

# SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Lt. Commander Edward Lea U.S.N. – Camp Number 2



## Harriet Lane

\*\*\*\*\*  
Summer 2004

Volume 11

Number 2  
\*\*\*\*\*

### *From the Commander's Tent*

Another summer is here with all the bustle and activity associated with the season. School is out, people are on vacations and the pace of life in some ways is even more frantic than during the other seasons of the year.

Perusing the latest copy of "The Civil War Courier" (the newspaper put out by the Civil War Preservation Trust) I was struck by the number of upcoming Civil War related activities scheduled between now and the middle of October. The paper lists 364 reenactments, demonstrations, Civil War weekends and other events taking place in 37 states and the District of Columbia. All the states actually involved in the conflict, including states such as Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa and the New England states that sent troops to the conflict but did not experience actual warfare within their borders are included (except Texas, interestingly. We need to see what we can do to ensure that our states' events are listed in the future.) In addition, events are scheduled in California (14), Nevada (6), Washington (4), Montana, Arizona, Utah and even one in Ontario, Canada.

I have been watching with great interest the way the level of awareness of and the desire to learn about the Civil War in particular and the 1860's in general has been growing throughout the nation during the last few years. In part this may be because we are coming up upon another milestone period (the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary). But also I think more people are realizing the importance of the events of that era and the extent that we are still being affected by them today. I believe this to be a healthy trend and hope it will continue.

This trend offers opportunities to this camp to grow and to achieve our goals of honoring the memory of our Civil War ancestors and of all those who have served our country in time of conflict if we will only take advantage of them. We are doing this through our participation in local reenactments, parades and other events. Each of you makes an important contribution to these efforts every time you come to a meeting or participate in one of our events. Your continued participation is critical to the success of our Order, and is greatly appreciated. If you have not come out yet, I hope you will consider coming to a future event, if just to see what it is all about. Have a happy summer.

Yours in F. C. & L.

*Steve Schulze* - Camp Commander

<u>Page</u>	<u>Feature</u>
1.....	From the Commanders Tent
2.....	Membership Muster
3.....	New Member Profile – Allan Dannatt, Hubert Kealy, and Erik Krause
3.....	Editor's Message
4.....	Ancestor Profile – Thomas Jefferson Eaton
4.....	Camp Calendar
5.....	Recent Camp Events – Sabine Pass Battlefield State Park Re-Opening
8.....	Recent Camp Events – Nash and Chap Traylor – School Demonstrations
9.....	Feature Story – Life and Deeds of Seth Flint
15.....	Harriet Lane – The Person – The Ship
17.....	Sowbelly – aka Salt Pork
17.....	Trivia – Food Fare
17.....	Water
18.....	Marshaling the Federal Army (Part 3)

Membership Muster
-------------------

<u>Camp Member</u>	<u>Civil War Ancestor</u>	<u>Service Unit</u>
Camp Cmdr - Mr. Stephen D. Schulze	Pvt. Henry Ludwig Schulze	Co. D, 9 <sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteers
Sr. Vice-Cmdr - Mr. Scott D. Shuster	Pvt. John S. Darling	Co. F, 171 <sup>st</sup> Pennsylvania Infantry
Jr. Vice-Cmdr - Mr. Michael L. Lance	Pvt. Finas Euen Lance	Co. F, 12 <sup>th</sup> Indiana Infantry Co. E, 59 <sup>th</sup> Indiana Infantry
Sec./Treas. - Mr. Gary E. White ~	Commiss. Sgt. William Judson	Co. D, 1 <sup>st</sup> New York Mounted Rifles
Chaplain - Mr. Randall D. Scallan	Chaplain Francis M. Byrd	184 <sup>th</sup> Ohio Infantry
Patriotic Instr. - Mr. Harrison G. Moore ~ **	Pvt. William Moore	Co. K, 63 <sup>rd</sup> Ohio Volunteer Infantry
Graves Reg. Officer - Mr. Charles Chambers ~	Artificer Horace Chambers	Co. K, 15 <sup>th</sup> NY Volunteer Engineers
Mr. Michael Boyd	Pvt. Thomas Howey	Co. A, 38 <sup>th</sup> Illinois Infantry
Mr. Edward F. Brodie	Hosp. Stew. Thos. Jeff. Eaton	114 <sup>th</sup> Ohio Infantry
Mr. William D. Campbell **	Cpl. William Moore Campbell	Co. I, 12 <sup>th</sup> Illinois Infantry
Mr. Clifford Dale Cates ^^	**	**
Mr. Allan D. Dannatt ++	Pvt. Lewis Harris	Co. E, 3 <sup>rd</sup> Iowa Infantry
Mr. Stephen D. Forman **	Pvt. John Henry Arnold	Co. C, 20 <sup>th</sup> Indiana Infantry
Mr. James M. Foster	Pvt. Xavier Henkel	Co. C, 2 <sup>nd</sup> Illinois Light Infantry
Dr. Albert Gunn	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry
Mr. Albert Gunn III	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry
Mr. Andrew R. Gunn	Pvt. Edward Gunn	Co. C, 74 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry & Co. G, 40 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry
Mr. James S. Hackett	Cpl. Thadeus Hendrickson	4 <sup>th</sup> Kentucky Mounted Infantry
Mr. Olin E. Hartley	Pvt. William Gass	Co. A, 168 <sup>th</sup> Penn. Militia Infantry
Mr. Harrold Henck Jr. ~ **	Pvt. Philip Jacob Apffel	Co. A, 46 <sup>th</sup> Iowa Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Robert Julian ~ **	--	--
Rev. Hubert J. Kealy ++	Pvt. Richard James Kealy	Co. K, 52 <sup>nd</sup> Penn. Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Erik Z. Krause ++	Sgt. Burton Millard	Co. G, 5 <sup>th</sup> Wisconsin Infantry
Mr. Dale H. Leach	Pvt. Sylvester Leach	23 <sup>rd</sup> Ohio Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Dean Letzring **	Pvt. Alexander McLain	Co. E, 7 <sup>th</sup> Michigan Cavalry
Mr. Frank S. Moore ~	Pvt. William Moore	Co. K, 63 <sup>rd</sup> Ohio Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Gilbert M. Morse	Pvt. Charles W. Magan	25 <sup>th</sup> Missouri Infantry
Mr. Thomas H. Penney	Cpl. Thomas Penney	Co. G, 8 <sup>th</sup> Illinois Cavalry
Mr. James R. Perry	Pvt. James R. Cook	Co. C, 3 <sup>rd</sup> Wisconsin Infantry
Mr. Jay M. Peterson	Pvt. William Herbert Trull	Co. D, 26 <sup>th</sup> Massachusetts Infantry
Mr. Lee A. Phillips	Cpl. Isaiah Green	Co. C, 37 <sup>th</sup> Indiana Infantry
Mr. C. John Powers ~	Pvt. James Albert Powell	Co. C, 146 <sup>th</sup> Illinois Infantry
Mr. Henry W. Satterwhite	Lt. General Wesley Merritt	Commander 3 <sup>rd</sup> Brigade (regulars)
Dr. Harold E. Secor	Pvt. Isaac Secor	Co. D, 28 <sup>th</sup> Massachusetts
Mr. Bartley N. Stockton	William R. Reck	Co. F, 74 <sup>th</sup> New York & Co. H, 40 <sup>th</sup> New York Infantry & Co. F, 5 <sup>th</sup> Regt., Excelsior Brigade
Mr. Stephen W. Tanner	Cpl. Jacob John Tanner	1 <sup>st</sup> Nebraska Infantry
Mr. Chapman Traylor	Cpl. John Anderson Laws	Battery B, 1 <sup>st</sup> Btn Tenn. Light Artillery
Mr. Nash Traylor	Cpl. John Anderson Laws	Battery B, 1 <sup>st</sup> Btn Tenn. Light Artillery
Mr. Kenneth W. Vaughn	Cpl. Newton B. W. Vaughan	Co. E, 3 <sup>rd</sup> Minnesota Infantry & Troop K, 2 <sup>nd</sup> Minnesota Cavalry
Mr. Glenn A. Webber	Pvt. George D. Webber	Co. E, 133 <sup>rd</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry
Mr. Charles B. White	Cpl. John Henry White	Co. G, 47 <sup>th</sup> Missouri Volunteers
Mr. Robert E. Wickman	Pvt. Hugh Alexander Hoy	Co. D, Bracketts Btn, Minn. Cavalry

~ Charter Member

\*\* Past Camp Commanders

++ New Member

^^ Associate Member

## New Member Profiles

### Mr. Allan D. Dannatt

Allan lives in Houston and is a mortgage banker.

### Reverend Hubert J. Kealy

I was born in Danville, Pennsylvania on 31 December 1938, the son of Hubert Kealy and Catherine Houston. My five sisters, my brother and I (I am second oldest) were raised in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania. After I graduated from Catholic High, Mt. Carmel, I attended St. Vincent College and St. Vincent Seminary in Latrobe, PA.

I was ordained a priest of the Harrisburg (Catholic) Diocese in 1964. In 1987, I transferred to the Galveston-Houston Diocese, and I have served as Pastor of St. Pius V Church in Pasadena, Texas since July of 1998. Besides associations connected with the Church, I am active in the Irish Heritage Society and the Texas Navy.

My paternal great-grandfather, Richard James Kealy, born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, served in the Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1865.

### Mr. Erik Z. Krause

Erik is an 18 year old senior at Friendswood High School. He graduates soon and is planning to attend Emery College in the fall.

## Editor's Message

I would like to take this opportunity to personally welcome our newest Edward Lea Camp #2 members: [Reverend Kealy](#), [Mr. Allan D. Dannatt](#), and [Mr. Erik Z. Krause](#). We are very happy to have you aboard!

The camp continues to grow steadily. We have been gaining one to three new members each quarter. The Membership Muster Roll now contains 43 names.

I encourage all Brothers to talk with acquaintances about our camp and what we do. I am sure there are many prospective members in the area. American history and Civil War heritage are always interesting topics for conversation. Most people with deep roots in America have a direct ancestor who served during the Civil War. The people you come into contact with deserve the opportunity to become aware of our organization and the benefits of membership, and of our activities.

I therefore challenge each of you to sponsor a new member between June 1 and August 31, 2004. You might consider offering assistance to a friend with discovering his Civil War ancestor. I am also personally taking up my challenge. Let's make 2004 a banner year for membership growth!

The *Harriet Lane* newsletter on-line will soon be accessible at [www.txsub.org](http://www.txsub.org) thanks to the hard work of Department Webmaster Charles Mitchell. Many thanks and tips of the Kepi to Charles.

In F. C. & L,

*Michael L. Lance* – Editor

The SUVCW Edward Lea Camp No. 2 still needs volunteers to fill the important positions of: *Camp Guard*, *Camp Color Bearer*, and *Camp Guide*. If you have an interest in supporting our Camp by serving in any of these open positions, please notify Camp Commander Steve Schulze.

## Ancestor Profile

### *Thomas Jefferson Eaton*

Thomas Jefferson Eaton, usually known as "Jeff" enlisted with the Union Army on August 11, 1862. His term was three years. He was assigned to Camp Circleville in Ohio as a Hospital Steward with the 114th Regiment, Ohio Infantry. His regiment was sometimes known as Colonel William Safire's Infantry Regiment.

The 114th was assigned to the XIII Corps, and fought most notably at the Battle of Vicksburg. In April or May 1864, 'Jeff' Eaton was detached for service at the Corps Hospital at Alexandria, Louisiana. On July 31, 1865, he was mustered out of service at Houston, Texas after serving his full three years.

Following the war, "Jeff" completed medical school and became a successful physician.

*.....submitted by Brother Edward F. Brodie*

### *Camp Calendar For 2004*

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Location</u>
8 Jun 2004	Monthly Meeting – 7:00 p.m.	Spaghetti Warehouse - Houston
13 Jul 2004	Monthly Meeting – 7:00 p.m.	Spaghetti Warehouse – Houston
Aug 2004	No Meeting	--
14 Sep 2004	Monthly Meeting – 7:00 p.m.	Spaghetti Warehouse - Houston
12 Oct 2004	Monthly Mtg. – 7:00 p.m. – Nominations for Camp Officers for 2005	Spaghetti Warehouse – Houston
22-23 Oct 2004	Re-enactment - Battle of Crockett Springs	Crockett, Texas
9 Nov 2004	Monthly Meeting – 7:00 p.m.	Spaghetti Warehouse - Houston
11 Nov 2004	Veteran's Day Parade	Downtown Houston
20-21 Nov 2004	Civil War Weekend – Liendo Plantation	Hempstead, Texas
14 Dec 2004	Monthly Meeting – 7:00 p.m.	Spaghetti Warehouse – Houston

The *Harriet Lane* newsletter is published quarterly (Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter). Please send questions, letters, suggestions or corrections concerning the newsletter to Michael L. Lance, 6303 Craigway, Spring, TX 77389 (or E-mail [mlance1963@charter.net](mailto:mlance1963@charter.net)). Publishing deadlines are: Spring issue - Feb 15, Summer issue - May 15, Fall issue - Aug 15, Winter issue – Nov 15.

Camp Commander - Mr. Stephen D. Schulze	713-729-0348 <a href="mailto:sdsmcs@swbell.net">sdsmcs@swbell.net</a>
Senior Vice-Commander - Mr. Scott D. Shuster	281-859-7125 <a href="mailto:dshuster@ix.netcom.com">dshuster@ix.netcom.com</a>
Junior Vice-Commander - Mr. Michael L. Lance	281-320-2132 <a href="mailto:mlance1963@charter.net">mlance1963@charter.net</a>
Secretary/Treasurer - Mr. Gary E. White	281-890-7823 <a href="mailto:gankintx@flash.net">gankintx@flash.net</a>
SUVCW Edward Lea Camp #2 website	<a href="http://www.txsv.org/lea/index.htm">http://www.txsv.org/lea/index.htm</a>
SUVCW Department of the Southwest website:	<a href="http://www.txsv.org">http://www.txsv.org</a>
SUVCW National website:	<a href="http://www.suvcw.org">http://www.suvcw.org</a>

## Recent Camp Events

### *The Battle of Sabine Pass*

During the Civil War, *Sabine Pass* was among the ports blockaded by the Union Navy. Protecting the Pass was Confederate *Fort Griffin*, a 300-foot earthen fort with six cannon manned by the men of the 41st Texas Heavy Artillery, better known as the "*Davis Guard*." Forty-six men were in the fort on September 8, 1863 when a Union invasion fleet anchored outside the Pass. Commanding the fort was First Lieutenant Richard W. "Dick" Dowling, a former Houston saloonkeeper. In a battle lasting less than a hour, Dowling and his men disabled two gunboats, capturing 350 sailors and soldiers, with an additional 68 Federals missing or dead. As a result of their actions, the ports of Beaumont and Houston escaped destruction and Union forces were never able to penetrate the Texas interior during the Civil War.

### *Later History of the Site*

During the Spanish American War, fortifications were built near the site of *Fort Griffin*; these saw no action, since the war ended shortly after their construction. In 1942, the site was part of a Temporary Harbor Defense; four concrete ammunition bunkers were built on the site as part of this installation.



In 1936, the Texas Centennial Commission sponsored the erection of the statue "*Richard W. Dowling*" by Beaumont artist Herring Coe near the site of the fort. In 1972, Texas Parks and Wildlife acquired the site by purchase from the Kountze and Couch Trust. Sabine Pass Battleground State Park and Historic Site was opened to the public in 1974. With the exception of the interpretive pavilion constructed in 1980, the park remained unchanged for the next thirty years.

[Confederate Memorial - Dick Dowling statue at Sabine Pass Battleground State Park](#)

*(Continued on next page)*

## *The Park Is Rededicated!*

On April 3, 2004 members of the Edward Lea Camp 2 participated in the Reopening Dedication Ceremony at the Sabine Pass Battleground State Park and Historic Site. Attending the ceremony were: Camp Commander - Steve Schulze, Senior Vice Commander - Scott Shuster, Brother - Dean Letzring, PCC, and Brother - Dale Leach.

In addition, we were pleased to have Department of the Southwest Commander Mike Beard in attendance. Mike traveled all the way from Arlington, Texas. His visit was special, as one of his ancestors participated in the battle as a member of the 161<sup>st</sup> New York Infantry. Mike brought his replica 161<sup>st</sup> New York National Colors with him, and it was quite a sight to see. Many thanks to Mike for making the trip!

As Brothers Beard, Schulze, Letzring and Leach were attired in period dress, they participated in the presentation of colors at the beginning of the ceremony, as well as the 21-gun salute at the end. Members of the Dick Dowling and Walter P. Lane Camps, Sons of Confederate Veterans joined the Sons of Union Veterans in these moving salutes. Brother Shuster served as "Camp Photographer" for the event.

The Master of Ceremonies was Dr. W. Sam Monroe, President of Lamar State College – Port Arthur. He opened the well-attended program by acknowledging a "Pass and Review" conducted by the United States Coast Guard, Sabine Pass. The Coast Guard vessel passed in review several times during the proceedings.

The invocations were offered by Pastor George Hill, Sr. of the First Baptist Church of Sabine Pass and Pastor Fredrick Willis, Sr. of the Christ Family Chapel in Port Arthur. Boy Scout Troop 86 led the attendees in the Pledge of Allegiance. Mr. Steve Whitson, Infrastructure Project Director for Texas Parks and Wildlife provided an overview of the renovations.

Quoting from the program distributed at the event:

### *"Site Improvements*

*Concerns over the amount of erosion at the site led to significant improvements made at the park in 2004. The 1/4-mile shoreline bordering the Sabine Pass Ship Channel was protected by a new, state-of-the-art vinyl bulkhead. ADA-approved handrails and sidewalks provide the public safe access for fishing and site seeing. A new four-lane boat ramp replaced the aging single-lane concrete one; in addition, the "floating dock" ramp is the only ADA-accessible ramp of its kind in this area. Improved lighting and new pavement ensure that Sabine Pass Battleground State Park and Historic Site will remain an excellent location for historical reflection and family fun for many years to come. "*

United States Congressman The Honorable Nick Lampson was also in attendance and offered a few remarks on the impressive improvements to the park and battlefield site. Mr. Peter Kaatrude, President of the Jefferson County Historical Commission introduced Keynote Speaker Ed Cotham, Jr. Ed gave an outstanding message on history of the *Battle of Sabine Pass* drawing on the courage and dedication of the participants. He also spoke about the importance and significance of preserving not only the Sabine Pass site, but Civil War sites in general. He closed his well-received remarks by quoting Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain:

*"In great deeds something abides. On great fields something stays. Forms change and pass; bodies disappear, but spirits linger, to consecrate ground for the vision-place of souls. And reverent men and women from afar, and generations that know us not, and that we know not of, heart drawn to see where and by whom great things were suffered and done for them, shall come to this deathless field, to ponder and dream..."*

*(Continued on next page)*



After such fitting remarks, the *Honor Guard* fired off a 21-gun salute to the participants in the *Battle of Sabine Pass*. Dr. Monroe offered a closing remark and thanked everyone for their participation and attendance.

Honor Guard firing a 21 gun salute to the casualties at Sabine Pass.

*Photo above:* Brother Dean Letzring is on the far left holding the American Flag, Dept. Cmdr. Mike Beard is fifth from left carrying the Edward Lea Camp #2 Flag, Brother Dale Leach is 4th from the right, and Camp Cmdr. Steve Schulze is 2nd from the right. The Musket Squad fired 3 volleys.

The program then officially closed with a ribbon cutting ceremony to commemorate the re-opening of the park.

*Photo at left:* Congressman Nick Lampson is the man in the green shirt and white slacks. Author Ed Cotham is standing next to the flag (with the red tie). The man in the wheelchair is Mr. William Quick, a major factor in organizing the ceremony and preserving the site.



Ribbon Cutting Ceremony

.....submitted by Brother Scott Shuster, SVC Edward Lea Camp #2

## Recent Camp Events – School Demonstrations

Chap and Nash Traylor, a father and son team, of Sonora, Texas recently had the opportunity to visit the fifth grade history classes at Sonora Elementary School. Both wore uniforms which were similar to what their ancestors would have worn during the Civil War - Nash in grey and Chap in blue.



Nash and Chap Traylor giving a demonstration

They spoke with the students about what life might have been like for the average soldier. They also demonstrated what the uniforms of the opposing armies looked like and how they differed. In addition, Nash and Chap discussed the differences between the various branches of service.

The students seemed to most enjoy seeing and hearing about the weapons carried by the soldiers. They also had the opportunity to taste a bit of Civil War military life by being treated to a piece of hard tack to sample.

On another date, Chap spoke with the eighth grade history classes. He reviewed with them some of the same information as listed above. He went into a bit more detail with the eighth graders as to the different weapons used during the Civil War. The students enjoyed handling the weapons that were on-hand and were fascinated with the technique of loading and firing a muzzle loader.

Both school groups were enjoyable to work with and it is hoped that in the coming year both programs will expand to cover more time and material.



Nash and Chap Traylor on stage entertaining fifth graders

*.....Submitted by Brother Chap Traylor*



## Life and Deeds of Seth Flint

The following story, *Life and Deeds of Seth Flint*, was portrayed in a booklet written and expertly illustrated by Ann Walton. The booklet was printed by Barton-Butler Graphics of Cooperstown, New York in 2002. It was presented by the author to her 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin, SUVCW Brother James Hackett of Houston, Texas in October 2003.

### *Introduction*

The extraordinary events in the life of Seth Flint are crowded at the extremities of its span. Think of him, and you think of one very young, or very old. His adventures and his encounters with the great men of his time took place before he had turned twenty. He lived modestly and attended to his family, and then, in very old age, distinction and recognition returned to him once again. Flint's personal war stories are bloodless, his valor having been expressed not by force but by skill.

### *That Sweetest of all Bugle Calls*

In the spring of 1941, the principal of Worcester Central School burst into Mr. Caiazza's music class. "You'd better go across to Mr. Flint's house, he's asking for you."

"For me?...But what about my class?" asked Caiazza.

"Never mind, just go over right away....and bring the bugle!" the principal urged. Across Main Street he raced, to a simple turn-of-the-century house facing the school, where Seth Flint lived. Close to his coat Caiazza carried a battered copper bugle. In the late 1920's, Carmen Caiazza had sometimes played bugle at the funerals of Civil War veterans in Glens Falls, near where New York State borders Vermont. He was in his early teens then, proud to have been excused from school for such an important purpose. It struck him unforgettably that the veteran mourners never accepted rides offered them. Though the distance between memorial grounds and cemetery was long, they would march all the way, resting now and then under a tree. That which had been habitual for them as young soldiers had taken on a sacred aspect over the years, and the veterans respectfully repeated their motions. Now this bugler was being called upon to provide an old soldier, in a far more intimate setting, the signal he was waiting for.

Seth Flint was on his deathbed. He was thin and fragile, and had recently been injured falling on his cellar steps. He knew he wouldn't survive to hear the bugle calls celebrating Decoration Day. He told the young music teacher, *'I just want to hear the old girl one more time.'* Taps, that sweetest of all bugle calls, was sounded at the dying man's bedside on the same instrument that had accompanied him on so many occasions when death had been right at his heels but could not touch him. The sounds from this horn were echoes of those Flint himself had brought forth from it three quarters of a century earlier. Soon, one of the last surviving witnesses to Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Surrender at Appomattox closed his eyes. Seth Flint was ninety-four.

### *Just the Boy That We Are Looking For*

When Seth was fifteen, he lived in a two-room cabin with his family in the tiny town of South Berne, New York, where he was born on October 7, 1846. People around Berne called it 'Mud Hollow'. In that area, the limestone beds piled up in stacks and known as the Helderberg Mountains were larded with soft, sandstone outcroppings over which waterfalls spilled. These falls ran grist mills, and sawmills, as well as mechanized looms for spinning cotton and wool yarns and for making fabric. Farmers would come into Berne to buy and sell lumber and flour, and to purchase locally milled fabric and clothing made from it. Seth worked as a tailor's apprentice in this busy mill town.

Berne was one of the original 'anti-rent' towns. Tenant farmers shook off the obligations they had inherited under the patroon system by turning away the agents that came to collect rent on behalf of the old Dutch families that held the deeds to their land. These guerrilla farmers took up arms, draped themselves in calico cloth, and formed barricades. When one farmer sighted a rent collector, he would blow a tin horn, of the sort that farm wives used to

*(Continued on next page)*

summon the family from the fields to the table, to warn his neighbor. In this way, news was spread in the Helderbergs. Another way news traveled in those days was in the form of songs, set to familiar tunes, which described a dramatic event or scandalous situation. "*Ellsworth's Avengers, sung ravishingly by the girls in the village school at Berne*", condemned the killing in May 1861 of a Union Zouave and local hero named Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth by a Confederate sympathizer in response to Ellsworth's having ripped a Secessionist flag from whence it flapped, atop a hotel in Alexandria, Virginia. Ellsworth, a native of nearby Mechanicville, New York, and his company of Chicago Zouaves had passed through Albany in 1860, giving an exhibition, which inspired the formation of the Albany Zouave cadets. "The hero's remains, after all honors had been paid to his memory, were interred at Mechanicville."

Seth's father, Joseph Flint, a blacksmith, had died when Seth was eight years old. Seth's brother David and sister Ruth were living at home. His mother had lately married another local smith, Levi Bailey, and was busy minding Seth's new brother, DeWitt, so the little house was overflowing.

Sabra Ann Bailey was anxious about her son's sudden fascination with the War of the Rebellion, and the prospect of his volunteering. She had reason to fear a tragic end to boyish enthusiasm: her brother, Seth's uncle Hezekiah Ticknor, had gone off to prospect for gold in California as a 49er and had never been heard from again. If she feared that reckless daring was a family trait, she might have realized that patriotic valor was in the Flint's blood as well: Seth's great-grandfather Joseph Flint (one of the founders of Worcester, New York) was a Revolutionary War soldier, and his grandfather Asa fought in the War of 1812. Like them, Seth too hastened to the field of battle.

When able-bodied men around Berne started to enlist, Seth was determined to join the Union Army. His mother and stepfather forbade it, but he defied them, slipping out of a window at three in the morning on June 11, 1862. He wasn't able to get to his shoes. Perhaps they were by the front door, and he couldn't risk creaking the floorboards. Some say that his mother slept with them by her side, to discourage him from running off. In any event, he had to set off barefoot for Albany, through twenty-five miles of rough farm fields, hills, and forests. It was broad daylight by the time he reached the capital city.

Flint found his way to the recruiting office at 11 Columbia Street, near Broadway, in a building overlooking the Hudson River. The building has since been demolished and today there is a parking garage where it once stood. The recruitment camp at Albany was one of the largest, busiest, and wildest in the northeast, jammed with young men eager to fight and prove their patriotism. He must have been avid to be a part of the newly formed memorial regiment called the 'Ellsworth Avengers', though officially known as the 44<sup>th</sup> New York Volunteer Infantry, but you needed a letter of recommendation from a patriotic committee in order to join that regiment's ranks. Seth's age made his enlistment take on a more clandestine aspect. After Flint's having completed the *usual requirements of examination*, Captain Napoleon Bonaparte McLaughlen was impressed with him and said, "You are just the boy that we are looking for." To throw an obstacle in the way of any relative who might pursue him, Seth said his name was Charles M. Seaver. He said that he picked the alias because *I never heard of anybody else with that name*.

### *The Adventures of Private Charles M. Seaver*

Uniformed and armed, Seth Flint, alias Private Charles M. Seaver, *proceeded to join the 5<sup>th</sup> Cavalry on the battle front under General George B. McClellan near Richmond, Virginia*. In August of 1861, the 2<sup>nd</sup> U.S. Cavalry had been officially redesignated the 5<sup>th</sup> U.S. Cavalry. "Before the war began...Lee had been lieutenant colonel of the Second Cavalry stationed in Texas." From the summer of 1862 until the spring of 1863, Flint served in Company H as an infantry soldier, a position that put him in constant peril from battle injury and disease. Cavalrymen typically ran through a number of horses during a war, and there was a great scarcity of reliable mounts. The army had "permission to seize and impress them wherever they could be found." But in the very first days of his active service, during *seven days of battle in front of Richmond*, Flint grabbed hold of a loose horse, outfitted with bridle and saddle, which had become separated from its rider, a Confederate soldier. According to the chaplain of the Fifth New York Cavalry, who was always in search of a good horse for himself, the South's horses were superior since "Most of them were used for riding and racing, whereas the North's horses were either used in farming or pulling

*(Continued on next page)*

wheeled vehicles.” Whatever he had been through as a Rebel, the pony’s heart mustn’t have been in it, for as a Yankee cavalry mount he was superlative. With the help of ‘Jimmy’, Seth rode and fought his way through eighteen battles without an injury.

### *Gettysburg*

General McClellan had been criticized for using the cavalry sparingly in battle, but at the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863) under General George Meade, the Federal cavalry was let loose to prove its might and competence. On July 3, Brigadier General Wesley Merritt’s Reserve Brigade, which included Captain Julius W. Mason’s 5<sup>th</sup> U.S. Cavalry, marched from Emmitsburg, Maryland, into Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Merritt “reached the end of the Confederate right flank about 3:00 p.m.” Flint and his fellow regulars skirmished with the enemy for an hour and a

half near Round Top, after which “Mason’s 5<sup>th</sup> U.S. charged forward on horseback and broke through Colonel [John Logan] Black’s patchwork line. In so doing, the Federals inflicted many more than the ten casualties they absorbed.” Fortunately for Flint, it was an illness, and not a minie ball, or a term in a Southern prison camp, that put an end to this perilous phase of his career.

The strain of fighting and picket duty along with the damp and chill affected Flint’s joints, and he was diagnosed with incurable rheumatism. Camp physicians at the hospital in Alexandria, Virginia, found him unsound for further fighting. He was given a choice between returning home and being reassigned, which is how he came to make the transition from fighting infantry soldier to a somewhat less vulnerable yet more pivotal position in the field of battle. He was assigned to Company F of the same regiment to perform the duties of a bugler.

A bugler’s ordinary responsibilities had to do with the daily routines of camp. Each morning a bugler would sound Assembly of Buglers. At this signal, all the buglers would come together at their commander’s tent. All the soldiers heard it too, unless they had trained themselves not to hear, since this was not their moment to awaken. They could do their best to sleep until Reveille, which usually sounded around five in the morning. Soon, Assembly commanded the soldiers to form ranks and stand at attention for roll call. Every duty around camp had its own bugle call, and since cavalry had horses to look after, they heard twice as many signals as regular infantry. Boots and Saddles was the most imperative of these signals and had an electrifying effect on camp. It was sounded without warning at any time of day or night, and sent the men flying to equip themselves and their mounts.

In addition, buglers relayed instructions from officers to soldiers during battle. Flint’s bugle calls translated commanders’ orders into action on the front lines. Bugle signals could instruct the company to go Forward, To the Left, To the Right, About, Rally on the Chief, Trot, Gallop, Commence Firing, Disperse, March, and Cease Fire.

### *Escort Duty*

Ulysses S. Grant accepted President Abraham Lincoln’s commission as General in Chief on the Armies of the United States on the 12<sup>th</sup> of March, 1864. *In the spring of ’64, my new company, together with Companies B and K, all under command of Capt Julius W. Mason, was assigned as escort to General Grant. Flint was continually with him* from that moment until the end of the war.

It is a wonder that a slightly built fellow and his pony survived battles infamous as large-scale slaughters. Flint’s role of bugler kept him just clear of the areas of heavy fire, although he was subject to all the risks of skirmishing with the Confederate army. As part of Grant’s escort, he *carried dispatches, guarded headquarters, had charge of the staff officers’ supply wagons and commissary, erected and struck tents*. Grant was a prodigious writer of dispatches, and so this aspect of Flint’s responsibilities must have occupied him a great deal and been shared with many others. It was also the most dangerous of his escort duties. Couriers carried dispatches from Grant’s camp, a mile from the front, to the officers commanding the movements of fighting soldiers along the front lines. Flint later recalled, *Many of the Escort whilst carrying dispatches from General Grant to officers along the Battle Line never returned, often their horses came back with Empty Saddles.*

*(Continued on next page)*

The escort spent much of 1865 at City Point, Virginia. The camp was connected to Washington, D.C., by railroad and could be approached by sea via the James River. These factors made it an ideal place for General Grant to meet with President Lincoln and others as he moved in and out of confrontations with General Robert E. Lee's army. At City Point, and even when he accompanied Grant into battle, Flint's duties kept him back from the heaviest artillery. However, escort duty, which placed more emphasis on skill and disciplined reliability than on sheer physical endurance and aggression, was ever subject to the horrifyingly random and permanent consequences of engaging an enemy.

### *The Wilderness and Spotsylvania*

The Wilderness Campaign (May 5-7, 1864) was named for an area in Virginia so choked with foliage, trees, and brambles that organized fighting was impossible. Forest fires added to the deadly confusion. In all, 17,666 Union soldiers were lost in the fighting amid poisonous smoke and darkness in the miles of thicket. (The Confederates lost 7,750). It was the first time Grant and Lee had faced each other in battle.

After the Wilderness, Grant moved his army south toward the Spotsylvania Courthouse, a location valued equally by Lee as a conduit to the Confederate capital at Richmond. General John Sedgwick, commander of the Union's Sixth Army Corps, was inspecting entrenchments and preparing for battle. Courageous and convivial, "Uncle John" was beloved of his men. Confederate sharpshooters were at work half a mile away, aiming at "anything blue that moved, especially if it had a glint of brass about the shoulders." Distressed by this, Sedgwick's men were sheepish and wary in their movements. The general derided his men for their precautions, saying, "What will you do when they open fire along the whole Line? I am ashamed of you. They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." The very next Whitworth rifle shot found its mark, blasting a hole in John Sedgwick's upper cheek, and knocking him from his horse amid his horrified men. Flint and other members of the escort arrived quickly, and *we brought his body to the rear. The bullet from a sharpshooter pierced his left eye.* They carried the body in a blanket to Meade's headquarters where, according to Brevet Major General Martin T. McMahon, Sedgwick's chief of staff, "A bower was built for it of evergreens" and "upon a rustic bier, it lay until nightfall, mourned over by officers and soldiers." General Sedgwick's death was exclaimed over and lamented throughout the North.

### *Seth Flint's Journal*

Seth's qualities shine through in his diary entries. He is energetic and optimistic. He doesn't get drunk, but never treats his friends harshly when they "get tight" on their time off:

*March, Saturday 4, 1865 5<sup>th</sup> United States Cavalry payed off. But I am in debt to the government for clothing, overdrawn and get only \$18.00. Eckert goes on a bum and gets dumped by his horse in the mud.*

He is often busy stitching his uniform back together, and lamenting this use of his time.

*Guess will have to get married for I can't sew all the time. Try to find a Virginia girl....Done some sewing, I guess I will get so before long I can sew as good as my wife.*

He must have found the job particularly irksome, since as a tailor's apprentice, he would have observed that stitching trousers was in the class of least specialized work often contracted out to women.

The jocular tone of his journal entries makes it difficult to imagine that their writer was fresh from taking part in several of the most gruesome battles of the Civil War. Mainly he writes about intrigues among his friends, entertainments (*Took a game of cards. Haha. How are you Johnny Reb.*), and the weather. However, several journal entries during the Siege of Petersburg in June 1864 refer to *heavy cannonading in front of Petersburg*, when Grant kept the pressure on Lee in that city, preventing Lee from moving his army southward.

Flint's journal, along with his mess kit, canteen, and spurs, were destroyed in a fire that leveled the building next door to the Worcester Historical Society in 1994. Only a small part of it had been transcribed.

*(Continued on next page)*

## *Forward*

By the spring of 1865, Lee had exhausted his supplies and run out of strategies for preserving the Confederacy. There were rumors of an impending surrender, but no definite word until finally, on a warm Sunday morning, a lieutenant from General Meade's staff galloped up with a message in his hand.

*On April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1865....a currior [sic] came riding through the smoke of battle carrying a white flag with a dispatch from Gen Lee to Gen Grant requesting an interview. We met him at Appomattox between the two lines of Blue and Gray as every gun was silenced and the smoke of battle began to clear away.*

In 1940, Flint knew of no other surviving witness to the events of that day. *He read the message, but I was wholly unable to get from his countenance a clue to its contents.* The message was a request from General Lee that General Grant meet with him. Grant sat on a log, lit a cigar, and wrote his response. He entrusted the note to Lieutenant Colonel Orville E. Babcock, and gave *him orders to take a few members of the escort, headed by Captain Mason, and ride ahead to deliver it to General Lee. It happened that I was the only bugler present, and so I went along, much to my satisfaction, for I was eager to see the great leader of the Southern cause. Babcock, carrying a white flag, such as it was, took his place beside Mason and me, and off we went toward the enemy's lines....I carried my bugle in one hand to sound the call to arms if we found that the Johnnies were trying to escape. That call would have been echoed all along our lines, and it would have been suicidal for them if they attempted a getaway, for the Federal troops had them bottled up and outnumbered five to one.*

During the ride into Confederate territory, the entire weight and force of the Armies of the Potomac were held under the spell of the sound of Seth Flint's bugle. Presently, General Robert E. Lee appeared, mounted on Traveller. His *uniform was immaculate and he presented a superb martial figure.* Without further delay, *the famous commander of the Army of Northern Virginia* allowed himself to be delivered into his enemy's hands. Seth and the others rode with him to Appomattox Courthouse and *then returned to the roadway to await the coming of Grant and his party.*

In his memoirs, U.S. Grant refers to the bugler who rode with him in his recollection of events immediately following the surrender.

*"I determined to return to Washington at once, with a view to putting a stop to the purchase of supplies, and what I now deemed other useless outlay of money. Before leaving, however, I thought I would like to see General Lee again; so next morning I rode out beyond our own lines towards his headquarters, preceded by a bugler and a staff officer carrying a white flag."*

Flint's own recollections were more philosophical and of less practical a nature than Grant's:

*When I sounded taps, that sweetest of all bugle calls, the notes had scarcely died away when from the distance – it must have been from General Lee's headquarters – came, silvery clear, the same call; and, despite the sadness of the hour to the boys on the other side, I have a notion that they, like the Yanks, welcomed the end of hostilities and the coming of peace.*

## *I Saw Lee Surrender*

Like a good tailor, Seth sees to it that he has observed a man well before measuring him. In an article he co-wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1940, Flint tells about the deportment and character of Ulysses S. Grant. He found Grant remarkable for his modesty, inscrutability, and introspection, and for his sensitivity to the dignity of his adversaries. He departed from conventional ideas about Grant when he spoke of reports of Grant's abuse of alcohol:

*The story about Grant fighting the war on liquor? Absolutely fake. I was right by his side for 15 months and ought to know.*

Flint's choice of words conveys his sense that the reputation was concocted, not an honest misapprehension but a political ruse invented by enemies aiming to discredit him as a military leader, and perhaps to make him appear

*(Continued on next page)*

unsuited for political office. According to Flint, Grant was respectful to his staff. He emphasizes this by remarking a single exception:

*I only remember one time when he failed to return a salute from a soldier. I had entered a bakery at City Point, Va., when a load of ammunition blew up in the James River. Shells came crashing through the bricks of the bakery and I ran out. Arms and legs of soldiers came flying through the air. And there was Gen. Grant walking down the road, bent over slightly with his hands locked behind him, apparently deep in thought. I saluted but he did not answer. He was going down to the dock to see what had happened.*

When Grant was still sequestered with Lee at Appomattox, there began to arrive a number of stellar figures. Flint remembered them right down to the fabric of their coats, and described them in the *Post* article. General George Armstrong Custer turned up for the surrender in a low-cut generous collar, a red necktie that begged for notice, buckskin breeches and a velvet jacket.

Lieutenant Colonel Ely S. Parker, Grant's military secretary and a Seneca Indian, had the so-called copper hue of his race, their long black hair and dark brown eyes....[and] was a man of superb physique and titan strength.

General Phil Sheridan was *pint sized...[but] Put him on his horse, the splendid charger Rienzi, and he at once became a warrior of heroic proportions.*

### Seventy-five Years

After the war, Flint resumed his given name. He went back to live a few miles from Berne, and married Kate Gifford, a girl from the nearby town of Medusa. In 1869, their son Abram was born, followed by Francis in 1877. About 1880, the family settled in Worcester, New York. A few years later their boy Frankie died at the age of seven. In a clearing at the Maple Grove Cemetery in Worcester, you can visit the family monument made of rough stone on which the names of Flint and his wife Kate are inscribed. Before them in the grass are four individual markers for Mother, and Abram, who lived to be a soldier and served in the Wisconsin Infantry during the Spanish-American War. On the fourth marker, different from the others because of its ornate floral epitaph, are carved the words "our precious darling Frankie." Kate died in 1892.

Flint married again, and pursued various enterprises including a real estate office, insurance sales, and a tailor's shop. While doing a bit of digging in order to make an addition to Seth's stately slate-roofed house in the center of town, its present owners discovered some stone steps and an old boiler: the heating system for a hothouse. In it Seth had forced pansies and other annuals for local gardeners.

He was best known as a tailor, though, and his shop, Flint & Taylor, had a storefront on Main Street in two locations, which are standing today. Perhaps it was not entirely accidental that their name carried with it a whiff of the glamorous and palatial clothing emporium Lord & Taylor. Seth and his partner had six employees. They could custom-make elegant coats and suits for the fashionable men and women of Worcester. The shop also carried ready-made garments, and fancy trimmings for farm wives who wished to embellish their homemade skirts.

In 1902, Seth's mother died. She had lived to see her son survive his youthful adventure, which he had dignified far beyond an ambition whose primary roots were in impulsiveness or wanderlust.

In 1908, Flint traveled to Utica, New York, to attend a reunion of the Army of the Potomac. Between events, he posed for a photograph with Captain S. H. Beckwith, U.S. Grant's chief cryptographer.

Seth retired in 1920. He often visited Worcester schoolchildren, sounded his bugle for them, and told them stories of Billy Yanks and Johnny Rebs. He was a member of G.A.R., Johnson Post No. 25, and blew his bugle in Maple Grove Cemetery on Decoration Day, now known as Memorial Day. He and his younger brother, David, exchanged

*(Continued on next page)*

letters over the years. In one written in 1935, Seth tells David, *We are having old fashioned winter in New York. It reminds me of the time I was a little boy, when Father would help the neighbors shovel the drifted roads. I hardly think you was old enough to remember it, do you?*

In 1939, Flint "at age 92, took on the world champion checker player, Newell Banks, at the Worcester Inn." At least once Seth traveled back to Berne "to drink at the old home well." The Flint family's little house was enveloped by a bigger dwelling in the 1930s, but the old foundation is still there. Nearby is a blacksmith's shed that is a part of the same parcel of land.

### *Back in Blue*

The Battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, was once again crowded with soldiers from North and South in July of 1938, when veterans and others including President Franklin D. Roosevelt gathered to commemorate the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the famous engagement. Newsreels show men in long white beards straining forward, cupping their hands to their ears or positioning their ear trumpets the better to hear the words of the president. Seth Flint made the trip down and withstood punishing heat to blow a sharp Reveille to rouse participants.

On July 3<sup>rd</sup>, he took part in the unveiling of the Eternal Light Peace Memorial on Oak Hill. He stood by as the enormous American flag that cloaked the tower was pulled away to reveal the symbol of unity to the cheering crowd.

Flint sounded Taps to put to bed a day filled with bittersweet reminiscences for aged soldiers in their antique gray or blue uniforms. Using the same bugle he had sounded at Appomattox, he took the veterans back, in thought and feeling, to their days and nights on the field of battle. [End]

*.....contributed by James S. Hackett, Edward Lea Camp 2, SUVCW*

## Harriet Lane – The Person – The Ship

### *The Person*

Unique among First Ladies, Harriet Lane (b. 1830 – d. 1903) acted as hostess for the only President who never married: James Buchanan, her favorite uncle and her guardian after she was orphaned at the age of eleven. And of all the ladies of the White House, few achieved such great success in deeply troubled times as this polished young woman in her twenties.

In the rich farming country of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, her family had prospered as merchants. Her uncle supervised her sound education in private school, completed by two years at the Visitation Convent in Georgetown. By this time, "Nunc" was Secretary of State, and he introduced her to fashionable circles as he had promised, "in the best manner." In 1854 she joined him in London, where he was minister to the Court of St. James. Queen Victoria gave "dear Miss Lane" the rank of ambassador's wife; admiring suitors gave her the fame of a beauty. In appearance "Hal" Lane was of medium height, with masses of light hair almost golden. In manner she enlivened social gatherings with a captivating mixture of spontaneity and poise.

After the sadness of the Pierce administration, the capital eagerly welcomed its new "Democratic Queen" in 1857. Harriet Lane filled the White House with gaiety and flowers, and guided its social life with enthusiasm and discretion, winning national popularity.

As sectional tensions increased, she worked out seating arrangements for her weekly formal dinner parties with special care, to give dignitaries their proper precedence and still keep political foes apart. Her tact did not falter, but her task became impossible--as did her uncle's. Seven states had seceded by the time Buchanan retired from office and thankfully returned with his niece to his spacious country home, Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

*(Continued on next page)*

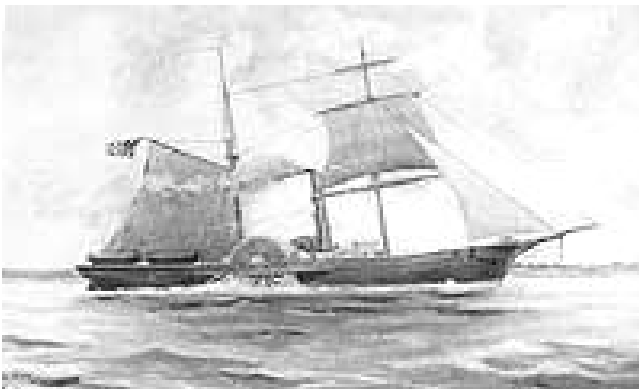
From her teenage years, the popular Miss Lane flirted happily with numerous beaux, calling them "pleasant but dreadfully troublesome." Buchanan often warned her against "rushing precipitately into matrimonial connexions," and she waited until she was almost 36 to marry. She chose, with her uncle's approval, Henry Elliott Johnston, a Baltimore banker. Within the next 18 years she faced one sorrow after another: the loss of her uncle, her two fine young sons, and her husband.

Thereafter she decided to live in Washington, among friends made during years of happiness. She had acquired a sizable art collection, largely of European works, which she bequeathed to the government. Accepted after her death in 1903, it inspired an official of the Smithsonian Institution to call her "First Lady of the National Collection of Fine Arts." In addition, she had dedicated a generous sum to endow a home for invalid children at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. It became an outstanding pediatric facility, and its national reputation is a fitting memorial to the young lady who presided at the White House with such dignity and charm. The Harriet Lane Outpatient Clinics serve thousands of children today.

### *The Ship*

The *Harriet Lane*, named after the niece and official hostess of President James Buchanan, was built in 1857 for service as a revenue cutter for the United States Treasury Department. The 619-ton copper-plated steamer could make speeds of up to eleven knots. Her battery consisted of three thirty-two-pounders and four twenty-four-pound howitzers. Except for her participation in the Paraguay expedition of 1858, the *Harriet Lane* served the revenue service until September 17, 1861. While still in revenue control, she became part of the naval squadron that was sent to reinforce the United States garrison at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. After her transfer to the navy, she participated in several major naval operations. The first of these was the Burnside expedition, which captured forts Hatteras and Clark on the North Carolina coast. Later, the *Harriet Lane* served as the flagship of Commander David D. Porter, whose mortar flotilla contributed to the surrender of forts Jackson and St. Philip, at the entrance to the Mississippi. Then, after participating in Porter's unsuccessful operations against Vicksburg during July 1862, she took her station with the West Gulf Blockade Squadron outside Mobile Bay.

On October 4, 1862, the *Harriet Lane* and four other steamers composing a squadron commanded by William B. Renshaw brought Galveston under control with their firepower. Only three months later—on January 1, 1863, Confederate major general John B. Magruder launched a surprise land and sea attack on Galveston. Three "cotton-clad" steamers manned by Confederate sharpshooters attacked the *Harriet Lane*, and she was rammed by two of them. Armed Confederates boarded her, and, in fierce hand-to-hand fighting, killed five of her crew, including her captain and executive officer. All of the surviving officers and crew were taken prisoner. The capture of the *Harriet Lane* provided the Confederates with invaluable information: aboard the steamer was found a complete copy of the United States signal-service code.



Although Galveston remained Confederate until the end of the war, only a week elapsed before Galveston harbor was once again under a Union blockade. The *Harriet Lane* was under the jurisdiction of the Confederate Army's Marine Department of Texas until March 31, 1863, when control of her was transferred to the War Department.

Early in 1864 the *Harriet Lane* was converted to a blockade runner, the *Lavinia*. She escaped to sea with a cargo of cotton on April 30, 1864; after her arrival in Havana, Spanish authorities detained her until the war's end. She was returned by Spain to the United States in

1867, then sold and converted to a freighter, the *Elliot Richie*. She met her end in a gale off Pernambuco, Brazil, on May 13, 1884.



## Sowbelly – aka Salt Pork

Bluish, foul smelling, saltier than salt, often containing hair, hide, dirt, and questionable pig parts, salt pork was the major source of meat and protein for the soldier in the field. A few grizzled veterans even boasted as having developed a taste for it. Easier to produce and slower to rot than Salt Beef, 'sowbelly' was also a key source of fat, a primary recipe ingredient. Soldiers cooked their ration on a half canteen or skillet, then used the collected grease with cornmeal to make 'cush', rice flour to bake 'secession bread', and hardtack and water for 'skillygallee'. Bits of salt pork also very often served as the principle ingredient in stews and soups.

A daily ration was a little less than a pound, and a Union soldier received his full ration more often than his Confederate counterpart. When salt pork was not available, smoked bacon was a frequent substitute. Before a march began, foot soldiers were instructed to pack three days' rations including salt pork, which they habitually ate in one sitting. This wolfing was sometimes a matter of weak willpower but usually an act of practicability. Stuffed in a haversack or in pockets, sowbelly oozed grease, gathered lint and dust, jumbled with the other contents, and rotted quickly. Better to eat it all and take one's chances with foraging or re-supply than to wait a few days and watch the rations become even more repulsive than they already were.

### *Trivia – Food Fare*

- \* The political term 'pork barrel' comes from the Civil War era. Salt pork was shipped in barrels with gallons of fat used as packing material.
- \* In 1860, cotton was king in the South. The second largest crop was corn.
- \* Company cooks were often called 'bean boilers'.
- \* During the siege of Petersburg, ovens at the Union base in City Point, Virginia, churned out 123,000 loaves of soft bread every twenty-four hours.
- \* In October 1862, Federals and Confederates collided during a search for water. The ensuing battle of Perryville \* resulted in more than seventy-six hundred casualties.
- \* Commissary officers referred to cattle as 'beef on hoof'.
- \* Some Union rations included a new and simple invention: a paste of grounds, sugar, and powdered milk they called 'instant coffee'.
- \* Dependent on their native staple of peanuts, soldiers from North Carolina and Georgia were sometimes referred to as 'goober grabbers'.

### *Water*

The common soldier's supply of water was precarious and its source was often putrid. He got his water from wells, rivers, streams, and even puddles. Along with filling his canteen, a soldier's water also served as the primary ingredient to the rest of his intake – coffee, soup, stew, dough, tea (rare), and many odd recipes.

Water was also the source of many soldier deaths. Dysentery, cholera, typhoid, and other diseases came from ingesting contaminated water. In an attempt to combat the problem, the Union provided a convoluted variety of 'purifying' strainers. Seen as just one more thing to carry, most men discarded the strainers and used a cloth or simply drank water straight.

Despite their need, the vast majority of soldiers probably spent most of the war in a state of manageable dehydration, where symptoms of headache and fatigue were considered a natural part of soldiering. The dying screamed for three things: home, help, and water – and not always in that order!

---

**Marshaling the Federal Army** *(Part 3)*

By Charles King - Brigadier-General, United States Volunteers

Customs varied according to the caprice of brigade or regimental commander, but in many a battalion in that early-day Army of the Potomac, a brief, brisk drill in the manual followed reveille; then 'police' and sprucing-up tents and camp, then breakfast call and the much relished, yet often anathematized, bacon, with abundant loaves from Major Beckwith's huge Capitol bakery, and more steaming tins of coffee. Then came guard-mounting, with the band out, and the details in their best blue and brightest brasses, with swarms of men from every company, already keen critics of the soldiership of the adjutant, the sergeants, and rival candidates for orderly, for the colonel, and the officer-of-the-day.

Later still, the whole regiment formed on the color line, and with field-officers in saddle – many of them mightily unaccustomed thereto – and ten stalwart companies in line, started forth on a two or three hours' hard battalion drill, field-officers furtively peeping at the drill books, perhaps, yet daily growing more confident and assured, the men speedily becoming more springy and muscular, and companies more and more machine-like.

Back to camp in time for a brush-off, and then 'fall to' with vigorous appetite for dinner of beef and potatoes, pork and beans, and huge slabs of white bread, all on one tin plate, or a shingle. Then time came for a 'snooze', or a social game, or a stroll along the Potomac shore and a call, perhaps, on a neighboring regiment; then once again a spring to ranks for a sharp, spirited drill by company; and then the band would come marching forth, and the adjutant with his sergeant-major, and 'markers', with their little guidons, would appear; the colonel and his field seconds would sally forth from their tents, arrayed in their best uniforms, girt with sash and sword, white-gloved and precise, and again the long line would form for the closing, stately ceremony of the day – the martial dress-parade.

It was at this hour that the great army, soon to be known as the Army of the Potomac, seemed at its best. Many of the regiments had been able to draw the picturesque black felt hat and feather, the ugly, straight-cut, single-breasted coat of the regular service, and, with trousers of sky blue, and glistening black waist, and shoulder-belt, and spotless white gloves, to pride themselves that they looked like regulars. Many of them did.

Excellent were the bands of some of the Eastern regiments, and throngs of visitors came out from Washington to hear the stirring, spirited music and to view the martial pageant. Often McClellan, always with his staff, would watch the work from saddle, his cap-visor pulled well down over his keen eyes. Occasionally some wandering soldier, on pass from a neighboring camp, would shock the military sensibilities of veteran officers by squirming through the guard lines and offering the little general-in-chief a chance to 'shake hands with an old Zouave'.

Once it happened in front of a whole brigade, and I heard him say 'Certainly' before a scandalized aide-de-camp, or corporal of the guard, could hustle the intruder, grinning and triumphant, away from the imposing front of the cavalcade.

Time and again, in open barouche, with not a sign of escort, guard, or secret-service officer, there would come the two foremost statesmen of the day; one of them just rising above his companion and great rival of the East – as he had already overcome his great antagonist, the 'Little Giant of the West' – and rising so steadily, rising so far above any and all contemporaries that, within another year, there lived no rival to his place in the hearts of the Nation, and within the compass of the two generations that followed, none has yet approached it. Tall, lank, angular, even awkward, but simple and unpretentious, cordial and kindly and sympathetic alike to colonel, corporal, or drum-boy, Abraham Lincoln sprawled at his ease, with William H. Seward sitting primly by his side – the President and the Premier – the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State – the latter, his confident opponent for the nomination but the year ago, his indulgent adviser a few months back, but now, with wisdom gained through weeks of mental contact, his admiring and loyal second.

It was characteristic of our people that about the knoll where sat McClellan, in statuesque and soldierly pose, his aides, orderlies, and escort at his back, there should gather an admiring throng, while about the carriage of the dark-featured, black whiskered, black-coated, tall-hatted civilian there should be but a little group. It was characteristic of McClellan that he should accept this homage quite as his due. It was characteristic of Lincoln that he did not seem to mind it. "I would hold McClellan's horse

*(Continued on next page)*

for him," he was sadly saying just one year later, "if he would just *do* something."

Only a few days after this scene at Kalorama, all the camps along the Potomac about the Chain Bridge were roused to a sudden thrill of excitement at the roar of cannon in brisk action on the Lewinsville road. General 'Baldy' Smith had sent out a reconnaissance. It had stumbled into a hornet's nest of Confederates; it needed help, and Griffin's regulars galloped forward and into battery. For twenty minutes there was a thunderous uproar. A whole division stood to arms. The firing ended as suddenly as it began, but not so the excitement. To all but two regiments within hearing that was the first battle-note their ears had ever known – how fearfully familiar it was soon to be! – and then, toward sunset, who should come riding out from Washington, with a bigger staff and escort than ever, but our hero, 'Little Mac', and with enthusiasm unbounded, five thousand strong, the 'boys' flung themselves about him, cheering like mad, and, after the American manner, demanding "speech". That was the day he said, "We've had our last defeat; we have made our last retreat," and then followed the confident prediction that the war would be "short, sharp, and decisive." In unbounded faith and fervor, old and young, they yelled their acclamations. Was there ever a commander by whom 'the boys' stood more loyally or lovingly?

A few days later still, on the Virginia slopes south of the Chain Bridge, where was stationed a whole brigade of 'the boys' – Green Mountain boys principally, though stalwart lads from Maine, Wisconsin, New York, and Pennsylvania, were there also, preparations were in progress for a tragic scene. There had been some few instances of sentries falling asleep. Healthy farm-boys, bred to days of labor in the sunshine, and correspondingly long hours of sleep at night, could not always overcome the drowsiness that stole upon them when left alone on picket. An army might be imperiled – a lesson must be taught. A patrol had come upon a young Vermonter asleep on post. A court martial had tried and sentenced, and to that sentence General Smith had set the seal of his approval. For the soldier-crime of sleeping on guard, Private Scott was to be shot to death in sight of the Vermont Brigade.

A grave would be dug; a coffin set beside it; the pale-faced lad would be led forth; the chaplain, with bowed head and quivering lips, would speak his final word of consolation; the firing-party – a dozen of his own brigade – would be marched to the spot, subordinate, sworn to obey, yet dumbly cursing their

lot; the provost-marshal would give the last order, while all around, in long, rigid, yet trembling lines, a square of soldiery would witness a comrade's death. But on the eve of the appointed day, the great-hearted Lincoln, appealed to by several of the lad's company, went himself to the Chain Bridge, had a long conversation with the young private and sent him back to his regiment, a free man. The President of the United States could not suffer it that one of his boys should be shot to death for being overcome by sleep. He gave his young soldier life only that the lad might die gloriously a few months later, heading the dash of his comrades upon the Southern line at Lee's Mill – sending, with his last breath, a message to the President that he had tried to live up to the advice he had given.

It was indeed a formative period, that first half-year of drill, picket duty, and preparation along the Potomac, and so expert became the patrols of the provost guard, so thorough the precautions at headquarters, that straggling from camp to camp, especially from camp to town, became a thing of the past. Except a favored few, like the mounted orderlies, or messengers, men of one brigade knew next to nothing of those beyond their lines. Barely three miles back from the Potomac, up the valley of Rock Creek, was camped an entire division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, in which the future leader of the Army of the Potomac was modestly commanding a brigade.

Just across the Chain Bridge, he who was destined to become his great second, proclaimed 'superb' at Gettysburg, was busily drilling another, yet the men under George G. Meade and those under Winfield S. Hancock saw nothing of each other in the fall of 1861.

Over against Washington, the Jerseymen under dashing Philip Kearny brushed with their outermost sentries the picket lines of 'Ike Stevens' Highlanders', camped at Chain Bridge, yet so little were the men about Arlington known to these in front of the bridge, that a night patrol from the one stirred up a lively skirmish with the other. In less than a year those two heroic soldiers, Kearny and Stevens, were to die in the same fight only a few miles farther out, at Chantilly. Only for a day or two did the 'Badgers', the 'Vermonters', and the 'Knickerbockers' of King's, Smith's, and Stevens' brigades compare notes with the so-called 'California Regiment', raised in the East, yet led by the great soldier-senator from the Pacific slope, before they, the 'Californians', and their vehement colonel marched away along the tow-path to join Stone's great division farther up stream.

Three regiments, already famous for their drill and discipline had preceded them, the First Minnesota, the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, followed by longing hearts and admiring eyes, for rumors from Edwards' Ferry told of frequent forays of Virginia horse, and the stories were believed and these noted regiments envied by those held back here for other duty. The Fortieth New York, too, had gone – Tammany Hall's contribution to the Union cause – Tammany that a year back had been all pro-slavery. Something told the fellows that grand opportunity awaited those favored regiments, and something like a pall fell over the stunned and silent camps when late October brought the news of dire disaster at Ball's Bluff. Baker, the brave Union leader, the soldier-senator, the hero of Cerro Gordo, the intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, shot dead, pierced by many a bullet – Raymond Lee and many of his best officers wounded or captured – the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts tricked, ambushed, and driven in bewilderment into the Potomac, brave and battling to the last, yet utterly overwhelmed.

No wonder there was talk of treachery! No wonder the young faces in our ranks were grave and sad! Big Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff – three times had the Federals clashed with these nimble foemen from the South, and every clash had wrought humiliation. No wonder the lessons sank home, for young hearts are impressionable, and far more than half the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac was under twenty-one – far more than a third not then nineteen years of age. With all its fine equipment, its rapidly improving arms, its splendid spirit that later endured through every trial, defeat and disaster, with all its drills, discipline, and preparation, the army East and West – Potomac, Ohio, or Tennessee, had yet to learn the bitter lessons of disastrous battle, had yet to withstand the ordeal by fire. It took all the months of that formative period and more, to fit that army for the fearful task before it, but well did it learn its lesson, and nobly did it do its final duty.

*To be continued next issue....*

### *The American's Creed*

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its Flag, and to defend it against all enemies. .... *William Tyler Page*

### *Sources for Volume 11, number 2*

- Pg 9: [Life and Deeds of Seth Flint](#) – Booklet: *Life and Deeds of Seth Flint*, written and illustrated by Ann Walton, Printed at Barton-Butler Graphics, Cooperstown, New York, 2002.
- Pg 15: [Harriet Lane – The Person – The Ship](#) – internet website: <http://www.whitehouse.gov/history/firstladies/hl15.html>
- Pg 17: [Sowbelly – aka Salt Pork](#) – *The History Buff's Guide to the Civil War*, page 112, by Thomas R. Flagel, Cumberland House Publishing, Nashville, Tennessee, 2003.
- Pg 17: [Trivia – Food Fare](#) - *The History Buff's Guide to the Civil War*, pages 110-115, by Thomas R. Flagel, Cumberland House Publishing, Nashville, Tennessee, 2003.
- Pg 17: [Water](#) - *The History Buff's Guide to the Civil War*, page 110, by Thomas R. Flagel, Cumberland House Publishing, Nashville, Tennessee, 2003.
- Pg 18: [Marshaling the Federal Army \(part 3\)](#) - *The Photographic History of the Civil War* – Volume 8 – pages 90-104 - by Francis T. Miller, The Review of Reviews Company, 1911.