

BATTERY IN ACTION

-Attachment-5

Camp Jones (Bristol)

HISTORY

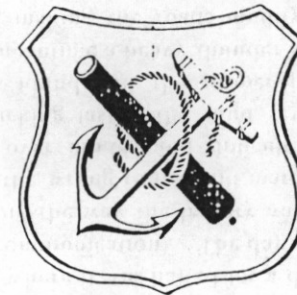
...OF...

DURELL'S BATTERY

...IN THE

CIVIL WAR

(INDEPENDENT BATTERY D. PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.)



A Narrative of the Campaigns and Battles of Berks and Bucks Counties' Artillerists in the War of the Rebellion, from the Battery's Organization, September 24, 1861, to its Muster Out of Service, June 13, 1865.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTURE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

ON April 4th the battery moved with McDowell's Corps towards Fredericksburg, marching up the turnpike to Bailey's Cross Roads, in sight of the winter quarters. Here a halt of nearly an hour was made. The old camp looked desolate. But one tent was standing and most of the brush stables had been torn down. When the battery moved from the camp, orders were issued to leave the tents. The infantry came along afterward and took them. While the column was at a halt, a number of carriages containing ladies came from Washington to see a review of troops, which had been ordered to take place that afternoon as a blind to veil the purpose of the movement of the corps. The column moved out the Fairfax road, along the route of its former march, and encamped for the night about a mile beyond Avondale. About this time the battery was assigned to a brigade composed of the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin and the Nineteenth Indiana Regiments, afterward known as General Gibbon's Iron Brigade. The next day it marched through Fairfax and passed through Centreville. On examining the forts and the wooden guns left by the Confederates at Centreville, the smoke stack of a locomotive was discovered peeping out from the embrasures. Here the march was taken to the left over a wretched corduroy road towards Manassas. The command encamped near the ground where the skirmish took place before the Bull Run battle.

On Sunday the 6th the march was continued on the corduroy road, passing through Manassas, which looked the picture of desolation, fording Broad Creek at Millford and encamping near Bristoe. Here the corps remained for about a week on account of a continued rain and snow which made the roads impassable. While here the battery men took their first lesson in foraging. They roamed the country about and brought pigs, sheep, forage, etc., into camp. Very near to the camp was an old house used as a brigade hospital, in which was a case of small pox; but, notwithstanding the presence of this dread disease, the men went into the building to get warm. Fortunately, however, none of

them contracted the contagion. From the marks and remains of the tents lying around and the boards at the graves of two yards near by, it was inferred that the spot was Camp Jones, where a Mississippi brigade, consisting of the Second, Seventh and Nineteenth Regiments had been encamped. In the two small inclosures were counted one hundred and twenty-eight graves, and all had died within a few days of each other, the majority from the 25th to the 28th of August. This led to the conclusion that they had died of wounds received at the battle of Bull Run, though the citizens in the locality said that a fever had raged among the troops.

On April 16th the battery moved to Catlett's Station about six miles from Bristoe, where it was halted for a day to await the completion of railroad communication. The day after it moved toward Fredericksburg. On the way the battery was detached from the column by taking the wrong route, and marched some six miles out of their course over muddy and difficult roads, the guns and baggage wagons sticking fast in the mud several times. Finally the right road was found and the proper place in the column resumed. In the meantime a heavy thunder storm came on. The rain fell in torrents, making the roads muddy and drenching the troops to the skin. In this condition the battery parked in a field by the wayside at about 11 o'clock at night in absolute darkness. The men bivouacked as best they could. Cornfodder stacked in the adjoining field furnished feed for the horses and bedding for the troops. Rolling themselves in their blankets the men went to sleep supperless, as it was impossible to find fuel and water for cooking coffee in the impenetrable gloom of the night.

The next morning was bright and clear, and the warm sunshine soon dried the men's clothes on their backs, the process causing steam to rise from each person, as though just coming from a warm bath. The Confederate who owned the cornfodder, came over to the camp and demanded \$18 per stack for it. He received the quartermaster's note for the amount, allowing him pay at the close of the war. The march was resumed early in the morning and a very fair agricultural country traversed. Very few white people remained at the houses, but the colored people were everywhere along the road out in full force to greet the soldiers, with their broad smiles and comical remarks and gestures.

When within a couple of miles from Fredericksburg, the scene of an engagement that took place the day before was reached. In the