

Chapter 1 : - The Affair at Honey Hill - Fleming, Berry

The Affair at Honey Hill is a tight and graphic narrative of human beings—“civilians and soldiers”—caught in the stress of war and defeat, ripe with the sounds and smells and textures of loves and battles, of opportunities lost and gained, and of hard moral decisions.

Union troops attacking the Confederate fort are indicated by blue rectangles. You have already heard, no doubt, that another expedition has been sent—“In this department, the object of which is to interrupt the Savannah and Charleston railroad, and, if possible, destroy it altogether.” In this affair the soldiers covered themselves with glory. Many who were wounded quite severely refused to go to the rear, but kept on fighting. Among them were the 10th U. S. There were delays, as fog and poor navigation sent some ships up the wrong stream. While Union forces marched and countermarched, Confederates dug into their earth and log fortifications on Honey Hill, a rocky ridge that blocked the road on which the expedition needed to travel. As Northern commanders marched their men forward into thick pine woods, they observed that their soldiers would have to charge over ground with only scattered pine scrub for shelter, and then cross a creek, where Confederates had destroyed the bridge. It soon became clear to all that Honey Hill was going to be a tough battle, as Rebel cannons on the hill began to shower the Federals with canister [1], and riflemen in trenches began to pick off those Yankees that they could spot through the trees. This photo shows six cannons of a Union artillery battery lined up in front of the large number of horses needed to haul the guns, ammunition and men. Continue clicking on the photo to view it at a larger size. The Library of Congress. Part of the unit was stationed behind the front lines to stop any Union soldiers attempting to straggle away to escape the fighting. As the assault stalled, and with Northern troops pinned down and running low on ammunition, the order was given to retreat. One battery of Union cannons had nearly been wiped out in the attack. Each cannon weighed around 2,000 pounds, and, with their ammunition and equipment, was normally pulled by a team of six horses. The commander of the expedition, General John Hatch, describes the repeated attempts of the officers and men of the 10th U. S. to pull the cannons back to Union lines: A detail of a company from the 10th U. S. Colored Troops was ordered to bring off the guns. Lindsay, commanding the company, was killed, and Lieut. Alvord was severely wounded. The command of the company devolved upon a sergeant, who did not understand the object of the advance, and failed to accomplish it. Bennett, 10th U. S. Colored Troops, with thirty men was detached for the same purpose, and executed it in the coolest and most gallant manner. Colonel Henry Chapman, commander of the 10th U. S., also singled out Lieutenant Bennett in his report of the action: Bennett was sent with his company to endeavor, if possible, to save the guns. Lieutenant Bennett, with thirty men, went forward fully a hundred yards in advance of our first line, and succeeded in bringing away the three guns. Too high praise cannot be awarded to Lieutenant Bennett for the gallant manner in which he led his men in that perilous enterprise, nor to his men who so faithfully followed their leader. Bennett who—“like all the officers of the 10th U. S.”—was white, received the Medal of Honor for his courage at the Battle of Honey Hill. None of his men were even considered for the honor, though their undeniable bravery was memorialized in army reports and newspapers. When fired from cannon, they burst in the air, producing a hail of shot.

Chapter 2 : Battle of Honey Hill - Wikipedia

The affair at Honey Hill. [Berry Fleming] -- This wintry tale, filled with wonderful stream-of-consciousness impressions, is set in December, , and follows middle-aged, Confederate enlisted-man Edwin Daws as he is wounded, taken prisoner.

The Battle of Honey Hill, S. November 30, Copyright , by Gary W. July 8th My Dear Mr. As to his command of that field on 30th Nov 64 there can be no doubt, as I heard it soon after the engagement from Captain L. That fact that the 47th Ga. Colcock was on that line in active direction of the engagement. My dear sir, Waldrons, July 19th In compliance with your letter of the 5th inst. At that time and in fact from June of that year Col. Colcock of the 3rd S. I regret that I have no copies. Colcock was on duty on Savannah River 50 or 60 miles from his Hd Qrs at Grahamville, and the number of troops very much reduced. I promptly informed Col. At the same time I requested Capt. I then called on Captain W: Earle then at Red Bluff for two pieces of his battery, which were sent. One piece arriving about nighffall and the other during the night. These pieces were under Lieut. Before leaving you ordered me to move Hd Qrs to the telegraph office at the depot and keep you informed from time to time during the night. A little before daylight Capt. The information I immediately reported to you and ordered Lieut. I reported to him all I had done and gave him all the information I was possessed of. He mounted one of my horses and was just going to the front when the train with General G. Smith and the troops under him arrived. Colcock told him that he had just reached there and was just going to the front. Captain DeSaussure and myself with Mr. Heywood, whose initials I regret i have forgotten, accompanying him. At the cross roads in the village near Dr. All of which we saw the next day. At any rate, the enemy thought proper to leave the road and by crossing an old field, and attaining a shorter road to their destination, avoid our fire. In this they were frustrated as our two guns poured a rapid fire of shells into their ranks and the field was set on fire. The wind being favorable and the grass dry the flames bore down rapidly and they were compelled to retrace their steps and continue the advance by the road. This they did slowly but steadily, receiving our fire with apparent indifference, except that they advanced very slowly. Falling back to our earthworks at Honey Hill, we found General Smith with his command at that point, the Beaufort Artillery manning the works in the road. Here it was that Col. I have often wondered that strange it was that so little has been written, so little credit given to the gallant few who gained so great a victory over such overwhelming numbers. I hope I have not written so much as to tire you, [you] will see that my recollections of the incidents leading up to and directly connected with this battle accords very nearly if not entirely with yours. I did not, nor had I orders to do so. I am positive that during Col. In conclusion, I will relate a little circumstance that impressed itself on me at the time and has never been forgotten. I was in command of the Pocotaligo Sub Dist. Do you remember anything about these dispatches? If you remember, hear, [or] recall anything relating to the events preceding the opening of the fight proper of which there is an admirable account by Gen.

Chapter 3 : "Covered Themselves with Glory" Seeking Michigan

*The Affair at Honey Hill [Berry Fleming] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Through the eyes of fifty-six-year-old Confederate soldier Edwin Daws, this novel explores the lives of human beings caught and ravaged by the Civil War.*

We wrote with the official dispatch of Gen. Smith before us, in which his modesty, which is equal to his merit, led us into error by withholding the true character of the contest and the real magnitude of the victory—for such it was, and, for the numbers engaged, one of the most brilliant and important of the war. It was clearly a movement on the part of the enemy to co-operate with Sherman; so large a force would never have been sent simply to cut the Charleston railroad, when the Yankees believed it to be defended only by a company of cavalry. Honey Hill is about two and a half miles east of the village of Grahamville, Beaufort District. On the crest of this where the road, or highway strikes it, is a semi-circular line of earthworks, defective though in construction, as they are too much for infantry and have little or no exterior slope. These works formed the centre of our line on Wednesday, whilst our left reached up into the pine lands without protection, and our right along a line of fence that skirts the swamp below the batteries. The enemy consisted of four regiments of whites and the same number of blacks. Prisoners, of which ten or twelve are in our possession, state that this force was commanded by Gens. Potter and Hatch; some of them say Gen. Foster was also present as chief of command. The negroes, as usual, formed the advance and had nearly reached the creek when our batteries opened upon them down the road with a terrible volley of spherical case. This threw them into temporary confusion, but the entire force, estimated at five thousand, was quickly restored to order and thrown into a line of battle parallel with our own, up and down the margin of the swamp. Thus the battle raged from 11 a. Their right was posted behind an old dam that ran through the swamp, and it maintained its position till the close of the fight. Our left was very much exposed and an attempt was once or twice made by the enemy to turn it by advancing through the swamp and up the hill, but they were driven back without a prolonged struggle. The centre and left of the enemy fought with a desperate earnestness. Several attempts were made to charge our batteries and many got nearly across the swamp, but were, in every instance, forced back by the galling fire poured into them from our lines. We made a visit to the field the day following and found the swamp and road literally strewn with their dead. Some eight or ten bodies were floating in the water where the road crosses, and in a ditch on the roadside just beyond, we saw six negroes piled one on top the other. A colonel of one of the negro regiments, with his horse, was killed whilst fearlessly leading his men across the creek in a charge. With that exception, all the dead and wounded officers were carried off by the enemy during the night. Many traces were left where they were dragged from the woods to the road and thrown into ambulances or carts. From all indications it is estimated that the loss of the enemy is fully five or six hundred. This is the lowest estimate we have heard. Many officers are of the opinion that their loss cannot be less than one thousand. Ours was eight killed outright and thirty-nine wounded, three or four mortally. The enemy fought to some disadvantage as they fired up hill and most of their shots ranged too high. Our infantry behaved with the greatest valor; throughout the protracted struggle there was little or no straggling, nearly every man standing firmly to his post of duty. The Georgia brigade was commanded by Col. Willis, whose behavior on the field is highly commendable. The Athens Battalion, under Maj. Cook, and Augusta battalion, Maj. Jackson stood manfully to their work. The South Carolina Artillery also acted most handsomely, and served their guns with the skill of veterans. Colcoak, whose conduct on the occasion is taken of as beyond all praise. Gonzales was an active participant in the fight, and might have been seen everywhere along the line posting the guns and encouraging the troops. So much for the battle of Honey Hill. The enemy were whipped long before its close, but they waited for night to save themselves from disaster, in their retreat. Soon after dark they made off with all possible speed, and, as the evidences show, with the wildest fright and confusion, Nearly everything was thrown away in their flight. The road and woods for miles was strowed with clothing of every description, canteens, cooking utensils, Etc. Any quantity of provisions, bottles of liquor, preserved meats, blankets, overcoats, etc. With the exception of shelling from their gunboats next day, which was harmless, nothing has

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been heard of them since their galling defeat and inglorious flight.

Chapter 4 : Battle of Honey Hill

The war has brought Daws back to Honey Hill Plantation, where, 18 years earlier, he had loved Julia, daughter-in-law of his employer. At the time, Julia's husband was fighting in the Mexican War.

Chapter 5 : Edgefield Advertiser " Honey Hill | Emancipation Project

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