

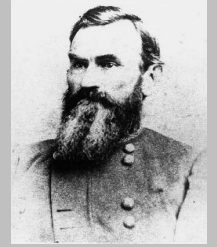


The Delta General

Camp Website: www.humphreys1625.com

August, Volume 24, Issue 7

Dedicated to the Memory of Brigadier General Benjamin G. Humphreys



Assault on Battery Wagner



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- **National SCV Reunion, July 21-24, 2021 in Kenner/ Metairie, Louisiana Wrap-up**
- **Renewals are due by August 31, 2021**
- **What Really Happened at Battery Wagner**

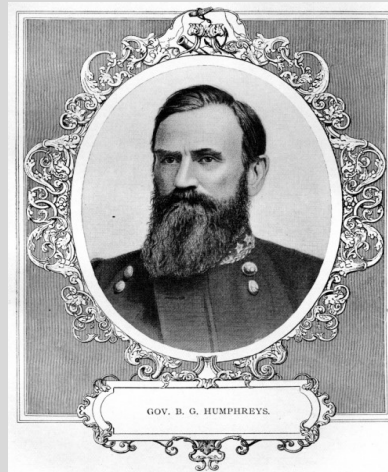
Commander's Comments—Larry McCluney

Compatriots,

As I write this, I am still in awe by our National Reunion last month. It was basically a sold out Reunion and the entire time, the air of positivity and moving forward was presented and accepted by the delegates. We have survived covid, our membership is once again growing as reported by Adam Southern our Executive Director, and donations are flowing in to HQ. The reinternment date has been set for September 18. Make your plans to attend the funeral at Elm Springs. Until then, please refrain from any discussions on the this because the press is looking for anything to publicize.

Congratulations to Dan McCaskill for being awarded the Robert E. Lee Award, the 2nd highest award in the SCV, Charles Stillman for getting the Distinguished Service Medal, and I myself am truly humbled by being awarded the Jeff Davis Chalice, the highest SCV Award. I could not have done the things I have done without the support of my Camp and also the Ladies of the Ella Palmer Chapter, MSOCR.

I hope you will join us in August since for our Camp meeting, WE NEED YOU and MISS YOU! Our guest speaker is Terry Arthur, Camp Commander of the Calhoun Avengers. Bring a friend, bring a new recruit, bring yourself and enjoy the comradery as we take this time out to Remember, Respect, and Revere our Ancestors on this special occasion. Come out and help us remember our Camp's namesake, General Humphreys for it is his birthday, and remember the 25th Anniversary of the Ella Palmer Chapter, OCR.



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Adjutant's Report—Dan McAskill — The 2021 National Reunion Wrap-up

The 126th Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was held at the Double Tree Hotel in Kenner, Louisiana in the 125th year of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Our Camp and OCR was well represented at their respective Reunions. For the men, the following were in attendance: Larry McCluney, Camp Commander and CIC; Dan McCaskill, Camp Adjutant and AIC; Gator Stillman, National Sergeant-at-Arms, Jackson McCaskill, Ensign and Tommy McCaskill, Camp Co-founder. For the Ladies, the following were in attendance: Annette McCluney, Chapter Secretary; Sandra Stillman, Chapter President; Missy Stillman, Chapter Vice-President and Ann McCaskill, former OCR and UDC member.

The Reunion started on Thursday morning at 8:00 am on the 22nd of July with the opening ceremonies followed by business sessions on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Larry as Commander-in-Chief, presided over all the sessions. The whole Reunion ran smoothly with only one point of contention being an amendment to the Constitution which went to a ballot vote. If you have never had the opportunity of attending a National Reunion, it is worth the time to see how the National Organization conducts business. At the Reunion, you get to meet old friends and make new friendships. The comradery of SCV members is amazing. I did not have the opportunity to attend the Awards Luncheon but learned that Gator Stillman was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and Dan McCaskill was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.

The high points of every Reunion are the Oratory Contest and the Awards Banquet. The Oratory Contest is always very entertaining because you never know what the contestants will say. Most speeches are very enlightening and comical which keep the attendees in stickies. The Awards Banquet and Ball cops off the Reunion with good food, good music and the awarding of the SCV's highest awards. Two of our Camp members

were awarded the highest and second highest award in the Confederation. Larry McCluney took the highest, the Jefferson Davis Chalice and Dan McCaskill took the second highest, the Robert E. Lee Gold Award.

This was a great Reunion and will be remembered for a long, long time. Come to the 127th National Reunion which will be held during the third week of July in Cartersville, GA located NW of Atlanta and make your own memories.

Respectfully Submitted By,
Dan A. McCaskill, Camp
Adjutant



Dan McCaskill, Adjutant-in-Chief escorting his wife Ann at the Saturday Night Banquet

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Camp Commander / Editor:
Larry McCluney
Confederate @suddenlink.net

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R. Jackson Photo

Commander-in-Chief
Larry McCluney and
his wife, Annette at
the Saturday Banquet

the celebration of Holy Communion. Stonewall Jackson was a frequent participant in church services, although it is said that he often fell asleep during the sermon. Jubal Early, despite his personal lack of religious faith or strict Christian morality, worked diligently to further the cause of religion among his soldiers by promoting attendance at worship services. Early's intent, however, was not to increase the number of souls in heaven, but to fortify the souls in his army and prepare them for the battles and marches that they would endure. There is a story that tells that his perspective on the uselessness of religion was made painfully clear on Sunday morning when he and his staff attended a church service together. The minister, developing his sermon on the Resurrection, declared "What would be your feelings at seeing all the dear ones who have gone before rising on that dread occasion? What would be your feelings at seeing those gallant ones who have given up their lives for their beloved country, rising in their thousands and marching in solemn procession?" As the minister was about to continue, Early bellowed, "I would conscript every damned one of them!"

Early's profane outburst revealed his disrespect for spiritual realities, and his complete fixation on using every means in his power to fight and win the War. Early's callously used religion as a tool to inspire and motivate his men to fight and die for the Confederacy. Of course, religion would be useless if the soldiers adopted the same attitude toward it as did Early. Without an omnipotent and omnipresent God keeping watch over their every action, they might seek an opportunity to sneak off and rejoin their families who, not having a loving and merciful God to care for them, needed their assistance and protection.



R. Jackson Photo

Dan McCaskill is presented the Robert E. Lee Award, the 2nd Highest Award given by the SCV



R. Jackson Photo

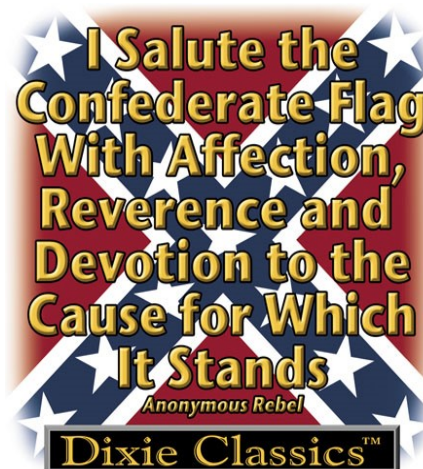
Chaplain's Pen — Earl McCown

The fact that Confederate generals were themselves sinners granted them understanding and compassion towards their men, and also provided them with insight into how and why their men violated their orders.

Virtually all Confederate generals took advantage of the presence of natural allies, such as chaplains, ministers and priests, in their quest to instill morality, discipline and order in rank and file. By encouraging their soldiers to attend church, Confederate generals believed that the resulting moral influence would change their men for the better, making them more reverent toward God, more loving toward their neighbors, and more obedient to orders of their superior officers. It should be noted that generals could only encourage their men to attend services, and not force them to go on a regular basis. As George Rable writes in his book, "God's Almost Chosen People," "Voluntarism had long been a hallmark of American religious life and now meshed with the idea of the citizen soldier fighting for his country. In the army, however, the price of voluntarism ran high because many officers appeared apathetic and attendance at services lagged." Braxton Bragg was one of many generals who encouraged his soldiers to attend services.

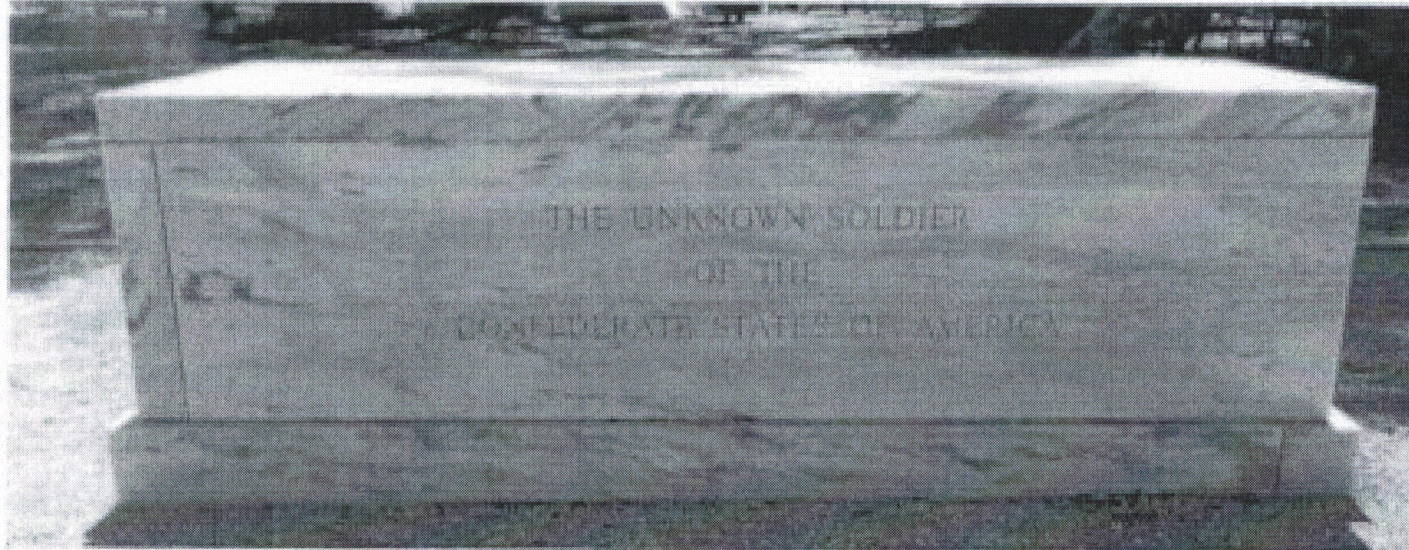
Generals also encouraged church attendance by their example. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard was often seen kneeling beside ordinary soldiers at

CiC Larry McCluney receives the Jeff Davis Chalice, Highest Award given by the SCV



Bricks for Beauvoir and the Tomb of the Unknown Solider

Honor your confederate Ancestors by purchasing an Ancestral Memorial Brick for \$50.00 each in the Memorial sidewalk of the Confederate Cemetery at Beauvoir. The plans for the sidewalk are nearing completion, so if you want a brick put down for your ancestor you need to get your order in soon, so as not to miss out.



Each brick that you purchase will be engraved with your ancestors rank, name, unit and company. Memorial bricks will be laid, memorializing your ancestor, in a sidewalk from the UDC Arch to the Tomb of the Unknown Confederate Solider at Beauvoir.

Detach and send in the form below to the address listed to order your bricks.

Ancestral Brick Order Form

Instructions: Use the lines as laid out no more than 15 spaces per line. You may use abbreviations when necessary. Please include your name and address, for confirmation letter. (See Sample Below)

Line 1: _____
(First and Last Name)

Line 2: _____
(Rank)

Line 3: _____
(Unit)

ORDER YOUR ANCESTOR'S BRICK TODAY!

Make Checks out for \$50.00 per brick for:

Bricks for Beauvoir
Mail to: Bricks for Beauvoir
2344 Beach Blvd
Biloxi, MS. 39531

OR Visit our gift shop where you can pay by cash or credit!

Example:

Pvt. JAMES W.
McCluney
6th MS CAV. CO. F

Bring Forrest Home T-Shirts—\$30.00

Help support SCV Chat and bring General Nathan Bedford Forrest and his wife Marry Anne home to Elm Springs in Columbia, TN. Profits from this shirt will be donated to the Forrest reinternment fund.



National SCV News:

Join the Confederate

Legion

Membership fees & donations support the Southern Victory Campaign

- Individuals and organizations can join. Membership in the Sons of Confederate Veterans is not required.
- Businesses, associations and S.C.V. camps can join.
- An individual member can organize an independent Confederate Legion group and name it whatever he/she likes.
- Members are expected to follow moral standards, obey the law, and participate in the Southern Victory Campaign.
- Credit cards and checks are accepted. Credit card payments can be recurring.
- Payments are tax deductible because the S.C.V. is a 501 (c) (3) entity.
- Members receive an ID card, certificate, access to support and communications. Most of all, you get the satisfaction of knowing you're part of the offensive!

Dues and donations are used to mount a two-prong offensive that we call the Southern Victory Campaign. It's led by the Heritage operations Committee of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

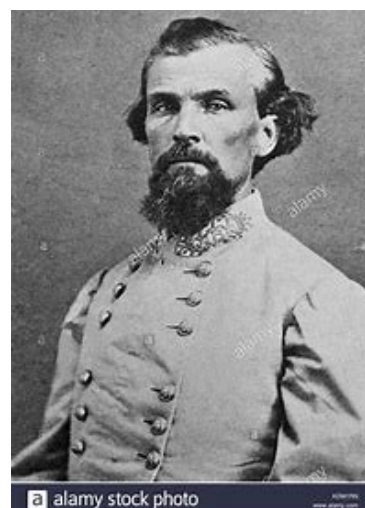
Phase One of the campaign offensive involves direct action by the Heritage Operations Committee of the S.C.V. Prong Two involves direct action by individual and group members of the Confederate Legion.

Objectives include:

- Reestablishing public support for the principles of liberty held by the founders of the United States and the Confederate States of America.

Rebuilding respect for the Confederate States of America that preferred to leave the Union rather than abandon the principles of liberty like the Northern states were doing under Leftist influences of that day and age.

For those interested in more information on how you can help "Make Dixie Great Again" go to <https://www.makedixiegreatagain.com/>





Walkways of Remembrance
Bricks and Pavers For the Walkways for the
General Headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Elm Springs
and the
Confederate Museum at Elm Springs

Remember and honor your Confederate Ancestor, a family member or any cherished memory with the purchase of a Memorial Brick to be laid for a walkways at the General Headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Confederate Museum at Elm Springs.

Brick sizes:

The 4" x 8" brick will allow 3 lines with 21 characters (including spaces) per line and will cost \$50.

The 8" by 8" brick will allow 6 lines with 21 characters (including spaces) per line and will cost \$100.

Layout for 4" x 8" brick with 3 lines max and 21 characters per line max (including spaces) \$50

Layout for 8" x 8" brick with 6 lines max and 21 characters per line max (including spaces) \$100

Make checks payable to SCV and write "Bricks" in the memo line. Please fill out this form and mail to:
SCV, P.O. Box 59, Columbia, TN 38402
Credit card payments are available by calling 1-800-MYSOUTH and contacting Merchandising.

Please include all your contact information so we can contact you.

Name: _____
Address/City/State/Zip: _____
Phone number: _____
Email address: _____



Friends of The Confederate Museum at Elm Springs Annual Membership Application

All memberships are tax-deductible and include the E-Newsletter.

_____ Yes, I want to join the Friends of The Confederate Museum at Elm Springs

_____ Is this a Corporate Membership?

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email address: _____

Membership Levels & Benefits

<p>Longstreet Level: \$25</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Membership for one • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs 	<p>Judah P. Benjamin Level: \$50</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs 	<p>Patrick Cleburne Level: \$100</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • 10% Gift Shop Discount
<p>N. B. Forrest Level: \$250</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 10% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat or T-Shirt 	<p>Robert E. Lee Level: \$500</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 15% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat and T-Shirt 	<p>Jefferson Davis Level: \$1000</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 20% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat, T-Shirt and Polo

Please check the following membership level:

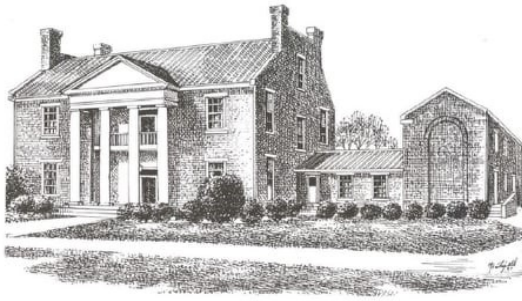
_____ Longstreet Level _____ Judah P. Benjamin Level _____ Patrick Cleburne Level

_____ N. B. Forrest Level _____ Robert E. Lee Level _____ Jefferson Davis Level

Please make checks payable to Sons of Confederate Veterans and mail to:

Sons of Confederate Veterans, P. O. Box 59, Columbia, TN 38402

If paying by credit card, please call (931) 380-1844 or email at exedir@scv.org



Friends of Elm Springs

Annual Membership Application

All Proceeds go to the restoration and maintenance of the Home
Elm Springs built in 1837

All Memberships are tax-deductible and include the E-Newsletter

_____ Yes, I want to join the Friends of Elm Springs

_____ Is this a Corporate Membership?

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email address: _____

Membership Levels & Benefits

<p>Elm Tree Level: \$25</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Membership for one • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs 	<p>Cool Spring Level: \$50</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs 	<p>Todd Family Level: \$100</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • 10% Gift Shop Discount
<p>Susan Looney Level: \$250</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 10% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat or T-Shirt 	<p>Abram Looney Level: \$500</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 15% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat and T-Shirt 	<p>Frank Armstrong Level: \$1000</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Family Membership • Unlimited Tours of Elm Springs • Unlimited Tours of The Confederate Museum • 20% Gift Shop Discount • Free Elm Springs Hat, T-Shirt and Polo

Please check the following membership level:

_____ Elm Tree Level

_____ Cool Spring Level

_____ Todd Family Level

_____ Susan Looney Level

_____ Abram Looney Level

_____ Frank Armstrong Level

Please make checks payable to Sons of Confederate Veterans and mail to:

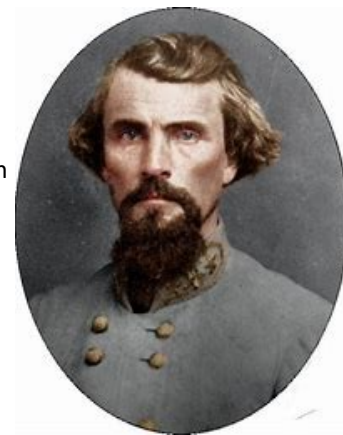
Sons of Confederate Veterans, P. O. Box 59, Columbia, TN 38402

If paying by credit card, please call (931) 380-1844 or email at exedir@scv.org

General Nathan Bedford Forrest Reinterment

Compatriots,

It gives me great pleasure to announce that recovery of General Nathan Bedford Forrest and Mary Ann Montgomery Forrest's remains have been recovered from their former gravesite in Memphis. I want to congratulate Lee Miller, the men on the Recovery Crew, and the members of the Nathan Bedford Forrest Camp #215 in Memphis, TN and the legal team of H. Edward Phillips III, Chuck Blackard, III, W. J. "Bo" Ladner, III, and Jonathan J. Pledger, on a job well done. We also thank the Forrest Family for allowing us to take part in this momentous occasion. The remains are held in an undisclosed location and later will be transported to an undisclosed location in Middle Tennessee. These sites will be kept in secrecy for security reasons.



Now we enter the next phase, the planning for the funeral. Fundraising still continues as we raise money for the reinterment of General Forrest and his beloved wife. Please give to make this event happen as we bring one of our heroes home to be buried on land less than 30 minutes from where he was born. Let us always keep in mind that we are honored by the Forrest Family to participate in this solemn occasion. NO we do not have a date set yet, once the committee has finish all the details, then we will be making an announcement so you can make plans to attend.

Once the funeral is complete, then phase three; restoring the plaza and remounting the equestrian statue on the grave will occur. This will not be easy nor quick. Once complete we will rededicate this plaza to honor the General.

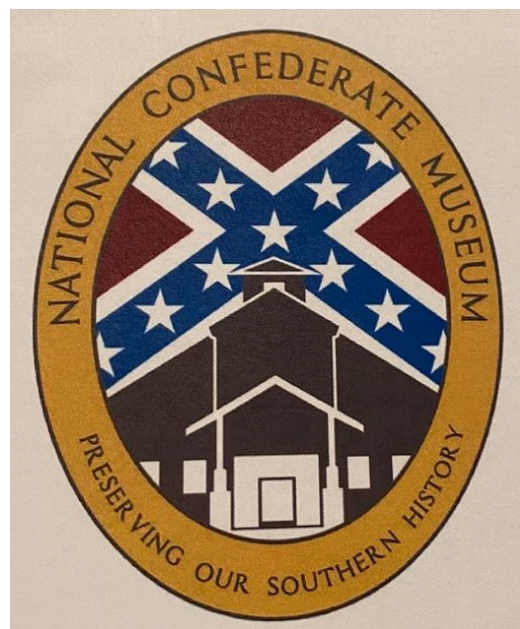
Please be patient with us as you and the entire membership will be informed once the date is secured. For now, let us "walk a little prouder and hold our heads higher" in this great victory! God has truly vindicated us in this effort. Let us remember the charge given to us by General Stephen Dill Lee as we continue to press forward.

Deo Vindicie,
Larry McCluney, Jr.
Commander-in-Chief
Sons of Confederate Veterans



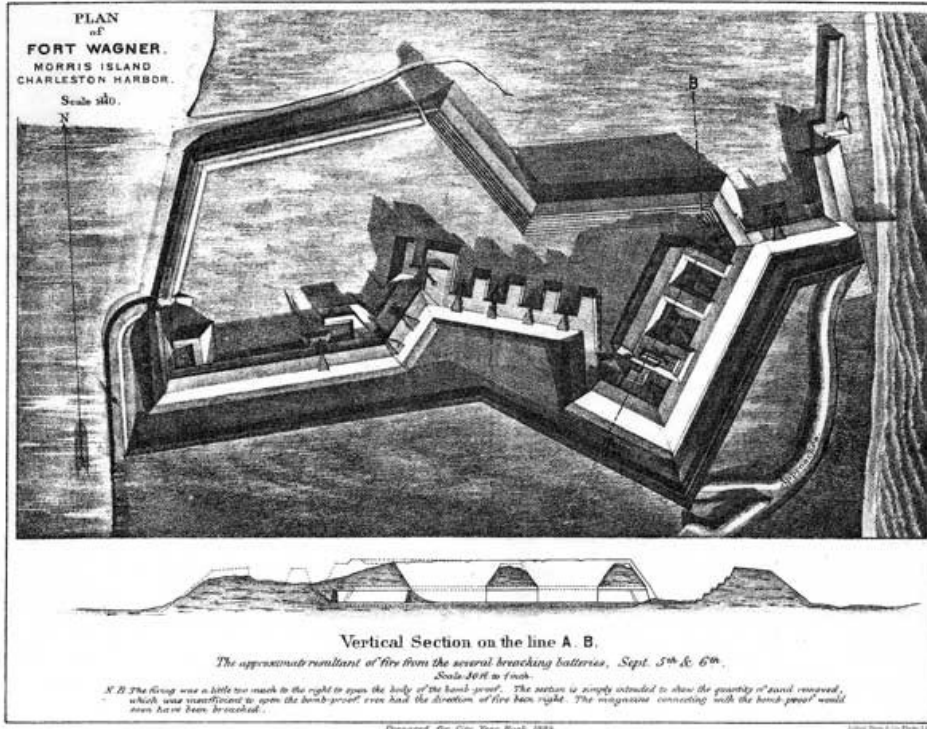
Please make a donation and make your check out to the Sons of Confederate Veterans and in the for line put "Forrest Interment", or call SCV headquarters and make a donation by credit card or debit. Call 1-800-mysouth and ask for Executive Director Adam Southern. Lets bring the general and his wife back home and lay them in a final resting place provided by those who love him most.

Mail checks to
Forrest Reinterment Fund
P.O. Box 59
Columbia, TN 38402



The Daring Exploits of H. D. D. Twiggs and His Confederate Compatriots in the War Between the States

Maj. H. D. D. Twiggs at Battery Wagner
by Col. Henry D. Capers, Twelfth Battalion Georgia Artillery from *Confederate Veteran*, Vol. X, No. 1, January, 1902.



[From] Col. Henry D. Capers, who commanded the Twelfth Battalion Georgia Artillery:

The memorable siege and defense of Charleston, S. C., from its commencement in June, 1863, to the evacuation of that city by the Confederate forces in February, 1865, presents one of the most interesting records in the annals of war. In all the details of this heroic defense, in all that fully illustrates the devotion of the patriot garrison, in the many incidents of superb courage, heroic discharge of duty, manly endurance, and personal gallantry, there can be found no record superior to that made in the defense of Forts Wagner and Sumter, the outposts of the devoted city.

Permit me to describe a single incident which will, in a measure, give some idea of the endurance, courage, and soldierly bearing which made every day and every hour of the siege of Fort Wagner one of the most brilliant, as it certainly was one of the most terrific, experiences of the "war between the States."

In the month of August I received orders at my camp, near Savannah, Ga., to report without delay to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston with my gallant comrades of the Twelfth Georgia Battalion of Artillery. On reaching the city we were ordered to report to the officer commanding at Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, the extreme outpost on the sea front of the city and six miles therefrom.

The incident referred to will illustrate the ordeal the garrison at Fort Wagner passed through and endured for more than a year. At the time of this occurrence the fort was in command of Brig. Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, a typical Virginia knight "*Sans peur et sans reproche*."

July 18, 1863, will long be remembered as one of the most noted and terrible bombardments known to history. It was followed by an assault at sunset, unsurpassed for its gallantry and fury.

With the first dawn of day the large fleet of the enemy's monitors, battle ships,

and their Ajax of floating batteries, the renowned Ironsides, steamed close in and took position in the sea front of Wagner. Before the sun had sent one cheering beam to brighten the gloom of this foggy morning, there came an eleven-inch shell from the Ironsides, the signal shot for the terrific bombardments referred to.

Think of the guns from five monitors, guns of the heaviest caliber, whose fifteen-inch shells were exploding every few seconds over, against, and within the parapet walls of a bastioned earthwork that did not occupy the area of two acres; add to this the steady fire of the Ironsides, with her immense batteries of eleven-inch guns, six on each side, and one each in the bow and stern; to this add the accurate fire from two sloops, carrying batteries of two hundred pound rifle guns, and of five land batteries constructed on the island, with the heaviest modern armaments, within seventeen hundred yards of Wagner, and the reader may have some idea of the infernal rain of death-dealing shot and shell that fell upon the fort on that long and memorable day.

There were some vivid illustrations. A small redbird was found at the close of the bombardment with a wing torn from its body as it flew across the terreplein of the fort, and again three men who volunteered to draw a bucket of water from a shallow well, not more than twenty feet distance from the entrance of the bombproof of the fort, were all killed before they reached the well.

Late in the afternoon, in the midst of this terrific fire, it became necessary to ascertain the movement of the Federal troops in front of the fort and within the enemy's fortifications. A large body of their infantry, who were known to be formed behind the hills, had been ordered to assault Wagner as soon as the bombardment ceased, and, as the Federal general supposed, the fort would be practically dismantled, and what was left of the garrison demoralized by the bombardment.

As it was growing late, and the critical time approaching for the deadly assault, which was afterwards made, it became necessary (for the safety of the garrison) to learn whether the forward movement on the part of the assaulting column had commenced. Gen. Taliaferro communicated his anxiety to the members of his staff grouped about him in the bombproof, but hesitated to

designate an officer to discharge this perilous duty.

Maj. H. D. D. Twiggs, then attached to the general's staff as inspector general (afterwards lieutenant colonel of his regiment, and now Judge Twiggs, of Savannah), a handsome and gallant representative of a chivalrous family, quietly stepped in front of his chief, volunteered to leave the bombproof, to ascend the parapet, and make the necessary observation.

I saw him when he left us, and I felt then, as did others, that it would be the last service that Twiggs would render for his country. I noticed Gen. Taliaferro standing near the entrance of the bombproof with the greatest solicitude depicted on his face, and could see from the movement of his lips that he was asking the intervention of Divine Providence in behalf of his gallant staff officer.

With the utmost coolness Maj. Twiggs passed out into the exposed and open area, heedless of the storm of death falling all around him, reached the parapet of the fort, ascended it to its very summit, and standing there midst the bursting shells, flashing and thundering above and around him, he deliberately raised his field glasses and surveyed the enemy's batteries and surrounding sand hills, with apparently as much self-possession as if he were in an opera house and looking at the form and features of a *prima donna*.

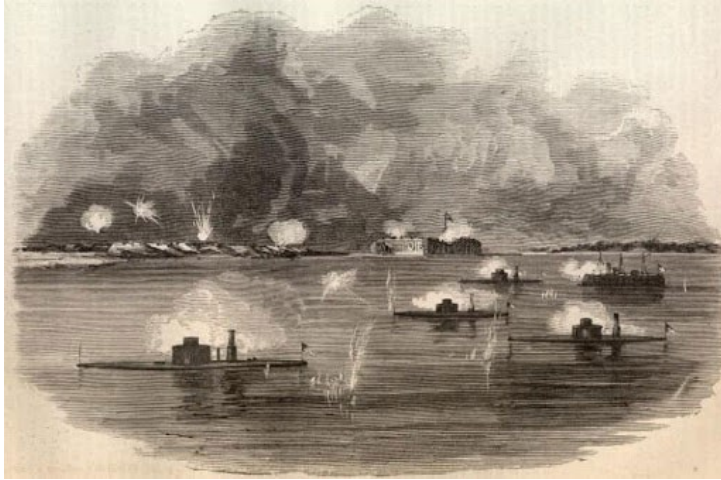
He had not remained in that position more than one minute when a fifteen-inch shell descended almost vertically, striking the parapet within two feet in front of him, and, burying itself in the earth, exploded with terrific force. Instantly, with a great cloud of earth and sand, Maj. Twiggs was thrown up into the air six or eight feet, and fell back from the parapet down upon the terreplein of the fort, completely covered with sand, and to all appearances dead.

Several of us watching him immediately rushed to where he was lying, and bore his apparently lifeless body into the bombproof. To our surprise he opened his eyes and made his report to Gen. Taliaferro. "General," he said, "the enemy are

moving to the assault." He then became unconscious, but after the application of such restoratives as were at command the surgeon exclaimed: "He is not dead, General!"

The next day Maj. Twigg was fast recovering from a severe concussion of the brain, and in a short time rejoined his regiment in Virginia, from which he had been temporarily detached for staff duty.

While I was an eyewitness to many "close calls" during the civil war, and had a few myself, I have always regarded the heroism of Maj. Twigg as not only unsurpassed during the war, but his escape from death at Fort Wagner was most remarkable.



Bombardment of Battery Wagner by Monitors and ships off shore.

The incident above referred to took place during the siege of Battery Wagner, S. C. , a short time prior to the bombardment and assault upon that historic fortress, which occurred on the 18th of July, 1863 resulting in the complete repulse of the Federal forces and one of the most signal defeats of the war, the numbers engaged considered.

Although the writer has heretofore given a very full account of this great siege, bombardment, and assault in several addresses which have been printed, no reference was made to the episode hereinafter described, for the reason that he was one of the participants in the same. At the special request, however, of some of his comrades in arms, he has consented to send it to the *Confederate Veteran*, being largely induced to do this because of the pleasure it gives him to make public the conduct of his gallant associates upon the occasion referred to.

Battery Wagner was situated on Morris Island about six miles from Charleston. Its guns commanded the channel approach to that city and the possession of the island was considered the key to the city. The enemy had effected a landing on the southern end of the island, and, moving up their forces, had erected heavy batteries about sixteen hundred yards in front of Wagner.

The latter, which was occupied by our troops, was a large bastioned earthwork inclosed (sic) on all sides and situated upon a neck of the island, so narrow that the battery (more properly fort) extended across its full width two hundred and fifty yards at that point from the sea or ship channel on one side to Vincent Creek, a deep and narrow salt water creek, on the other. This island was a long, low, sandy, sea island, almost denuded of growth, save a few palmetto trees, a number of which grew along the banks of Vincent Creek.

There was situated near the banks of this creek an abandoned two-story wooden house, much nearer the enemy's works than ours, of which a small body of the enemy took possession; in fact, it was the headquarters of their night outpost picket.

From the upper windows of this house a band of sharpshooters had been constantly harassing the garrison at Wagner by firing plunging shots in their elevated positions from their long-range rifles, and scarcely a day passed without some soldier in the open parade of the fort being killed or wounded. Of course, the troops could not perpetually remain under cover in the stifling bomb proofs, and they were necessarily exposed to the rifle fire of this unseen, pitiless foe, who were dealing death day after day in their ranks.

They could not be dislodged by infantry, as they had the near support of ten thousand troops in their own works (our force in the fort being less than fifteen hundred men). They could not be shelled by artillery, because we were day and night strengthening our works, and any artillery demonstrations from our fort

would have resulted in drawing upon us the concentrated fire of all the enemy's siege guns, which were of the heaviest caliber.

In the daytime the enemy's pickets were withdrawn from the house, leaving only the sharpshooters to do their daily, deadly work. No feasible expedient could be adopted to burn this house and abate this intolerable nuisance, and night only brought relief to the harassed garrison.

It was possible for a very few men, under the shelter of the creek bank in places, and the scant growth of shrubbery, to approach the house in the daytime, but no considerable number could do so without being seen at once, and it was, of course, impracticable to do so at night.

At the time mentioned I was a captain of infantry, but detached from my regiment in Virginia, and was temporarily assigned to staff duty as inspector general with Gen. William B. Taliaferro, who commanded Fort Wagner.

The latter, which was occupied by our troops, was a large bastioned earthwork inclosed (sic) on all sides and situated upon a neck of the island, so narrow that the battery (more properly fort) extended across its full width two hundred and fifty yards at that point from the sea or ship channel on one side to Vincent Creek, a deep and narrow salt water creek, on the other. This island was a long, low, sandy, sea island, almost denuded of growth, save a few palmetto trees, a number of which grew along the banks of Vincent Creek.

There was situated near the banks of this creek an abandoned two-story wooden house, much nearer the enemy's works than ours, of which a small body of the enemy took possession; in fact, it was the headquarters of their night outpost picket.

From the upper windows of this house a band of sharpshooters had been constantly harassing the garrison at Wagner by firing plunging shots in their elevated positions from their long-range rifles, and scarcely a day passed without some soldier in the open parade of the fort being killed or wounded. Of course, the troops could not perpetually remain under cover in the stifling bomb proofs, and they were necessarily exposed to the rifle fire of this unseen, pitiless foe, who were dealing death day after day in their ranks.

They could not be dislodged by infantry, as they had the near support of ten thousand troops in their own works (our force in the fort being less than fifteen hundred men). They could not be shelled by artillery, because we were day and night strengthening our works, and any artillery demonstrations from our fort would have resulted in drawing upon us the concentrated fire of all the enemy's siege guns, which were of the heaviest caliber.

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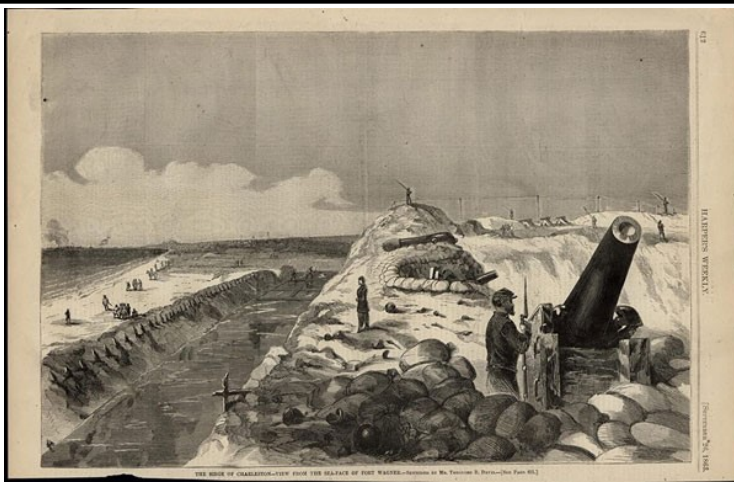
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At the time mentioned I was a captain of infantry, but detached from my regiment in Virginia, and was temporarily assigned to staff duty as inspector general with Gen. William B. Taliaferro, who commanded Fort Wagner.

One morning in July, 1863, about a week or ten days before the bombardment and assault on the 18th of July, described in my address, Lieut. J. J. Doughty, of Augusta, Ga., who is still living in that city, received a box of eatables from home, and invited the writer, Lieut. W. M. Hitt, and Lieut. Thomas Tutt, also of Augusta at that time, and Sergt. Hopps, from Missouri, to dine with him in his quarters in the fort.

We were enjoying, as only ravenous soldiers could, the delicious viands which tender hands at home had stored away in this precious box, and had nearly finished our meal, when one of Tutt's men came in hurriedly and reported, with a voice quivering with emotion, that a well-known comrade of his command (whose name the writer has forgotten) had just been shot dead in the open fort by one of the enemy's sharpshooters from the house referred to.

There were five of us present---Tutt, Doughty, Hitt, Hopps, and myself in the party. We were all quite young, and the strange magnetism of Tutt, who was our senior by several years, and his determined bearing immediately fired us all with an enthusiasm which I will never forget, and, without taking time to reflect upon the peril or the consequences of the enterprise, we agreed, and at once formed our plan of action. Gen. Taliaferro had gone that day to the city of Charleston, and, in his absence, the command of the fort devolved upon Col. Charles H. Olmstead, formerly of this city, but now living in New York.



Harper's Weekly, Sept. 26, 1863, caption: ". . . View from the sea-face

We quickly made our plans, and, each procuring a rifle and ammunition, we secretly left the fort about 3 p.m. on the perilous expedition. Being a staff officer, I was enabled to pass the party out at the sally port, and, crouching low and stealthily, in Indian file, Tutt being in the lead, we glided slowly up the creek, taking advantage of its banks, the palmetto trees, and occasional sand dunes to hide us from view (which we found it to be a very difficult matter to do).

The house was about fifty yards from the creek, and, when we had reached a point about one hundred yards from it, we halted, and, lying down together behind some stunted shrubbery, held a council of war. It was impossible to retreat then, because the sharpshooters had evidently seen some movement, and, with their rifles in hand, we could see them at the windows, looking intently in our direction.

The space between us and the house was a perfectly open sand area, without the slightest shelter or protection. There was not a moment to lose, as the enemy was growing more and more suspicious. There were eight sharpshooters in the house, but at the time we did not know the number. There were only five of us.

We at once concluded to make a dash for the house. The enemy were at the windows on the side of the house looking toward our fort. We had crept to a point nearly opposite the end, so that they could only get a few oblique shots at us from the windows before we could pass the line of fire, the end of the house interposing its friendly shelter after passing this line.

At a signal from Tutt (who, by common consent, became our leader), and on the full run we rushed for the building, a scattering volley being fired at us, providentially without effect. Meeting together on the opposite side of the house, we ran pellmell into the building through the open door in the back of the same.

The enemy seemed stunned by the suddenness of the attack, and we were fairly in the hall before they were enabled to start down the narrow stairway to meet us. A general fusillade followed. The vivid flashes of the rifles lighting up the hall, which was soon filled with dense smoke, caused them to retreat to their former position, and Tutt, raving like a demon, started upstairs alone, but we pulled him back.

He then, in a loud voice, ordered the house set on fire, which we at once did, retiring to the open area in the rear after the fire had made considerable headway, which we started immediately under the stairsteps. The building was old and dry, and burnt like tinder, and it was a case of the enemy being cremated or leaving the house. Some of them ran out of the doors, and others jumped from the windows. We stood around with our rifles cocked, firing at them as they appeared. They made a feeble resistance, shooting wildly, and the survivors took to their heels. Several of them were shot and the others made good their escape.

By this time the musketry and the burning building had aroused the respective garrisons of the two forts, which swarmed in masses on their parapets; we were at easy rifle range of the Yankee garrison, and if we attempted to retreat across the open area of sand, death to us would have been the inevitable result. The only way back by the creek margin was already swept by a hurricane of bullets, the enemy evidently supposing that there was a large body of us concealed in the shrubbery near the now consumed house. We realized too late that we were caught like rats in a trap.

In front of us, two hundred yards nearer the enemy's works, was a little hillock or sand dune on this open area of sand, and, although it brought us much nearer the Federal works, we made a dash for it in order to shelter ourselves from the terrific fire which was now concentrated upon us by the thoroughly aroused Yan-

kee garrison. With only a slight wound received by Hopps, though some of us had our clothing torn by bullets, we providentially gained the sand hill, which was only a few feet higher than the surrounding plane, and each of us sank down at full length behind it, and for the time being were comparatively safe from the enemy's leaden missiles, which sung around us, intermixed with that ominous sound of the bullet----s---t, s---t, s---t----familiar to all soldiers who saw service in that war.

It was our purpose in seeking this shelter to remain there until night had set in then slip back to Wagner under cover of darkness, but it was not so ordered. After lying in the position described, under the pitiless rays of a scorching July sun for some little time, the enemy's fire greatly slackened and I stealthily peeped over the sand dune to take an observation, when, to my horror, I saw a full company of Yankee infantry, which had silently moved out of their works, rapidly approaching us, the sunlight flashing from their bright bayonets as they marched.

Turning to my companions, I said: "Boys, look yonder; it's all up with us now." Certain death or capture indeed seemed inevitable, and we each realized it.

The invincible Tutt, however, swore that he would not be taken alive and seemed inexorable in this determination, although we assured him that any resistance we might then make would be unavailing against such a body of men, numbering thirty of forty rifles, and would end in our butchery by an exasperated foe.

Tutt persisted, however, and, indignantly scorning the idea of surrender, without further parley discharged his rifle full at the approaching enemy. This, of course, settled the question, as nothing was then left to us but to stand by our reckless and intrepid comrade, which we did for all we were worth.

With elbow touching elbow, and our heads alone visible above the sand bank, we kept up a steady fire upon the line of blue rapidly nearing us. At the first volley they halted, returned the fire, and then with huzzas came for us on the full run. The situation was appalling, but we continued to pour our fire into them.

Occupying a position prone on the sand, and our vision obscured by the smoke of the guns, we did not see the effect of our shots, and did not know until afterwards informed by Col. Olmstead, who watched the scene closely with his field glass, that several of the enemy were carried off by their comrades.

What was it, then, that shook the island from center to circumference? Turning our heads in the direction of the sound, we witnessed a sight which sent the blood tingling in our veins. The entire face of Wagner were suddenly opened upon the approaching Federal infantry. Charlie Olmstead, my old schoolmate, who was commanding in the absence of Gen. Taliaferro, had come to the rescue.

The artillery fire, conducted by that accomplished and gallant soldier, Lieut. Col. J. C. Simpkins, of South Carolina, and chief of artillery, was directed with wonderful precision, and the shells passing over our heads and bursting beyond us uncomfortably close, in the very face of the enemy, scattered them like chaff before the wind.

But something we had not counted on followed. The Yankee fort immediately opened their batteries of heavy guns upon Wagner, and one of the most terrific artillery duels I ever witnessed during the war was thus precipitated between the respective forts, and all stirred up by our little band.

The scene was grand and awe-inspiring, both sides shelling furiously over our heads at each other. Of course all the infantry on both sides were driven from the parapets by this terrific artillery fire. It was plain that this demonstration on the part of Col. Olmstead was made to safely cover our retreat, and we rapidly raced for our works through the heavy sand and under the rays of the hottest sun I ever felt. We arrived safely, completely winded and exhausted.

Once in the fort we separated, and silently crept to our respective quarters. Col. Olmstead soon made his appearance and placed the writer under arrest. The Colonel had, without orders, assumed a grave responsibility in the prompt and gallant action he had taken to save us, and save us he did, as but for his conduct not one of us would have been left to tell the tale.

The heavy firing on the island had greatly excited the people in Charleston, and Gen. Taliaferro hurried back to the fort, reaching it a little after dark. Olmstead met him at this boat landing at Cummings Point and related to this grim old soldier all that had passed. They then came together into my quarters (also the quarters of the General), and, feigning sleep, I overheard their conversation.

Tutt sprang from his seat, his dark eyes flashing fire, with a strange light gleaming from their depths, and, looking into our faces said, with his own set hard with determination and with fury written in every line: "Boys, let us get a rifle apiece and drive the d____d rascals from that house and burn it, or perish in the attempt."

"Well," said the General, "the boys destroyed that infernal nuisance, the house, did they?"

"Yes," responded Olmstead.

"Good," grunted the old General. Then, nodding toward me as I lay on the floor, "Release him from arrest when he wakes up," which Charlie was only too glad, of course, to do.

Tutt and Hopps not long afterwards joined the ranks of that great army underground---they were spared the great sorrow of the final disaster, when the sun of the Confederacy went down at Appomattox. They were both killed. Three of us survive---J. J. Doughty, of Augusta, Ga.; William M. Hitt, now of Atlanta, Ga.; and the writer. "May both these boys be spared for many years to come, for truer soldiers and more gallant men never faced a foe!"

[Publisher's Note, by Gene Kizer, Jr. : This is an UNBELIEVABLY detailed and exciting account of the second Battle of Battery Wagner, July 18, 1863, by a then-young officer who was there in the thick of it. What the movie *Glory* did for the Union side in 1989, Twiggs did for the Confederate 103 years earlier with this address.]

Mr. President and Comrades:

My theme for this occasion is the defence of Battery Wagner, in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, against the combined attack of the land and naval forces of the United States, which occurred on the 18th of July, 1863.

The defence of Charleston harbor and of Fort Sumter, which commanded the channel approach to that city, is familiar to the civilized world. The memories of that heroic struggle have been preserved by history, and embalmed in story and in song; and while incidental reference will be made to these defences during a long and memorable siege, my remarks will be confined chiefly to the military operations against Wagner on the 18th July.

The almost unexampled magnitude of the war, involving during its four years of incessant strife an enormous sacrifice of men and material on both sides, tended to obscure and obliterate the details and incidents of any particular military event---yet the heroic defence of this outpost battery located upon an isolated island, against the powerful military and naval forces which assailed it, "is worthy in itself of the dignity of a great epic" even in the drama which in its gigantic proportions required a continent for its theatre of action.

History fails to furnish example more heroic, conflict more sanguinary, tenacity and endurance more determined and courageous than were displayed in the defence of this historic little stronghold.

From the time of its construction to the 18th of July, 1863, it was known and designed as Battery Wagner; after that memorable day the enemy called it Fort Wagner. A brave and appreciative foe thus christened it in a baptism of blood, but that earlier name was known only to the heroic dead who fell defending it upon its ramparts, and my unhallowed hand shall not disturb it.

Twenty years and more have elapsed since that bloody day, but the lesson then enforced is as important as ever, and no richer inheritance of emprise and valor will ever be transmitted to posterity.

In speaking of the defence of Charleston a prominent writer in "the French Journal of Military Science" states that prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity and perseverance are exhibited in the attack as in the defence of this city which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals.

Viscount Wolseley, Adjutant-General of the British Army, in reviewing some of the military records of the war in the "North American Review" of Nov. 1889, uses the following language: "Were I bound to select out of all four volumes the set of papers which appears of most importance at the present moment not only from an American, but also from a European point of view, I should certainly name those which describe the operations around Charleston."

For the instruction of those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Charleston and its surroundings, I shall give a short introductory description of the harbor defences of this city in order to convey a better appreciation of the location and relative importance of Battery Wagner.

Charleston, as you know, is situated on a narrow peninsula at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers.

These rivers in flowing together form a broad, picturesque, and beautiful bay, lying to the South-east of the city, which has for its Northern boundary the mainland, and for its Southern, James Island.

Fort Sumter is constructed upon its own little island of artificial rock, and is situated within the entrance to the harbor. It is nearly equi-distant between James and Sullivan's Islands, and is three and a half miles from East Bay battery of the city.

Fort Johnson on James Island is situated to the right of Sumter as you look from the battery towards the sea, and is one mile and a quarter from the Fort.

Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, is to the left of Sumter and about one mile distant from it.

Morris Island, upon which Battery Wagner was built, is a long, low, sandy sea island, denuded of growth, save here and there a solitary palmetto, and was considered practically the key to Charleston. Its Northern end nearest the city, known as Cummings Point, is the seaward limit of the harbor on the South, as Sullivan's Island is the seaward limit on the North, and these two points determine the entrance to the harbor and are about twenty-seven hundred yards apart.



Morris Island is separated from James Island by wide and impenetrable marshes. On Cummings Point was Battery Gregg, named in honor of Brig. General Maxey Gregg of South Carolina, killed at Fredericksburg, Va.

Nearly a mile South of Gregg, on the island, was located Battery Wagner. This famous work was erected to prevent the Federal occupation of the island and the erection of batteries for the destruction of Fort Sumter, which disputed the passage of the enemy's fleet to the city.

Battery Wagner was one and a half miles from Sumter and five miles from Charleston. Between Sumter and the shores of Morris and James Island is only shallow water, unfit for navigation.

The main channel, which is very deep between Sumter and Sullivan's Island, takes an abrupt turn to the South about one thousand yards East of Sumter and flows in a Southerly direction along the shores of Morris Island so that a fleet before entering the harbor would be compelled to run the gauntlet of Battery Wagner and Gregg before reaching Sumter and the city.

The importance therefore of these auxiliary defences against naval attack will be readily appreciated, and the necessity for their reduction by the Federals is equally manifest.

Situated to the South of Morris Island is Folly Island, separated from it by Light House Inlet, about five hundred yards wide.

After the memorable repulse of the Iron Clad Fleet under Real Admiral DuPont by Fort Sumter on the 7th of April, 1863, the enemy changed his plan of attack and the Union Commander, Genl. Q. A. Gilmore, who had relieved Maj. Genl. Hunter, concentrated upon Folly Island, 10,000 Infantry, 350 Artillery, and 600 Engineer Troops. In the meantime, Rear Admiral DuPont had been relieved and Rear Admiral Dahlgren placed in command of the naval squadron.

Concealed from the view of the Confederates by dense brushwood, the Federal Commander with remarkable skill and celerity had erected formidable batteries within easy range of the weak and imperfect works of the Confederates on the Southern end of the island. The presence of these works, armed with guns of heavy calibre, was unknown to the Confederates and was a complete surprise to them.

On the morning of the 10th of July these batteries were unmasked and a furious cannonade, supplemented by the guns of the fleet in Light-house Inlet, was opened upon the Confederate batteries, and under cover of this bombardment the Federal troops succeeded in effecting a landing and lodgment on Morris Island.

They were gallantly met by the Confederate troops under Col. Robert Graham of the First South Carolina Regiment; but, after a sharp and severe engagement, they were forced to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, and being rapidly driven back sought shelter and refuge in Battery Wagner.

Following up rapidly this success, and anticipating an easy capture of the latter, which now alone seriously disputed their full occupation of the island, on July the 11th they made their first assault upon it.

During the night, however, Wagner had been re-inforced by 550 Georgia troops under Col. Charles H. Olmstead (the distinguished and heroic defender of Fort Pulaski) and Nelson's South Carolina Battalion.

This assault lasted less than half an hour and resulted in a complete repulse of the assailants who retired to the Sand hills of the island out of the range of the Confederate battery.

General Gilmore then commenced the erection of heavy batteries on the island varying in distance from about 1300 to 1900 yards in front of Wagner, and thus were commenced the formidable preparations for the great attack upon it by land and sea on the 18th of July, 1863, which is the subject of this address.

Battery Wagner was named after Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Wagner of the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Regular Artillery, who was killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Moultrie in July, 1863.

It was a large bastioned earth work enclosed on all sides and was situated at a very narrow neck of the island extending across its full width at that point from the sea on one side to Vincent Creek on the other, so that its flanks were protected by these natural barriers from assault.

Its sea line, which faced the ship channel, was 300 feet long and its land faces extended about 250 yards across the island.

Its magazine was protected by a roofing of heavy timbers which were compactly covered over with ten feet of sodded earth. It was also provided with a bomb-proof, similarly constructed for the protection of the troops, thirty feet wide by one hundred feet long.

There was also a gallery of a similar character about twelve feet wide by thirty feet long through which the bomb proof was entered from the parade of the Fort.

The work was constructed with heavy traverses, and its gorge on the North face provided with a parapet for Infantry fire. The embrasures were revetted with palmetto logs and turf, and around the work was a wide, deep, but dry ditch.

In the parade of the Fort on its West side was a row of wooden tenements, roughly built for officers' quarters and medical stores.

Brigadier General Taliaferro, who had been stationed with his command on James Island, was ordered by General Beauregard to take command of Battery Wagner and, on the morning of the 14th July, he relieved Col. Robert Graham of that charge. This gallant officer, who was a native of Virginia and who is still living and practicing law in that State, had served with the immortal Stonewall Jackson in many of his brilliant campaigns in the valley.

While at home in Georgia convalescing from a wound received while serving with my Regiment in Virginia, I was ordered to report to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston and was assigned to duty with Gen. Taliaferro, who placed me temporarily on his personal staff as Assistant Inspector General.

I trust that you will pardon this reference to myself. I make it, because I claim for this narrative some degree of accuracy acquired largely from personal observation in the drama afterwards enacted.

Between the 12th and 18th of July the enemy was steadily and rapidly constructing and equipping his batteries designed to co-operate with the fleet in the bombardment which followed.

THE MONITORS.

While this work was in progress, the monitors of the fleet would daily leave their anchorage and engage in a desultory shelling of the fort. The huge projectiles, fired from their 15 inch guns, weighing 440 pounds and visible at every point of their trajectories, made it very uncomfortable for the garrison.

They practiced firing ricochet shots which would skip and bound upon the wa-

ter, each impingement making sounds similar to the discharge of the gun itself. Indeed, until this curious phenomenon was noted, the multiplication of detonations was regarded as separate discharges of different guns.

Some of these enormous shells would roll into the fort, bury themselves in the earth, and, with deafening explosions, would make huge craters in the sand, lifting it in great columns, which falling in showers like the scoriae and ashes from a volcanic eruption, would fill the eyes, ears, and clothing, mingling the dirt of the fort with the original dust from which we sprung.

Some would burst in the air; others passing over the fort with a rush and roar which has aptly been likened to the noise of an express train, would explode in the marsh beyond.

Of course our guns replied, but they were so inferior in calibre compared to those of the monitors, that they did little harm at such long range to the iron armor of their turrets eleven inches in thickness.

THE ARMAMENT OF WAGNER

consisted of one 10 inch Columbiad, one 32 pound rifle, one 42 pounder Carronade, two 32 pounder Carronade, two naval shell guns, one 8 inch sea coast howitzer, four smooth bore 32 pounders, and one 10 inch sea coast mortar; in all thirteen guns, besides one light battery. Of these only the 10 inch Columbiad, which carried a projectile weighing 128 pounds, was of much effect against the monitors.

THE STAFF

of Gen. Taliaferro consisted of W. T. Taliaferro, Assistant Adjutant General, Lieutenants Henry C. Cunningham and Mazzyek, ordnance officers, Captain Burke, Quartermaster, Lieutenants Meade and Stoney, aides, Dr. J. C. Habersham, Surgeon in Chief, and Captain H. D. D. Twiggs, Inspector General.

THE GARRISON

was composed of the 51st North Carolina, Col. H. McKethan; the 31st North Carolina, Lieut. Col. Charles W. Knight; the Charleston Battalion, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard; the Artillery Companies of Captains J. T. Buckner and W. J. Dixon, of the 63d Georgia Regiment, and two field howitzer details of Lieut. T. D. Waties of the 1st South Carolina Regular Artillery.

All the Artillery was under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. John C. Simkins of the 1st South Carolina Regular Infantry.

Let it be borne in mind that the entire garrison, according to official reports, numbered on the 18th of July thirteen hundred men only. These troops had relieved, a few days before, Olmstead's Georgia Regiment, Capers', Hanvey's and Basinger's Georgia Battalions, Nelson's South Carolina Battalion, and the Artillery Companies of Mathews and Chichester under Lieut. Col. Yates of South Carolina. They had participated gallantly in repelling the assault of the 11th of July and needed relief from the heavy work and details to which they had constantly been subjected.

THE FORCE OF THE ENEMY

opposed to this artillery and infantry force of Wagner consisted of four heavy batteries on the island mounting 42 siege guns of heavy calibre, and the naval squadron of iron clads and gun-boats carrying an armament of 23 of the most formidable guns ever before used in the reduction of a fortification, making an aggregate of 64 guns.

In addition there were 6,000 veteran infantry within the batteries on the island, ready for the assault. To say that the outlook to the garrison of Wagner was appalling, but feebly expresses the situation.

THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS.

On the morning of the 18th I was invited to breakfast with Dr. Harford Cumming of Augusta, Ga., an Assistant Surgeon in the Fort. Our repast consisted of some hard crackers and a tin bucket of fresh butter sent the Doctor from home; a most tempting meal in those times of gastronomic privation.

We were sitting in the little Medical Dispensary over which the Doctor presided, by the side of an open window which looked out upon the parade, with a small table between us upon which our breakfast was laid.

Just as we had begun our meal, a 200 pounder Parrott shell was heard screaming through the air above us and descending it buried itself in the earth just outside the window. It exploded with terrific report, shattering into fragments the glass and filling our bucket, about half full of butter, with sand to the very top. The frail tenement reeled with the shock.

This shell was followed by another and another in rapid succession, which exploded in the parade of the Fort and were fired from the land batteries of the enemy.

This was the beginning of the bombardment long anticipated and our first intimation of it. We no longer felt the pangs of hunger and hurriedly left the building

for a safer place.

Upon reaching the open air the shot and shell began to fall by scores and we saw the infantry streaming to the bomb-proof.

For a considerable time the firing of the enemy was conducted by the land batteries alone.

Finally the enemy's entire squadron, iron clads and gunboats, left their moorings and bore down steadily and majestically upon the Fort. The heavy artillery sprang to their guns and, with anxious but resolute faces, awaited coolly the terrible onset.

It was now apparent that the entire force of the enemy, land and naval, was about to be hurled against Wagner alone, but the dauntless little Garrison, lifting their hearts to the God of battles in this hour of fearful peril, with their flag floating defiantly above them, resolved to die if need be for their altars, their firesides and their homes.

The day broke bright and beautiful. A gentle breeze toyed with the folds of the garrison flag as it streamed forth with undulating grace, or lazily curved about the tall staff. The God of day rising in the splendor of his midsummer glory, flung his red flame upon the swelling sea, and again performed the miracle of turning the water into wine.

Rising still higher he bathed the earth and sea in his own radiant and voluptuous light, and burnished with purple and gold the tall spires of the beleaguered and devoted old city.

What a strange contrast between the profound calm of nature and the gathering tempest of war, whose consuming lightnings and thunders were so soon to burst forth with a fury unsurpassed!

On came the fleet, straight for the Fort; Admiral Dahlgren's flag ship, the Monitor Montauk, Commander Fairfax, in the lead.

It was followed by the New Ironsides, Captain Rowan; the Monitors, Catskill, Commander Rogers; Patapsco, Lieut. Commander Badger; Nantucket, Commander Beaumont, and Weehawken, Commander Calhoun.

There were besides five gunboats, the Paul Jones, Commander Rhind; Ottawa, Commander Whiting; the Seneca, Commander Gibson; the Chippewa, Commander Harris, and the Wissahickon, Commander Davis.

Swiftly and noiselessly the Monitors approached, the white spray breaking from their sharp prows, their long dark hull lines scarcely showing above the water, and their coal black drum-like turrets glistening in the morning's sun.

Approaching still nearer they formed the arc of a circle around Wagner, the nearest being about three hundred yards distant from it.

With deliberate precision they halted and waited the word of command to sweep the embrasures of the Fort where our intrepid cannoniers stood coolly by their guns.

As the flagship Montauk wheeled into action at close quarters, a long puff of white smoke rolled from the mouth of the 10 inch Columbiad on the sea face of the Fort, and the iron plated turret of the Monitor reeled and quivered beneath the crashing blow.

Then the pent up thunders of the brewing storm of death burst forth in all their fury and poured upon the undaunted Wagner a remorseless stream of nine, eleven, and fifteen inch shells monitor after monitor, ship after ship, battery after battery, and then altogether hurled a tempest of iron hail upon the Fort.

About seventy guns were now concentrating a terrific fire upon it, while the guns of Wagner, aided at long range by the batteries of Sumter and Gregg, and those on Sullivan's and James Islands replied.

Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the fury of this bombardment. "It transcended all exhibitions of like character encountered during the war."

It seemed impossible that anything could withstand it.

More than one hundred guns of the heaviest calibre were roaring, flashing and thundering together. Before the Federal batteries had gotten the exact range of the work, the smoke of the bursting shells, brightened by the sun, was converted into smoke wreathes and spirals which curved and eddyed in every direction; then as the fire was delivered with greater precision, the scene was appalling and awe inspiring beyond expression and the spectacle to the lookers on was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur.

In the language of Gen. Gilmore, "the whole island smoked like a furnace and shook as from an earthquake."

For eleven long hours the air was filled with every description of shot and shell that the magazines of war could supply. The light of day was almost obscured by the now darkening and sulphurous smoke which hung over the island like a funeral pall.

Still later in the afternoon as the darkness gathered and deepened did the lightnings of war increase in the vividness of their lurid and intolerable crimson which flashed through the rolling clouds of smoke and illumined the Fort from bastion to bastion with a scorching glare; clouds of sand were constantly blown into the air from bursting shells; the waters of the sea were lashed into white foam and thrown upwards in glistening columns by exploding bombs while side sheets of spray inundated the parapet, and Wagner" dripping with salt water, shook like a ship in the grasp of the storm.

By this time all the heavy guns were dismounted, disabled, or silenced, and only a few gun detachments were at their posts.

Passive endurance now only remained for the garrison while the storm lasted. The troops generally sheltered themselves, as best they could, in the bomb proofs and behind the traverses. But for such protection as was thus afforded, the loss of life would have been appalling and the garrison practically annihilated.

There was one command only which preferred the open air to the almost insufferable heat of the bomb proof, and sheltered itself only under the parapet and traverses on the land face of the Fort during that frightful day. Not one member of that heroic band, officer or man, sought other shelter. In all the flight of time and the records of valor, no example ever transcended their splendid heroism. All honor to the glorious name and deathless fame of "Gaillard's Charleston Battalion."

A little after two o'clock, two deeds of heroism were enacted which will never be forgotten by the lookers on. The halliards were cut by a shot or shell, and the large garrison flag released from the lofty staff fell into the parade.

Instantly, and without hesitation, there were a score of men racing for the prostrate colors. Out into the open area, they rushed regardless of the storm of death falling around them. Maj. Ramsay, Sergeant Shelton, and Private Flynn of the Charleston Battalion, and Lieutenant Reddick of the 63rd Georgia Regiment, bore it back in triumph to the staff and deliberately adjusted it. Up it went again, and amid the cheers of the garrison the Confederate banner again floated defiantly in the smoke of battle.

Some little delay occurred in adjusting the flag, and some few moments elapsed during which Wagner showed no colors to the enemy. Supposing that the Fort had struck its flag in token of surrender, exultant cheers burst forth from the crew of the Ironsides.

At that moment Captain Robert Barnwell of the Engineers seized a Regimental battle flag and recklessly leaping upon the exposed ramparts, he drove its staff into the sand and held it there until the garrison flag had been hoisted in its place.

There was one Jasper at Moultrie.

There were a score of them at Wagner.

In the meantime the City of Charleston was aflame with excitement; the battery, house-tops and steeples were crowded with anxious spectators. Hundreds of fair women were there with hands clasped in silent prayer for the success of their gallant defenders; strong men looked on with throbbing hearts and broke forth into exclamations which expressed their hopes and fears.

How can the Fort hold out much longer? It has ceased firing altogether! Its battery has been silenced!

Yes but see the colors streaming still amid the battle smoke!

Suddenly the flag is seen to droop, then rapidly descend.

Oh God! was the agonized cry, Wagner has at last struck her colors and surrendered. Oh! the unspeakable suspense of that moment.

Then tumultuous cheers arose from hundreds of throats amid the waving of snowy handkerchiefs.

No ! no ! they shouted, look ! Look! It has gone up again, and its crimson cross flashes once more amid shot and shell and battle smoke.

What a wonderful power there is in the flag of one's country. How mysterious the influence by which it sways and moves the hearts of men.

A distinguished general in the Confederate army, who had been an officer in the old army, was so strongly imbued with the power of this influence over the will of men that he expressed the belief that if the Confederate Government had adhered to the stars and stripes thousands in the North, who, early in the war were Southern sympathizers, would have rallied around it, and thousands, who were actually arrayed against us, would have refused to fire upon it.

The colors of an army have carried more strongholds than the bayonet, and battered down more fortresses than artillery.

Even in Holy Writ we find the expression "As terrible as an army with banners."

'Twas the flag that floated again over Wagner which restored confidence in Charleston, and the exultant cry which broke from the lips of these lookers on, was the echo of that hoarser shout in the battle scarred Fort in the midst of the roar of

cannon.

The banner of the stars and stripes is again the flag of our united country, and long may it wave over the land and the sea, for it is the symbol and the emblem of a union never again to be sundered.

The Southern heart is true and loyal to that flag but base is the soul and craven is the heart of him who marched and fought beneath the starry cross of Dixie which will cease to love and honor it.

It waved its conquering folds in the smoke of battle at Manassas and Shiloh. It stirred the souls of men with thrilling power in the wild assault upon Cemetery Hill. It floated triumphant amid the roar of the cannon at Spottsylvania's bloody salient, and was borne resistless at the head of conquering hosts on an hundred bloody fields.

Though furled forever and no longer existing as the emblem of a brave and heroic people, still we salute thee with love and reverence oh ! phantom banner of that great army underground, which died beneath thy crimson cross.

"For though conquered, we adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it."

But I return to the raging battle at Wagner.

All day did the furious bombardment continue without intermission. The long midsummer day seemed endless and the fierce July sun seemed commanded by another Joshua to stand still--would it never set?

The wooden tenements in the fort were literally torn into splinters, and the ground bore little trace of where they stood.

The fort itself was pounded into an almost shapeless mass; the parapet, traverses, scarp, and counter scarp, were well nigh obliterated, and the ditch was filled with sand.

The covering of the bomb--proof had, to a large extent, been torn away, and now the magazine containing a large quantity of powder was in imminent danger of being breached by the heavy projectiles hurled incessantly against it, and the immense shells from the Cohorn mortars which, thrown to an incredible altitude, would descend with terrific force now almost upon the yielding and dislocated timbers.

The magazine once pierced, Wagner would have been blown to atoms, with not a man surviving to tell the story of its demolition. The reports constantly made to the commanding officer by the ordnance sergeant in charge justified the gravest fears of such a catastrophe.

Once, after a report of its condition had been made, this stern old veteran, addressing a member of his staff sitting beside him, quietly asked him if he was a married man.

Upon being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a grim smile, "I'm sorry, sir, for we shall soon be blown into the marsh."

Indeed this result was but the question of a little time when suddenly, to the infinite relief of the harassed and weary garrison, the blazing circle of the enemy's fleet and batteries ceased to glow with flame.

In the language of Gen. Taliaferro, "the ominous pause was understood---the supreme moment of that awful day had come."

Wagner, which could not be conquered by shot and shell, must now be carried by assault. . . .

. . . Anticipating that the smaller guns and the light battery would be destroyed or disabled by the bombardment, General Taliaferro had directed them to be dismounted from their carriages and covered with sand-bags, and the sequel proved the wisdom and foresight which suggested it.

Again, in order to avoid delay, particular sections of the parapet had been assigned to the respective commands so that they could assemble there, without first forming in the parade of the fort, and thus ensure prompt resistance to the rush upon it which was expected.

The enemy believing Wagner to be practically demolished, and its garrison too crippled and demoralized to make other than a feeble resistance, were rapidly forming to make their grand assault.

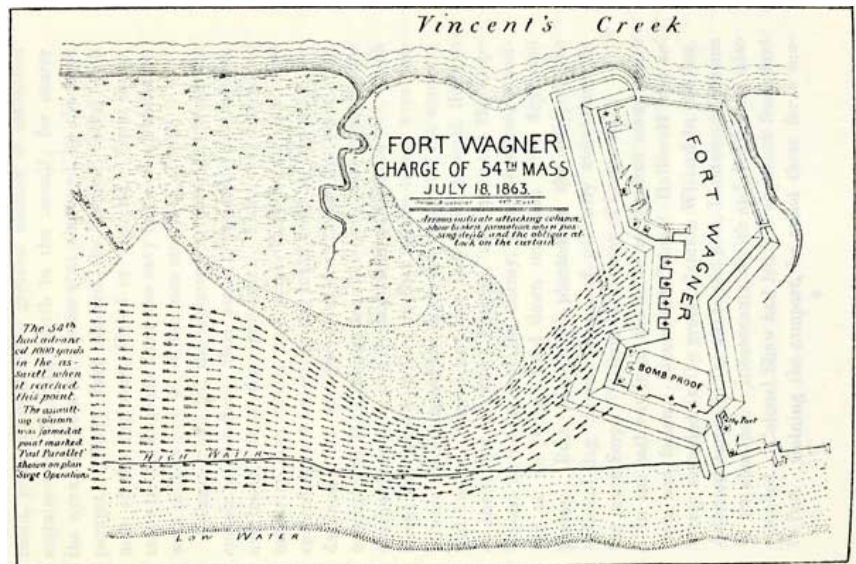
As soon as the firing had ceased, the buried guns were hastily exhumed and remounted. The Charleston Battalion, which had all day nestled under the parapet, were already in their places and when the order was given to man the ramparts, one regiment alone failed to respond.

The bombardment of eleven hours had served to utterly demoralize the 31st North Carolina Regiment and all the efforts of General Taliaferro and his staff to persuade or drive this command from the shelter of the bomb-proofs was unavail-

ing; therefore the south-east bastion and sea front to which it had been assigned was left unguarded.

While a faithful narration of facts requires me to note this incident, it gives me pleasure to state that this regiment fully redeemed itself the following year by gallant conduct on the field of battle in Virginia.

When the order to man the ramparts ran like a bugle from the stern lips of Gen. Taliaferro, all the other commands, officers and men, leapt to their feet and rushed out into the parade of the fort. Seeing the dark masses of the Federal infantry



rapidly advancing, these veteran Confederates, still undaunted by the experience of that dreadful day defiantly rending the air with enthusiastic cheers, sprang to their places on the parapet.

The Roncevalle's Pass, where fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not upon a braver, a better, or a truer band. It was a sight once seen never forgotten.

Dropping on their knees, crouching low, their keen eyes glancing along the barrels of their leveled rifles, the whole face of the fort was suddenly transformed into a line of bristling steel upon which the sinister red glow of the setting sun was falling.

The Federal columns, 6,000 strong, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Truman Seymour, were steadily approaching the fort manned by a little more than 1,300 troops.

This division of the enemy consisted of three fine brigades: The first, commanded by Brigadier-General Strong, was composed of the 48th New York, the 66th Pennsylvania, the 3d New Hampshire, the 6th Connecticut, the 9th Maine, and the 54th Massachusetts.

The second brigade, commanded by Col. Putnam, consisted of the 7th New Hampshire, the 100th New York, and the 62nd and 67th Ohio.

The third brigade, led by Brigadier-General Stevenson, consisted of four excellent regiments. These troops were from the 10th and 13th Army Corps, and were the very flower of the Federal army.

The first brigade, commanded by Gen. Strong, led the assault in column of regiments, the 54th Massachusetts, negro regiment recruited in that state, leading the brigade. On they came with a steady tramp until within easy rifle shot of the fort; they had been instructed to use the bayonet only.

Not a single shot had yet been fired from the parapet of Wagner and only the mournful cadence of the waves was heard breaking upon the beach. The stillness was ominous and oppressive.

Then came a few stirring words, addressed by the Federal officers to the troops; they responded with loud and prolonged huzzas and breaking into a full run they rushed gallantly upon the fort.

Wagner, which up to that moment seemed to the Federals to be almost without life, was suddenly lit up with a sheet of flame from bastion to bastion. The deepening twilight was illumined by the irruptive flashes of the small arms and the dark parapet of Wagner was decorated by a glowing ring of fire. The rattle and crash of thirteen hundred rifles was deafening and the guns of the gallant Simkins, the light battery of De Pass on the left, and a howitzer outside and on the right flank of the fort added to the roar and clamor.



Union attack on Battery Wagner in Harper's Weekly, Aug. 8, 1863.

These guns, heavily charged with canister and grape, poured at short range a withering and destructive fire upon the crowded masses of the enemy. The carnage was frightful; yet with unsurpassed gallantry, splendid to behold, the intrepid assailants, breasting the storm, rushed on to the glacis of the fort like the waves of the sea which broke upon the shore.

Oh! the sickening harvest of death then reaped. Like the ripe grain that falls beneath the sickle, the Federal infantry reeled and sank to the earth by hundreds; yet the survivors pressed on over the dead and dying. Many crossed the ditch, and some leaping upon the parapet met death at the very muzzles of the Confederate rifles.

The Federal commander either did not remember the existence of the creek upon the right flank of the fort, or did not estimate the short distance between it and the sea at this point; therefore, as the assaulting columns pressed forward, they became crowded into masses which created confusion and greatly augmented the loss of life.

Human courage could no longer withstand the frightful blasts of the artillery, which, handled by Simkins with consummate skill and rapidity, well nigh blew them to pieces.

The 54th Massachusetts, leaving half their number killed and wounded on the field, broke and fled in confusion, and falling upon and forcing their way through the ranks of the advancing column threw it into confusion, and the entire brigade rushed to the rear completely routed.

The loss of life was terrible; the brigade commander, Gen. Strong, and Col. Chatfield of the 6th Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Col. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts was killed outright besides large numbers of other officers killed and wounded.

In the meantime the Confederate fire was incessant and destructive and a general repulse seemed so imminent that General Seymour saw the necessity of immediate support and he accordingly dispatched Maj. Plympton of his staff to order up Putnam with his supporting brigade.

To his amazement Putnam positively refused to advance, claiming that he had been directed by Gen. Gilmore to remain where he was.

Finally, after a disastrous delay, and without orders, says Gen. Seymour, this gallant young officer, who could not stand idly by and see his class mates and intimate friends cut to pieces, led forward his brigade and fiercely assaulted the south-east angle of the Fort.

He was received with a galling fire, for the first brigade having been repulsed, his approach was enfiladed by the centre and both flanks of the Fort, which swept the glacis and ditch in front of that angle with terrible effect.

It will be remembered that this south-east bastion had been left unguarded by the failure of the 31st North Carolina to man the ramparts there.

Notwithstanding the withering fire with which he was received, this intrepid officer crossed the ditch, which had become filled with sand, and several hundred of his brigade poured into the south-east bastion.

Heavily traversed on three sides this salient secured to these troops a safe lodgment for a time. Seeing the advantage gained by Putnam, Gen. Seymour had just

sent an order to Gen. Stevenson to advance with his brigade to his support when he also was shot down.

While being carried from the field he repeated the order to Gen. Stevenson, but for some reason it was not obeyed.

Meanwhile Col. Putnam had leapt upon the parapet, and, surrounded by his chief officers, Col. Dandy, of the 100th New York, Capt. Klein of the 67th Connecticut and others, was waving his sword and urging his men to hold their ground, as they would soon be re-inforced, when he was shot dead upon the parapet.

In the language of his division commander, "There fell as brave a soldier, as courteous a gentleman, as true a man as ever walked beneath the Stars and Stripes."

An officer of his staff, Lieut. Cate, of the 7th New Hampshire, seeing his chief fall sprang to his side to aid him when a bullet pierced his heart and he too fell dead across his prostrate body.

Putnam's brigade now having also been repulsed with great slaughter, the enemy abandoned all further effort to carry the fort and thus ended this memorable bombardment and bloody assault.

The enemy's columns, shattered and torn, retreated as rapidly as possible until they gained the shelter of their works.

There was no cessation, however, of the Confederate fire during this rush to the rear, and Sumter and Gregg also threw their shells over Wagner into the crowded masses of the discomfited enemy.

In the meantime the Federal troops in the south-east bastion of the Fort were hopelessly cut off from retreat.

In the language of Gen. Taliaferro, "it was certain death" to pass the line of concentrated fire which still swept the faces of the work behind them, and they did not attempt it.

Still, these resolute men would not surrender and poured a concentrated fire into the Confederate ranks. Volunteers were called for to dislodge them, and this summons was responded to by Maj. McDonald of the 51st North Carolina, Capt. Rion of the Charleston Battalion, and Capt. Tatem of the 1st South Carolina, followed by many of their men."

Rion and Tatem were shot dead by these desperate refugees who seemed to invite immolation.

Being securely sheltered in the bastion of the Fort by heavy traverses, the effort to dislodge them failed and for hours they held their position.

Finally, Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood, of South Carolina, late Governor of that State and one of the most heroic soldiers that she ever sent to battle, landed at Cumming's Point at the head of Harrison's splendid regiment, the 32nd Georgia, for the purpose of reinforcing the garrison.

Hurrying to the Fort he found the assault repulsed, but he arrived at an opportune moment to compel the surrender of the obstinate men in the salient, who, seeing themselves outnumbered and with no hope of escape, laid down their arms.

The engagement had ended in a bloody and disastrous repulse to the assailants, and the ground in front of Wagner was literally strewn with the dead and dying. The cries of anguish and the piteous calls for water will never be forgotten by those who heard them.

The Federal loss, considering the numbers engaged, was almost unprecedented. Gen. Beauregard, in his official report, estimates it at three thousand as eight hundred dead bodies were buried by the Confederates in front of Wagner the following morning.

If this is a correct estimate, it will be seen that the Federals lost twice as many men as there were troops in the Confederate garrison.

Among their killed were Col. R. G. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts, Col. H. S. Putnam, and Lieut.-Colonel Greene of the 7th New Hampshire. Brigadier-General G. C. Strong and Colonel J. L. Chatfield, of the 6th Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Brigadier-General Seymour, commanding, Cols. W. B. Barton, A. C. Voris, J. H. Jackson and S. Emory were among the wounded. Lieut.-Colonel Bedell, 3d New Hampshire, and Maj. Filler, 55th Pennsylvania, were among the prisoners.

The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was only one hundred and seventy-four, but the loss on both sides was unusually heavy in commissioned officers. Among the Confederate officers killed were Lieut.-Colonel John C. Simkins, 1st South Carolina Infantry, Capt. W. H. Rion, Charleston Battalion, Capt. W. T. Tatem, 1st South Carolina Infantry, and Lieut. G. W. Thomson, 51st North Carolina.

The gallant Maj. Ramsey of the Charleston Battalion was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were Captains De Pass, Twiggs, and Lieutenant Stoney of the Staff.

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The gallant Maj. Ramsey of the Charleston Battalion was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were Captains De Pass, Twiggs, and Lieutenant Stoney of the Staff.

It is said that "the bravest are the gentlest and the loving are the daring." This was eminently true of that accomplished gentleman and splendid soldier, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Simkins of Edgefield, South Carolina. As Chief of Artillery, he had directed its operations with conspicuous skill and coolness, and he frequently mounted the parapet during the assault to encourage the infantry. He fell pierced through the right lung with a minnie ball, and died by my side with his hand clasped in mine. To me he gave his dying message to his wife, and long afterwards I found an opportunity to discharge this sad duty in person. Mrs. Simkins was the accomplished daughter of Judge Wardlaw of South Carolina, and not long since she joined her heroic husband in rest eternal beyond the stars.

The limit of this address would be far exceeded to give any account of the operations which for forty-eight days were incessantly prosecuted for the reduction of this indomitable Battery.

Suffice it to say that it was never reduced by artillery or captured by assault and was finally evacuated on the night of the 6th of September, 1863, after the Federals, resorting to the science of engineering, had pushed their sap to its counterscarp and were about to blow up the work with gun-powder.

In alluding to the defence of Charleston the Rev. John Johnson of that city, who was a gallant officer and the distinguished Chief of Engineers at Fort Sumter, in the conclusion of his admirable work entitled "The Defence of Charleston Harbor," from which I have drawn much valuable data in the preparation of this address, says: "It did not end in triumph, but it has left behind a setting glory as of the western skies, a blazonry of heroism where gold and purple serve to tell of valor and endurance, and the crimson hue is emblem of self-sacrifice in a cause believed to be just."

No sting is left in the soldier heart of the South for the brave men who fought us. The great Captain and Lord of Hosts, who guides the destiny of men and nations, directed the result of the struggle and made the Union of the North and the South indissoluble. Thus united, this great country which, in its marvelous development of progress, power, and wealth, has startled the world, is yet destined to compass inconceivable possibilities of achievement in its onward march in the race of nations.

Let us therefore accept, like a brave and patriotic people, the result of this great war between the States.

Let us bow with reverence to that Divinity which shaped it. Let us rejoice in the peace and prosperity which has followed it. Let us give our hands and hearts in cordial friendship and greeting to the gallant boys who once wore *the blue*. Let us forgive them more freely because time has made them like ourselves at last--the wearers of *the gray*.

But Comrades, let us never cease to honor and revere the martyred heroes who died in a cause they believed to be just.