

# THE VERMONT HORSE AND BRIDLE TRAIL BULLETIN

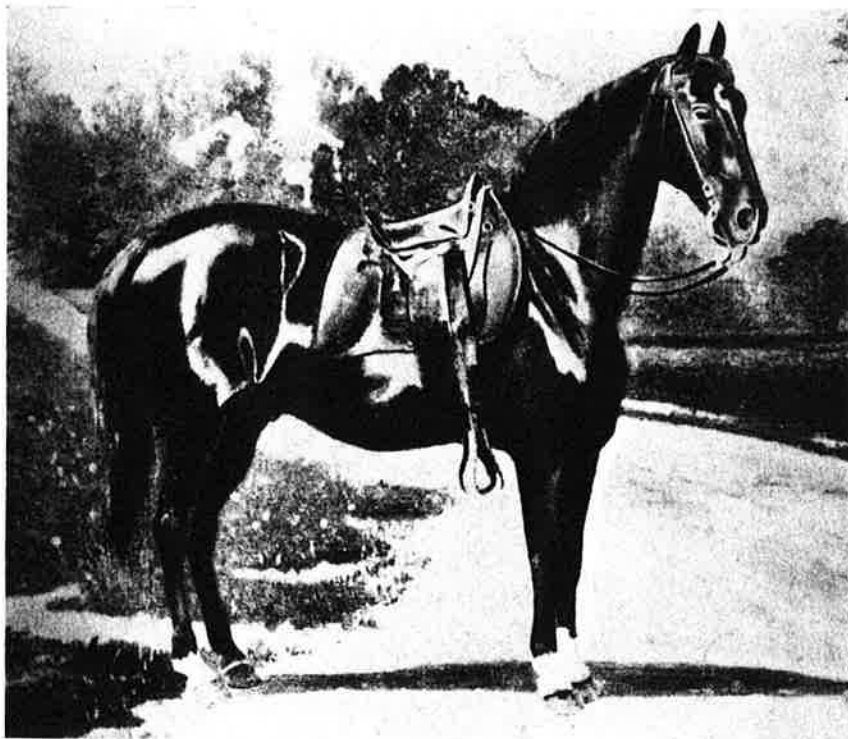
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF THE  
GREEN MOUNTAIN HORSE  
ASSOCIATION

FOUNDED 1926



ISSUED QUARTERLY  
BY THE  
GREEN MOUNTAIN HORSE  
ASSOCIATION

RUTLAND, VERMONT



## PINK

Died, Sunday, May 25, 1886—Aged thirty years

This horse carried his master twenty-five years. Was never known to show fatigue while other horses of cavalry and flying artillery were dying from want of food and exhaustion. He was present in eighty-eight skirmishes, and thirty-four battles, notably, Winchester, Orange Courthouse, Second Bull Run, Hanover, Pennsylvania, Brandy Plains, Buckland Mills, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, North Anna, Ashland, White Oak Swamp, Reams Station.

[Inscription on the monument erected at Crown Point, N. Y.]

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OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF  
THE GREEN MOUNTAIN HORSE ASSOCIATION

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NUMBER 1

## Morgan Horses in the Civil War

By Charles L. Hammond

[The picture of the Morgan Horse "Pink" that appears on our front cover was given to us by Mr. Charles F. Moore, a Trustee of the Green Mountain Horse Association. Pink was one of 100 Black Hawk Morgans that his grandfather Charles F. Hammond bought to equip a company of cavalry for use in the Civil War. These horses were raised in the Champlain Valley and the majority of them were picked up around Crown Point, N. Y., and Bridport, Vt., which is just nine miles away and the place where Hill's Black Hawk had been standing for a number of years. The following story was written by Charles F. Hammond whose father, John Hammond, organized the company and picked out the horse. A brief history of a few of the horses will be included in another issue.]

• This memorial is compiled as an act of justice to dumb, helpless patriots, who never were able to tell the story of their services in the great rebellion of 1861-65 around the campfires of the Grand Army.

After the Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, a young man living at Crown Point, N. Y., like thousands of others, felt it his duty to go to the assistance of the government. He was a fine horseman and an excellent judge of horse flesh, and he determined not only to raise a company of cavalry, but to equip it with horses in the Champlain Valley.

At that time, from various causes, the government was getting very inferior horses. His father, Charles F. Hammond, approved his determination, and agreed to advance the money to buy the horses with. No one in the vicinity had any military training, but in 1849 John Hammond had been a "pioneer," going to California overland by "The Southern Route from Fort Smith, Ark." Five months were consumed in making the journey, and the experience then gained, now proved of

great value. In an incredibly short time 106 men were enrolled, and 108 horses bought and paid for. They were the pick of a region noted as the home of fine horses. Thirty-five of them were mares. Most of them were black, bay or brown in color, but there were some chestnuts, sorrels and roans. Four were five years old, ten were nine years old, and the balance between the age of six and eight years. Forty-five of them were 15 hands high, seven were 16 hands high and the other between these limits. Generally it may be said they were of Morgan stock through the famous horse "Hill's Black Hawk."

But one of the 108 proved unbreakable. He could be ridden, of course, but was never of any use in the line. Many of the horses were worth twice as much as they cost, but were sold because some boy wanted that horse, and the owner wanted that boy to have it. Only seven of the original horses of the entire regiment to which this company belonged, were in service at the close of the war. Four of the seven were survivors of this company and two others had been previously sent North by their owners. They were undoubtedly superior to the horses of any other troop in the entire army. The limit of the government price was \$125.00, but many a boy was finely mounted through the patriotism of his father, and many others paid out of their own pockets largely in excess of the government price. The highest price paid for any horse was \$225.00. All were purchased in Essex County, except a few across the lake in Vermont, and every horse was examined and accepted by John Hammond him-

self. The horses were inspected, branded and turned over to the government without any being condemned. Only a portion of them were broken to saddle, but it was a matter of small moment to the men, who were entirely competent to break them. There was some trouble in the first winter's camp to keep for the men their horses, some officers desiring to appropriate them for their own use, but they had a man to contend with who never saw one of his boys imposed upon, and they did not succeed.

There was no drilling in Crown Point because no one knew how, and there were no saddles. Before leaving town a flag was presented to the company, which was drawn up in line, but when the flag reached the end of the line, the end had changed position and continued changing until it reached a trooper who rode a large roan horse minus an eye. This defect allowed him to receive the flag, which must have been carried on foot but for this horse made to order.

The company left Crown Point for the war October 14, 1861. Not until years after was there a railroad in this part of the Champlain Valley. In the summer there were steamboats on the lake, but in winter there was no steam communication in New York nearer than Whitehall, on the Rensselaer & Saratoga R.R. thirty-three miles south. Although a telegraph line had been constructed between New York City and Montreal by Ezra Cornell through this region, in 1848, its use had been discontinued and the wire removed.

Perhaps a sadder company was never assembled than lined the shore of Lake Champlain the day the propeller *Joseph Hooker*, loaded with the horses and their riders, steamed southward. A distinguished veteran and field officer, then a lad nineteen years old, says: "We duly arrived in Whitehall and stayed there overnight. My baggage consisted of a testament and a gray bed blanket. The next day we started for Troy. It was the first time most of the men had ever been on, or seen a railroad, and we thought it a picnic, without expense, to ride on a freight car with the horses.

We arrived in Troy about dark. Supper was given us by the citizens of that city at the American House, and we were waited on by patriotic young ladies. Bales of hay and oats were furnished and we fed the horses on the steamboat dock, and later loaded them on the boat. We went down the Hudson River in the night. It was the next afternoon before the horses were unloaded in New York City. We led them up to 22nd Street to the "Bull's Head Stables," and the men then marched down Broadway to the City Hall Park, where wooden barracks had been erected where the Post Office now stands. Breakfast was served us the next morning here: A long table, tin cups and plates, cold boiled beef, potatoes and poor coffee.

That night we slept in board bunks built up one above the other, with no straw and no mattress. I was pretty tired, crawled in, put my gray blanket over me and was soon asleep. I awoke in the night rather cold and found my blanket gone. I sat up about ready to cry, my only baggage gone. There were some infantry quarters in the same building and I made up my mind that they had my blanket. I committed my first act of confiscation then, and I have always since rolled my blanket around me when among strangers. We stayed in New York about three days. The men passed a rigid medical examination; several were rejected and the rest sworn into the service of the United States, October 18, 1861, by Captain Bankhead, United States Army.

Then we joined our regiment at Camp Harris, Staten Island and became Company H, Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry. We did not do much with the horses there. All the companies were not mounted when the regiment left, but at Annapolis, Md., we went into a camp of instruction for the winter, drilling and breaking the horses. In our first camp on Staten Island, eleven "A" tents were assigned to the company—about one tent to nine men. The space was so limited we had to *spoon* at night, and when one rolled over, all in the tent had to do the same. Next we drew uniforms. I was six feet tall, weighed 130 pounds and had very long arms and legs. My pants were long enough, but they buttoned twice around my waist and the seat hung down nearly to my knees. My jacket was short and buttoned up tightly. The end of my sleeves came just a little below my elbows. My feet were very slim and long. The army shoes were very wide. I had to draw tens for length, and the only place where they touched my feet was where I tied the strings around my ankles. To top out with a high black hat, turned up on the right side and fastened with a big brass eagle and a big feather. Imagine what a brave looking fellow I was.

Next came the election of officers. Only one man was thought of for captain, but there were many candidates for the other offices. The non-commissioned officers were appointed by the captain. There was a guard around our camp and no one could go out without a pass. Later we moved to Baltimore, Md., where we drew sabres, pistols, haversacks, saddles, bridles and all our horse equipment. From Baltimore we marched to Annapolis, Md., and built winter quarters. Here we were joined by the 1st Vermont Cavalry, and Gen. John P. Hatch took command of us and began to drill and shape us into soldiers. By spring we were quite efficient. Our horses suffered greatly, getting acclimated, the first winter. It was late before we got sheds made for them and many died from exposure and horse distemper.

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In the summer of 1862, during and after Pope's campaign, we lost many from "grease heel." When it began, it was very painful. The patient would lie down and groan for two or three days, and the heel would break out and matterate between the hair and hoof, and then the hoof came off, a new one taking its place. Often on the march one would see the heel open between the old and new hoof an eighth of an inch. At each step dirt got in and made trouble, but with good care most of them pulled through.

(Extracts from letters to his wife and children about the horse, written by Captain Hammond.)

Camp At Culpepper Courthouse, Va.—July 22, 1862

We left here about three in the afternoon in a heavy rain-storm. We had not marched two miles before we were beset by the most furious hail storm I ever have experienced. The hail was of the size of walnuts and larger. The force of the storm was such that for some time the column was completely broken. Our horses became frantic with pain and terror, and could scarcely be controlled. Many of them had their ears lopped down by the force of the hail stones, but we struggled on as best we could, and after some half hour the hail ceased. The balance of the day we rode in a drenching rain, fording swollen streams, over the most impassable roads ever having the semblance of roads. We have none of the fine stone pikes of the Shenandoah Valley here. Three-fourths of the country is covered with a dense forest.

We reached the Rapidan Ford about 10 o'clock at night and found our way into a wheat field in front of the mansion of the rebel Colonel Tallifero, where we sat and laid on the muddy, miry earth until dawn, holding the bridles of our poor wearied horses. At daylight we commenced swimming the Rapidan as the water had risen so high it was not fordable. . . . We arrived here last night, having been gone six days, three and a half of which our horses were not unsaddled, nor did we have ration with us on the whole march. . . . It is raining today very hard. When will it ever cease? It has certainly rained two-thirds of the time since I have been in Virginia. We are hard at work today getting our horses shod. At least one-half of them were shoeless when we got here and in a most sorry condition, foot-sore and sorebacked.

(Letter to his children)

H.Q. 5th., New York Cavalry, Purcellville, Va.—July 18, 1863

We have had a great many horses killed, but more have given out by forced marches and want of food. At least one-third of the troopers are on foot. We take all the horses we can find belonging to the inhabitants, but they are but few, as the rebels have also helped themselves. Many of our old troop horses, after they have carried their riders as long as they can and are left behind, will, when they find their mates and comrades moving on, take their places in the ranks and struggle to keep up until they fall with exhaustion and are unable to rise. . . . Tell your mother "Old Babe" and "Pink" look rather sorry. Not much as they did last spring. "Old Jeff" looks very well. I ride him only when we are likely to have a fight, as he cares the least for shell or bullets. The other two I cannot hold at such times. Shell and shots sometimes play singular freaks. At Boonesboro a shell passed over my head, struck my bugler's horse behind me in the shoulder, just cutting the bugler's canteen in two and making the water fly like a fountain. The bugler was somewhat astonished but unhurt. The shell did not explode. At Gettysburg a shell exploded in front of our regiment when in column, one piece of it killing the rider of one horse, passed through him and

killed the horse of the tropper in his rear without injuring his rider. The next shell killed one horse. We were supporting a battery and the men were as quiet as if they were made of stone.

### MY OLD ARMY HORSE

By EDWARD P. TOBIE

(From the Maine Bugle)

He did his full duty through four years of war;  
What horse could do better, what man say more?  
He was true to our colors in camp and in field;  
And he gave up his life for the land we adore.

Untrained were we both when we went into camp;  
Together we took our first lessons in drill,  
He learned how to carry me, I how to ride,  
And each to obey a superior will.

Together we marched over many a mile,  
Oft in darkness of midnight, o'er pathways unseen;  
When he carried me safely, this good horse of mine,  
With his foot ever sure and his eye ever keen.

We stood picket together on many a night,  
For he was as good a vidette as was I;  
For he warned me oft times with his vigilant ears,  
In the darkness and stillness that danger was nigh.

He often went hungry, so often did I,  
Till starvation threatened and all was forlorn;  
But we shared with each other, we brothers in arms,  
And oft ate a lunch from the same ear of corn.

Together we slept, many times, he and I  
As I lay on the ground, with his rein o'er my arms;  
And he stood close beside me, this comrade of mine,  
Like a sentinel faithful to guard me from harm.

I thought not of him as I rode from the field,  
Nor noticed that he, my best friend, had been hit;  
But when he had borne me well out of harm's way  
He lay down and died—had e'er man better grit?

Are there horses in heaven? Then my old army horse  
Is in heaven with winged heels, and is waiting the day  
That I'll mount him again, then to course, he and I,  
O'er the green fields of Eden forever and aye.

### THE WESTPORT HORSE

(Found among General Hammond's papers)

On the day of Bank's retreat from Winchester, May 25, 1862, we were moving through the woods and fields acting as flankers. I took the advance with some ten men as scouts and let down fences, etc. I was riding a very fine bay horse, who died soon after. He was purchased in Westport, and was the best green saddler in the troop. In advancing over a wooded hill I noticed in my front eight mounted men. Being satisfied they were rebels, I shouted to them to halt. Immediately they put spurs to their horses, firing their pistols as they fled, we pursuing. I soon came up with the rear—most of them a large, powerful man. We exchanged several shots at close range, but without effect on either side, owing to the fearful rate at which we were going through the timber.

My revolver became useless from the cap fouling it. He had two charges left. Bringing my

horse close alongside I attempted to strike him with my pistol, but fell short of his head and my pistol fell to the ground. I then seized him with both hands by the back of his coat collar and pulled him backward off his horse. My horse went from under me at the same time. When we struck the ground I was on top of him, with one hand at his throat, the other hold of his pistol barrel, he holding the butt trying to shoot me. He was a most obstinate fellow and would not surrender, but by this time some of my men came up and he was taken along with us a prisoner. The balance of the party were all captured within a short time.

Old "Pink" was a grandson of Hill's noted Morgan "Blackhawk," was raised by Timothy Taft and purchased of Thos. B. Locke, of Crown Point. His father was taken to California by Anderson Cummings in 1856. His dame was of Hambletonian blood. Katie Taft, the celebrated trotting mare, sold Commander Vanderbilt before the war, was his half-sister, both having the same mother.

(To be continued in the next issue)

He was her eighteenth colt that reached maturity. He died at Crown Point in 1886, aged thirty years. General Hammond erected over his remains a handsome monument of Westerly granite twelve feet high. The inscription on it says: "This horse carried his master twenty-five years and was never known to show fatigue, while other horses of cavalry and flying artillery were dying from want of food and exhaustion."

He was present during the war at eighty-eight skirmishes and thirty-four battles, among them, Winchester, Orange Courthouse, Second Bull Run, Hanover, Gettysburg, Hagerstown and the Wilderness. He passed two winters in Washington, D. C., 1878 and 1879, returning to Crown Point each summer. Said the *New York Tribune* of November 23, 1886: "He was treated during his last years with as much tenderness as if a human being, and up to the date of his death retained his early fire and courage. He has a record of service for his country that any man might be proud of."

## Xenophon's "Treatise on the Horse"

• "On examining the feet, it is benefiting first to look to the horny portion of the hoofs, for those horses which have the horn thick are far superior in their feet to those which have it thin. Nor will it be well, if one fails next to observe whether the hoof be upright both before and behind, or low and flat to the ground; for high hoofs keep the frog at a distance from the earth, while the flat tread with an equal pressure on the soft and hard parts of the foot, as in the case with bandy-legged men. And Simon justly observes that well-footed horses can be known by the sound of their tramp, for the hollow hoof rings like a cymbal when it strikes the solid earth. But having begun from below, let us ascend to the upper parts of the body. It is needful then that the parts above the hoof and below the fetlock be not too erect like those of a goat, for legs of this kind, being stiff and inflexible, are apt to jar the rider, and are more liable to inflammation. The bones must not, however, be too low and springy, for in that case the fetlocks are liable to be abraded and wounded if the horse be galloped over clods and stones. The bones of the shank should be thick, for these are the columns which support the body, but they should not have the flesh and veins thick likewise; for if they have, when the horse shall be galloped in difficult ground, they will necessarily be filled with blood, and will become varicose, so that the shanks shall be thickened, and the skin distended and relaxed from the bone; and then this is the case, it often follows that the back sinew gives away and renders the horse lame.

But if the horse, when in action, bends his knees flexibly at the walk, you may judge that he will have his legs flexible when in full canter; for all horses as they increase in years increase in the flexibility of the knee, and flexible goers are esteemed highly, and with justice, for such horses are much less liable to blunder or to stumble than those which have rigid unbending joints. But if the arms below the shoulder blades be thick and muscular, they appear stronger and handsomer, as is also the case with man. The breast also should be broad as well for beauty as for strength, and because it gives a handsomer action of the fore-legs, which do not then interfere, but are carried wide apart. And again the neck ought not to be set on like that of a boar, horizontally from the chest, but like that of a game cock should be upright toward the crest, and slack toward the flexure; and the head being long, should have a small and narrow jaw bone, so that the neck shall be in front of the rider, and the eye shall look down on what is before the feet. A horse thus made will be the least likely to run violently away, even if he be very high-spirited, for horses do not attempt to run away by bringing in, but by thrusting out their heads and necks. It is also very necessary to observe whether the mouth be fine or hard on both sides, or on one or the other. For horses which have not both sides equally sensitive, are likely to be hard mouthed on one side or the other; and it is better that the horse should have prominent than hollow eyes, for such will see a greater distance.

(Please turn to page 19)

# Morgan Horses in the Civil War

By Charles L. Hammond

(Continued from January issue)

## "OLD BILLY" AND "COCKEYE"

● Col. James A. Penfield's favorite mount was "Billy," a grandson of "Blackhawk," his immediate sire being "Hard Road." His dame was the celebrated mare "Telegraph." He died in Crown Point, in 1885, aged thirty-two years. His grave is marked with a granite slab suitably inscribed. He served without injury until July 4, 1863, when while in pursuit of the enemy from

observed of all observers for twenty-two years. One morning he was found dead in his stable.

## "PRINCE"

"The horse I selected was one raised by C. F. Hammond. He was named "Prince," and I stuck to him as long as he lived. He was brown, about 15 1/4 hands high, deep chested, with good legs and feet. He had wonderful endurance and could carry a heavy load. He could trot a mile in less



BLACK HAWK

The sire of the majority of the horses mentioned in this article.

Gettysburg over the mountains of Maryland, he stepped through a sluice and hurt his knee, making him lame for a few days. Captain Penfield changed his mount to a black, watcheyed, white-legged horse with one eye, called "Cockeye" because he carried his head cocked side wise. While leading a charge of Company "H," July 6, at Hagerstown, he was killed and fell on his rider. Before he could extricate himself the rebels charged over them. Captain Penfield was severely wounded on the head by a sabre stroke, was captured and spent fourteen months in rebel prisons. In the fall of 1863 "Billy" was sent home to Crown Point, where he lived an honored pensioner, the

than three minutes, and at first was a rather rough rider, but in less than a year he learned to single-foot, and take the natural saddle gaits. One day on the pike near New Baltimore, Va., three men of my company fell out, stopping at a farm house to get something to eat, and some of White's guerillas captured them. We followed them for two or three miles. Going down a hill, I was re-loading my revolver, when "Prince," who missed my steady hand on the reins, fell. All the troop went over us. Prince's knees were skinned and mine too. We got one of the men but they got away with three good horses.

May 30, 1863 "Prince" was mortally wounded in a fight with Mosby. We were on picket and patrol duty near Centerville and Bull Run battlefields. The supplies for the Army of the Potomac had to go over the Orange and Alexandria R.R. which ran through a country infested by the guerillas, and had to be strongly guarded. The sun was bright, the country was green and beautiful that morning. Stable call had been sounded, the horses fed and groomed and breakfast eaten. The morning train from Washington had stopped at our camp near Warrenton, leaving the mail and morning papers, and passed on. Everything was peaceful. Fifteen minutes later we heard the boom of a cannon. We thought it could not be Mosby as he never had any artillery. Besides, he had been terribly punished by us at Warrentown earlier in the month.

Mosby in his "War Reminiscences," speaking of a fight at Frying Pan, June 4, 1863, says: "I came very near being caught here in the same trap I got into at Warrenton Junction, May 3, 1863. If Colonel Gray, of the 6th Michigan, had followed the example of Major Hammond, of the 5th New York, at Warrenton Junction, and charged us when we were in disorder and scattered over the field, that would, in all probability, have been my last day as a partisan commander." But it proved to be Mosby. He had got about 200 men together and a twelve-pounder brass cannon, and had struck the railroad some two miles south of our camp in a piece of woods. The guerillas got there in the night and drew the spike from two rails, cut the telegraph wire, and attached a piece of wire to each of the rails, running back to a tree, where a man had hold of the ends. Mosby also had his cannon in position.

When the train came along in the morning and the engine was nearly to the loosened rails, the man behind the tree pulled the rails away. Off the track went the train and the cannon let loose on it. There was a guard on the train but they escaped. Mosby took what he wanted and set the train on fire. As soon as we heard the firing we were in the saddle. Col. W. D. Mann taking the 7th Michigan and 1st Vermont in one direction and directing Captain Hasbrook with the 5th New York to go in another and try and get the enemy's rear. As luck would have it we met Mosby face to face in the road. He was between us and Colonel Mann and we all thought we had him. Unlimbering his gun he sent us his compliments by the means of a shell which killed Lieut. F. A. Boutell's horse. Instead of charging him and driving him back on Mann's command, our commander moved us on to a hill and formed us in line.

I asked him what I was going to do. He made no reply, and I turned round to my men and gave the command, "By fours trot, march!" and started in pursuit. We continued on a wild run something

like two miles, becoming somewhat scattered, when round a bend in the road, in a wood, we came upon their rear guard. It consisted of Mosby himself, Captain Haskins of the British army, and three others. Captain Haskins, by the way, had come across the water to see his "Secesh" friends and have a little fun with the "Yankees." His breast was covered with medals he had won in foreign wars. Corporal Wooster of Co. H, Corporal Jenks of Co. F, and myself were too near to halt, and ran right into them. At the first fire Wooster and Jenkin's horses were both shot and they were both wounded and one of the rebels killed. This left me alone with the other three for probably one or two minutes (it seemed hours). I fired all the shots from my revolver and then drew my sabre, they trying to shoot me and I trying to kill them, they all the time saying "Surrender, Yank."

Hiram Underhill was the first of my men to get up to us. He undoubtedly saved my life. They got away, but we soon caught up with them. They had their gun posted on a knoll in a lane. As we came up they fired a shell at us. I said to the boys, "I think we can get that gun before they can fire it again."

They all said "let's go." We got very near to the gun, were probably twenty feet away, when it was fired, killing the gallant Corporal Drake, poor, brave fellow, a grape shot passing through his head. Two others were also killed and a number wounded. Two grape shot entered the thigh of my left leg. One took the sole off my boot, and my stirrup off, and four or five entered "Prince's" breast.

The rebels all fled and left the gun, and Colonel Preston with the 1st Vermont Cavalry coming up, captured it without firing a shot. I have been blamed for being reckless and lacking in judgment, Mosby said I must have been drunk. Well, perhaps it might have been better but I was only twenty-one years old and what was I there for? Colonel Mann's official report on file in the War Department says:

"Lieutenant Barker has two grape shot in his thigh, but is quite comfortable. He crossed sabres with the enemy and fought desperately after his wound."

After I was wounded I rode back until I met Doctor Edson. I got off and laid down under a tree. By this time I was rather faint from loss of blood. One ball had passed through my leg but lodged under the skin, and he cut it out.

Prince lived four weeks under the care of a veterinary in Washington, but finally died. Corporal Drake's mount, a sorrel white faced horse was killed with his rider.

(To be continued in the next issue)

# Morgan Horses in the Civil War

By Charles L. Hammond

(Continued from April issue)

"MINK"

(By MAJ. EUGENE B. HAYWARD)

• My horse was named Mink. She was a tall, rangy, black mare, a daughter of "Othello," a son of "Black Hawk." She was entirely unbroken and was sold because her owner never knew in whose pasture she would be found, as fences were no impediment to her, nor could she be traced by wrecked fences, as she left no marks. Her first rider was Robert Dunlap, before the war a ferryman on Lake Champlain. He was quite short in stature, and after climbing into the saddle a series of maneuvers would commence, very amusing provided you were not in the same field, for Mink had the liveliest set of heels and the most of them in a minute it was ever my privilege to see.

It did not take long to turn to the right or left and oblique at double quick if she turned an eye your way. However, time cooled her ardor as a kicker unless something unusual came along. If so, she was always ready and as lively as in her youth. In her early service she had a habit, with Bob on her back, of drifting when she should have sailed straight ahead. Then the boys would call to Bob, "Drop your drift board." With all her faults my attention was called to her good qualities as she matured and filled out, and a trial of a day over the Blue Ridge on her back settled her fate for the remainder of the war. I had not at that time, nor have I yet, seen the horse that would carry a man with such ease, mile after mile, day after day, summer's heat or winter's cold, plenty of oats or none at all, a slow march or a forced one.

On the skirmish line or in the charge she was equally at home and ever ready. Pardon me, I think she was the best cavalry horse in the regiment. Of course, she became well broken in time. A twine string would guide her and while she would go anywhere she was reined, she was as wise in battle as the General and as full of fire as the cannon. She was never still a moment while under fire, and she always knew whether she was going towards the enemy or from him. She was famous as a jumper in line of duty and many who would outjump her in camp refused to follow her over fences on the skirmish line. She was a good one at the run, too, but only once through the war did I use her full speed in action. This was in a repulse while charging artillery at Culpepper, led by General Custer and Colonel Hammond, in which both were wounded. It was warm and we let the "Johnnies" keep the gun until later. I rode her in over seventy engagements. I was

wounded twice on her back, rode her seventy-five miles in one day and three days without feeding in the "Wilderness."

Perhaps the hardest trial of endurance was Wilson's raid, where many of the old tried horses dropped their ears, as sure a sign of surrender as the hauling down of the flag, but she came in ready for service. I learned to expect her to bring me home if she did not get shot, and it is no small comfort when raiding in the enemy's country. She never failed me, and do not wonder if I say I have never seen the horse I would as soon risk my life with in the army as "Mink." She endured without complaint and took life as it came to her. She never had a scratch from the enemy, seeming to bear a charmed life.

Poor old "Mink," all hardships and dangers safely passed, she laid down her life to an appetite for oats, beyond her digestion. Peace to her ashes and honor to her memory. Shall I become a laughing stock if I claim that man may love an animal? If so, I accept the situation. What is the sentiment, if not love, that ties a man to the horse who has carried him to victory in the charge, or borne him to safety in defeat? Who enters into the spirit of all his hopes, ambitions and victories, who feels with him when danger is nigh, and who often, by a keener and ever-alert sense, warns of coming surprise or gives notice of the ambush by a snort? Mink died in Davenport, having moved with me after the war from New York to Wisconsin and then to Iowa. In her later life she raised two colts.

(To be continued in the next issue)

## JOB'S WAR HORSE

The glory of his snorting is terrible.  
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength.  
He mocketh at fear and is not dismayed.  
And he smelleth the battle afar off.—Book of Job.

## HISTORIC SOUTH WOODSTOCK

(Concluded from page 20)

ened so that truly eminent persons found it worthwhile to speak in the Woodstocks—people such as Julia Ward Howe and Wendell Phillips.

A present inhabitant, indeed, believes that it was the "Literary Fraternity" which gave the original impetus to the Academy, which is South Woodstock's chief claim to distinction. At any rate, because of the current persecution of Universalists at other institutions, there grew up "a



# Morgan Horses in the Civil War

By Charles L. Hammond

(Continued from June issue)

## MOLLIE

"Mollie" was a bay mare ridden by Chas. Holcomb, of Ticonderoga. She never tired out and was a noble animal. He was brigade and division mail carrier. He rode more miles than any other man in the army. His father was a famous horseman and raised the great trotting stallion "Ethan Allen." Our command always had its mail when it was possible to get to the front. Many times riding alone through a guerrilla-infested country, he never lost a mail. She was turned over to the government in good shape at the end of the war, after four hard years of service. She was purchased from "Uncle Sam" by a member of the company who remained in Virginia and married there.

## "NELLIE"

(Ridden by JUDGE MONROE L. HAYWARD, U. S. Senator-elect from Nebraska)

"Nellie" was a dainty, white-faced sorrel (or chestnut) "Black Hawk" mare, raised by Amos Chilcott. She was very gentle and a fast runner. She once took me over a five-board fence. Her feat of jumping a high fence from one side to the other, while tied to it by a moderately short halter, was a campfire story and a true one. On Bank's retreat in 1862 she made 100 miles between Saturday morning and Sunday night. (Our boys were in a hurry.) It was at the end of this retreat that four companies of the regiment, H Company one of them, during a most frightful storm, led their horses across the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, over the roaring Potomac on a single plank laid between the rails. She was wounded near Rockingham Furnace, May 4, 1862, while I was riding her.

## "JACK"

(By LIEUT. JAMES A. MURDOCK)

My first mount was a bay horse, bought of a Mr. Pratt living near Snake Mountain, Bridport, Vt. Strong and sure-footed, with an exceedingly resolute temperament, he was the ideal of a trooper's horse. There was no obstacle he was not willing to attempt to jump, and I recall but one instance when he failed to land on his feet. I was out with others looking for something to take the place of hardtack, when we came to a high stump fence. I attempted it, but alas, one of his forefeet caught in the forked roots, and horse, rider and fence were suddenly mixed. He fell heavily on me and I was somewhat stunned, but after pulling myself together I found that we

had crossed the fence without serious injury. He was taken with colic while on Bank's retreat and died after reaching Harper's Ferry. Afterwards I rode captured horses and used up several, but late in the fall of 1862 I came into possession, by exchange with George Durno, of "Nellie," at one time ridden by Monroe Hayward.

I soon found that in her I had an animal on whom I could always rely. She was not so powerful as "Jack," but she was exceedingly intelligent, and proved to be one of the best horses in the regiment. She was killed under me, almost instantly, in an engagement near Kearneysville, Va., August 25, 1864. These two were all of the original 108 I ever rode.

## "DUNLAP'S MARE"

A fine bay mare raised by Henry Davis, Crown Point, ridden by Robt. Dunlap, the original rider of "Mink." In the charge at Hagerstown, where Captain Penfield was captured, she was shot in the head and stunned. After her rider had been taken in by the rebels she jumped up and ran back into our lines. Robert said when he saw her going back he would have given everything he had to have been on her back. On Wilson's raid in 1864 she tired out and was ordered killed to keep her from the rebels. Sergeant Underhill, who was the soldier ordered to take her out to one side and shoot her, writes as follows: "I took her into a little meadow beside some woods and left her there; I could not shoot her."

## "SUKEY"

At one time Lieutenant Renne rode a Morgan mare named "Sukey," a blocky little sorrel looking as much like a runner as a Berkshire pig, but she surprised all those who had not seen her run to victory on the Renne Flats, Crown Point, by easily carrying off the honors, in the races common in the army. She was no good in a fight. Later Chas. Holcomb rode her. General Kilpatrick had a race track constructed at Hartwood Church in 1863 and we had many lively races there. Holcomb, as was natural to a son of "Whit" Holcomb, was very fond of this sport. In one race Charlie tried to pull "Sukey" in one heat so as to get bets against her from Kilpatrick and his staff officers, but the mare was determined to win the heat and when he pulled her she threw herself on the ground, got rid of her rider, and jumping to her feet quickly passed all the other horses and came in a winner by several lengths. She was afterwards ridden by Dave Robbins. He started one day with the mail and when on the way to Hope-

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well Gap, two of Mosby's men, dressed in our uniform, joined him and rode along, one on each side. Mare, mail and Robbins all went to Mosby.

#### BLACK DICK

"Black Dick" was bought in Westport. He was a wiry, wild young animal. Geo. Black rode him. He had a fine glossy coat. In the spring of 1862 we were moved by rail from Annapolis, Md., to Harper's Ferry. He was ugly on the cars and would kick. After a few days we were ordered to Washington by rail and we tied "Black Dick" in one end of a car. There was a rope along his side lashing him tight up to the side of the car. Near his head was an air hole about 2½ x 3 feet in size. We started at night, in the morning we stopped at a station and found Dick's halter hanging out of the hole, but no Dick. We made inquiries, and the engineer said that about ten miles back, before daylight, a horse ran along the side of the engine, finally got ahead on the track and ran across a bridge where an infantry guard was stationed.

John Viall and I rode out to Tennallytown. They told us there that they caught such a horse, but that a train came along and he got away and ran into the country. We went out to a farm and found him, smooth and all right. Of course we had a heavy train and ran very slowly. Mosby captured him the next winter, the night he captured General Stoughton at Fairfax Court House. He got away from the rebels and came back but afterwards he was disabled and was condemned.

(The above statement of Colonel Barker is fully verified by Colonel Penfield and Major Hayward, neither of them knowing that the other had written of it.)

#### BLACK BESS

"Black Bess" was a black mare, about 15.75 hands high, weighed about 1,100 pounds, three white feet and a white stripe in her face. She had a long body and hips, and was a beautiful animal, very kind and gentle, and was without any bad habits. She was perfectly broken to all the saddle gaits. Could single-foot a mile in three minutes, turn around and trot back in less time. All in all she was the finest saddle animal I ever knew. Perhaps I may be prejudiced, for the first time I ever took the lady, who became my wife, to ride, she rode "Black Bess."

Capt. Sam Elder, U. S. A., whose battery we so long supported, had a very fine horse shot under him at Hagerstown, July 6, 1863. Soon after some of his men found "Bess" concealed in a cellar. Her owner had run her into Maryland in advance of Lee's army. Elder rode her in place of the animal he had had killed. Major Hammond had a great fancy for her but could not induce Elder to sell her. Later she was stolen and Elder's Battery was ordered south to the "Olustee Cam-

paign." Elder gave Hammond the mare should he ever find her. We were in camp at Stevensburg, Va., and the Second Corps was marching by. I saw "Black Bess" ridden by an Adjutant General. We halted him and he dismounted and took off his saddle and Hammond took the mare. When he went home on recruiting service, he took her and black George, a gigantic negro we captured on Lee's retreat from Gettysburg, to Crown Point. Years afterward she had the horse distemper, which ran into blood poisoning, from the effects of which she had to be killed.

#### RESUME

In battle the horses often became as much excited as the riders, sometimes carrying them beyond where they wanted to go. This was the case with Pink. In several instances he was excited almost beyond control, consequently when we saw Hammond on his other horse we would all remark, that there was going to be a fight. They became attached to their riders and to each other, and often, without a rider, would keep their places in the ranks.

After six months' service a cavalry horse knows every bugle call and seems to partake of the hopes and fears of battle equally with his rider. When sabres are drawn and the troopers cheer, the horse fully responds. In the charge, if a volley comes and he is unhurt he will lower his head and toss it right and left. In charging infantry he will thunder straight at a man and knock him down, if against cavalry he will lift his head and forefeet as if going over a fence. A man seldom cries out when hit in the tumult of battle. A horse even with a foot shot off will not drop. He may be fatally wounded but he hobbles on or stands with drooping head until loss of blood brings him down. If he loses his rider and is not wounded himself, he continues with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but will not leave the field.

None of the horses like cannonading, though they might stand quietly under it. My horse would always shake his head as though the noise hurt his ears. The survivors seemed never to forget their war experience, martial music or cannonading always exciting them. There were 108 horses. We have only been able to obtain a history of about one-quarter of them, but all had a history worthy of being recorded. Many were killed on the battlefield, some died, and others gave out on our long raids and we were obliged to kill them to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

The longest march made by them in one day was seventy-one miles in twenty-one hours, June 12, 1863. They were almost continuously in action, making five separate charges en route. The march

(Please turn to page 36)

is Morgan. They get along. She is not broke to ride, but can be called from a range bunch and is so gentle.

## FAMOUS VERMONT MORGANS

(Concluded from page 24)

The Morrills seemed then to be the horses wanted and they crowded out the Morgans. They are called Morgans but they have as little resemblance to the Morgans as have the Clays and Hambletonians. In looks they would pass for Clays and Hambletonians. The Morrills did not prove first-class trotters, lacking the staying and lasting qualities of the Thoroughbred to carry their speed to the finish. They trotted the first heats best. "Draco" had a very easy way of going, something like a greyhound, and his stock were very free, easy, fine drivers.

The Morrills have been crowded out by the Lamberts and Hambletonians.

Where the Morgans were first bred, and where at one time the horses were all Morgans, it can be said there are few of the genuine type. It is believed by some that better specimens of the breed can be found west than where they were first bred.

As the breed sprung or descended from one horse it can be bred back from one horse. In breeding them back it is well to understand what shape and style horse is wanted—those like "Woodbury," the finest one of his day. The following is something of a description of a genuine Morgan of the "Woodbury" type:

They have very fine heads, wide between the eyes, and eyes very lively and prominent. Short from the eyes to the nose. Nostrils large, faces often dishing, ears short, thick and rounding, showing a strong constitution; neck arching, thick and heavy at the setting on at the body, breast wide apart, which made them so sure-footed, withers high and rounding, backs short and broad, hind parts rounded off smooth and handsome and heavy, corresponding well with the foreparts. Legs short and heavy, free from all hock unsoundness, hoofs the best for holding the shoe, the hair in the mane and tail thick, the hair in the mane rather long, and not as long in the tail as with some of the other breeds.

It was the custom to have the horses docked and pricked at one time and "Woodbury," "Gifford" and "Green Mountain" were.

There are horses that have a cross of a certain breed and if they trace on their sire's side to the head of the breed or family they are called that blood, whether they have any resemblance or not to the head of the family or his near descendants. Such are the Morrills and, in fact, the Lamberts. "Daniel Lambert" was a narrow, light-bodied horse with light limbs. He was made for speed. Can the white man's boat speed with the Indian canoe?

Can a genuine Morgan speed with a Lambert? "Lambert" had speed which he transmitted in a marked degree. This he inherited from both sire and dam. He took his characteristics largely from his Abdallah dam. His very nervous temperament came from her. "Old Abdallah" was so high-strung and such a kicker he never could be driven in harness and it was so with some of his get.

Some of the Lamberts have a very high-strung nervous temperament and are at times, as the saying is, "light behind."

## MORGAN HORSES IN CIVIL WAR

(Concluded from page 18)

was from Fairfax Court House to Haymarket, through Thoroughfare Gap, White Plains, Middleborough, Aldie, then down the east side of the Blue Ridge back to our camp at Fairfax.

## PRACTICAL GROOMING

(Concluded from page 22)

amount to repair the damage. This action helps to develop the muscles. If the strokes are made too quickly the blood has not time to get back to the place struck, the process of stimulation is interfered with, and the value of the action is lost. The horse should not be banged over the loins for fear of injuring the kidneys.

The grooming is finished off with the stable rubber, which helps to put a nice polish on the coat.

As regards the mane and tail, superficial mud and dirt are removed in the first place with the dandy brush. The mane and forelock are then cleaned with the body brush before doing the body with it. The tail, however, is often left to the last, that is to say, after the horse has been rugged up, because then there will be no chance of the horse catching cold when this is being done. Sometimes it will take twenty minutes or half an hour to brush out a tangled tail properly. It is better to brush out the tail with the body brush rather than the dandy brush, as the hard bristles of the latter are more likely to break up the hairs.

In an article such as this it is only possible to make a general survey of grooming, as each individual horse will need study and possibly slight modification of the general principles. Most rules have to be very elastic, because different circumstances alter cases to such a very large extent. One can go so far as to say that there is a right and wrong way of doing everything, but very often there are alternative ways of doing the same thing correctly. One thing should be remembered. No horse is well groomed that is not groomed quickly. To do this requires tact, regular routine, practice, energy and deftness.