

**Army Correspondence.**

HEADQUARTERS 128TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.  
IN FIELD NEAR PORT HUDSON.

June 1st, 1863.

A. N. WEBB, Editor Star. Dear Sir:—  
Our Regiment was among those who so bravely assaulted the enemy's works on the 27th of May, and suffered severely in the engagement. As it is of great interest to all the friends of the Regiment, I send you list of the killed and wounded for publication.

The character of the wounds were in many instances very severe, and many have since died; but their names I cannot give at present, as the wounded, after having their wounds dressed, were immediately forwarded to the large Military Hospitals at Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

Colonel Cowles fell on the battle field bravely leading his men in the thickest of the fire, as calm and collected as if on dress parade. His undaunted bravery and noble bearing was remarked by all who saw him on that bloody field. He fell lamented by all who were so happy as to know him while living.

I remain, Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

PALMER O. COLE,

Surgeon 128th Regiment, N. Y. S. V.

List of the killed and wounded of the 128th Regiment, N. Y. V. in the battle at Port Hudson, May 27th, 1863.

Col. D. S. Cowles, killed.

*Company A.*

Captain E. Gifford, taken prisoner.  
Private Myron Poircher, killed.  
David Plumb, wounded in right hip, and since died.

Private Ambrose Holsapple, wounded, right side, slight.

*Company B.*

Private Riley Burdick, killed.

Sergeant Gilbert Niffin, wounded in head, serious.

Charles Humeston, bruised, slight.

Private N. B. Hammond, bruised on hip.

Sherman Williams, wounded in head.

C. W. Walters, wounded in right arm.

George Story, wounded in right arm.

James Story, wounded in right arm.

Philip Allen, wounded in right arm.

J. Hart, bruised in right side.

Leroy Lindegg, sprained ankle.

Michael Sullivan, wounded in right shoulder.

George Brownell, bruised in back.

*Company D.*

Private Frank Neigley, killed.

John P. Low, wounded in head.

Jacob O. Sparks, wounded in hand.

James Myers, wounded in right arm.

Daniel B. Rider, wounded in right arm.

Private Albert H. Haddock, wounded in head.

Leander Waddle, wounded in right arm.

Robert Gaudin, sprained ankle.

*Company E.*

Private John T. McHenry.

John Tripp.

R. S. Harris, bruised.

H. Chapin, wounded in left arm.

Wm. Sitcoo, wounded in hand.

Jonas Miller, wounded in right hand.

James Cooper, wounded in right foot.

John Mosler, wounded in head and face.

Corporal C. H. Woodin, wounded in right arm.

*Company F.*

Captain De Witt, wound in right arm.

Private John Hugh, killed.

Corporal G. H. Hauver, wound in left arm.

Private Geo. A. Wagoner, head.

Wm. H. James, right thigh.

Shas. Partridge, face.

Lewis Peatkin, right ankle.

G. H. Follock, left elbow.

H. S. Wagoner, hand.

*Company G.*

Private Otto Shurey, killed.

Charles Smith, wounded in head.

John Brown, wounded slightly.

Private Isaac Smith, wounded in right arm, amputated.

Corporal Peter Collins, wounded in left arm.

Private Isaac Smith, wounded in right arm.

Isaac Smith, through thigh.

Private Isaac Smith, through thigh.

S. C. Scott, foot.  
 W. Gardner, slightly.  
*Company H.*  
 Private John Thompson, killed.  
 Traver Murphy,  
 Sergeant G. Dillon, wound in back.  
 Private George Denkon, contusion of left arm.  
 James Green, in head.  
 W. H. Odell, left arm.  
 Charles Wilbur, left leg.  
 M. Shepherdson, right hand.  
 A. Hill, both legs, bad.  
 Joseph O'Rourke, right leg, slight.  
*Company I.*  
 Private Henry Mackey, killed.  
 C. B. Williams,  
 Sergeant Berrie, wound in shoulder.  
 James Anthony, hip.  
 Private Robert Ham, thigh.  
 John Carl, arm, slight.  
 Isaac E. Gearney, left leg, slight.  
 T. Horan, foot, slight.  
 Oliver Slocum, hand.  
 Jeremiah Lane, both legs, bad.  
 Theodore Kells, hand.  
 Amos Fraganza, wrist, bad.  
*Company K.*  
 Corporal Robert Van Valkenburgh, killed.  
 Private Martin Stingle, killed.  
 Wm. Kelterhouse, wound in heel.  
 Peter Decker, Jr., hip.  
 T. Harolm, shoulder.  
 Sergeant T. Horn, breast, dead.  
 Private Charles Clapper, slightly.  
 James Portland, wrist.  
 Oliver Graves, cheek.  
 Matthias Graf, hip.  
 Samuel Near, bruised on shoulder.  
 Ward Vandebogart, arm.  
 Corporal George E. Lasher, leg.

**COL. COWLES' FUNERAL.**—The funeral of Col. Cowles, of the 128th Regiment, N. Y. S. V. that was recruited in Columbia and Dutchess counties, and who was killed a few days since, while leading his brave men in the siege at Port Hudson, took place at Hudson on Monday last, of which city he had for a number of years been a resident. A large number of people from different points on the Hudson river, were present at the obsequies. The military, firemen, and Masonic fraternity, of which deceased was a member, turned out on the occasion. A goodly number of the brethren belonging to Rondout and Kingston Lodges were in attendance, and occupied respective positions in the procession.—The ceremonies at the church were very solemn and impressive, a very able discourse being preached on the occasion.—Col. Cowles was a native of Caanan, Litchfield, Conn., and was in the 47th year of his age.

**THE SERGEANT** in the 128th Regiment, who had both legs shot away at the knees, in the battle of Port Hudson, and continued to fire at the enemy until he received a fatal wound, was Orderly Sergeant Chas. L. Van Slyck, of Co. E., and a citizen of Kinderhook.

We are permitted, through the kindness of Mr. JAMES MACKIN, to publish a private letter received by him from Capt. ARTHUR DEWINT. It gives interesting particulars, which all our readers will be glad to learn. For the convenience of our readers, we give below the names of all those from this vicinity who were killed or wounded in the late battle at Port Hudson, as far as heard from:

**KILLED.**  
**John W. Hughes, son of Wm. Hughes,**  
**of this village.**  
**WOUNDED.**  
**Geo. Deacon, Matteawan.**  
**James Green, Matteawan.**  
**Corporal Lewis Pearsall, Matteawan.**  
**Sergeant Garrett F. Dillon, Carthage**  
**Landing.**  
**George H. Pollock, Wappingers Falls.**  
**Partington, Jeffards.**

**The Fishkill Standard.**

JAMES E. MEMBER, PROPRIETOR.  
 JOHN W. SPALIGHT, EDITOR.

Fishkill Landing, June 11, 1863.

THE STANDARD HAVING A LARGE AND INCREASING CIRCULATION, ADVERTISERS WILL CONSULT THEIR INTERESTS BY HAVING THEIR ANNOUNCEMENTS APPEAR IN ITS COLUMNS.

**The Battle at Port Hudson.**  
 THE 128TH NEW YORK SUFFER SEVERELY.

The sad intelligence which reached us on Saturday from Port Hudson, forshadowing more terrible news to come, cast a gloom of sadness over the entire community. The reported death of Col. Cowles, Captain Arthur De Wint, and other officers from this vicinity, with the simple announcement that the entire loss in this regiment would reach as high as two hundred, placed hundreds of weeping relatives and friends in anxious suspense for details. Later intelligence must have a twofold effect. Upon some the gloom of sadness will deepen as they hear of dear ones who have fallen in the fierce struggle, while others, who have been tortured by suspense, will have all their fears suddenly driven away, as they learn of the safety of those whom they feared were among the victims.

Below we give a list of those in the 128th, who were reported killed or wounded, in the New York Tribune of Saturday last, with such corrections as we are enabled to make by referring for names to a list of the entire regiment in our possession.

- Col. David S. Cowles, Hudson, killed.
- Capt. Edward Gifford, Hudson, missing.
- Lieut. J. Armstrong, killed. We do not find such an officer on the list. There is, however, a Second Sergeant, Jacob Armstrong, of Hyde Park, who is probably the person named.
- Lieut. Frederick Wilkinson, Poughkeepsie, killed.
- Orderly Sergeant Charles L. Van Slyck, Kinderhook, killed.

The following account of the battle is

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furnished by a special correspondent of the  
N. Y. Tribune.

New Orleans, May 29, 1862.

We have had a desperate struggle at Port Hudson, the result of which is at present unknown. Since Friday, May 22, a continuous bombardment has been maintained by Admiral Farragut's fleet, and the 1st Vermont Battery, Capt. Kibbard, has annoyed the batteries during the day.

At 1 p. m. on Wednesday, the battle commenced. The lines extended for a distance of nearly four miles in front of the enemy's works. The extreme right was given to Gen. Wertzell, Gen. Grover occupying the next position, Gen. Augur the third, and Gen. Sherman the left.

On the left, the 165th New York, Lieut. Col. Abel Smith, were ordered to discharge their muskets and charge upon the enemy's ranks.

Gen. Sherman intended to carry a section of the fortifications at the point of the bayonet. The 2d Duryee Zouaves, and the 177th New York made a desperate onset, and were met by a rain-storm of bullets. Lieut. Col. Smith, of the former regiment, was severely wounded. Finding it impossible to successfully accomplish the daring purpose, a retreat was effected.

Col. Clark of the 6th Michigan, carried the colors of his regiment inside the first line of fortifications, and raised them upon the Rebel flagstaff. The 128th New York, Col. Cowles, immediately followed, and were within the walls of the earthwork, when both regiments were forced to retire on account of a lack of support by the 15th New Hampshire. Col. Cowles was killed.

Col. Clark was so terribly stunned by a shell while retreating, that he remained senseless for an hour. He escaped uninjured, and was conspicuous for bravery and enthusiasm. Gen. Neal Dow was slightly wounded, and Gen. Sherman rallied and took charge of Dow's brigade, when he received a compound fracture of the right leg from a grape shot. Gen. Sherman's conduct is highly applauded.

The 3d Regiment Louisiana Native Guards, Col. Nelson, attracted great attention for their undaunted bravery. They sustained a loss of nearly 600 men. Their bearing upon this occasion has forever settled in this Department all question as to the employment of negro troops. Nearly every officer was killed.

After the death of Col. Cowles, the command of the 128th New York devolved upon Captain Gifford, who was almost immediately wounded. Capt. Keese, a mere youth, then assumed the duties of Colonel. His voice could be heard above the roar of artillery, urging forward his men. He displayed the bravery of a lion.

The struggle lasted until 5 p. m. when a general order was dispatched along the lines to retreat to the original position occupied at the commencement of the action.

The propeller Ida arrived here last evening from Baton Rouge. Gens. Sherman and Dow were brought down upon stretchers. The body of Col. D. S. Cowles was on board. From S. Bryant of the 128th

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New York, I learn that at seven yesterday, heavy cannonading could be heard at Port Hudson. Our loss is reported to be at least 4,000. I am informed that the Rebels could not have had over 10,000 men. The fight was without doubt renewed at daybreak yesterday. The most perfect confidence was felt that the Rebel stronghold would succumb to the Union forces.

An expedition, composed of eight regiments, under command of Colonels Chickering of the 41st Massachusetts, and Morgan of the 90th New York, arrived last evening at Algiers, having marched thither from Franklin. These troops will be immediately sent to the relief of Gen. Banks at Port Hudson.

Upon receipt of the news of the death of Col. Cowles, Lieut. Col. Smith of the 128th New York, who is in New Orleans on detached duty, without awaiting a relief from detail, rejoined his regiment. The loss of this command is at least 200.

Lieut. Clark of the 6th Michigan, led his company with his right arm dangling at his side.

Sergeant Charles L. Van Slyck of the 128th New York, had both legs shot away at the knee. He continued to fire at the enemy until he received a fatal wound in the breast. The last words of Col. Cowles were, "Tell my mother I died with my face to the enemy. Boys, have I not done my duty as a man and a soldier."

The Captain Keese spoken of above is Captain Francis S. Keese, son of John M. Keese, of Rhinebeck, well known throughout this county.

Col. David S. Cowles, killed in the assault on the works at Port Hudson, was a native of Canaan, Litchfield Co., Connecticut, and about forty years of age. He has lately been a resident of Hudson, Columbia County, in this State, where he has held some of the highest positions in the gift of the people, and always performed his duties with the highest degree of honor and success. Col. Cowles raised the regiment which he commanded—the 128th—by his own individual exertions. It is composed of the flower of Columbia and Dutchess Counties.

**COLONEL COWLES.**—A correspondent of the Daily Press writing from New Orleans says: I viewed this evening the dead body of Colonel Cowles, of the 128th regiment New York Volunteers, which arrived here this afternoon from Baton Rouge. He was one of the finest looking men I have ever seen; a perfect model of manly beauty. He was killed yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, by a thrust from a sword bayonet in the left thigh.

which divided one of the larger veins. The main artery was not touched. He lived about an hour after the wound was received, and his last words were, "Tell my good old mother that I died doing my duty and with my face to the enemy." Colonel Cowles was a man universally beloved and respected. He was idolized by his regiment and to them his loss will be irreparable. His body is being embalmed. He was a bachelor of wealth, and a resident of Hudson.

Army Correspondence of the GAZETTE.  
From the 128th Regiment.

CAMP PARAFET, La., April 27th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—As I know that every movement made by the 128th will be of interest to the readers of the Gazette, I send you an account of an expedition we have lately been on, up in the heart of Dixie.

We left camp at 8 o'clock A. M. on the 23rd inst., according to the orders and instructions of the commanding officer, and marched eight miles to Lake Fontenot, where there were two steamboats, (the J. W. Brown and Empire Parish,) ready to take us to Rabedon. We, with the 1st Vermont under the command of Capt. Hibbard, embarked and at 4 P. M. landed at Fort Pike. At 10 P. M. the J. W. Brown, with the left wing of the Regt., comprising companies B, G, K, E, and H started, and at 1 A. M. landed in Muletto Bayou, about eight miles from its mouth. At daylight a detachment of twenty men from each company, marched up the country about six miles where we had been informed three schooners were concealed in one of the narrow bayous. As the schooners could not be brought down, because of the shallow water, we burned them and returned to Fort Pike, and after transferring Co's B and G to the Parish, both boats started on the grand expedition. Col. Cowles in command of the Brown, and Capt. Gifford of the Parish, in command of the Parish.

At daylight of the 20th, we landed at Poleon, seven miles below Gainsville, Miss., on the Pearl River. From thence two hundred and fifty men under the command of Capt. Gifford, marched up to Gainsville. Lieut. Bagdon, of Company K, commanding the advance guard.

This movement was so well planned that the land force entered the rear of the town at the exact time that the boats landed in front. While the Parish was being loaded with cotton, tar and other valuables in the stores houses at the wharf, the Brown, under the command of Lieut. Burns, Co. K., proceeded up the river about two miles, where the contrabands had informed us, some resin was hidden in the swamp; and after loading the resin, returned to Gainsville. At the same time Col. Cowles being informed that a steamboat had been hidden about 12 or 15 miles farther up the river to keep her out of the hands of the Yankees, sent a party under the command of Capt. Parker, to bring her down. As the throttle valves and some other indispensable parts of her machinery had been taken out, the only way was to burn her down, and after twelve

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hours' hard work, they brought her safely into Gainesville, and by some means Col. Cowles found out from the owner of the boat, (who was a prisoner in our hands,) where the missing parts of the machinery were hidden, and after a few hours' work the engineers had steam up, and we all proceeded down the river. On the way down the Parish discovered the schooner George Washington, in one of the bayous, and took her in tow. At dark on the 22d, we were all back in our old Camp; every man in good spirits over the success of our expedition, and all anxious to try again.

While we were in Dixie we lived on the fat of the land—chickens, turkeys, pigs, honey, &c.

The fruits of the expedition were 222 pounds of resin, 108 barrels of tar, 10 bales of cotton, 21 cases of turpentine, 1 steamboat, 1 metallic life-boat, the schooner George Washington, and a large lot of valuable lumber.

The country we passed through is low and swampy; very little of it cultivated, and very thinly populated. The inhabitants are, many of them, in the greatest want. Most of the men have been drafted into the Confederate army, and their families are suffering for the necessaries of life. To some Col. Cowles gave beef and "hard tack," and although we went there as enemies, we left a good impression behind us of the "Yankees," as they called us. New Orleans money, Confederate bonds, and gold and silver were plenty among the richer ones, and with some of the contrabands; but gold cannot buy every thing they need. I asked one man, why he did not fix his fence; he replied, that he could not afford it—nails were worth ten cents apiece there.

To the perseverance, energy and well laid plans of Col. Cowles, are to be attributed the safe and successful termination of our expedition.

#### Letter from Capt. Arthur DeWint.

ST. JAMES HOSPITAL,  
NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 1ST, 1863.

DEAR JIM:—I hardly expected to reply to your letter from a hospital, and with a bullet hole in my arm, but I imagine my letter will prove none the less acceptable on that account. I am doing well, and hope to be with my regiment in a fortnight. We had just returned from an expedition to Ponchatoula (where we were disappointed in not having a fight) on the 21st ultimo, when we received orders to go to Baton Rouge. Hurrah! was the word along the line when the order was read, for we all knew Port Hudson was to be our destination. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 22d, the four regiments, 6th Michigan, 15th New Hampshire (nine months regiments), 26th Connecticut, 123th New York, left Carrollton in steamers, and headed for Springfield Landing, the nearest approach that can be made by water to Port Hudson just at present. We disembarked about noon the next day, and took up the line of march towards the enemy, who were doubtless well aware of our approach, and awaiting our coming behind the breast-works and rifle pits with which they are completely encircled. The men were in

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"light marching" order, many without blankets and the sun was so excessively hot, glad were they at being thus equipped. We had marched but a few miles, however, when from an inky black cloud, the rain poured down in torrents upon us, but on we moved, at "secured arms," and halted upon a broad plain, where with our feet to the camp-fires, we passed quite a comfortable night, the rain having ceased after having cooled the air most desirably and wet us to the skin most thoroughly.

I will now skip a few days until Monday, the 25th inst., and tell you of Co. F's doings only. We were then within two miles of the enemy's first line of defences. At one o'clock p. m. we were ordered out on picket, one mile to the front. Our picket line joined Gen. Angur's on the right, and Gen. Nickerson's on the left. At 11 o'clock p. m., two guns of the Indiana battery were sent forward to the picket line, and commenced shelling the enemy. It was not long before a reply was elicited, and until sunrise the next morning the woods were riddled with shell and balls, keeping Co. F's boys (who were rather unused to such sights and sounds) constantly dodging between trees and logs, they were consequently thoroughly tired out when relieved by a Co. of the 15th New Hampshire at 3 o'clock p. m., of the 26th inst.

On reporting with my company to Col. Cowles, I was ordered to go on picket that night nearer the enemy. The men had hardly time to eat their suppers when word came to "fall in." We marched to the rear of a burning building, directly opposite to, and about three quarters of a mile distant from the most awful of the enemy's batteries. At 2 o'clock a. m. we were relieved by Co. C. of ours, and fell back to where the regiment were lying on their arms, and I assure you every man of us was soon wrapped in deep slumber, naught but the pacing to and fro of the sentry, disturbing the stillness that reigned around us; but it was the calm that precedes the storm, for at 6 o'clock the assembly was sounded, and I was ordered to support a Wisconsin battery, which was playing the devil with the enemy's breast-works. Of course the rebels soon sent us their compliments in the shape of grape and cannister, which hummed around and above us, much more musically than agreeable. This position was maintained until 11 o'clock a. m. when we fell a few rods to the rear and left, to obtain a better range of the enemy's works. At noon the first platoon, under the command of Lieut. Anderson, was sent to the right and front as skirmishers. At 1 o'clock p. m., Col. Cowles ordered me to take my second platoon, and 40 men of Co. B's, under command of Lieut. Pearce, making a total of 68 men, to form a storming party. The Col. asked me if I would take command. You know what was my reply. Marching to a thick wood to the left of the battery to be stormed, my force was increased by 68 men from the 6th Michigan, under command of Capt. Montgomery of the same regiment, who was or-

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dered by Gen. Dow to take command of the whole force, which was to be supported by the 15th New Hampshire, and 26th Connecticut regiments. We were to be preceded by 30 negroes carrying pieces of timber to be laid across a Moat, pointing to the enemy's earthworks, each private of the storming party carrying a board 6 feet long to lay across the timbers, and thus get into the breast-works. At 2 o'clock the word *forward* was given, and we took the double-quick to cross the plain in front of the enemy. We had hardly got started, when Capt. Montgomery was wounded, and told me to take command. I hurried to the right of the line, encouraging the men meanwhile, and by the time I had attained my position a shower of shot and shell was poured upon us, that there was no withstanding, both men and officers fell flat, many a poor fellow to rise no more. The knuckle joint of the little finger of my left hand was numbed by a piece of a shell just before I got down. I lay still with my nose in the ground, the shot, shell, cannister and bullets, falling like hail-stones, and humming like the wind around and above us, until there was a slight cessation in the firing, when I jumped up, but could see nothing but a sea of boards on their edge and broadside to the enemy, but I knew that what I wanted was behind those boards, so I shouted forward, and rushed on, crossed a small bridge which spanned a ravine filled with fallen timber, and fell flat again, and just in time, too, for I felt while falling, a bullet scrape across my shoulder blades. I crawled a few rods to a fallen log, and finally succeeded in getting a small signal flag, with about 15 men with me. We remained here about half an hour, firing at their gunners, and dodging bullets from friend and foe, for those in the rear were firing just as they saw fit, and one poor fellow near me was mortally wounded by a ball from the rear. Well, I waved the flag and shouted to those behind to come on, until I was disheartened, jumped over the log and moved forward within fifteen rods of the breast-works. I here stood waving my sword and shouting *Forward!* when suddenly my sword arm dropped powerless by my side, and I found the blood flowing from a hole a rebel bullet had made just below my elbow, but the bone was untouched. The

bullet had taken its departure, and Lieut. Craig, of the 6th Michigan, the only officer who got there, tying his handkerchief about the wound, I was all right, and more fortunate than the next who ventured, a private of the 15th New Hampshire. He received a bullet in his groin, just a few paces to the rear of me. It was now about 4 o'clock and until 6 o'clock Lieut. Craig and myself (for my wound was not very painful) tried to get men enough to make a charge, but in vain, only five privates returned to where we were, and about half-past 6 o'clock p. m., I crawled to the ravine before mentioned, leaving the wounded private, and

one man of the 6th Michigan to care for him until I could send a stretcher to bring him off.

I dragged my sword and pistol with me in my left hand, having left my scabbard when we started, for on such an expedition I judged it best to travel light, and ill-luck lightened me more yet, for I lost my pocket book on the field. It had only \$23 in it fortunately, which some rebel is most probably enjoying ere this. Well, at 6 o'clock P. M. I came off the field, meeting and passing the dead and dying, some fair well bullets passing me, but I was too tired to mind them. The first man I came to I asked to dress my wound. He did so, and I soon fell asleep, but passed but a restless night, dreaming of Bayonet charges, etc. Our right and the 6th Michigan did well, the less said about the other the better. Five of Co. F. were wounded and poor Jack Hughes was killed; you must let his Father know. I will write to him when my arm is better. He was one of the storming party, and died the death of a brave and fearless soldier upon the field of battle.

Pearsall had a ball through his ankle, but is doing well. Pollock, of Wappingers Falls, is slightly wounded. Jeffards has a ball in his thigh, but he will come out all right, so the surgeon says. Partington had a bullet enter his cheek, and come out in his neck; he is also doing well. Our greatest misfortune is in losing Col. Cowles, who was shot at the head of his regiment, and lived but half an hour. I did not know of it until coming off the field, and of course was greatly shocked. I was the only other officer wounded. The fact is, Mr. Assessor, we got into a hornet's nest, and any man who was well on that field, and came off alive, may think himself lucky. My wound is doing well. I have a good surgeon and comfortable quarters. My First Lieut., Williamson, was acting Volunteer Aid to Gen. Dow, and was not hurt. Second Lieut. Anderson did good service with the first platoon Co. F., which was not in the storming party; he is right. I was one of the last to leave the field, and every one was surprised to see me, for it was through the whole regiment, and in fact in New Orleans the next day, that I was killed. The account of that day's fight will not be published in the papers here, as it comes under the head of "contraband intelligence," and is buried.

Let me hear from home soon. Good-bye. Truly your left-handed friend,

ARTHUR DE WINT,  
Commanding Co. F, 128th N. Y. Vols.

**The Charge of the 128th Regiment**  
Port Hudson, May 27, 1862

"Forward!"—and along the lines of burnished steel  
Hushed were the voices of a thousand men  
"Forward!"—the command rang like a clarion's peal  
Forth a mighty shout came upfitting the deed  
Onward they moved to battle with the foe  
A groan and a man dropped to the blood-stained ground  
Again the Captain cried, "Keep cool, boys, and the low  
And the cannons ranted with deep and hoarse sound