond by rail. With that wound almost mortal, I lingered between life and death till the autumn frosts came. I followed the fortunes of General Lee to the end and was one of the number he surrendered at Appomattox, and I now live to rejoice with you over the peace and prosperity that bless a reunited country. I say a reunited country; my section has suffered, but is about to prevail and live. And to prove to you that we are no longer the enemies of New England, I invite you to come down to North Carolina and see us. Come to my house (not all of you at once, in any event, not without a little notice). If you come among us you will duly appreciate us and we will show you that we can appreciate you. We struggled here over a difference as to the construction of our great fundamental law. May we be understood, then and now. We claim that then, and here, upon this historical field, and now, and here, and at home, we are no better than our brethren of Massachusetts, of New England, but then, now, and everywhere, we were and are just as good.

These good people of Spottsylvania County understand all these things. They will guard and protect this monument as their own. I look in their faces and feel and know this.

My friends, I thank you for the kindly manner in which I have been invited to participate in these ceremonies, and wish to say in conclusion, I hope we may meet again; and may peace, happiness and unbounded prosperity abide with you, your children, and your children's children, forever.

President Smith:

We have listened to the eloquent words of a member of Co. K, 45th N. C., C. S. A., and now we know it will be in order to hear from Co. K of 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery. Allow me to introduce a comrade whom we all love to honor, Charlie Burrows, of Rutherford, N. J.

Comrades and Friends: As a member of the old regiment and one of those who stood here with the men to whose memory we erect this monument, I have been asked by the Committee to say a few words befitting the occasion.

I am cautioned that I must be brief and I am aware too that

“Words are the weakest things  
That man as tribute brings  
Unto the world's true kings.  
Yet words, too, have their grace,  
Their golden time and place.”

Standing here on this historic field the flood-gates of memory are opened and there seems rushing in upon me such a crowd of recollections from out the distant and glorious past, that it seems well nigh impossible to summon appropriate words with which to express to you the feeling that fills my heart.

A famous author once wrote, “We count by changes and events within us, not by years.” This, it seems to me, is strikingly true of this nation and especially of the men who were active participants on either side in the great Civil War.

While more than a generation has passed since the close of that eventful strife, the changes we have witnessed have been far greater than were ever known in the same length of time since the history of the world began.

It is thirty-seven years since we first stood upon this field, but looking into your faces today I seem not to note the changes made by time, the furrowed cheek, the thin and frosted locks, the bent form, the remnant of the old regiment, all these vanish and there comes before my vision a long line of the boys in blue, firm, erect and stalwart. Thirty-seven years ago today, it was a warm Spring day, the woods and fields were green, the wild flowers in blossom, flowers fashioned by the hand of the Almighty as perfumed goblets to hold the dew, destined that day to be filled with human blood.

There met on this field as brave men as ever met in battle, men of a common nation, wearing two uniforms, bearing two flags, each strong in the faith of his cause, so strong in his belief that he stood ready and willingly offered his life upon the altar of that belief.

It was then the monarchies of the old world looked on and predicted the end of a republican form of government; but under an all-wise Providence there was seated in the Presidential chair at Washington the greatest and most unique figure in human history, the immortal Abraham Lincoln, and he had placed in command of the armies that great, silent, modest soldier, Ulysses S. Grant.

There was marshaled ready, willing and impatient to obey his command, a mighty host, the rank and file of which was filled with a purpose and spirit such as the Old World had never seen, little understood and not in the least comprehended. With such a combination this government was destined to be preserved for all time.

The Old World looked with wonder as the mighty struggle went on;

they wondered when they saw these two great armies of the North and the South disband and return to peaceful occupations, but how much greater was their wonderment when, a generation later, they witnessed the spectacle of the survivors of these two armies, those who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray, standing shoulder to shoulder against a foreign foe, under one flag and for the honor of a united country. It was then demonstrated to the world that this "government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth," and this nation at one stride took its place as the foremost nation of the world.

It has been a custom among people in all ages to erect memorials to their warrior dead. Centuries before the Christian era the Athenians proudly reared a votive tablet whereon they inscribed the names of sons who had fallen in battle fighting in distant provinces for the glory of Athens. With how much more just a pride can we rear this monument to the memory of our comrades who fell nobly fighting, not for self aggrandizement, not for glory, not for conquest, but for freedom, for truth, for national unity and human rights.

The ground whereon we stand is holy. It has been consecrated by the blood of the Nation's bravest sons, North and South. Their blood mingled here on this soil forms a cement for the foundation for this monument which shall cause it to endure for all time. This memorial celebrates no victory. It is erected by loving hands, with a reverent spirit, in the hope and belief that it will be a lesson to coming generations to teach them a greater love of country and, if need be, to sacrifice for their country all that their fathers did before them.

We leave our Comrades to sleep in the full consciousness that they did their whole duty. We leave them with the knowledge that—

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well.

Nay, they do not sleep, all that was mortal only dreamless lies.

With fond memories we gather here.

While their grand souls look downward from the skies.

The Heroes move with Hero Spirits now,

The Patriots greet the Patriots of yore,

And immortelles are twined about those brows

That only wore the laurel wreath before.

Their fame is ours throughout all coming time.

While language lasts their names will be caressed.

Their deeds may others lead to paths sublime,

And ages yet unborn shall rise and call them blessed."

Singing of America by those present.

Comrade Smith:

Citizens of Spottsylvania, we have brought a piece of granite from our New England hills and placed it here. We are going back to our homes in the Old Bay State. We leave it in your

charge. We know that you will see that no harm comes to it. Guard it well, with your lives if need be, for it is another tie that binds Massachusetts and Virginia together.

After the exercises were completed at the monument we start down the Spottsylvania road to the Court House, where we are to dine at the Historic Hotel. Seventy-five in party, strong. Well, mine host had plenty to eat and the rations were fair, but he had no one to serve the food, and we had quite a slow time getting our dinner, but with our Colonels as waiters we managed to enjoy it. Col. Hart, Col. Bradley, Comrades Smith and Lewis got the rations along with much celerity and strength, perhaps not in the most approved style. I certainly did dodge upon seeing one of the above quartette with a waiter on four fingers over my head. I was expecting every moment to get four or five chowders down the back of my neck. I hope they will never be forced to don the white apron, they will have so much to learn. After an hour's rest for horses and comrades we start on I think the Brock road for the Sedgwick monument. At the monument the party became split, the party proper under lead of Col. Hart keeping on past the monument and through the Wilderness. The road through the Wilderness was, I am told, in very fair condition; the party which I followed came back for half a mile toward the Court House. Turning off the Brock road sharp to the left we went over the new road built by Mr. Chancellor through the ground of the 12th of May, 1864, known as the "Bloody Angle." The road was simply terrible, and I pitied the horses and carriages, but the scenery was grand, the old works running in every direction still remained in part. The house riddled with bullets was a sight never to be forgotten, but the road was a tough problem. It was getting late and the poor horses were jaded when to my surprise we came out of the woods about half way between the Harris farm and the Court House; it was near 7 p. m. when we landed at the Exchange, having been on the road eleven hours, with two hours' rest. After a good wash and a look into my satchel I got myself in trim and managed to eat a fair supper; the train is late tonight and after getting comfortably seated in our car at 9.20, we start for Washington at 9.50.

Our stay in Fredericksburg, forty-eight hours, has been most pleasant and all are enthusiastic regarding the agreeable acquaintances made here. We sincerely hope that on our next visit the United States will have taken the park reserva-

tion, that the great State of Virginia will have put the colored man at work building the corduroy roads through the grounds, and that an electric car system will strike every point of interest around the city. Every soldier and every soldier's son, north and south, should rise up and compel the passage of the bill for this park reservation. We have made a good start and are ready to go further.

The program for the 19th was well carried out, although there were many guests, whom we expected, who did not arrive. Below is a letter of regret from Gen. John B. Gordon, whose Division was in the advance of Ewell's Corps on the 19th:

Atlanta, Georgia, May 15th, 1901.

Hon. John W. Hart, Chairman,  
First Mass. Heavy Artillery Association,  
Salem, Mass.

My Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for the cordial invitation sent me to be the guest of the First Mass. Heavy Artillery Association at Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 18th and 19th, 1901.

It would give me great pleasure to meet the Association at the point and time named, but other engagements of the most exacting character deny me this privilege. With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. B. Gordon.

Judge J. T. Goolrick had accepted an invitation to be present and deliver an address, but owing to an unfortunate mistake in sending the carriage for him he did not arrive. This was a source of much regret to all, as we desired to hear him, and also have the good old town of Fredericksburg represented in the exercises.

We received a telegram from a comrade who was active in assisting us to raise the monument and whom we had hoped to have with us.

John W. Hart,  
With 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery,  
Exchange Hotel, Fredericksburg, Va.

I regret not being able to be with you on Sunday to dedicate the monument. Comrade Gibson will fill my place. Though absent, my thoughts will be with you on the field where we left our gallant comrades thirty-seven years ago.

Orlando W. Norcross.

At 11.45 p. m., Sunday, we arrive in the city of Washington, proceed at once to National Hotel, all pretty well jaded and



iagged. Going down to the hotel office at 12 for a letter, there is not a sign of our party, every one content to go to rest. All are on deck early in the morning and found excellent bill of fare to make selections for a square meal, and right heartily did we feast. The old National always has maintained a reputation for many years as an institution of comfort and good fare, and from the expressions of satisfaction which I heard among our party, and my own experience, it is not at present losing any ground.

Any attempt on my part to write up the grand city would fail, but I cannot desist from comparing the present with its appearance in 1861. Typo in 1861 says, "My previous impressions of Washington were not only strengthened, but fresh feelings of aversion and astonishment were engendered in my mind by my second visit. It is decidedly the best specimen of a 'one-horse town' I have ever encountered and is emphatically ahead of Hudson, N. Y., in being behind the times. The hotels, of which we read so much, are but dirty, shabby-looking affairs at the best, when compared with those of Boston and New York; the streets are ill-paved, poorly lighted, deep with filth and mire; the stores are not to be compared with those in our eastern country towns, are dirty, confused and uninviting. Every conceivable kind of architecture appears on Pennsylvania avenue, and hogs are allowed to roam unmolested through the principal thoroughfares. The depot is a most disgusting affair, and the unfinished Capitol and half-built Washington Monument do not tend to beautify the city." The above was not far from true. The Washington of 1901 is the pride of all Americans, the broad and well lighted avenues and streets, every one laid with asphalt paving, the magnificent public buildings, the elegant residences of American millionaires, which appear in every part of the city, the little corners of green parks to be found everywhere, tend to show the march of a great people during the forty years that have passed. Washington is the Mecca of this great land and every American should surely see it and pass as much time as possible looking over its grandeur and its possibilities, for it must at some time in the future become the grandest city in the world.

Tuesday, May 21—After bidding the "Old National" and its genial host "good-bye" and receiving from him the compliment that ours was the best party of its size (and the least trouble) that he had ever entertained, we boarded our palace car and

started for Baltimore at 5.10. There were but a few who left our party in Washington. Arriving in Baltimore, it was "go as you please" to the good ship Howard, Capt. Nickerson. All were immediately assigned berths and at 7 p. m. the Howard left her dock on the trip to Beanland. After an elegant supper, the party lined the decks to take in the beautiful sail down the Chesapeake Bay, nearly two hundred miles. The bay was full of vessels of every description and the water was as quiet as on a lake. Many stayed up late and seemed to enjoy the sail and the lights which appeared on either side. We pass Fortress Monroe on the right, into Hampton Roads, passing the Rip-Raps on our left. We steam into Newport News about 9 a. m. We have an early breakfast on the boat; nearly all of our party go ashore for the day, a good part go to the navy yard to view the big ships which are being built there. For the first time during the trip we were to have a heavy rain and wind storm. After the trolley ride from Newport News, through Hampton to Fortress Monroe, the storm came on in fury, the water came up over the wharves and the river and bay looked wicked. But it did not last long, the wind soon died down, the sun put in an appearance and the water soon became calm. For twenty-five cents each we were driven all through the old Fortress, which, although it covers a large space, does not seem very formidable. We start about 1.30 p. m. on steamer Hampton for Norfolk. This was a most delightful thirty-minutes' sail across the mouth of the James river, the only trouble it was too short; but what an appetite we all had as we hurried to Jimmy Jones's famous oyster parlor; fried oysters never tasted any better to your humble servant than upon this day at said Jones's. By the way, if you ever visit Norfolk and do not taste the oysters as served by J. J. you will be sorry. The boat does not leave until 8 p. m. and we have time to ride on the trolleys in all directions, arriving at the boat at about 6.30. It was a feature to see the colored longshoremen loading the boat with produce for the Northern market—the produce coming down the James on small boats and yachts, half a dozen in a bunch, pulled by a small tug. Norfolk is full of life and enterprise, more like our Northern cities than any place we had found. Her citizens are full of that genial hospitality which we found in Petersburg and in fact all along our trip. Our boat is late in loading and it is 9 p. m. before we start for the Northland.



As we passed the light at Cape Charles we ran into a fog and the captain was obliged to whistle once a minute till almost day-break. Many of us were awake all night, but the day broke bright and clear, the sun shone forth in all its glory. Old ocean was calm and our journey to the end was destined to be the most pleasant and agreeable part. About 10 a. m. of Friday, the 24th, a meeting was called in the dining-room, Comrade Hart presiding.

On board S. S. Howard, Friday, May 24, 1901, 10.05 a. m.

Excursionists called to order in the Dining Hall.

Comrade Hart in chair.

Vote of thanks to Capt. Ziba Nickerson for courtesies received.

Vote of thanks to Steward H. J. Lange for our excellent menu.

Vote of thanks to Col. Hart and Secretary Gardner.

Comrade Hawkins advocates the future meeting of excursionists.

Comrade Hawkins advocates the souvenir list of excursionists.

Comrade Gardner promises list.

Remarks by Comrades Kingsbury, Cole, White and others complimentary to the committee and the complete success of the trip. Col. Hart invites all the friends to attend Regimental reunion at Salisbury Beach in August. Adjourned with cheers for the Merchant & Miners S. S. Line.

As we drew up to the wharf and the party who had been together for eleven days were about to separate, the evidences of the pleasure of our excursion were plentiful. The hearty grasp of the hand and the invitations to visit were the order of the hour; every one seemed to be pleased and delighted with the trip and the new acquaintances formed. Not an accident, not a package lost, no one sick, not a hitch on the program from start to finish, and better than all, not a "growl" was heard during the whole trip. For this excellent good fortune the committee feel that it is proper to express to the members of the excursion their appreciation of their courteous deportment and kindly disposition. May we meet soon around the festive board and renew the friendships so fairly begun.

## FIRST MASS. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Col. J. W. Hart.....	Salem, Mass., Co. L
Henry M. Hawkins.....	Boston, Mass., Co. C
A. S. Forbes.....	Haverhill, Mass., Co. B
S. F. Treat.....	Cohasset, Mass., Co. I
J. W. Gardner.....	Boston, Mass., Co. K
J. P. Bradley.....	Boston, Mass., Co. B
Geo. W. Lewis.....	Melrose Highlands, Mass., Co. F
Jos. Arnold.....	Boston, Mass., Co. B
Austin F. Carter.....	Hyde Park, Mass., Co. F
Wm. Hart.....	Worcester, Mass., Co. H
Chas. R. Brown.....	So. Lancaster, Mass., Co. D
P. H. O'Connell.....	Danvers, Mass., Co. E
Geo. F. Tibbetts.....	No. Cambridge, Mass., Co. K
Chas. Greene.....	Ballardvale, Mass., Co. H
David B. Burnham.....	Essex, Mass., Co. E
Amos Southwick.....	Lawrence, Mass., Co. K
John Metzgar.....	Danvers, Mass., Co. I
N. B. M. Ingalls.....	Lynn, Mass., Co. G
Edward Eaton.....	Wakefield, Mass., Co. L
Ira F. Trask.....	Wenham, Mass., Co. I
J. P. Batcheller.....	Lynn, Mass., Co. M
Lewis G. Holt.....	Lawrence, Mass., Co. H
Wm. H. Morgan.....	Beverly, Mass., Co. D
Geo. B. White.....	Boston, Mass., Co. H

## LADIES.

Mrs. John W. Hart, Mrs. Henry M. Hawkins, Mrs. A. S. Forbes, Mrs. S. F. Treat, Mrs. J. L. Stone, Mrs. Albert Munsey, Mrs. Sarah A. Kimball, Mrs. Helen Morse, Mrs. Mary Lindsay, Mrs. J. W. Gardner, Mrs. G. S. Gibson, Mrs. Col. Shatswell, Mrs. P. D. Smith, Misses Smith.

## VETERANS.

Albert Munsey.....Lynn, Mass., 4th Mass. H. Art.  
A. W. Fessenden.....Lynn, Mass., Co. C, 43d Mass.  
John W. Sanborn.....Hyde Park, Mass., S. S. Kearsarge  
Chas. F. Hartshorne.....Wakefield, Mass., 50th Mass.  
Andrew Dodge.....Beverly, Mass., Co. F, 23d Mass.  
J. E. Ricker.....Cambridge, Mass., N. H. N. G., U. S. Vols.  
N. W. Bunker.....Cambridge, Mass., 56th Mass. Vet.

Chas. A. Gay.....Cambridge, Mass., 1st Mass. Cav., 47th Mass. Vols.  
 Glass McNair.....Lynn, Mass., Co. C, 6th N. Y. H. Art.  
 Martin Murray.....Beverly, Mass., Co. C, 17th Mass.

# CITIZENS.

J. L. Stone, Boston, Mass.; James Russell, Boston, Mass.; Harry Hawkins, Boston, Mass.; Leland H. Cole, Salem, Mass.; Sammie Cole, Salem, Mass.; Fred Kingsbury, Dedham, Mass.; John T. Deegan, Boston, Mass.; Geo. A. Lougee, Boston, Mass.; Wilbur H. Weston, Newburg, N. Y.; Henry F. Swett, Boston, Mass.

# JOINED US AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Col. N. Shatswell, Washington, D. C.; Peter D. Smith, Co. H, Andover, Mass.; Geo. A. Bartlett, Co. K, Washington, D. C.; Chas. Burrows, Co. K, Rutherford, N. J.; Jerry F. Donovan, Co. F, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas J. Putnam, Co. D, Washington, D. C.; G. S. Gibson, Co. F, Clinton, Mass. (at Richmond, Va.); Leonard Stoddard, Washington, D. C.

# RECAPITULATION.

First Mass. left Boston,	24	add 7	31
Ladies left Boston,	10	add 5	15
Veterans left Boston,	10		10
Citizens left Boston,	10	add 1	11
	<hr/> 54		<hr/> 13
			67 at Fredericksburg.



VIEW OF HARRIS HOUSE.  
Left and Rear.



# HISTORICAL SKETCH

## OF THE

### FIRST REGIMENT HEAVY ARTILLERY MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

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#### ORIGINAL ROSTER OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

AND

#### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

IN 1861, WITH THE TWO COMPANIES L AND M WHICH WERE ADDED 1862.

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COLONEL . . .	WILLIAM B. GREENE . . .	HAVERHILL
LIEUT. COL., . . .	SAMUEL C. OLIVER . . .	SALEM
MAJOR . . .	LEVI P. WRIGHT . . .	LAWRENCE
ADJUTANT . . .	CHARLES F. SIMMONS . . .	BOSTON
QUARTERMASTER	ANDREW WASHBURN . . .	W. NEWTON
SURGEON . . .	DAVID DANA . . .	LAWRENCE
ASS'T SURGEON . .	SAMUEL K. TOWLE . . .	HAVERHILL
CHAPLAIN . . .	STEPHEN BARKER . . .	ANDOVER

#### Non-Commissioned Staff.

SERG'T MAJOR . . .	AMOS HENFIELD . . .	SALEM
QUARTERMASTER SERG'T	WILLIAM GLASS . . .	BOSTON
COMMISSARY SERG'T	ARTHUR LEE DREW . . .	HAVERHILL
HOSPITAL STEWARD	JOHN M. PILLSBURY . . .	HAVERHILL
BAND MASTER . . .	ISAAC A. BOYNTON . . .	HAVERHILL

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Co. A, . . .	CAPT. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL . . .	OF IPSWICH
Co. B, . . .	CAPT. LEVERETT BRADLEY . . .	" METHUEN
Co. C, . . .	CAPT. ALONZO G. DRAPER . . .	" LYNN
Co. D, . . .	CAPT. SETH S. BUXTON . . .	" SALEM
Co. E, . . .	CAPT. JOSEPH W. SARGENT . . .	" AMESBURY
Co. F, . . .	CAPT. SAMUEL LANGMAID . . .	" LAWRENCE
Co. G, . . .	CAPT. BENJAMIN DAY . . .	" MARBLEHEAD
Co. H, . . .	CAPT. HORACE HOLT . . .	" ANDOVER
Co. I, . . .	CAPT. ARTHUR A. PUTNAM . . .	" DANVERS
Co. K, . . .	CAPT. FRANK A. ROLFE . . .	" LAWRENCE

#### Two Companies added in 1862.

Co. L, . . .	CAPT. EBEN A. ANDREWS . . .	" IPSWICH
Co. M, . . .	CAPT. EDWARD A. CHANDLER . . .	" LYNN

This Regiment, organized as the 14th Infantry, commonly known as the "Essex County Regiment," from its having been mostly raised in this part of the State, was mustered into the service of the United States, July 5th, 1861, at Fort Warren. On the 7th of August it left Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, for Washington, under command of Colonel William B. Greene, and upon arriving there, was ordered to Camp Kalorama, Meridian Heights, Maryland, where it remained until the 18th of the same month, when it was ordered to cross the Potomac and garrison Fort Albany, considered at that time the key to Washington. Shortly after it was called upon to furnish a garrison for Fort Runyon, and the works at the head of the Long Bridge. On the 1st of January, 1862, by order from the War Department, the regiment was changed from an Infantry to a Heavy Artillery Regiment; consequently requiring an increase in its number, of fifty men to each company, and two additional companies of one hundred and fifty men each, to raise it to the standard, which was duly accomplished. Early in April following, the regiment was required, in addition to the forts already occupied by them, to furnish garrisons for Forts Scott, Richardson, Barnard, Craig, and Tillinghast, vacated by infantry regiments detached for other service. They remained in garrison in these Forts until August 23d, when they were ordered to Cloud's Mills, where they remained until the 26th, when orders were received to march to Manassas, to participate in the Battle of Bull Run. While on the march to this point, on the morning of the 27th, between Annadale and Fairfax Court House, they were met by squads of flying soldiers belonging to the Second New York Artillery, who had preceded them the previous day, and who had met and were repulsed by Stuart's Cavalry. The regiment kept on, passing on their route a long supply train of four or five miles in length, belonging to General Bank's army, which had been ordered back for safety. When about a mile beyond Fairfax Court House they were met by two pieces of the Twelfth New York Battery (the remainder having been captured by the enemy), rapidly retreating, followed in close pursuit by the enemy's cavalry. Colonel Greene ordered them to stop, and placed them in position, under the charge of one of his captains, at the same time deploying his regiment through the woods on both sides of the road. They remained in line all day, and lay on their arms during the following night. Early on the morning of the next day, one of their pickets was shot by the enemy and subsequently taken to a house in the rear for surgical treatment. While the surgeons were engaged in their duty, the house in which they were occupied was surrounded by the enemy's cavalry and the whole party taken prisoners, including the capture of an ambulance, a hospital wagon, and a four-horse regimental wagon with their drivers. After being taken a few miles the surgeons were unconditionally released, and the remainder of the party paroled by the enemy. Late in the day the Regiment received orders to return to Cloud's Mills where they arrived late the same evening, having marched



seventeen miles in five hours and a half. The day following the regiment was ordered to garrison Forts Albany, Craig, Tillinghast, Woodbury, Whipple, De Kalb, Corcoran, Haggerty, and Bennett. After doing duty in these forts for more than a week the regiment was relieved from duty at the three last named. About the middle of September Companies H and I were ordered to Maryland Heights for garrison duty; and about a month later Co. C was ordered to join them.

In October, Col. Greene resigned and was succeeded by Col. Thos. R. Tannatt.

The history of the regiment during the year 1863, so honorable to Massachusetts, and the officers and men comprising it, is so well told in the following letter of Colonel Tannatt, and the Reports of Major Rolfe and Major Holt, that nothing need be added.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST MASS. HEAVY ARTILLERY,  
FORT WHIPPLE, V.A., Jan. 1, 1864.

General:—Your request for data to embody in your Annual Report, has been deferred in order to obtain a correct account of the nature of service performed by the battalion then serving at Maryland Heights, but since returned to the regiment.

Notice of my transfer from the Sixteenth to this regiment reached me a few days prior to the first battle of Fredericksburg. At the request of my old and esteemed officers I remained with the Sixteenth until the return of the army to Falmouth, joining this regiment for duty, January 1st, 1863. Upon assuming command, I found certain reforms necessary, but passing to the present time, I will but remark, that the regiment is to-day held in high esteem for its proficiency in drill, good discipline, and military appearance. With the exception of a transfer of three companies from lesser Forts to Fort Whipple, the largest and most complete earthwork in the defences of Washington, no change has been made in the station of the eight companies here on duty.

Companies B, C, H, and I, detached until December 1, 1863, have seen service alike creditable to the officers and men. Company I was in the battle of Winchester, gaining much praise for their good conduct, and artillery skill; being ordered by General Milroy to remain and spike the guns left by his command. Captain Martin and forty men were taken prisoners; the men are exchanged and again on duty; Captain Martin is in Libby prison.

The regiment has performed a vast amount of labor during the year, having erected fine quarters for officers and men; completed and occupied one forty-three-gun fort, besides erecting three large bomb-proof barracks, capable of quartering the men.

The system of promoting from the ranks has in no case been set aside, but preceded by a thorough examination of such sergeants as desired to compete for commissions. This system, extended to the issue of warrants, has given to the regiment a valuable class of junior officers, correct in habits, and efficient in drill and com-

mand, whilst the scale of warrant officers has reached a highly desirable degree of proficiency. During the year, twenty-one vacancies in the roster of officers have been well filled by the promotion of sergeants.

Finding the records of the regiment very defective, some time elapsed before your office could be furnished with the returns so necessary to you. During the presence of the rebel army in Pennsylvania, the troops of this command were called upon to picket in front of their line, thus doing the double duty of infantry and artillery. Several marches to the assistance of points threatened by guerillas, proved that, although garrison troops, the men were ever ready for any duty regardless of exposure. A more careful performance of picket duty I have yet to see.

Since joining this regiment I have been much of the time called upon to command the brigade, of which the regiment forms a part, and for two months the line of defences south of the Potomac, retaining command in my regiment during the time, thus being obliged to leave undone many things necessary in my immediate command.

Your attention is called to the enclosed Reports from Majors Rolfe and Holt.

In closing I desire to convey to his Excellency and yourself, my personal thanks for the uniform courtesy extended to me upon all points of interest to the men of my command.

In no case has political or social influence been allowed to govern the position, promotion, or conduct of any officer or soldier, but a clear and conscientious consideration has greatly assisted me in my feeble efforts to make my regiment capable of maintaining an honorable place among the troops sent from Massachusetts. This regiment is not filled by recruits; a large proportion of the old and original members having re-enlisted. Of the present condition of the regiment it is more proper that others should speak.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. R. TANNATT,  
*Colonel First Mass. Heavy Artillery.*

To General WM. SCHOULER,  
*Adjutant-General of Massachusetts.*

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HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D BATTALION, 1ST MASS. H. A.,  
FORT WOODBURY, VA., Jan. 8, 1864.

Sir:—In accordance with the Colonel's orders of the 1st instant, I have the honor to make the following report of the marches, etc., made by my former command, First Battalion, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, while on detached service.

On the 27th of September, 1862, in accordance with orders received from Major-General McClellan, through intermediate head-quarters, I proceeded by rail with Companies H and

I, to Harper's Ferry, Va., and reported to Major-General E. V. Sumner, commanding post. He directed me to march my command up on Maryland Heights, and report to Brigadier-General A. S. Williams, commanding Twelfth Corps, and get the heavy guns, which had been spiked and rolled down the heights (by order of Colonel Miles, about twelve days previous), ready for use as soon as possible. Arriving upon the heights at a position known as the Naval Battery, we found the heavy guns to be two nine-inch J. A. D. guns, and one fifty-pounder J. A. D. gun, all spiked, dismounted and rolled down the heights, fifteen or twenty feet from their platforms.

Not having suitable machines for mounting the guns, we went into the woods, cut down trees, and made blocks, and with them succeeded in getting the guns in position, and mounting them on their carriages. While Lieutenant Guilford, in command of a few men, was getting the spikes out of the guns, others were hunting in the woods and bushes for the broken implements and equipments, which we repaired sufficiently to serve the guns with. Some ammunition was found in a tent near by, which had been but partially destroyed, and was prepared for use. On the evening of the fourth day after we arrived there, I reported to General Sumner that the guns were ready for use.

Two twenty-pounder batteries from the artillery reserve of the Army of the Potomac were stationed near the Naval Battery when we arrived there, but they were ordered away a few days after we got the heavy guns ready for use. Our tents were not pitched for a week or ten days, because every man was employed in getting the guns in order, and the ground we wanted was occupied by the batteries; but the weather was exceedingly fair.

Requisitions were then made for the necessary ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster stores, which I succeeded in getting without much trouble. There being no magazines for the ammunition, we commenced on four small ones immediately after the guns were in position. Two or three days after we got the naval guns in position I received several Parrott guns from Washington Arsenal. These were placed in position at the Naval Battery.

October 27, 1862, Captain A. G. Draper reported to me with his company (C), and a few days after commenced on a new battery (now Fort Duncan), and several Parrott guns that arrived a few days after the company did, were put in temporary position near it. December 23, 1862, Captain C. S. Heath reported to me with his company (B), which was sent to the top of the heights, one thousand and sixty-five feet above the Potomac River, to build the Howitzer Battery, with five boat howitzers I had received a few weeks previous.

January 23, 1863, Assistant-Surgeon E. B. Mason, of our regiment, reported to me; previous to which time the sick of the battalion had been attended by assistant-surgeons detailed from regiments stationed near us. From the time we arrived at Harper's Ferry, Va., until the 10th of June, 1863, the battalion was employed

most of the time in building batteries, magazines, and barracks, putting guns in position, repairing roads, and hauling up supplies of all kinds.

June 10th Company I was ordered to Winchester. For an account of the doings of the company from that time until it arrived at Harper's Ferry, Va., I refer you to Lieutenant J. B. Hanson's Report. Nearly all of Company I, except those who were taken prisoners (Captain and forty-four men), arrived at Maryland Heights on the 16th and 17th of June, in an exhausted and destitute condition. Some of the men arrived back via Harrisburg, Pa., near the last of the month. Lieutenants Hoppin and Holt arrived on the 16th, and as fast as the men came in, got them together and supplied their wants. A few days after, Company I started for Winchester. Captain Hawkins, of the Eighth New York Artillery, reported to me with his company (F), from Baltimore, and was sent to the battery left by Company I. It being a small company, as soon as Company I arrived from Winchester and got rested, I sent it to his old battery, to assist the New York company in case of an attack.

We were expecting an attack from the 16th of June to the 1st of July,—the day we evacuated. A great many changes were made at the batteries just previous to the evacuation, and a portion of the battalion worked day and night. The battalion, with a very little assistance, built before the evacuation, log barracks for two companies, twelve magazines, and four batteries, hauled up thirty-five pieces of artillery, and two hundred and twenty tons of ammunition of the best quality, besides a large amount of quartermaster and commissary stores.

June 29th, received orders to evacuate Maryland Heights, and destroy everything but the guns. During the night hauled the guns away from Fort Duncan and Howitzer Battery, and destroyed the ammunition.

June 30th, hauled the guns down from the Thirty-Pounder Battery, destroyed the ammunition, and loaded a part of the guns from the three batteries dismantled, aboard canal-boats. While destroying the ammunition at Fort Duncan, a shell exploded, and Sergeant E. J. Graham, privates Wm. Bachellor and J. M. Cutter, Company C, were wounded, the sergeant badly. Also, while destroying the ammunition at Thirty-Pounder Battery, an explosion occurred outside the battery, killing five or six, and wounding eight or ten. No one of this regiment was injured at the last explosion. Both explosions were the results of excitement and carelessness. The battalion was ordered to march with General Kenley's (Maryland) brigade, but subsequently was ordered to remain behind until all the guns (except a few old ones, which were to be left, to protect the retreat of General Elliott's brigade, having in charge the good guns), were loaded upon the canal-boats. Those guns for the protection of General Elliott were in charge of Captain Horace Holt.

July 1st, about 10 o'clock, all the guns having been loaded, and

put in charge of General Elliott's brigade, I marched with Companies B, C, and I, of this regiment, and Company F, of the Eighth New York Artillery, about fourteen miles towards Frederick, Maryland, and bivouacked for the night. This was a hard march for the battalion, as it was a very hot day, the road very muddy, and a part of the men had been obliged to work thirty-six hours, just before starting, in mud and water; their feet became soft and tender, and the men were not used to marching. Before starting on the march, all the sick and wounded were put aboard canal-boats, and went safely to Washington, and shortly after nearly all reported to regimental head-quarters.

July 2d, marched to Frederick, and reported to Brigadier-General Kenley. At 4 o'clock, P. M., the same day, marched with Tenth Vermont Regiment and Tenth Massachusetts Battery to Frederick Junction. Just as we were starting, Captain Holt arrived with his company, and, being very tired, was allowed to remain in Frederick until next morning, when he was directed to report to me at Frederick Junction. July 4th, received orders to leave two companies of my command to guard the Junction, and march with the other three to Frederick, and guard the public property and approaches to the town. After marching about half way to Frederick the order was countermanded, and the battalion marched back to the Junction.

July 7th, sent Captain Holt and his company to Maryland Heights, by rail, by order of Major-General French. For an account of the doings of Company H, from the time it was left on Maryland Heights until it joined the battalion at Frederick Junction, and from the time it left Frederick Junction until it joined the battalion again, on the Boonsboro' and Hagerstown turnpike, I refer you to Captain Holt's Report, enclosed herewith.

July 8th, sent Company F, Eighth New York Artillery, to Maryland Heights to relieve Captain Holt's company, by order of Major-General French, and then marched through Frederick towards Middletown, until 9 o'clock in the evening, when we bivouacked for the night, and in the morning started for Middletown, which place we reached about 9 o'clock A. M. After resting a short time, marched towards South Mountain Pass, which place we reached about noon. In the evening we marched through the pass, in the rear of the Third Corps, and bivouacked for the night. July 10th, marched through Kedersville and bivouacked for the night on the road to Sharpsburg, one mile from Kedersville, and in rear of the Third Corps.

July 11th, marched through Boonsboro', to near head-quarters Third Corps, on Williamsport road, two miles from Boonsboro', and reported to Major-General French, who ordered me to report to Brigadier-General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac. The battalion was assigned by him to duty with the artillery reserve, Brigadier-General R. O. Tyler, commanding. Marched to the camp of artillery reserve on the Boonsboro' and Hagerstown Turnpike, three miles from Boonsboro', and reported to General Tyler. In



the evening Captain Holt joined the battalion with his company.

July 12th, detailed one hundred and forty-eight men for the different batteries of the reserve, by order of General Tyler. Captain Fuller, Thirty-Second Massachusetts Volunteers, with his company, was temporarily attached to my command. July 13th, marched with the reserve about eight miles towards Williamsport, and then marched back to near camp left in the morning. In the evening detailed forty men to report to Captain Robinson, Fourth Maine Battery, by order of General Tyler.

July 15th, marched through Boonsboro', Middletown, and Jefferson, to within two miles of Berlin, Maryland. On the 18th, marched from Berlin across Potomac River, through Lovettsville to within a mile of Wheatland, Va. On the 19th, marched through Wheatland to Purcellville. On the 20th, marched to Union. On the 21st, all men detailed into batteries, ordered by General Meade to be sent back to their companies, and I was ordered to march with the battalion to Harper's Ferry, Va., and report to the commanding officer.

On the 22d, all men detailed in batteries, except eighteen of Company B, detailed in Company C, Fifth United States Artillery, and ordered to New York with the battery, arrived, and the battalion marched through Purcellville, Wheatland, and Lovettsville to Berlin. On the 23d, marched on the tow-path of the canal to Harper's Ferry, Va., and reported to Brigadier-General H. H. Lockwood, commanding post. The Eighth New York Artillery was occupying our old batteries, and had mounted the guns Captain Holt's company had spiked and rolled down the heights. The battalion went into camp near the Naval Battery.

On the 25th, the battalion was ordered to occupy Fort Duncan. On the 27th, the Eighth New York Artillery were ordered to vacate the batteries, and the battalion to re-occupy them. I was directed to inspect the works on Maryland Heights, report upon their condition and take measures to get guns and ammunition, and put the works in the best possible condition.

On the 29th, I was sent to Washington by General Lockwood, with a letter to Generals Ripley and Barry (Chief of Ordnance, and Inspector of Artillery), requesting that the guns I might call for be sent to Maryland Heights as soon as possible. The armament I suggested was approved, and ordered to be sent immediately; and the old guns and material left on the heights at the evacuation gathered up and sent to Washington Arsenal. I immediately went back to Maryland Heights, and set the battalion to work gathering up the two hundred tons of ammunition it had destroyed a month previous, had it hauled down from the heights, and, with the old guns spiked by Captain Holt's company, loaded aboard cars, and sent to Washington Arsenal. At the same time the new guns and ammunition arrived. The guns were hauled up by the men,—from 200 to 500 being required to haul up each gun. A part of the new guns were put in the old batteries, and the rest on new and commanding positions, and batteries built around them.



Nearly the whole month of August was spent in replacing what had been destroyed in three days in June.

August 11th, an order was received discharging Assistant-Surgeon E. B. Mason, to receive an appointment in the Second Massachusetts Cavalry. From that time the sick of the battalion were attended by assistant-surgeons detailed from regiments around us, until August 24th, when Assistant-Surgeon Samuel L. Dutton of our Regiment reported to me.

October 14th, thirty-six men of Company I, captured at Winchester, reported to their company from Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md. From the time we arrived back at Harper's Ferry, until we were relieved by the Third Battalion, Fifth New York Artillery, on the 30th day of November, and ordered to report to regimental head-quarters, our duty was the same as before the evacuation, viz. building batteries, magazines, barracks, etc. In all the moving of guns which the battalion did, some of which was in the night, only one accident occurred, the circumstances of which are as follows:

On the first of August, 1863, two hundred men were hauling a thirty-pounder Parrott gun up a very steep, rough place. It was a very long, hard pull, and when the gun arrived at the top, and commenced to go easy, the men gave a cheer, and started on the run. Private William H. Wardwell, Company H, who was pulling on the rope near the gun, fell down, and the men being crowded on the rope, broke his hold, and, before the gun could be stopped, fell under the wheels of the gun carriage, and was killed.

In order to appreciate the difficulties under which the battalion labored, it must be known that the batteries were situated from 250 to 1065 feet above the river, and the roads leading to them very rocky, steep, and crooked, and barely wide enough for a wagon. Over these roads the guns, ammunition, and supplies of all kinds were hauled. Several times during the winter it was impossible to get down the mountain with a team for several days in succession, on account of the steep places in the road being covered with ice.

During the whole time the battalion was on detached service, officers and men obeyed all orders given them, cheerfully and promptly, and evinced a desire to practise upon the enemy with what they had studied for two years and a half, and gain a little honor for the regiment, so that in July next, when the regiment is mustered out of service, it could not be said that the largest regiment in the United States service served a three-years' enlistment without even seeing a rebel in arms, while every other regiment from the State had participated in one or more of the glorious achievements of the war, covered itself with glory, and reflected honor upon the old Bay State.

Earnestly hoping that in the spring our regiment will be ordered to active duty with our arm of the service.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

FRANK A. ROLFE,

*Major, First Mass. Heavy Artillery, Commanding.*

## REPORT OF MAJOR HORACE HOLT.

FORT WHIPPLE, VA., Jan. 9, 1864.

I have the honor to respectfully submit the following report of the operations, marches, etc., of Company H, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, while detached from the first battalion of said regiment of which you were in command at Maryland Heights, Md.

When General French evacuated Maryland Heights, on the first of July, 1863, Company H, which I had the honor of commanding, was detailed to remain in charge of some heavy guns that were left upon the heights to cover the retreat, as large quantities of ordnance and quarter-master's stores were being shipped upon canal-boats to Washington for safe keeping. After you had left the heights with General French, I reported (as directed) to General Elliott, who was in charge of the shipping of the stores, and with his brigade guards the canal-boats to Washington. He gave me orders to remain at the guns till dark that night, then to "spike" my guns and destroy the ammunition, and march for Frederick City, Md. As I was about to "spike," I received orders from General Elliott to delay a few hours, as it was reported the enemy were advancing from the direction of Sharpsburg to destroy the canal-boats and stores. I accordingly delayed until past ten o'clock; saw no enemy, and learned the boats and all the troops were out of range of my guns. I then "spiked" and otherwise destroyed, and marched for Frederick City, Md., as directed. Seven miles out from Sandy Hook we came up with Captain Pengaskill, with a company of engineers and a small train of wagons, encamped for the night. Glad was Company H to join them.

The next morning (July 2d), marched for Frederick City, where we arrived at five o'clock P. M., all safe, but very much fatigued; but found your command in line, and about to march for Frederick Junction. As I reported to you the condition of my company from fatigue, you obtained permission for us to remain at Frederick City that night. Next morning we joined you at Frederick Junction. On the evening of the sixth of July, I received orders from you to proceed with Company H to Maryland Heights again. I obtained transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in open cars, attached to a train of four iron-clad cars; each car was armed with a light field-piece, without the gun carriages; the pieces were slung with ropes from the top of the cars, and served through port-holes. The train was in charge of Lieutenant Meigs, of U. S. A., with orders to run up the railroad as far as Harper's Ferry, and learn the condition of the road and telegraph wires.

We left Frederick Junction at 8 o'clock, A. M., July 7th; arrived at Sandy Hook, Md., about 3 P. M., where we found Brigadier-General John R. Kenley, with the Maryland Brigade, just coming in from Frederick City. He immediately ordered Lieutenant Meigs and myself, with Company H, up to the Harper's Ferry bridge, to cover the advance of his brigade past the bridge and up the heights. On our arrival at the bridge we found the enemy strongly

posted, on the Harper's Ferry side, behind the railroad and old brick walls. As the brigade arrived, they (the rebels) opened with musketry. I ordered Lieutenant Carter, of Company H, with twenty men, to deploy as skirmishers along the Maryland bank of the river, under cover of timbers, rocks, etc., and Lieutenant Meigs opened fire with a twelve-pound howitzer; but as he could not bring his rear cars up to get range with the guns, he let me have two six-pounder brass pieces. I ordered Lieutenant Guilford, of Company H, to take them out of the cars, and rig them on logs in the road, for shelling the town. Lieutenant Guilford accordingly took two gun detachments of Company H, and in ten minutes the guns were both rigged, each trunnion resting upon a log, using a piece of plank for a quoin, and the rebels were soon made to quit their hiding-place and get out of range. Quite a brisk skirmish was kept up until dark that night.

There were seventeen men wounded in the Maryland Brigade; Company H came out without a scratch. On the 8th, Company F, of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, reported from Frederick Junction, with orders relieving me, and ordering me to join you at Middletown, Md. As I was about to march with my company, I received orders from Brigadier-General Naglee (who had just arrived and assumed command of the forces at Maryland Heights), to remain at the bridge, as he had orders to hold all troops that were then in his command. The next morning (9th) I received orders from General Naglee to march my company up to the Naval Battery, and occupy my old quarters, and put the heavy guns in position that I had spiked, by order of General Elliott, at the time of the first evacuation. On the morning of the 10th, I received orders from General Naglee to march with Brigadier-General Kenley's brigade (who was then under orders to report at Boonsboro', Md.), and report to you as soon as I could find you. I was accordingly attached to the Eighth Maryland Regiment, under Colonel Denison. We marched that day to Boonsboro', Md. The next day (11th) we marched about seven miles beyond Boonsboro', halted, and commenced throwing up breastworks, as an attack was hourly expected. At 5 o'clock, P. M., same day, you rode into camp, and had me relieved from the Maryland Brigade. I joined your battalion, then attached to the reserve artillery of the Army of the Potomac, camped by the Boonsboro' Pike.

With regrets that the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery cannot show upon her records an equal share of gallant deeds upon the battle-field with other Massachusetts regiments, and hoping yet that we shall have an opportunity of relieving an equal number of worn-out heroes from the front, and they have an opportunity of resting from long-continued hardships behind these breastworks on Arlington Heights, or some place equally safe.

With great respect, Major, I am yours, etc.,

HORACE HOLT,

*Major First Mass. Heavy Artillery.*

To Major FRANK A. ROLFE, *First Mass. Heavy Artillery.*

EXTRACTS FROM CAPT. W. F. MARTINS AND LT. J. B. HAN-  
SON, OF CO. I.

Wednesday, June 10, 1863, Co. I, 1st Mass. H. Art. left "30 Pd. Battery" at Maryland Heights for Winchester, Va., arriving on the evening of the 11th, reported to Gen'l Milroy and assigned to garrison Flag Fort, (four 24 pd. Brass Howitzers). The 12th reported to Gen'l Elliott. 13th fired about 70 shells (range 1,000 yards) many of which were effective. 14th the enemy surrounded the town, skirmishing and shelling all day; in the afternoon a reconnoissance was made by a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and Lt. Hanson with two detachments of company I—with a 24 pd. Howitzer all under the command of Col. Ely, 18th Conn., killing a rebel captain and capturing eleven prisoners (3 men wounded in Co. I). At 5 p. m., the enemy opened with all his artillery making an assault on Flag Fort, which was repelled. Sunday night (14th) after a council of war Gen'l Milroy concluded to evacuate. On the 15th at 1 p. m. the general ordered a retreat, Co. I to remain and spike the guns and destroy the ammunition, which was faithfully done. About four miles from the town the troops found Rodes Div. of Ewells Corps and after a brisk fight of an hour our troops surrendered, among them were Capt. Martins and 44 men of Co. I,—the balance of the company under Lt. Hanson succeeded in eluding the enemy and arrived at the Heights in due time, 36 of the 44 captured arrived from Camp Parole, Oct. 14th. Capt. Martins was paroled in the middle of March 1864, in time to lose a leg on May 19.

G.

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The Regiment continued to occupy a portion of the fortifications of Washington, south of the Potomac, until the 15th of May, 1864. During the time it was engaged in performing garrison duty, it accomplished a great deal in building fortifications, mounting and dismounting heavy guns, and moving ordnance from one fortification to another. In addition it was employed in building and repairing military roads and bridges on each side of the several fortifications, etc.

May 15th, 1864. The regiment marched to Alexandria (five miles), with orders to join the Army of the Potomac. Took transports the same day for Belle Plain. Arrived at Belle Plain the 16th. Disembarked and bivouacked on the ridge near the landing. Reported to Brigadier-General R. O. Tyler, and was assigned to the Second Brigade of his (Tyler's) Division (Colonel Tannatt commanding), composed mainly of heavy artillery regiments from the fortifications of Washington and Baltimore.

(For operations during May 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th, see Historical address by Comrade Bradley at the dedication of the Monument on the Battie Field of Spootsylvania.)

Marched at 1, A. M., May 21st, taking the road to Milford. Passed through Eowling Green at 11, A. M. Arrived at Milford, crossed the river, and bivouacked for the night, marching twenty-eight miles. Threw up breastworks on the 22d. 23d. Marched at 6, A. M. Arrived at the North Anna River (sixteen miles) at 3,

P. M. The regiment was held as reserve, the men lying on their arms all night.

May 24th, battle of North Anna River; held as reserve. Casualties, one enlisted man killed and eleven wounded. The brigade organizations of our division being broken up, each regiment was divided into three battalions, each to act as a regiment in all movements.

May 27th, marched at 3.30, A. M. Massed in a field about one mile in rear of first line. Sent out pioneers to destroy the bridge that crossed the river above the enemy's position. Had two men wounded while destroying the bridge. 12, M., marched down the north bank of the river. Bivouacked at 2, A. M., of the 28th, having marched twenty-two miles. Marched again at 9, A. M. Crossed the Pamunkey River on pontoons below Hanover Court House. Bivouacked for the night about three miles from the river on the extreme left of the line (distance marched, fifteen miles). 29th. Was ordered to report to Major-General D. B. Birney, commanding Third Division, Second Army Corps, and assigned to the Second Brigade, Colonel Tannatt taking command. Marched at 12, M. Joined the brigade and went into position near Salem Church. Threw up breastworks in the afternoon. Moved to the right, and threw up works during the night.

May 31st, battle of Tolopotomy. Regiment held as reserve in the morning at 9, A. M. Moved to the front. Threw forward a heavy skirmish line and occupied the enemy's works. Lay under a heavy fire of artillery all day. Casualties, five enlisted men wounded on the line and three missing from the picket line.

June 1st, at daylight withdrew to position occupied the previous morning. Changed position frequently during the day. At 10, P. M., marched for Cold Harbor. Arrived at Gaines' Farm at 2, P. M., of 2d.

June 2d, weather very hot and the roads dusty. Distance marched, twenty-seven miles.

June 3d, battle of Cold Harbor. Four companies, viz. B, F, H, and K, reported to Colonel Smythe, commanding Third Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps. Were engaged in the charge on the enemy's works in the morning and the repulse of the enemy in his night charge.

From June 4th to 12th occupied a position on the Shady Grove Road, near Barker's Mills. Under fire nearly all the time. Two enlisted men killed, thirteen wounded and sixteen missing. At 10, P. M., of the 12th, withdrew from our position, and marched to the left at 7, A. M. June 13th. Crossed the York River Railroad at Despatch Station. Crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, at 3, P. M. Marched all day. At 10, P. M., massed near the James River for the night (distance, thirty-three miles).

June 14th, crossed the James River near Fort Powhattan in transports.

June 15th, marched for Petersburg. Arrived at the fortifications near the Dunn House shortly after the charge and capture



of the same by the colored troops (distance, twenty-three miles). Threw up works during the night.

June 16th, charged the enemy's works in our front at sunset. Were repulsed with heavy loss; viz. two commissioned officers killed, six wounded, twenty-three enlisted men killed, one hundred and twenty-six wounded, and five missing. Held our position until morning, when by flank movements to the right and left, the enemy were obliged to fall back. Loss, 17th, nine enlisted men wounded.

June 18th, charged the enemy's works near the Hare House at sunrise. Carried the works, driving the enemy through the woods and across the Petersburg Pike to a rear line of works. At 12, M., another charge was ordered, which failed for want of proper support. Held our position on the pike until 5, P. M., when the brigade was relieved, and moved to the left of the Hare House, and threw up works during the night, where we remained until the night of the 20th, under fire day and night. Casualties from 17th to 20th, including the battle of the 18th, six commissioned officers wounded, four enlisted men killed and forty-five wounded. On the night of the 20th orders were received to go to the rear.

(We had now become a part of the Second Brigade, General Byron R. Pierce, Commander, Third Division, General Mott, Commanding Second Army Corps, under the command of the gallant General W. S. Hancock. The regiments composing the Brigade were the First Massachusetts H. A., Fifth Michigan, Fifty-Seventh, Eighty-Fourth, One Hundred and Fifth, and One Hundred and Forty-First Pennsylvania, and Ninety-Third New York.)

June 21st, orders were received for another of the famous left flank movements. At 9 o'clock crossed the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad, taking our course through the woods for the Jerusalem plank road, which we struck at the Williams House, finding the enemy's cavalry in our front and covering the Weldon Railroad.

June 22d, advanced with brigade to throw up breastworks nearer the enemy's position, a general advance of the whole corps being ordered. While engaged in this work we were flanked by the enemy breaking through the lines of General Barlow's Division, who were getting into position on our left, in the woods. Casualties, one commissioned officer (Captain J. W. Kimball) killed, one wounded, and six captured, two of whom were wounded; eight enlisted men killed, forty-five wounded, and one hundred and seventy-nine captured.

July 6th, the term of service of the original members, and the recruits enlisted in July and August, 1862, having expired, the regiment was ordered to the rear, to make out the necessary papers for the muster out of the men.

July 12th, the regiment joined the brigade, and moved to the left, of the Williams House, to cover the shortening of our lines, the Sixth Army Corps having been sent to Washington; remained in line of battle forty-eight hours. No enemy appearing, and the troops and trains having been withdrawn, the division withdrew through the woods, across the Norfolk Railroad to the Petersburg



and Norfolk turnpike, where the brigade went into camp near the Deserted House. July 15th was the first time the regiment had formed camp since leaving the fortifications of Washington, in May.

July 21st, moved to Fort Bross, and remained until July 26th, when the regiment marched to Deep Bottom, twenty-four miles, arriving on the morning of the 27th at daylight; were immediately ordered in as support for a skirmish line of the First Brigade of our division, having to cross an open field under the enemy's fire of artillery; fortunately, only one man was wounded in this affair. 28th, marched back to the Petersburg and City Point Railroad, crossing the Appomattox at Point of Rocks (distance marched, twenty-two miles); lay in mass all day; after dark, took up a position in the front line of intrenchments. 30th, occupied a position in the front line, about half a mile to the right of the mine "exploded in the morning"; had orders to keep up a continuous fire on the enemy in our front, whose works were about two hundred yards distant. The regiment used during the day an average of one hundred and fifty rounds per man, with a loss on our part of only one man wounded. 31st, returned to our position.

August 12th, marched to City Point, eight miles. 14th, found us up the James River, where we disembarked at Deep Bottom; advanced over Strawberry Plain, and bivouacked for the day and night. 15th, the brigade reported to Major-General D. B. Birney, now commanding the Tenth Army Corps; advanced through the woods in line of battle for more than five miles, in the direction of the Charles City Road, skirmishing nearly all the way; the day was very hot. Casualties during the day, one enlisted man killed, seven enlisted men wounded. 16th, the regiment was stationed on the right flank of the brigade as skirmishers. Casualties, one enlisted man killed. 18th, returned to front of Petersburg, arriving on the morning of the 19th; distance marched twenty-five miles.

The regiment remained on picket until the 25th of August, when it was relieved, and withdrew to near the Strong House.

September 1st, ordered to the garrison of Fort Alexander Hayes. 25th, was relieved by a regiment from the Ninth Army Corps, when it joined the brigade in rear of the Jones House on the line of the Military Railroad.

October 1st, the brigade took cars for Warren's Station, marched thence to the Peeble's House, near Poplar Grove Church; bivouacked for the night. October 2d, moved out to the left of Peeble's House, on the Squirrel-level Road; advanced and occupied the works, then steadily advanced, making connection with a division of the Ninth Corps, on the right. At 3. P. M., we developed the enemy's second line of works. At this time, orders were received for our brigade to make a demonstration on the enemy's works, to ascertain their strength, and, if possible, carry them. The command was formed in a ravine, about five hundred yards from the work, the First occupying the first line. As we advanced, the

enemy opened a battery that was masked in the angle of his works—having a raking fire with canister and spherical case. Gained a position about fifty yards from the works; our support not coming up, were obliged to retire. Casualties, two commissioned officers wounded, two enlisted men killed, nine wounded, and eight wounded and captured.

October 3d, 4th, and 5th, assisted to build Forts Cummings, Emory, Seibut, and Clarke, covering the left and rear of our position at Peeble's House. On the night of the 5th, marched to the Jones House, seven miles. 6th, returned to Fort Alexander Hayes; remained at Fort Hayes until October 26th, when the regiment was relieved; joined the brigade in rear of the Jones House, marching thence to the Weldon Railroad, near General Warren's Head-quarters, at the Yellow House, and bivouacked for the night. On the 27th, marched at daylight, taking the Halifax Road, then to the right on the Vaughn Road, reaching the Boydton Plank Road at noon. At 2, P. M., the brigade formed in line of battle, supporting a battery (C, First United States Artillery). At 4, P. M., the enemy appeared on our right flank. An attempt was made to change front; but the action became general, and the enemy coming in such numbers that prisoners were captured and recaptured. Finding that the enemy could not be checked, the brigade was ordered to fall back on to the road, and re-form, leaving one section of artillery in the hands of the enemy. Re-forming on the road, the left of the First Massachusetts, assisted by volunteers from other regiments of the brigade and division, by a quick dash across the field secured the section of artillery, and brought it safely off. Casualties, one enlisted man killed, six wounded, and twelve captured. About thirty more of the regiment were captured, but succeeded in making their escape, and reaching our lines after dark. 28th, withdrew, and marched to the Jones House, returning to Fort Alexander Hayes on the 30th. Distance marched, forty-three miles. Regiment remained at Fort Hayes until Nov. 28th, when it was again relieved. Joined the brigade at the rear, marched thence to the extreme left of our line, at the Peeble's House, going into camp outside of the works, and near the Vaughn Road, with orders to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

Supposing that the campaign was ended, and that we were now to have winter-quarters, the men went to work with a will, and in four days had put up comfortable log-huts, all supplied with fire-places, in hopes of remaining to enjoy them; but on the 6th of December orders were received to march at daylight of the 7th. Accordingly, the division reported to Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Army Corps, for operation on the Weldon Railroad. Marched down the Jerusalem Plank Road, across the Nottaway River to Sussex Court House, thence to Jarrett Station, on the Weldon Railroad, then down the railroad to Bellfield, burning the ties and bending the rails, returning over the same road, arriving at the fortifications around Petersburg on the 13th of December.

The men suffered severely on this raid, as the weather was

very inclement, many of the men coming back over the frozen ground without shoes. Had no engagement on the raid. Four enlisted men straggled from the command, and fell into the enemy's hands. Distance marched, ninety-six miles.

The regiment remained in camp in front of Petersburg, near the rear line of fortifications between the Halifax and Vaughn Roads until Feb. 4th, 1865, when orders were received to be ready to march at daylight of the 5th. Marched in accordance with said order, and took part in the battle of Hatcher's Run. The command remained as support to the first line until nearly dark, when the enemy pressed that line. We were then ordered forward, and were hotly engaged for about one hour; casualties, one enlisted man wounded. The regiment bivouacked on the field for the night, and remained in bivouack the 6th, 7th, and 8th. On the 9th moved to Humphries Station, near the Vaughn Road, and went into camp; remained in camp until March 25th, when orders were received to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Marched at 12, M.; were engaged at 4, P. M., near Duncan's Run. The Fifth Michigan and First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery were first formed as a support for the First Brigade of our division (Third Division, Second Army Corps). The First Brigade fell back to the second line, when the two regiments were moved forward and held the position of the front line, for which they were highly complimented by Generals Mott and Pierce; casualties during engagement, two enlisted men killed, seven wounded. The regiment remained on picket that night (after the rest of the brigade had returned to camp), returning to camp the next night, and remaining in camp until March 29th, when we marched at 6, A. M., out on the Vaughn Road, crossing Hatcher's Run, and a smaller run about two miles from it, when the brigade was formed in line, and advanced through the woods; took the first line of the enemy's works at 6, P. M., it being held by a very few men; advanced in line until dark; lay in line all night. Advanced again at daylight next morning; found the enemy's second line of works deserted; advanced about five hundred yards, and threw up breastworks under a heavy shell fire from a battery in our front, and remained in the works all day. At 3, A. M., of the 31st, we moved to the left, and threw up works on the right of the Boydton Plank Road. At 12, M., the regiment, together with the Fifth Michigan, were ordered to charge the battery in our front, as it was believed to be held by only a few men; charged under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry, found the abatis and slashing in front of the enemy's works so thick that it was impossible to get through; which fact being reported to General Pierce, the two regiments were ordered back to their position in the brigade line; casualties in the charge, one enlisted man killed (Peleg Swift, of Company A, said to be the oldest man in the regiment), and ten wounded. Remained in line until daylight, April 2d, when a combined attack of the whole line was ordered; advanced, and found the works in our front nearly deserted, the enemy having moved off most of their artillery during the night.

After crossing the works, we marched down the Plank Road to the Whitworth House, near the Southside Railroad, formed in line, and threw up works under a heavy fire of artillery; casualties, one enlisted man killed, two wounded. April 3d, the enemy having evacuated their works during the night, the Second Army Corps marched in pursuit at 6, A. M., taking the road between the Appomattox River and the South-side Railroad; bivouacked for the night at 9.30, P. M.; distance marched, eighteen miles. April 4th, marched at 6, A. M. At 8, A. M., the regiment was detailed to repair the road, and assist the artillery and trains to pass; worked until dark, then joined the brigade; distance marched, eight miles. April 5th, marched at 4, A. M., crossed the Danville Railroad at 8, P. M.; bivouacked for the night at 9, P. M.; distance marched, sixteen miles. April 6th, marched at 6, A. M.; at 8, A. M., formed in line of battle, the right of the Second Brigade resting on the road; advanced in line all day. At 6, P. M., the First and Third Divisions, Second Army Corps, charged and captured about three hundred wagons and three pieces of artillery. The regiment went on picket at night; distance marched, ten miles. April 7th, marched at 7, A. M., crossed the Appomattox River at High Bridge, found the enemy entrenched about two miles beyond; formed in line to charge, lay in line all night; distance marched, seven miles. April 8th, marched at 6, A. M., (the enemy evacuated their position during the night), halted at Sydney Church at 1, P. M.; struck the Lynchburg Road at 3, P. M., passed through the town of New Store at 7, P. M., and halted for the night; distance marched, eighteen miles. April 9th, marched at 3.30, A. M., halted at 12, M., near Clover Hill; distance marched, ten miles. At 5, P. M., Major-General Meade rode along the lines and said that "Lee had surrendered his whole army." The scene beggars all description. The troops simply went wild with joy, the nervous strain during the past ten days had become almost unendurable, but now that it was about to relax, and the men were to have a much needed rest, it was indeed welcome. Both armies now mingled together, and while the Union troops were more than glad that no more blood was to be shed, the Confederates were of the same mind, only they being the conquered foe, it made a difference. As one young Reb. said: "I'm glad the War is over, but darned sorry you whipped us." Bivouacked at Clover Hill until the morning of April 11th, then marched for Burkesville, arriving the evening of April 13th; distance marched, forty-eight miles. On the 16th the sad news of President Abraham Lincoln's assassination reached us and on the 26th an order was read from President Johnson, officially announcing that the day would be observed throughout the Army as a day of mourning. Half hour guns were fired from sunrise to sunset; all colors were draped in mourning. Remained in camp until May 2d, then marched with the corps for Manchester, Va., arriving at 11, A. M., May 5th; distance marched, fifty-eight miles. May 6th, crossed the James River, and marched through Richmond; bivouacked for the night three miles from the city. May 7th, the corps

marched for Washington, D. C., via Fredericksburg. Arrived at Bailey's Cross Roads, and went into camp May 15th, just one year from the day the regiment left the fortifications of Washington to join the Army of the Potomac. May 23d, left camp at 7, A. M., marched to Washington and took part in the grand Review of the Army of the Potomac. Remained in camp until June 15th, when orders were received for the regiment to be reported to Major-General Hancock for duty in the fortifications of Washington; reported in accordance with said order, and were assigned to duty at Forts Ethan Allen and Macy, near Chain Bridge.

June 27th, moved to Forts C. F. Smith and Strong.

July 19th, orders were received from the War Department to consolidate the remaining veterans and recruits into four companies, and consolidate with the 3d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; which, for said purpose, was formed into eight companies; the consolidated force still bearing the name of the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Aug. 11th, Orders were received from the Adjutant-General's office for the command to be at once mustered out of the United States service and to report to the mustering officer of Massachusetts for final payment. The regiment left Washington on the evening of 17th of August, and arrived in Boston on Sunday, the 20th. Were then ordered to Gallop's Island, where it received its final discharge on the 25th, having been in the United States' service four years, one month and twenty-one days.

The Regiment participated in the following general engagements: Winchester, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, Assaults and siege of Petersburg, June 16th, 17th, 18th, and 22d, 1864, and April 2d, 1865, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Poplar Grove Church, Boydton Plank Road, Hatcher's Run, Vaughn Road, Jetersville, Farmville, Saler's Creek, Surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House.

Losses sustained by the Regiment in the Wilderness Campaign and assaults on Petersburg:

#### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	
Field Officers,	1	3		
Line Officers,	4	26	6	
	—	—	—	
Totals,	5	29	6	40

#### ENLISTED MEN.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	By Companies.
Co. A.	8	40	7	55
B.	11	63	18	92
C.	5	67	13	85
D.	5	35	5	45
E.	5	37	33	75
F.	7	36	34	77
G.	7	36	26	69



ENLISTED MEN—continued.  
Killed.    Wounded.    Prisoners.    By Companies.

H.	9	54	2	65
I.	4	35	45	84
K.	15	56	11	82
L.	7	39	9	55
M.	8	43	30	81
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	91	541	233	865

Aggregate, 905.

During July and August there was one enlisted man killed and ten wounded.

Colonel Fox in his book, entitled "Regimental Losses in Civil War," credits the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery as one of the Three Hundred fighting Regiments, also that of the two thousand or more Regiments in the Union Army, there were only fourteen whose total loss in battle exceeded that of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery." Colonel Fox gives our actual loss by death in battle and otherwise, during the entire term of service to have been as follows:

Officers killed and mortally wounded .....	9
Enlisted men, killed and mortally wounded .....	232
Com. officers, died in prison and by accident .....	2
Enlisted men, died in prison and by accident and disease ...	241
	<hr/>
Total .....	484

Our entire loss during the four years was as follows:

Killed and wounded, 723; missing or captured, 261; making 984 in all. Deaths in Confederate Prisons, 102, which is included in the above figures. Above also includes a slight loss at Manassas.

#### SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

Company B had ten enlisted men killed at Spottsylvania, K nine and H seven.

Company C had forty-four wounded, B forty-three, K thirty-seven, H thirty-two, L twenty-four, D twenty, M twenty and A nineteen. Company F's loss was noticeably light in this engagement. On the 16th of June at Petersburg, however, its ranks were decimated by the loss of six enlisted men killed, twenty-three wounded. Five companies on the 22d of June lost very heavy in prisoners;—I forty-two, E thirty-two, F twenty-nine, M twenty-eight and G twenty-two; the left wing of the Regiment was entirely enveloped, which accounts for the great loss by these companies who constituted it.

Many of our Comrades are buried in the National Cemeteries at Poplar Grove Church and at Fredericksburg. Major Rolfe's grave is at the latter, marked by a simple granite Government headstone with his name chiseled thereon.

There are between forty and fifty known graves at Arlington Heights.





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