

~~~~~  
PLEASE HANDLE  
WITH CARE

University of  
Connecticut Libraries



University of Connecticut  
Homer Babbidge Library  
Access Services/Circulation  
369 Fairfield Road Unit 1005  
Storrs CT 06269-1005  
Phone (860) 486-2518

hbl, stx

E 499.7.2dV

History of the Second connecticut



3 9153 00517046 1

E/499/.7/2d/V







P112  
750







**HISTORY**  
OF THE  
**SECOND CONNECTICUT**  
**Volunteer Heavy Artillery.**

ORIGINALLY THE NINETEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLS.

BY  
**THEODORE F. VAILL,**

*First Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

---

Arma virosque cano.

---



WINSTED, CONN.  
WINSTED PRINTING COMPANY.  
1868.



#### ERRATUM.

Page 258. In the list of Quartermaster Sergeants, instead of "George W. Kingsley," read Robert Erwin. George W. Kingsley should have been entered in the list of Commissary Sergeants.

TO THE MEN  
WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS IT RECORDS,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS INSCRIBED.



## CONTENTS.

|                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| CHAPTER I.                                                |     |
| Organization, Rendezvous, and Departure from Connecticut, | 9   |
| CHAPTER II.                                               |     |
| Under Slough's Command, . . . . .                         | 17  |
| CHAPTER III.                                              |     |
| In the Forts, . . . . .                                   | 25  |
| CHAPTER IV.                                               |     |
| The Change from Infantry to Artillery, . . . . .          | 43  |
| CHAPTER V.                                                |     |
| To the Front, . . . . .                                   | 47  |
| CHAPTER VI.                                               |     |
| Cold Harbor, . . . . .                                    | 57  |
| CHAPTER VII.                                              |     |
| Petersburg, . . . . .                                     | 69  |
| CHAPTER VIII.                                             |     |
| Washington, Snicker's Gap, and Washington Again, . . . .  | 80  |
| CHAPTER IX.                                               |     |
| Marching and Countermarching, . . . . .                   | 88  |
| CHAPTER X.                                                |     |
| Winchester, . . . . .                                     | 93  |
| CHAPTER XI.                                               |     |
| Fisher's Hill, . . . . .                                  | 102 |

|                                                                 |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| CHAPTER XII.                                                    |     |
| Cedar Creek, - - - - -                                          | 111 |
| CHAPTER XIII.                                                   |     |
| Petersburg Again, - - - - -                                     | 132 |
| CHAPTER XIV.                                                    |     |
| Fort Fisher, Capture of Petersburg, and Sailor's Creek, -       | 148 |
| CHAPTER XV.                                                     |     |
| The Dead of the Regiment, - - - - -                             | 166 |
| CHAPTER XVI.                                                    |     |
| The Surviving Wounded, - - - - -                                | 209 |
| CHAPTER XVII.                                                   |     |
| Official Report from March 1, 1864, to March 1, 1865, -         | 234 |
| CHAPTER XVIII.                                                  |     |
| Catalogue of the Regiment, - - - - -                            | 252 |
| CHAPTER XIX.                                                    |     |
| Battle Recollections and Personal Sketches, - - - -             | 319 |
| CHAPTER XX.                                                     |     |
| Statistics, Memoranda, Incidents, Anecdotes, Observations, &c., | 337 |
| CHAPTER XXI.                                                    |     |
| Lee's Surrender, and Excunt Omnes. . - - - -                    | 353 |



## P R E F A C E .

On the walls of many a parlor throughout the country hangs a picture which represents the General Marion of 1776 in his forest encampment, in the act of inviting a British officer to dine with him;—the point of the picture consisting in the fact that the General has nothing but roasted potatoes to set before his guest, whose astonishment thereat seems to be extreme. The sufferings of our Revolutionary sires whose bare feet left bloody tracks in the snow at Valley Forge, have also been the unfailing theme of Painters, Poets, Historians and Orators. If these be good precedents, (and they surely are,) they justify the following attempt to set forth, under the name of "History," the services of a regiment whose career was so crowded with greater deeds and experiences that no room has been found in this volume to tell of its bloody tracks, although the line of march from Hatcher's Run to Warren's Station was more than once marked with them;—nor of pinching want, although many a day was passed with far poorer fare than General Marion's.

Although it is to be hoped that this work will be of interest to the general public, at least to some extent, yet it has been prepared especially for the surviving members of the regiment and the imme-

diat friends of those who fell. If it shall prove acceptable to them, the object of its publication will be abundantly accomplished.

An effort has been made to procure the portraits of all the deceased officers of the regiment, (fourteen in number) for insertion; but without success. The four contained in the book are considered very correct likenesses,—especially those of Hosford, Berry and Knight.

To mention the names of all to whom the author is indebted for assistance in the collection of materials for this work would swell it beyond its prescribed limits. He can only spare a line to thank them for favors which merit a thousand. He desires, however, to express his great obligations to General C. M. Ingersoll, Adjutant General of Connecticut, and Captain James B. Coit, A. A. G., for various courtesies; and to Chaplain Winthrop H. Phelps, Assistant Surgeon Judson B. Andrews, Lieutenant Homer S. Curtis, Lieutenant Salmon A. Granger, and Quartermaster Sergeant Henry P. Milford for special acts of kindness appertaining to the work.

WEST WINSTED, CONN., September, 1868.

THE  
NINETEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

~~~~~  
CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION, RENDEZVOUS, AND DEPARTURE FROM CONNECTICUT.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

Immediately after the disastrous close of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign in 1862, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers. In pursuance of this call, Governor Buckingham, on the 3d of July, issued a proclamation urging the people of Connecticut to raise, at once, six or seven new regiments; and shortly afterward, the Adjutant General of the State addressed a circular to the selectmen of towns, recommending that meetings be held, and suitable persons selected for recruiting officers. Special town meetings were accordingly called; and on the 22d of July the people of "Mountain County" gave authoritative expression of their spirit and purpose in a County Convention at Litchfield, at which resolutions were unanimously passed declaring that *an entire regiment* should be raised within the county, and urging the several towns to offer a bounty of one hundred dollars to each volunteer. The Convention also unanimously recom-

mended Leverette W. Wessells for the Colonelcy, and requested the Governor to rendezvous the new regiment at Litchfield.

The project of raising the Nineteenth, thus fairly set on foot, was pushed forward with the utmost vigor. A bounty of one hundred dollars was offered by most, if not all, of the towns, and recruiting officers designated, who forthwith opened offices, and canvassed mountain and valley, field, factory, shop, highway and hedge, for recruits. The offer of a commission to any one who should enlist forty men proved a great incentive to effort, and every young man who contemplated enlisting was straightway beset with a persistent horde of rival drummers,—each armed with a persuasive tongue, and a marvelous list of inducements. Nine companies were soon filled to the maximum, and some of them had several to spare. Colonel Wessells received his commission on the 25th of July, and on the 13th of August issued a Circular directing all officers recruiting for the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers to bring their squads into camp at Litchfield on the 19th of August, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

On the appointed day the Litchfield Company assembled at the Town Hall. The gentlemen who composed it arranged themselves in two rows, each man standing so very erect that his spine described an inward curve, painful both to himself and the spectator; and having by much tuition been enabled to master the evolution known as “right face,” the procession proudly moved, with Captain Bissell at its head, to Camp Dutton, on Chestnut Hill, a mile east of the village,—so named in honor of Lieutenant Henry M. Dutton, of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, who had fallen at Cedar Mountain only ten days before. Upon arriving, they found a supply of bell-shaped tents awaiting them, which were soon pitched in regular

order, under the supervision of Luman Wadhams, who had seen service in the Eighth ; and before night the dwellers in the surrounding country, and far away on the hills, were bending their eyes toward the snow-white canvas that marked the first and only military encampment that had been seen within their borders since ancient times.

Major Elisha S. Kellogg, of the First Connecticut Artillery, who had been commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the new regiment, arrived the next day. He had come directly from McClellan's army, and the dust of the Peninsula and the mud of Harrison's Landing were still upon him. The smoke of battle seemed to be curling out of his eye-brows, and he looked—from the upturned visor of his cap to his spur-clad boots—the very embodiment of grim-visaged war. He visited the camp, and closely watched the movements of the men who were voluntarily drilling here and there, wherever an ambitious recruit, with an eye to straps or chevrons, could prevail upon his fellows to form a squad and go through evolutions that would have puzzled Casey or Upton. Although the men did not know him, yet they perceived that his face bore a command in it, and began to wonder who he was, and whether he had not something to do with the regiment. Their suspicions were reduced to a very absolute certainty when he stepped up to a man who was drilling with the stump of a pipe in his mouth, and said—with a look that rendered disobedience impossible, and a voice that made the squad wink as though they had been struck upon the head with the butt of a musket—"TAKE THAT PIPE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH, SIR." No shell ever left a mortar much more suddenly than that pipe was ejected from the mouth of the smoker.

On the 21st of August, seven Companies, with nearly seven

hundred men, marched into Litchfield, and after halting for refreshments at the Town Hall, where the ever patriotic ladies had lavishly provided for their entertainment, proceeded to camp. The following table shows the alphabetical designation of the Companies, the names of the principal recruiting officers, and the number of men furnished by the several towns* :

	RECRUIT'G OFFIC'RS		WHERE RAISED.
LITCHFIELD CO.	A	William Bissell, A. B. Shumway, C. B. Hatch,	Litchfield 63, Harwin- ton 10, Morris 7, Wash- ington 5, other towns 7.
SALISBURY CO.	B	Jas. Hubbard, F. A. Cooke,	Salisbury 43, Kent 24, Canaan 7, other towns 14.
GOSHEN CO.	C	James Q. Rice, W. T. Spencer,	Goshen 42, Torrington 34, other towns 12.
PLYMOUTH CO.	D	A. H. Fenn, W. H. Lewis, jr., Robt. A. Potter,	Plymouth 53, Watert'n 18, Harwinton 13, Bur- lington 1, Morris 1.
WINSTED CO.	E	Jeffrey Skinner, B. F. Hosford, H. D. Gaylord,	Winchester 62, Norfolk 16, Barkhamsted 5, oth- er towns 7.
NEW HARTFORD CO.	F	E. W. Jones, James Deane,	New Hart'd 30, Canaan 16, No. Canaan 19, Cole- brook 14, B'khamsted 9.
CORNWALL CO.	G	Lyman Teator, Gad N. Smith,	Sharon 41, Cornwall 34, other towns 15.
NEW MILFORD CO.	H	G. S. Williams,	New Milford 37, Wash- ington 21, Kent 21, War- ren 5, other towns 3.
WOODBURY CO.	I	Eli Sperry,	Woodbury 61, other towns 20.

Company I arrived on the 24th of August; and a few days later the commandants of the nine Companies were each required to furnish a quota for the formation of a tenth Com-
pany, (K,) which was thus made up of recruits from twenty-
five different towns.

* This table shows the strength of each company after its K quota had been transferred.

And so the NINETEENTH was encamped. In order to raise it, Litchfield County had given up the flower of her youth, the pride and hope of hundreds of her families; and they had by no means enlisted to fight for a superior class of men at home. There was no superior class at home. In moral qualities, in social worth, in every civil relation, they were the best that Connecticut had to give. More than *fifty* of the rank and file of the regiment subsequently found their way to commissions, and at least a hundred more proved themselves not one whit less competent or worthy to wear sash and saber, if it had been their fortune. It was the intelligent obedience, the soldierly bearing, the self respect, the faithfulness, the wounds and blood of the enlisted men of the Nineteenth Infantry, afterward the Second Artillery, that averted defeat or secured victory for the cause of the Union upon more than one desperate field, and that purchased stars for more than one pair of shoulders.

Camp Dutton was a beautiful spot, but no place for a regiment to learn its hard and ugly trade. Fond mothers and aunts raked the position with a galling and incessant fire of doughnuts, apples, butter, pies, cheese, honey, and other dainties not conducive to the suppression of the rebellion, and citizens thronged the streets and environs of the camp from morning till night. Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg was impatient at this state of things, and well he might be. The actual command had devolved on him from the first, (Colonel Wessells being occupied with matters appertaining to the organization and outfit of the regiment,) and he feared lest he should be called into fight with the men all innocent and raw as they were,—for Lee was in Maryland, and the rumbling of the storm that shortly afterward burst at Antietam and Sharpsburg could plainly be heard. Colonel Kellogg, though equal to any

emergency in the field, was not cruel enough to set brave and noble volunteers on a sharp-backed wooden horse, twenty hands high, in the presence of their sweethearts; and even when he invited Briggs, of B company, to carry a rail for several hours, for some offence that seemed slight in civil eyes, the tender hearted maidens were distressed, and said it was "too bad." (Briggs survived it, however, and survived every fight of the regiment, showing himself always a good soldier, and at length receiving promotion.) Indeed, no discipline was possible at Camp Dutton; and preparations for departure were made with all despatch. On the 9th of September every man was examined by the Surgeon to ascertain his physical qualifications for a soldier's life. Several were rejected, among whom was Albert A. Jones, of Company A, upon whom Dr. Plumb found some insignificant breach, which was disallowed by the regulations. Jones was terribly disappointed, and so were his comrades. They presented his case to Colonel Wessells, who conferred with the Doctor,—and great was the rejoicing in Company A when it was found that Jones could go; for he was a general favorite. He went, and never gave out, on drill or march, until a bullet pierced his breast and laid him dead at Cold Harbor.

There is a difference in men. The Nineteenth contained hundreds who, like Jones, would almost rather have died than stay at home; while only a few days before, Litchfield had witnessed the irruption of a vast horde of heroes who would rather have died than go. Great, strapping men, who before the war had always boasted of their bodily puissance, and who were never suspected, before or since, of having any other disease than a rush of pusillanimity to the heart, came limping and hobbling into town, and with touching earnestness inquired

for the office of Dr. Beckwith, who was dealing out certificates of exemption from military duty to the mob of cowards that day and night besieged his doors.

On the 10th of September the regiment marched to the village to receive an elegant stand of colors from Mrs. William Curtis Noyes, and to listen to a presentation address by her husband, then in the zenith of his power and fame. On the 11th, the regiment was mustered, by Lieutenant Watson Webb, into the service of the United States "for three years or during the war;" and on the 15th, having formed in line, and given three parting cheers for Camp Dutton, the long and firmly treading battalion, consisting of eight hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, moved to Litchfield Station, where a train of twenty-three cars stood ready to take them to New York. The journey was a continuous ovation. The deep interest everywhere felt in the Mountain County Regiment was attested by crowds of people at the stations and all along the railway, and by white handkerchiefs and white hands that waved us a farewell and a blessing from window and verandah and hilltop. The good people of Bridgeport and Stamford entered every car without ceremony and fortified the soldiers with melons and cakes and sandwiches, and with the last cup of real, civilized, cultivated, Connecticut coffee that they were to taste for months and years. The next day found us in Philadelphia, that noblest city of America, where we were treated like royal guests, as hundreds of other regiments had been, by the beneficence of her private citizens. At night we slept on the floor of the immense railway station at Baltimore, and the next night in the barracks at Washington, where the government insulted us with coffee that was viler than anything else in the world, except the unwashed cups that held it. On the 18th

we moved to Alexandria in transports, and bivouacked after dark just north of the city. The line wheeled into "column by company," and being informed that that would be their rest for the night, the tired men spread their blankets on the ground, and with their blue overcoats for a covering, and their knapsacks for pillows, were soon deeply and earnestly sleeping their first sleep on the "sacred soil," all unconscious of the rain that washed their upturned faces.



CHAPTER II.

UNDER SLOUGH'S COMMAND.

O, Blindness to the Future! kindly given
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.

Po: E.

"What are they going to do with us?" was the question in every man's mind the next morning, as soon as he was sufficiently awake to take his reckoning. Would an hour later find us *en route* for Harper's Ferry, to join McClellan's army, and take the place of those who had fallen at Antietam only forty-eight hours before,—or on board a transport, bound for Charleston, or the Gulf? Nobody knew. Out came pencils and rumpled paper from hundreds of knapsacks, and behold, a bivouac of reporters, all briskly engaged in informing friends at home that we had got so far, but there was no telling where we might be to-morrow. But the order which was to decide our fortunes for at least eighteen months had already been issued; and before night the regiment moved to a pleasant slope about a mile west of Alexandria, which had been selected for a permanent camp; and it was announced that we were attached to the command of General John P. Slough,* Military Governor of Alexandria, and that our first actual military service was to consist in doing patrol and picket duty in that

* Pronounced like "plow."

city. On the following day we received our first hard bread, and our arms and A tents ;—and the Nineteenth Connecticut thenceforth had a local habitation, as well as a name.

Yes, a *name*. Alexandria, under martial law ever since the breaking out of the war, had suffered unspeakable things from the troops, on duty in her streets, or quartered in her environs, and the Alexandrians had come to regard a soldier as a scoundrel, always and everywhere. But the Nineteenth Connecticut had not been a week in Virginia before the self-respecting good behavior of its men became the general theme, and the authorities were petitioned by the citizens—nearly all of whom were rebels—not to remove that regiment from Alexandria.

The arms were Enfield muskets. In process of time the men became acquainted with the nomenclature and functions of every part of the weapon, from bayonet to butt-plate, although at first it seemed wonderful how so awkward and inconvenient a tool could ever have been constructed. Emery paper and crocus cloth were soon brought to bear upon the bronzed barrels, and by the middle of October there were a good many men—the foremost of whom was Pendleton, of Company C,—who could use their “lockplate” or “upper band” for a looking-glass. The A tents were of linen, woven about as compactly as a sieve, and were intended for just five men, and no more ; and woe to the squad that contained a fat man, or one over six feet long—for somebody, or at least some part of somebody, must sleep out of doors. “Spoon-fashion” was the only possible fashion ; no man could make a personal revolution on his own axis without compelling a similar movement on the part of each of his tent-mates, and a world of complaint besides. Most of the days of that autumn were warm, and even hot ; but the chill of night would penetrate the bones of

the soldiers, and cause them to turn over and over from midnight until dawn, when each Company, without waiting for Reveille, would rally in a huddle on the long sheet-iron cook stove at the foot of the street, and endeavor to burn the pain out of their marrow-bones, while toasting their bread.

On the 23d of September a detail of five officers and seventy men relieved the patrol of the Thirty-third Massachusetts in Alexandria, and the same was daily furnished during the remainder of 1862. It was the duty of the patrol to move about the city in small squads, or stand guard at theatres and certain other places, and arrest all soldiers who could not produce passes, or who were in mischief, and bring them to the Provost Marshal's office, whence they were usually escorted to the "Slave Pen" in Duke Street,—a horrible den, with the following sign in large letters over the door: "PRICE & BURCH, DEALERS IN SLAVES." It had a large room or yard, about fifty feet square, with windowless brick walls fifteen or twenty feet high, a door of iron bars, and no floor except the earth. It had been one of the chief institutions of Alexandria, and any urchin could direct a stranger to the "Slave Pen" as readily as a New York boy can point out the City Hall. This was the place where, only two years before, black men, women, and children had been herded together by their masters while awaiting a sale. It had been a very safe place for a Virginian to keep his happy and contented property over night, and it was now equally safe for stragglers, deserters, bounty-jumpers, and drunken soldiers, who could sleep as securely there as lambs in a fold, without the least fear that wicked men would break in and hurt them. It must not be supposed, however, that all who found it necessary to lodge there were hard cases. By no means. Indeed it was no uncommon thing even for

Captains of the Nineteenth to be obliged to go and extract some of their men from the Slave Pen, who had found their way there in some unaccountable manner.

Besides the patrol, the regiment was required to furnish a large detail for picket in the suburbs, and to perform a full list of exhausting drills and severe camp duties. If Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg had certainly known that we were to remain for a year and a half within sight of Alexandria, he would have been at that time less exacting;—but he realized the constant *liability* of being ordered at any moment to the extreme front, and into action; and he deemed it his most imperative duty to fit his command for such a contingency. Consequently the men were made to feel his unremitting and inexorable pressure, from Reveille until Tattoo, and even all night. Guard Mounting, Company Drill, Battalion Drill, Dress Parade, Inspection, burying dead horses that ornamented the landscape far and wide, and Policing acres of ground, were some of the entertainments to which the soldier was invited as soon as relieved from picket or patrol; and if he neglected to hear the drummer's call, the officer of the day would be very likely to extend him a very pressing invitation to participate in the evolutions of an "Eleventh Company." The writer of this history once served in the "Eleventh Company," under Captain Ells, and has a lively recollection of the peculiar tactics employed in the organization and discipline of that interesting body of troops. Captain Ells, with a sash over his shoulder, looked into one of the tents of Company A, where sat the writer, burnishing his musket for Guard Mounting on the morrow, in the hope of being selected by Adjutant Deming as one of the orderlies for the day. The following conversation ensued:

Captain Ells. Have you been excused from battalion drill?

Ans. Yes, sir.

Capt. By whom?

Ans. First Sergeant Kilbourn, sir.

Capt. Report at my quarters with your musket immediately.

The order was obeyed with greater cheerfulness than if Captain Ells' purpose had been suspected. Some twenty or thirty innocent and wondering soldiers congregated in front of the tent of Captain Ells,—who, instead of asking them to take a drink, actually ordered them to "fall in," and then marched them down to the parade ground, where Colonel Kellogg was drilling the battalion.

Col. Kellogg. Is this the Eleventh Company, Captain Ells?

Capt. Ells. Yes, sir.

Col. Kellogg. Skulkers! Dodgers! Take 'em down there and give 'em H—L!

The prescription was administered. Captain Ells, having stationed himself in the center of an imaginary rectangle, caused his company to describe the said rectangle, by marching, filing left, then marching, then filing left, then march, then file left, then march, then file left again; then Double Quick,—March! File left,—March! Right about,—March! Close up there, you man! Right about,—March! File right,—March! Keep hold of the shank of your bayonet, sir! File right,—March! Right about,—March! File left,—March! Company-y-y-y-y-y——— Halt! Front! Right, Dress! Front! Order-r-r Arms! Place, Rest! (and then, almost before the butts of the muskets had touched the ground,) Tenshun, Company! der-r-r, Arms! Right Face! Double Quick,—March!—and so on for two hours. The marching by the left flank was not so hard, because the corporal on the

left understood how to double-quick on a kind of moderate dog-trot; but Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) McCabe, who was on the right, in white canvas shoes, seemed to think it necessary to go on a full run; and by the time the drill was over, the Eleventh Company looked and felt as though they had been through a forced march of thirty miles.

From the soft beds and regular habits of Connecticut homes to the hard ground, severe duties, irregular sleep, bad food and worse water of a Virginia camp, was a change that could not be made without loss of health and life. Measles and Mumps began to prevail; Rheumatism made the men lame, Chronic Diarrhœa weakened them, Typhoid Fever fired their blood, and Jaundice painted their skins and eyeballs yellower than saffron. Two hospital tents were soon filled to overflowing, and an African Church near by was appropriated as a Regimental Hospital; while the "Sick Call" brought to the Surgeon's quarters a daily increasing crowd, who desired medical treatment or an excuse from duty. The first death—that of Daniel E. Lyman, of Company C,—occurred on the 2d of November. Corporal Frederick B. Webster, of D Company, followed him on the 6th, and Arthur G. Kellogg, of C Company, on the 10th; and by New Year the number had increased to seventeen. Some of them were embalmed and sent home, and some buried in the Soldiers' Cemetery in the southern edge of the city, with military honors; which consisted of an escort of their comrades, with reversed arms, a roll of muffled drums, the mournful "Pleyel's Hymn" tremulously executed upon the fife, and a salute fired over the grave; with sometimes a prayer from the Chaplain, and sometimes without.

Complaints of all kinds began to find their way to Connecticut. Nearly or quite every man in the regiment could handle

a pen and give an opinion ;—although pens and opinions are things which (according to the Regular Army notion) private soldiers have no use for. More frequent passes and less rigorous discipline and routine would probably have *increased* the sickness rather than diminished it ; still, it is not strange that some of the hundreds of letters which left camp daily should have made trouble at home. Charges of harsh treatment and neglect of the sick appeared in the newspapers ; whereupon Colonel Wessells wrote* to Governor Buckingham, requesting him to send a committee to inspect the condition of the regiment. Six days thereafter Dr. S. T. Salisbury, of Plymouth, arrived† at regimental headquarters, with credentials from the Governor. Colonel Kellogg requested him to scrutinize closely. “There are our jurors,” said he, pointing to the men. “Enter their quarters and question them. We will abide by their decision.” Dr. Salisbury upon his return to Connecticut made a report which exonerated the officers from blame. He said that no New England village could surpass the camp in neatness, and that everything possible was being done for the welfare of the men. He found the wives of Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg and Major Smith devotedly assisting in the care of the sick ; and General Slough informed him that the Nineteenth Connecticut was the best conducted regiment in all that region.

Colonel Wessells, having been taken ill soon after reaching Alexandria, was confined at King Street Hospital during the greater part of the fall, and went home about New Year, on a two months’ leave of absence ; so that Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg had almost uninterrupted command from the time the regiment left Connecticut until the following April.

*November 10, 1862.

†November 16, 1862.

Thus the autumn of 1862 passed away, with its varied experiences of things pleasant and unpleasant. Among the latter were a furious snow storm,* a manufactured night scare† and march out on the pike, an occasional punitive double-quick drill in the mud, an arrest of eighteen of the Mount Riga boys (of B Company) for stealing a whole beef, a mysterious upsetting of a sutler's shanty, and an unrelishable order requiring the men to wear leathern "dog-collars." A portion of the picket detail was relieved by the One Hundred and Fifty-third New York on the 3d of November, and the condition of the of the regiment was gradually improved in various ways. The A tents gave place to Sibleys,‡ which the men soon found means to floor with boards; dress coats were issued,§ frequent boxes of good things were received from home, (the catables being sometimes damaged by the long journey,) and the sick were sent to hospitals in Alexandria. Company A was sent into the city and quartered at the foot of Duke Street, on the 15th of November, to guard government stores, where it remained until about New Year, when the regiment was transferred to General Robert O. Tyler's command, which now consisted of the Nineteenth Connecticut, First Connecticut Artillery, Fourteenth Massachusetts, and a New York regiment, and was entitled the "Military Defences of Alexandria."

*Nov. 7, 1862.

†Dec. 29.

‡Nov. 9.

§Oct. 25.



CHAPTER III.

IN THE FORTS.

Above low scarp, and turf-grown wall,
They watched the fort flag rise and fall.

TENT ON THE BEACH.

As fell the walls of ancient Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn, leaving the inhabitants thereof defenceless before their enemies, so did the third tap of Hicks Seaman's drum bring down* the sixty stately Sibleys of the old camp ground in rear of Alexandria; and troops of huge old rats, that had long burrowed and rioted in luxury under the tent floors, learned to their dismay that army life is subject to very unexpected changes, and that rats and soldiers can never tell when some merciless invader will say, "Down goes your house!" (I trust I may not be blamed for using army phrases in this history, even though they be deficient in dignity. Out of the rough companionships of the camp, the travail of march, and the throes of battle, is born a dialect, perhaps not elegant, but so *vigorous* as to entitle it to respect and recognition at the hands of the historian who attempts to set forth the details of army life.) The regiment moved up the Leesburg Pike, passed Fairfax Seminary, and encamped among the stumps a few rods from the abbattis of FORT WORTH. The liability of an imme-

* January 12, 1863.

diate call to the front was now so far diminished that there was a very noticeable relaxation of military rigor. Dress Parade, Guard Mounting, and Camp Guard were for some days the only disciplinary duties required, and great was the enjoyment afforded by the respite. Stumps were to be cleared away, and ditching and draining done for a camp and parade ground; and the change from constant duty under arms to chopping, grubbing, and digging fresh earth, was extremely grateful and beneficial. True, the month of January witnessed a greater mortality than any other of the entire twenty months passed in the "Defences;" but it was the result of disease previously contracted. The improved and improving condition of the regimental health is shown in the record of deaths for 1863, which is as follows:

January, - - - - -	16	July, - - - - -	0*
February, - - - - -	5	August, - - - - -	1
March, - - - - -	3	September, - - - - -	3
April, - - - - -	5	October, - - - - -	3
May, - - - - -	1	November, - - - - -	2
June, - - - - -	1	December, - - - - -	2

The Surgeons had gained skill from experience in army practice—which is a very different thing from the practice of civil doctors; and the men had not only become more thoroughly acclimated, but had learned how to take care of themselves and minister to their own comfort by a thousand little arts and contrivances that are begotten of the ingenuity of soldiers, and the necessities of camp life.

Fort Worth was a neat little earthwork, situated about a

* July, 1863, was the only month of the entire three years in which no death occurred.

quarter of a mile in rear of Fairfax Seminary, overlooking the broad valley of Hunting Creek, and the Orange and Alexandria Railway, and mounting some twenty-four guns of all kinds—Rodman, Parrott, Whitworth, 8-inch Howitzers, and iron and Cohorn mortars. Here began our *artillery* service; and for many months the Nineteenth, although an infantry regiment, performed garrison duty in this and half a dozen other forts and redoubts in the vicinity,—thereby attaining a proficiency in artillery that eventually won the “red,” and would doubtless have been effective at the front if such service had ever been required of us. But it was not so to be. The only foes that ever drew the fire of guns manned by this regiment were harmless targets, planted on the hillside a couple of miles away. (Know, gentle “civil” reader, that when a soldier speaks of *guns*, he means, not muskets or carbines, but those great pieces of ordnance that sink ships and batter down walls and towers.) It was pleasant to witness the prompt execution of such commands as “From Battery! Load by Detail! *Load!*——In Battery! Point! *Fire!*”—and then to hear a 24-pounder shot “*spang*” and sque-e-eal away over the intervening valley, and to see it announce its arrival by knocking a hole in the bull’s eye, or by striking the ground and throwing a considerable portion of some rebel gentleman’s farm into the air; and it was very delightful to see an 8-inch shell jump from its mortar into the sky, and spin along like some devilish iron planet, every moment lessening on the eye, until it seemed a mere buck-shot, yet most audibly whizzing and spitting its wrath when up in the very clouds, until at last, having described an immense semi-circle, it dug its own grave and buried itself several feet deep in the earth. Many excellent shots were made—but the painted enemy never returned the fire.

It must not be supposed that the relaxation in disciplinary rigor, of which I have spoken, was carried so far or continued so long as to engender habits of idleness. Oh no! If we had escaped the toilsome night duty in Alexandria, it was only to find that Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg's genius was able to provide other ways of keeping us in perpetual motion. Orders were soon issued requiring knapsacks to be worn at Dress Parade and Guard Mounting; then overcoats had to be "neatly rolled and strapped upon the knapsacks;" then came white gloves; and next, brass shoulder-scales, which were declared to be the crowning "poppycockery" of a miserable despotism. Swearing increased. Every stump within a mile was chipped off for firewood at least three successive times, until the thing was literally run into the ground; the wooden horse near the guard house sometimes carried double, quadruple, sextuple; the neighboring barrel was often surmounted by some gentleman who was permitted from that elevated stand-point to contemplate the beauties of stringent discipline; the stupidity of some right or left guide frequently punished the whole battalion with a "double-quick,"—the memory of which will ever be painful; the men came in from drill with eyes, noses, mouths, ears, teeth and hair full of dust, and their rations, as well as themselves, were gritty for a week thereafter; the more improvident gambled all their money away, or ate it up in villainous sutler's pies, so that they had nothing coming on pay day,—and many other things conspired with these to detract in some degree from the felicity of camp life at Fort Worth. And yet there were many comforts and pleasures even there. An occasional rain or snow storm of twenty-four hours' duration was anything but a calamity to the dwellers in those snug Sibley cones, for it brought relief from drill, a reduction

of camp guard, undress parade, and plenty of time to write, sleep, or eat, according to the various tastes or fancies of the soldiers. Three feet of snow outside was sure to cause unusual happiness within. Those who could sing organized themselves into choirs, and almost burst their lungs over Greenville, Coronation, Old Easter Anthem, and "I have set watchmen upon thy walls." Those who liked literature and poetry got up readings from Shakspeare. Others kept their bunks and slept—long and sweetly. Others blued their sights, or shellacked their stocks. Others wrote letters. Others growled. Others baked and ate pancakes—

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve."

And others, if we remember rightly, played cards. Thus, with the help of mirth and song and jest, an occasional pass or furlough, a snow-ball fight or a foot-ball chase, was the winter survived. After the middle of March a large number of men were daily sent to load cars with wood, several miles out on the Orange and Alexandria Railway, and each man always brought home a stick on his shoulder, so that firewood was no longer dug out of stumps. On the 13th of April orders were received from General Heintzelman, the commander of the Department of Washington, directing the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers to be provided with shelter tents and seven days' cooked rations, and to be held in readiness to march. The regimental pulse was instantly quickened. Troops were hourly passing, on their way to join Hooker's army, and the command to "fall in" and take the "route step" in the same direction was hourly expected. Superfluous property was disposed of, and bushels of letters despatched northward. Captain Bissell, quite as much excited as any of his men, gave

an enormous ham to a squad in Company A, with much the same liberality wherewith a death-doomed voyager flings his gold and jewels about the cabin of a sinking ship. But army life is full of various surprises. Troops sometimes unexpectedly go, and sometimes unexpectedly stay. Not only that April, but the next April also, left us still in the Defences of Washington.

It was impossible that these soldiers, who had so recently been citizens, and who proposed—if they lived through the war—to become citizens again, should not be intensely interested in the political affairs of the country, and especially of their own State. Every intelligent man among them knew that the political and the military issues then before the country were one and inseparable; and as the Connecticut State election* approached, the regiment seemed to resolve itself into political conventions and conferences, wherein the situation was earnestly discussed. The Democratic State Convention† had just passed resolutions in favor of an immediate abandonment of the war—declaring that the rebellion could not be put down by fighting—denouncing the Militia Bill that had recently been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Wilson as unconstitutional, and calling on the States to resist its execution. This action, so evidently intended to strengthen the rebels, aroused a most vehement indignation among both officers and men in the regiment, which soon found expression in the following Appeal, which was published in the “Litchfield Enquirer,”‡ and extensively copied in other newspapers of the State :

* The election of April, 1863.

† At Middletown, Ct., Feb. 18.

‡ March 12, 1863.

“AN APPEAL TO THE MEN OF CONNECTICUT.

“We, the undersigned, members of the Nineteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, have been called from our homes to fight for the preservation of the liberties of our country, and are thus cut off from all participation in political affairs. Nevertheless, we have as deep an interest in the welfare of our State as any of you who have remained at home. We have taken up arms for your protection, and in your stead; and being deprived, by reason of absence, of the privilege of voting, we send you this appeal, as an expression of our sentiments in regard to the issues involved in the coming State election.

“When the attack on Fort Sumter inaugurated the great rebellion, the traitors of the North hid themselves in alarm from before the resistless torrent of patriotic enthusiasm that threatened to overwhelm them; but they did not give over the hope of seeing the government destroyed, and of aiding in its overthrow. They knew that the flood-tide of patriotism would ebb—that taxation and distress and bereavement would cause many to care more for present than enduring peace—that the hardships of a soldier’s life would cause discontent in the army; *and they counted on these results*, and on everything that is selfish and sordid in human nature, as helps to their infernal schemes. Whenever the cause of the country has seemed bright, these men have been silent, and have worked against us in secret; and when disaster has come upon our armies, they have crawled out of their holes, like snakes in sunshine, to bask their spotted skins, and exult over rebel successes! They have only been biding their time, *and now they think their time has come*. In Connecticut they have recently given expression to their purposes by the nomination of Thomas H. Seymour for Governor, *and in resolutions adopted*

by their recent State Convention, which are nothing less than aid and comfort to the enemy in front of us.

"In a letter published in the "Hartford Times" in July last, Thomas H. Seymour made use of the following language :

"I follow in no crusade for the subjugation and consequent humiliation and overthrow of the South, neither will I contribute in any way to the accomplishment of such bloody purposes. The monstrous fallacy of the present day that the Union can be restored by destroying any part of the South, is one which will burst with the shells that are thrown into its defenceless cities."

"Men of Connecticut ! did you bid us go forth to face danger and death only that the State which we call our home might fall into the hands of such men as Thomas H. Seymour ? Did you encourage us by your bounties, your banners, your words and deeds, to leave home, friends, *everything*, to fight Southern rebels, only that we might look back and see foes not less malignant, and not less dangerous, assailing us from behind ? We pray you not to crush our resolution, and palsy our arms, by electing for your Governor, *and ours*, a man who hopes for our defeat and humiliation !

FORT WORTH, Va., March 3, 1863.

(Signed,)

B. D. Lee, Quartermaster. B. H. Camp, Sergeant Major.

COMPANY A.

Lieut. A. B. Shumway,	Corp. C. W. Hinsdale,
1st Sergt. D. C. Kilbourn,	Russell Curtiss,
Sergt. Joseph P. Parks,	Samuel Gunn,
Sergt. G. B. Hempstead,	Leonard O. Bradley,
Sergt. C. B. Hatch,	Willard J. Watrous,
Corp. George W. Mason,	William S. Smith,
Corp. Henry T. Cable,	Joseph D. Bradley,
Corp. Henry Scoville,	Apollos C. Morse,

Theodore F. Vaill,	Edwin F. Perkins,
John S. Bishop,	Edward S. Hempstead,
Albert A. Jones,	Robert W. Coe,
George W. Potter,	Frederick T. Fenton,
Leonard C. Bissell,	Howard W. Baldwin,
George D. Stone,	Henry H. Catlin,
Lewis Bissell,	Norman B. Barber,
Myron E. Kilbourn,	Thomas W. Beach,
Jackson Tompkins,	Julius Winship,
Charles Merriman,	Charles Adams, Jr.,
William H. Hull,	George N. Hannahs,
Henry G. Gibbs,	E. Goodwin Osborne,
Silas M. Griswold,	Nelbert P. Newberry,
Hiram Bradley,	Franklin M. Bunnell.

COMPANY B.

Sergt. James Parks,	Henry Burgess,
Jacob F. Rapp,	C. B. Benedict,
Carl Volusen,	Henry Voelker.
James Gibbons,	

COMPANY C.

Capt. James Q. Rice,	George D. Bentley,
Lieut. William F. Spencer,	Edward M. Dunbar,
Lieut. William H. Sanford,	George C. Stewart,
1st Sergt. W. McK. Rice,	David C. Munson,
Sergt. J. P. McCabe,	Harrison Whitney,
Sergt. M. Henry Huxley,	Milo F. Barber,
George R. Hyde,	Alonzo Smith,
John R. Blakeslee,	George W. Newcomb,
Orson M. Miner,	William H. Beach,
O. R. Fyler,	Homer W. Griswold,
Uri M. Wadhams,	Avery F. Miner,
W. E. McKee,	James M. Benton,
Fred Barber,	Ed. C. Huxley,
V. R. Bissell,	C. F. North,
Fred A. Lucas,	William W. Hyde,

H. S. Eldridge,
Cyrus Bartholomew,
George W. Cleaveland,
Erastus Cleaveland,
Philo Cleaveland,
C. J. Soudant,
A. B. Cleaveland,
E. M. Balcom,

William L. Adams,
Royal Stone,
Henry L. Vaill,
W. N. Wadhams,
Henry H. Ives,
Avery M. Allyn,
James Moran.

COMPANY D.

Capt. William B. Ells,
Lieut. W. H. Lewis, Jr.,
Lieut. Robert A. Potter,
Sergt. Edgar B. Lewis,
Sergt. Horace Hubbard,
Corp. Emory B. Taylor,
Corp. D. B. Wooster,
Corp. Salmon B. Smith,
Corp. Samuel Brown,
Corp. James McCormick,
John Murphy,
William H. Whitelaw,
Philo Fenn,
N. W. Barnes,
C. I. Hough,
Charles Bryan,
Hiram Mattoon,
Henry N. Bushnell,
A. P. Clark,
Justin O. Stoughton,
Albert J. Hotchkiss,
George T. Cook,
Swift McG. Hunter,
George H. Bates,
Charles E. Guernsey,

Charles Warner,
William C. Atwood,
John S. Atwood,
Edward C. Hopson,
James A. Beach,
Harvey Bronson,
Franklin W. Hubbard,
B. S. Brown,
Hiram T. Coley,
Edgar J. Castle,
Lewis Munger,
Benjamin Filley,
Martin H. Camp,
James Straun,
David Davenport,
Charles W. Talcott,
George Beach,
Ira H. Stoughton,
William Liudley,
C. R. Warner,
William Weston,
William Wright,
David A. Bradley,
Simon O'Donnell.

COMPANY E.

Lieut. C. D. Cleveland,	Edward F. Carrington,
1st Sergt. H. D. Gaylord,	Warren M. Wood,
Sergt. O. J. Smith,	Hubbard E. Tuttle,
Sergt. H. Skinner,	James Baldwin,
Sergt. George White,	Henry Pine,
Sergt. S. A. Granger,	Edward Beach,
Corp. Mason Adkins,	Henry Rexford,
Corp. Ruel H. Perkins,	Darwin S. Starks,
Corp. David Miller,	Theodore Robbins,
Corp. C. A. Reynolds,	Edwin Downs,
Jerome Preston,	Manwaring Green,
William H. Hubbard,	Walter Martin,
Lucius S. Skinner,	Sherman H. Cowles,
Frederick M. Cooke,	Frederick F. Daniels,
William H. Seymour,	Wallace W. Woodruff,
James A. Greene,	Adam J. Dilly,
Stephen W. Sage,	Julius Woodford,
William S. Cooper,	Herman L. Moore,
Adam Feathers,	Sherman Apley,
R. B. Thayer,	Timothy A. Hart,
George A. Tatro,	Joseph Pettitt,
C. M. Burr,	Henry C. Kent,
E. R. Canfield,	Elizur Maltby,
Lewis Downs,	Wells Tuttle.

COMPANY F.

Capt. E. W. Jones,	Corp. William G. Henderson,
Lieut. O. P. Loomis,	Corp. E. D. Lawrence,
Lieut. James Deane,	Orville D. Tiffany,
1st Sergt. W. Alford,	Jesse Turner,
Sergt. Samuel E. Gibbs,	Harvey Tucker,
Sergt. Alfred E. Alford,	William H. Colt,
Sergt. William L. Twiss,	Henry C. Merrill,
Sergt. Carlton Seymour,	George W. Warren,
Corp. Thomas B. Spencer,	George Munson,
Corp. Ruel S. Rice,	Allen B. St. John,

George L. Fairchild,
 Ephraim Tucker,
 Seth F. Haskin,
 Joseph Neal,
 William G. Gardner,
 J. L. Merrill,
 Ira D. Jones,
 Horace Calkins,
 J. N. Tyler,
 Edwin R. Mitchell,
 John W. Shaw,
 Charles H. Mitchell,
 Albert F. Bradley,
 George Simons,
 Elisha L. Bancroft,

John C. Weeks,
 John H. Batterman,
 A. G. Henderson,
 H. J. Benham,
 Edward H. Roys,
 Philander Emmons,
 Horatio G. Eggleston,
 Daniel Ryan,
 William Burke,
 George N. Andrus,
 Homer D. St. John,
 Patrick Ryan,
 John Carroll,
 Joseph McManus,
 C. A. Baker.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Edward F. Gold,
 Lieut. J. M. Gregory,
 1st Sergt. Michael Kelly,
 Sergt. Gad N. Smith,
 Sergt. Henry S. Deane,
 Sergt. Silas A. Palmer,
 Corp. William S. Shepard,
 Corp. Henry P. Milford,
 Corp. Joseph B. Payne,
 Corp. Charles P. Traver,
 Corp. Charles Ingersoll,
 Henry Peck,
 William H. Ingraham,
 William Clinton,
 Elmore E. Waldron,
 Charles Ring,
 F. D. Holmes,
 Wesley L. Holmes,
 Edmund E. Hoffman,
 John O. Doherty,

George W. Brague,
 Thomas Sherman,
 Nelson Clark,
 Josiah B. Corban,
 George V. Capron,
 James B. Capron,
 David Kimball,
 Charles R. Swift,
 Frederick V. Shepard,
 George L. Jones,
 Miles E. Dean,
 Matthew P. Bell, Jr.,
 Alfred L. Benedict,
 George W. Studley,
 William Young,
 G. D. Palmer,
 Frederick Butler,
 Patrick Troy,
 Lewis Sawyer,
 Ralph Miner,

Elisha Soule,
George W. Page,
James H. Van Buren,
Charles J. Reed,
Benjamin F. Bierce,

Henry Shadt,
John Chase,
Charles Smith,
Rufus S. Frink.

COMPANY H.

Capt. George S. Williams,
Lieut. E. W. Marsh,
Lieut. F. M. Berry,
1st Sergt. D. E. Marsh,
Sergt. R. C. Loveridge,
Sergt. Charles F. Anderson,
Sergt. Homer S. Curtiss,
Sergt. Henry C. Noble,
Corp. Benjamin F. Dunham,
Corp. Ed. F. Lyon,
Corp. David E. Soule,
Corp. Lewis W. Mosher,
Corp. Henry R. Hoyt,
Corp. Horace E. Jones,
Corp. I. C. Buckingham,
Corp. Minor E. Strong,
Sheldon Fox,
Andrew E. Bailey,
William E. Disbrow,
Franklin Nichols,
Joseph S. Knowles,
John F. Williams,
Reuben H. Sherwood,
Charles A. Way,
Henry C. Straight,
Oliver B. Evitts,
Hobert H. Reed,
Alfred Cable,
George H. Potter,
Daniel T. Somers,

Seth N. Taylor,
Gustavus H. Black,
Frank J. Warner,
Russell B. Camp,
Sheldon Clark,
Horatio S. Hoyt,
George D. Potter,
Henry S. Gridley,
Orlo H. Buckingham,
Homer S. Sackett,
Austin R. Humphrey,
John Harrington,
Ira S. Bradley,
Burr Williams,
Henry A. Burton,
Frederick J. Logan,
Anson B. Nichols,
William H. Thompson,
George Chamberlain,
Uriah F. Snedeker,
Alanson Peet,
Lewis S. Young,
Stephen Snedeker,
Elroy S. Jennings,
Daniel G. Marshall,
Charles W. Jackson,
Jerome Johnson,
Hiram Cable,
Francis L. French,
William E. Canfield,

George S. Erwin,
 Horace N. Sanford,
 Cyrus Howland,
 Henry Fry,
 Lewis St. John,

Edgar W. Calhoun,
 Alfred N. Whittlesy,
 Edward E. Thompson,
 Loren Peet.

COMPANY I.

Lieut. W. W. Birge,
 Lieut. Walter Burnham,
 1st Sergt. J. M. Bradley,
 Sergt. W. J. Orton,
 Sergt. M. D. Smith,
 Sergt. George Bradley,
 Corp. Benjamin Wellman,
 Corp. Charles Bottsford,
 H. S. McKinney,
 Charles T. Squire,
 Bela Potter,
 C. H. Fogg,
 F. F. Kane,

F. C. Hard,
 J. J. Rogers,
 George Judson,
 Ira Thomas,
 C. Deforest,
 I. Briggs,
 G. Deforest,
 D. Northrop,
 F. M. Miner,
 D. Taylor,
 S. Hayes,
 H. Northrop,
 C. Seeley.

COMPANY K.

Capt. Edward O. Peck,
 Lieut. Aug. H. Fenn,
 Lieut. James N. Coe,
 Sergt. Oscar Platt,

Corp. Sidney A. Law,
 Corp. Thomas P. Tompkins,
 James W. Johnson.

This Appeal was drawn up and circulated by the private soldiers, and not by the officers. Many more, who never saw it until it appeared in print, would have affixed their names but for the haste with which it was forwarded to Connecticut. Its appearance caused great alarm among those who desired the overthrow of the Union army; one of whom—George C. Hitchcock, of New Preston—sent to the regiment the following document, in the hope of obtaining signatures :

"We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we never signed, or authorized our names to be signed to the Petition from the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers, printed in the "Litchfield Enquirer" of March 12, 1863."

This paper received no signatures. Another disloyal citizen—one Carrington, of Colebrook—also prepared the following letter, and sent it to Private George Simons, of Company F, expecting to have it signed and returned for publication :

"TO A. E. BURR, EDITOR HARTFORD TIMES—DEAR SIR: Permit me to state that there has been a paper circulated through the Nineteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, for the purpose of defeating Thomas H. Seymour as candidate for Governor of Connecticut. Through false representations I was induced to sign said paper. I regret what I have done, and now say were I in my native town I should most cheerfully vote for Seymour, believing the interests of the soldiers and the country will be advanced by his election. I am convinced that I speak the sentiments of many of my fellow soldiers in arms who have been duped to sign the paper.

Signed, _____"

Instead of signing this letter, Simons declared that he would like to shoot the man who sent it to him. Indeed, no one who could have heard the shouts of joy that rang through the camp at the announcement of the re-election of Governor Buckingham, would ever have hoped to induce the Nineteenth Connecticut to fight on the side of the rebellion.

On or about the 28th of March, Colonel Aiken, of Connecticut, visited camp, and spent an hour or more with Colonel Wessells and Major Smith, at the quarters of the latter. Shortly afterward, it became known that leaves of absence were to be granted to ten officers, and furloughs to ninety men, for nine days,—or until after the Connecticut election; and each Company commander was requested to select ten

from his Company for this purpose, and to furnish a list of their names, to be forwarded to Washington, and embodied in an order. Some of the Captains were war democrats, some republicans, and some of no politics,—but all of them professed to select those for furloughs who had the best reasons for going home, without regard to politics. The order shortly came, and the ten officers and ninety men left* for Connecticut.

Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg was greatly incensed at these proceedings. Being almost constantly in command, he felt that he ought to have been consulted in regard to these furloughs, instead of being entirely ignored. He accused Colonel Wessells and Major Smith of having offered him an intentional insult in thus conferring with the line officers; and after having assailed the Major with abusive language, (and, it was said, with personal violence also,) mounted his horse and left for Connecticut.† At Fort Richardson he had an interview with Lieutenant Colonel White, of the First Connecticut Artillery, who counseled him not to leave, and assured him that Major Smith was not to blame, but had been wronged by

* April 2, 1863.

† April 2, 1863.

The manner in which the selection was made in Company A, (in which the writer was then a private,) was as follows: Captain Bissell directed Lieutenant Wadhams to pick out the men. Accordingly the Company was formed on the street, and Lieutenant Wadhams said, "There is an opportunity for nine of you to go home on a nine days' furlough. Of course a good many of you will have to be disappointed. You who would like to go, step two paces to the front." About half the Company stepped forward; the rest were dismissed. "Now," continued he, "let each man give his reasons for desiring a furlough, and then I will make as fair a choice as I can." The men chosen were Barker, Bishop, George Bradley, Cable, Nettleton, Potter, Theodore Sanford, Scoville, Spencer, and Lieutenant Shumway.

Among those sent home by Captain Skinner, of Company E, were democrats, republicans, and some who were not old enough to vote.

him. Kellogg then requested White to write Smith a letter of apology for him, which was done ; but he refused to return to the regiment, and proceeded to his home in Birmingham, Connecticut, from which place his wife, at his request, sent a second apologetic letter to the Major. On the 29th of April United States Marshal Carr, acting under orders from the War Department, arrested him at Birmingham and ordered him to report to General Heintzelman, who ordered him to report, under arrest, to the Commanding Officer of his regiment. The air was rent with huzzas and darkened with caps when he rode into camp* at Fort Worth ; and a few days later a portion of the regiment, while on the way from Fort Worth to Fort Lyon, saluted him with cheers, a roll of drums, and a dipping of colors,—for permitting which, Lieutenant James N. Coe, who was in command of the detachment, was ordered under arrest and charges preferred.† Charges against Kellogg were forwarded‡ by Colonel Wessells to De Russy's headquarters at Arlington ; but on the same day Kellogg was released without trial by a Special Order from the War Department, and reported to the regiment for duty. Colonel Wessells, being in command of the "Second Brigade," assigned him to the command of the Regiment,—which he thenceforth kept, with hardly a day's intermission, until the day of his death.

On the 12th of May the Regiment was for the first time broken up into separate garrisons. Companies B, F and G went to Fort Ellsworth, Company A to Redoubt A, Company D to Redoubt B, Companies C and K to Redoubt C, and Companies E, H and I to Redoubt D ; and this arrangement continued during the summer. These Redoubts were small works

* May 1. † These charges were returned disapproved, and Lieutenant Coe released. ‡ May 28.

in the vicinity of Fort Lyon, on the Mount Vernon road, and commanding the land and water approaches to Alexandria on the South. About this time General Tyler was relieved in command by General De Russy, and all the fortifications from Alexandria to Georgetown received the name of the "Defences of Washington South of the Potomac,"—and the troops stationed therein constituted the Twenty-second Army Corps. During the entire season the Nineteenth was called upon for nothing more laborious than drilling, target practice, stockade building in Alexandria, picking blackberries, drinking a quarter of a gill of whiskey and quinine at Reveille and Retreat, and drawing pay from Major Ladd every two months. Yet a good many seemed to be in all sorts of affliction, and were constantly complaining because they could not *go to the front*. A year later, when the soldiers of the Nineteenth were staggering along the Pamunkey, with heavy loads and blistered feet, or throwing up breastworks with their coffee pots all night under fire in front of Petersburg, they looked back to the Defences of Washington as to a lost Elysium, and fervently longed to regain those blissful seats. Oh Happiness! why is it that men never recognize thy features until thou art far away?

Colonel Wessells resigned, on account of ill health, on the 16th of September. In October the regiment was withdrawn from the rebovts, and brigaded with the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, under the command of Colonel Henry L. Abbott. The regimental headquarters were established at "Oak Grove House," and the companies distributed at three forts,—Ellsworth, Williams, and Worth,—where they remained until the following May.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHANGE FROM INFANTRY TO ARTILLERY.

Far flashed the RED Artillery.

CAMPBELL.

Every true soldier believes in his own regiment. He holds himself in perpetual readiness to demonstrate that no other battalion, brigade, division, or corps ever passed in review so handsomely, marched so far, fought so bravely, or suffered so much, as his own. It would not be strange, therefore, if the praise which the author of this history bestows upon the regiment with which he was connected from the first day of its existence until the last, should be attributed to partiality. But Secretary Stanton did not belong to the Nineteenth Connecticut, and it will hardly be maintained that the Department of War could have had any other partiality for this particular regiment than was due to its excellent discipline, fine appearance, and good reputation. About the middle of November General Barry, Chief of Artillery of the Department of Washington, reviewed Colonel Abbott's brigade, and made a *particularly* careful inspection of the Nineteenth Connecticut; and from what occurred a day or two thereafter, it was inferred that he bore to Washington a good report of Colonel Kellogg and his command; for, on the 23d of November the War Department issued an order changing the Nineteenth Connec-

ticut Infantry to a regiment of HEAVY ARTILLERY,* and directing it to be filled up to the maximum artillery standard. This was joyful news. It did not take long, (for every man was his own tailor,) to exchange the faded blue straps and chevrons for bright red ; and that soldier could not be accused of overmuch ambition who did not see *some* chance for promotion among the two majors, two companies, two captains, twenty-eight lieutenants, forty-six sergeants, and sixty-four corporals, that would be required in addition to those already on hand. Lieutenants Edward W. Marsh and Oren H. Knight were already in Connecticut on recruiting service, and on the 30th of November Lieutenant Benjamin F. Hosford, with a party of ten enlisted men, left for home on the same duty. A draft was then pending, and enormous bounties were offered for volunteers ; and these officers and men entered upon their duties with a vigor, and achieved a success, which, it may safely be said, had no parallel in the history of recruiting during the entire war. The first installment—sixty-eight men—arrived on the last day of the year ; on New Year's day, (1864,) forty-four more ; fifty on the 6th of January ; another lot on the 9th ; one hundred and fifteen on the 10th ; more on the 17th ; and so on, until the 1st of March, by which time the regiment had received over *eleven hundred* recruits, and now contained eighteen hundred men. The new comers were divided equally among the several companies, and the full complement of officers and non-commissioned officers forthwith ordered. It was astonishing to see with what celerity a promoted sergeant would shed his enlisted man's coat and appear in all the pomp and consequence of shoulder straps and

* The name of the "Second Connecticut Artillery" was given by Governor Buckingham.

terrible scimeter; and it was for some time a question of serious discussion among the older officers whether the fort gates would not have to be enlarged in order to facilitate the ingress and egress of the new lieutenants, who drew such an alarming quantity of water.

This vast body of recruits was made up of all sorts of men. A goodly portion of them were no less intelligent, patriotic, and honorable than the "old" Nineteenth,—and that is praise enough. Another portion of them were not exactly the *worst* kind of men, but those adventurous and uneasy varlets who always want to get out of jail when they are in, and in when they are out; furloughed sailors, for example, who had enlisted just for fun, while ashore, with no definite purpose of remaining in the land service for any tedious length of time. And lastly, there were about three hundred of the most thorough-paced villains that the stews and slums of New York and Baltimore could furnish,—bounty jumpers, thieves, and cut-throats, who had deserted from regiment after regiment in which they had enlisted under fictitious names, and who now proposed to repeat the operation. And they *did* repeat it. Many disappeared on the way from Connecticut to the regiment, and many others arrived handcuffed, having failed in attempting to do likewise,—and were at once consigned to bomb-proofs in the forts, from which they repeatedly came near escaping by digging underground passages with their hands and jack knives. No less than *two hundred and fifty* deserted before the middle of May, very few of whom were ever retaken and returned to the regiment. There were rebels in Alexandria who furnished deserters with citizens' clothes, and thus their capture became almost impossible.

After the resignation of Colonel Wessells, the Colonelcy

remained vacant for some time. It was supposed that Governor Buckingham hesitated to give the eagles to Lieutenant Colonel Kellogg on account of his rude treatment of Major Smith a few months before, and a rumor reached camp that a certain unpopular Major of the First Artillery was endeavoring to obtain the position. A petition praying that Kellogg might not be thus ignominiously "jumped" was instantly signed by nearly every member of the regiment, and forwarded to the Governor, who thereupon immediately sent him a Colonel's commission.



CHAPTER V.

TO THE FRONT.

O'er the proud heads of freemen our star banner waves,
Men firm as their mountains, and still as their graves,—
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain ;—
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

THOMAS GREY.

In the spring of 1864, Lieutenant General GRANT was summoned from the west to Washington, and invested with the command of all the armies of the United States. Success—the only satisfactory test of military capacity—had attended his operations at Vicksburg and elsewhere, and he was now called upon to undertake the task wherein McClellan, Burnside, Pope, Hooker and Meade had failed, viz : the overthrow of Lee's army, and the reduction of the rebel capital. About the middle of March he established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, then lying along the Rapidan, and the forward movement against Richmond commenced on the 4th of May.

From the beginning of the war up to this time, it had been deemed necessary to keep a large number of troops in the Defences of Washington, to guard the capital against sudden attack. But when Grant needed reinforcements after the seven days' battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania,* he

* From May 5 to May 12, 1864.

did not hesitate to strip the capital of these soldiers, nor did he seem particular about the "arm" of the service to which they happened to belong. A good many Cavalry and Artillery Regiments suddenly found themselves converted into "Dis-mounted Cavalry" and "Foot Artillerists," which seemed so much like Infantry that the men could hardly perceive the difference. On the 15th of May the Second Connecticut moved from Forts Worth, Williams, and Ellsworth, where they had so long been quartered, to eleven forts* directly opposite Georgetown, to take the place of troops that had just been ordered to the front. It began to look as though the government considered our regiment absolutely essential to the salvation of the capital, and had determined to keep us within call. The next day was spent in bringing up the vast quantity of property which had accumulated during a year and a half at Ellsworth, Williams, and Worth, (for soldiers, like citizen housekeepers, when compelled to move after long residence in one place, always find themselves owners of a surprising amount of pelf,) and in settling comfortably down for permanent occupation. Pleasing delusion! Before the gracious light of another morning had gilded the dome of the capitol, how thoroughly was it dispelled!

It was about one o'clock on the morning of the 17th of May, when an orderly galloped up and dismounted at headquarters near Fort Corcoran, knocked at the door of the room where Colonel Kellogg and the Adjutant lay soundly sleeping, drew from his belt and delivered a package, received the endorsed envelope, and mounted and galloped off again, as little con-

* These forts were named as follows : Corcoran, Albany, Craig, Whipple, Tillinghast, Cass, Woodbury, Bennett, Haggerty, C. F. Smith, and Strong.

scious that he had brought the message of destiny to hundreds of men as the horse which bore him. The despatch, as nearly as can now be remembered, read thus :

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJT. GENL'S. OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, May 16, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDERS, NO. 433.]

The Commanding Officer of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery will proceed at once with his command, to join the Army of the Potomac, now in the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House. Transportation from Alexandria to Belle Plain will be furnished by Captain A. S. Lee, A. Q. M. At Belle Plain he will report to Brigadier General Abercrombie for supplies, and for directions how to proceed.

Having arrived at the Army of the Potomac, he will report immediately to Major General Meade, Commanding, for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Five minutes had not elapsed before staff officers and orderlies were hurrying from fort to fort; and in less than five minutes more, the sound of the Reveille and the sharp command, "*Fall in!*" broke upon the still night air; and the soldiers came pouring from their cozy bunks, like angry bees when their hive is rudely disturbed, and formed in line to hear the pregnant order. It was a memorable hour. No matter how long a man has been a mere denizen of the unthreatened camp, drilled, mustered, and rationed,—no matter how much blank cartridge firing he has done,—when at length he realizes that he must go to the *front*, and hear the ultimate arguments in the great debate of war, he feels a certain sinking of the heart, as though the lead of the enemy had already lodged there. His soul becomes a theater, where the two star actors, HOPE and FEAR, supported by Imagination, Apprehension, Patriotism, Courage, Doubt, Resolution, Ambition, and a host

of supernumeraries, rehearse the coming battles. Fierce and doubtful is the fight, even on that mimic stage; but HOPE is always victorious in the last act, and is the ever encored favorite!

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! immortal power!

The day was passed in busy preparation for departure. In the evening the companies assembled near the Arlington House, and the regiment moved to the outskirts of Alexandria, where it bivouacked a little after midnight. Early in the morning* we embarked for Belle Plain, at which place we arrived in the afternoon, in a pouring rain, and in mud knee deep,—in floundering through which many a soldier lost one or both of his shoes. Night found us curled up and shivering under shelter tents among the dripping bushes on the steep hill sides, each man supplied with five days' rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition, with orders to carry the same, *somehow*, on his person. About midnight the rain ceased, and Major Ladd, who had failed to reach us at Alexandria, and had followed right on, paid off the regiment. On the 19th we marched to Fredericksburg, at that time the hospital city, nearly every house of which was filled with wounded: and on the 20th, after passing Massaponax Church, and crossing the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny,—four small streams that form the Mattapony,—we reached the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac; and were at once assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps. The army had

* May 18, 1864.

been lying for several days where we found it,—resting a little (although with constant skirmishing and picket firing,) after the recent severe fighting in the Wilderness, and waiting for reinforcements; and now having received them, it began to swing to the “left,” *i. e.*, to the southward. On the 21st, the Second Connecticut found itself for the first time face to face with the enemy. Yes, that dingy looking line, slowly moving to the north along that slope, a mile and a half in front of us, was a body of real, live *Johnnies*; and those puffs of smoke in the woods below, were from the muskets of rebels, who were firing on our pickets. During that afternoon and evening our regiment, although so lately arrived in the field, occupied a position perhaps more important and hazardous than any other portion of the entire army. The Ninth Corps had been withdrawn from the right, and had passed by our rear to the left, leaving the Sixth Corps on the right; and for several hours our men lay with their bayonets pointing over a semi-circular line of breastworks which constituted the *extreme right* of the vast army, nearly all of which, except our own Brigade, was in motion towards the left. Just at dark, our batteries opened on the rebel lines, eliciting no reply, but frustrating an attempt of the enemy to get in upon our left and cut us off from the rest of the army. Late in the evening we silently moved out, following the track of the troops that had preceded us, and began that long and terrible series of marches which were continued almost without a breathing spell, until the first of June. The next day* we passed Guinea Station and reached Bowling Green. About noon of the following day† the first rations were issued since we left Belle Plain; and late at night we arrived at the North Anna River, near

* May 22, 1864.

† May 23, 1864.

Oxford. The men were strung along for miles in the rear, so that when a picket detail of one hundred and twenty men was ordered immediately upon our arrival, it seemed to take half the regiment. The pickets, although hardly able to stand up, were sent across the river that night. The rest of the men, as they came up, tumbled upon the soft and delicious ground of the cornfield where we had halted, and—

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

could have medicined them to a sounder sleep than their unutterable weariness quickly brought them.* On the 24th, the river was crossed by pontoons at Jericho Ford, and the corps disposed for action; but no general engagement occurred, although there was lively skirmishing all day, in which the "first blood" of the Second Connecticut was drawn. The rebels fired upon and drove our pickets, but they were rallied behind rifle pits by Captain Wadhams, who was in command, with the loss of Patrick Keegan, of Company M, killed, and three others wounded. Our regimental and brigade headquarters that day were at the house of one Fontaine, a wealthy and grand old rebel, who had fled on the approach of our army, with all his household except one or two slave women. It was a lordly old mansion, enriched with libraries, antique furniture, pictures, coats of arms, and genealogical trees, whose trunks were planted in France, and whose roots had gathered nourishment from the blood of Huguenot martyrdoms. Near by were ice houses, poultry yards, trees laden with early fruit,

* The writer waked up the next morning with his mouth FULL of pulpy hardtack, which he had begun to eat the night before, when sleep interposed and arrested the process.

barns and granaries; while the surrounding fields were well stocked with sheep and swine. If Mr. Fontaine ever returned to his domicile, (and it is to be presumed he did, as our occupation lasted only a few hours,) he found that the army had left him, as a memento of their visit, a picture of *Ruin*, painted with the besom of destruction, on a scale as large as his domain.

While some of the field and staff officers were lying on the ground near this house that afternoon, Major Hubbard suddenly asked, "What was that? I thought I heard a 'thud' just now." Major Rice, who lay not more than six feet off, replied, "I guess you did, for I felt something go through me;" and putting his hand beneath his clothing, drew it forth stained with blood. It was the work of a rebel sharpshooter, who could not have been less than a mile distant, and whose telescopic rifle had probably mistaken the Major's gilt leaves for the stars of a Major General, which they resemble. The projectile passed through the scrotum and the fleshy part of the rump, and could not have exceeded the sixteenth part of an inch in diameter. Major Rice was disabled but two or three days. It was in this manner that Major General Sedgwick had been picked off a week before,—and possibly by the same skillful hand.

On the 26th, the Fifth and Second Corps were engaged on our left, which extended toward Hanover Junction; but our own operations were confined to tearing up a quantity of railroad track near Noel's Station, and forming a line of battle about nightfall in a thick wood on the crest of a hill adjacent to Little River. Here again we were on the extreme right of the army. Whether this formation was for the purpose of making or resisting an attack, I do not know; but at all events, the attempt to dislodge Lee from his position here

seems to have been abandoned about that time, and at daylight we re-crossed the river and marched to Chesterfield Station, where we halted from noon until evening. During the afternoon Upton called on Colonel Kellogg and said, "Colonel, let your men know that we are to have a *hard* march to-night, so that they may get as much rest as possible. We shall probably be within fifteen miles of Richmond to-morrow morning." At eight o'clock the column was again in motion, on the road following the left bank of the Pamunkey; and oh! what language will convey to those who were not there, the least idea of the murderous cruelty of that march? We had already suffered all that flesh and blood seemed able to bear, on the road from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, and the future had in store for us many other marches that were grievous beyond expression; but I am persuaded that if all the regiment were to be summoned—the living and the dead—and notified that all their marches except *one* must be performed over again, and that they might choose *which* one should be omitted, the almost unanimous cry would be, "Deliver us from the accursed night march along the Pamunkey!" In darkness and silence, hour after hour, without a rest of more than five minutes at a time, the corps was hurled along that sandy road. There was no danger that the head of the column would lose its way, for a large body of Cavalry had preceded us a day or two before, and dead horses lined the road throughout, at intervals averaging not more than a quarter of a mile, sickening all the motionless air. Ten o'clock,—eleven o'clock,—midnight,—two o'clock,—four o'clock,—the darkness began to fade before the inflowing tides of the morning light, but still the jaded men moved on. Captain Burnham, with stockings and rags bound upon his blis-

tered feet like sandals, (his boots having been used up and thrown away,) hobbled painfully along beside his men, whose feet, like those of all the rest, were in the same condition. In the morning, after passing Mongohick and turning to the right, we crossed the Pamunkey on pontoons, and encamped on the southern bank, not far from Hanover town, where we lay until the afternoon of the next day, when we moved three miles and encamped again. The whole army seemed to be close along, and there was considerable Cavalry skirmishing somewhere in the neighborhood. As the Second Corps was moving by to the left, just in front of us, Captain Luman Wadhams came up to headquarters and asked permission to go and see his brother, Lieutenant Henry W. Wadhams, of the Fourteenth Connecticut. "Certainly," said Colonel Kellogg, "but make a short visit, for there's no telling when orders to move will strike us." Captain Wadhams returned in about twenty minutes. "Well, did you find him?" inquired the Colonel. "I found that he was killed day before yesterday, in the fight at Hanover Junction, and buried on the field." was the sad reply. Four days afterward the Captain followed the Lieutenant,—and both of them died without knowing that their younger brother, Sergeant Edward Wadhams, of the Eighth Connecticut, had preceded them to a soldier's grave, at Fort Darling, on the 16th of the same month. Three brothers, in three different Connecticut regiments, in three different army corps, all slain in the approaches to Richmond within the space of fourteen days!

On the 29th, the First Division was sent on a reconnoissance, and marched in a roundabout way until it struck the railroad. Having thrown out a strong picket, and destroyed a portion of track, we lay down for the night, on the direct road leading

from Hanover town to Richmond. On the 30th, we were roused at dawn, returned to the Richmond road, drew three days' rations, and marched five or six miles towards Mechanicsville. Some of our men were on picket, and there was more or less firing all day in front. On the 31st, we lay along the edge of a piece of woods near Tolopotomy Creek, behind breastworks, passing the day without much change of position. During the entire day there was very lively firing along our front, and we had two B men and three L men wounded,—those two Companies being on the skirmish line until afternoon, when they were relieved by A and another Company. Here, again, the Sixth Corps held the right; but only twelve hours elapsed before it had been moved (and our regiment with it, of course) in rear of the rest of the army, and appeared on the extreme left, at COLD HARBOR. Would that we could have shunned that Aceldama, and with it the next chapter of this history!



CHAPTER VI.

COLD HARBOR.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving,—if aught inanimate e'er grieves,—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder, cold and low.

However much the commander of a moving army may miscalculate his time and distance, that white-bearded old patriarch, whose sword is a scythe, and whose field-glass is an hour-glass, never miscalculates *his*. Generals may fail to bring up their regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps at the critical moment, but Father Time always moves his minutes, hours, days, and months with something more than a "military precision." June relieved May at midnight. Half an hour afterward we had withdrawn from the Tolopotomy, and were swinging along the road, through pitchy darkness, toward the south. Having marched with short and few rests, nearly until the following noon, we halted along the eastern edge of a pine wood, where we lay for perhaps half an hour. Colonel Kellogg remarked that it seemed as though he had been on that ground

before,—and so he doubtless had, in McClellan's campaign. At first there was nothing to indicate that this was more than an ordinary halt; and the men fell to hard tack or sleep, according as their hunger or weariness predominated,—though it was generally the latter, for hard tack *could* be taken on the march, while sleep could not. Near us was an unpainted house, inferior looking in everything except its dimensions; and about half a mile to the south were two or three others of the same sort. At the time we did not know, nor care, what buildings these were; but those of us who were alive the next day learned that they constituted the settlement known as COLD HARBOR. In a few minutes the advance of several other columns, together with batteries of field artillery, and ammunition trains, began to appear on the open, level fields in our rear; but we were so nearly *dead* with marching and want of sleep, that we hardly heeded these movements, or reflected on their portentous character. “Jim, there's a pile of troops coming. I guess there's going to be a fight. You'd better wake up.” Such a piece of intelligence and advice as this, given to a prostrate soldier by some less exhausted comrade, would elicit some such reply as this: “I don't care a *damn*. I wish they'd shoot us and done with't. I'd rather be shot than marched to death.” And the sleeper would not even raise his head to look. But if the prospect of a coming battle could not move him, there was one other thing that *could*,—and that was the command “*Fall in!*” The brigade moved again toward the left about one o'clock, and leaving the road, followed along the edge of the woods until our regiment, which was in the advance, reached a position almost in front of the Cold Harbor houses before mentioned, and about fifteen rods north of the road that led from these houses direct to

Richmond. Some of the men began to go for water and to gather fuel for cooking coffee—having eaten nothing except raw hardtack since the night before; but this was at once forbidden, and they were ordered to keep near the stacks of muskets. Sheridan's Cavalry had been skirmishing on this ground the day before, and five dead rebels lay within thirty feet of where we had halted. Our men dug a grave about two feet deep on the spot, and scarcely were the five laid side by side therein and covered up, before a few shots from pickets or sharpshooters came singing over our heads from a little to the left of our front. It was evident, therefore, that the enemy was there; but in how great force, we did not know. It is said that Longstreet's corps, which was in front of the Sixth Corps on the Tolopotomy the day before, had moved, in like manner, from one flank of the rebel army to the other, and now again confronted us at Cold Harbor. But it is hardly probable that there was any such force in our front at noon as was found there at five o'clock.

Then why was not the charge made at noon? is the question that may be asked by the military critic—or rather by the un-military critic of military operations. Why wait until five o'clock, thereby giving the enemy all the opportunity in the world to gain positions, reconnoiter our lines, plant his batteries, build breastworks, arrange *abbattis*, and make all ready for our reception? The answer to this must be, that the presumption is that the charge was ordered at the earliest possible moment after *all* the dispositions of troops and artillery had been made. It must not be supposed that because “we,”—that is, our brigade—had arrived at a certain point at one o'clock, we could push right ahead without support. And besides, it takes less time to *march* twenty miles than to *read*

about it. The reading about a hard march does not disable a person from proceeding instantly to read about a charge. It is a very different thing to *experience* the march and the charge. There must be, between them, time to catch the breath and recover strength.

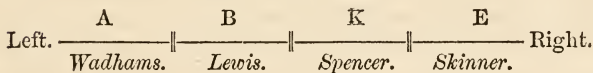
Just at the left of the spot where we had stacked our muskets, was a hollow, basin-like spot, containing about an acre of land, and a few pine and chestnut trees, and well protected on the front by a curved line of breastworks, which were thrown up during McClellan's campaign, two years before, or else had been erected by Sheridan's Cavalry. In this hollow the three battalions of our regiment were massed about two or three o'clock, preparatory to a *charge*, which had been ordered by General Meade to take place at five. By this time the field pieces of the First Division had taken position directly in our rear, while the rebels had batteries directly in our front; and for a long time the solid shot flew back and forth between them, right above our heads, lopping off twigs, limbs, and even large branches, which came crashing down among the ranks. Said Colonel Kellogg to the First Battalion, "Now men, when you have the order to move, go in steady, keep cool, keep still until I give you the order to charge, and then go arms a-port, with a yell. Don't a man of you fire a shot until we are within the enemy's breastworks. I shall be with you." Even all this, added to a constantly increasing picket fire, and ominous signs on every hand, could not excite the men to any great degree of interest in what was going on. Their stupor was of a kind that none can describe, and none but soldiers can understand. In proof of this, only one incident need be mentioned. Corporal William A. Hosford, then of Company E, heard the foregoing instructions given by

Colonel Kellogg, and yet was waked out of a *sound sleep* when the moment came to move forward.

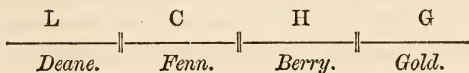
Colonel Upton, the Brigade Commander, was in almost constant conference with Colonel Kellogg, giving him instructions how and when to proceed, surveying the ground, and anxiously but quietly watching this new regiment, which, although it now constituted more than half his command, he had never seen in action. The arrangement of companies and battalions was the same that had been established in the Defences, upon the change from Infantry to Artillery. The following diagram will show the formation at Cold Harbor :

FRONT.

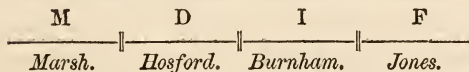
FIRST BATTALION—MAJOR HUBBARD.



SECOND BATTALION—MAJOR RICE.



THIRD BATTALION—MAJOR ELLS.



At five o'clock,—or it might have been somewhat later,—the three battalions were moved just in front of the curved breastwork, where they remained for two or three minutes, still closed-in-mass. Knapsacks were left behind the breast-

works. Pine woods—or rather a few tall pine trees, not numerous enough to hide our movements—extended about ten rods to the front, and then came an open field. Colonel Kellogg, having instructed Majors Rice and Ells to follow at intervals of one hundred paces, placed himself in front, and gave the command, “Forward! Guide Center! *March!*” The first battalion, with the colors in the center, moved directly forward through the scattering woods, crossed the open field at a double-quick, and entered another pine wood, of younger and thicker growth, where it came upon the first line of rebel rifle pits, which was abandoned at its approach. Passing this line, the Battalion moved on over sloping ground until it reached a small, open hollow, *within fifteen or twenty yards of the enemy’s main line of breastworks*. There had been a thick growth of pine sprouts and saplings on this ground, but the rebels had cut them, probably that very day, and had arranged them so as to form a very effective abbattis,—thereby clearing the spot, and thus enabling them to see our movements. Up to this point there had been no firing sufficient to confuse or check the battalion; but here the rebel musketry opened. The commander of the rebel battalion directly in our front, whoever he was, had his men under excellent control, and his fire was held until our line had reached the abbattis, and then systematically delivered—first by his rear rank, and then by his front rank. A sheet of flame, sudden as lightning, red as blood, and so near that it seemed to singe the men’s faces, burst along the rebel breastwork; and the ground and trees close behind our line were ploughed and riddled with a thousand balls that just missed the heads of the men. The battalion dropped flat on the ground, and the second volley, like the first, nearly all went over. Several men were struck,

but not a large number. It is more than probable that if there had been no other than this *front* fire, the rebel breastworks would have been ours, notwithstanding the pine boughs. But at that moment a long line of rebels on our left, extending all the way to the Richmond road, having nothing in their own front to engage their attention,* and having unobstructed range on the battalion, opened a fire which no human valor could withstand, and which no pen can adequately describe. The appended list of casualties tells the story. It was the work of almost a single minute. The air was filled with sulphurous smoke, and the shrieks and howls of more than two hundred and fifty mangled men rose above the yells of triumphant rebels and the roar of their musketry. ABOUT *Face!* shouted Colonel Kellogg,—but it was his last command. He had already been struck in the arm, and the words had scarcely passed his lips when another shot pierced his head, and he fell dead upon the interlacing pine boughs. Wild and blind with wounds, bruises, noise, smoke, and conflicting orders, the men staggered in every direction, some of them falling upon the very top of the rebel parapet, where they were completely riddled with bullets,—others wandering off into the woods on the right and front, to find their way to death by starvation at Andersonville, or never to be heard from again. LIE DOWN! said a voice that rang out above the horrible din. It was the voice of Colonel Upton, whose large bay horse was dancing

* The rest of the brigade, i. e., the One Hundred and Twenty-first and Sixty-fifth New York, Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Maine, were formed in three lines immediately on our left, and advanced when we did. But they received a heavy fire and advanced but part of the way. Indeed the first battalion of our regiment went up to the enemy's breastwork alone. Our right was nobody's left, and our left nobody's right.

with a bullet in his bowels. The rebels in front now fired as fast as they could load, and those of our men who were not wounded, having worked their way back a few yards into the woods, began to reply with energy. But the wounds showed that nine-tenths of our casualties were inflicted by that unopposed fire on the left flank. The second battalion followed the first, according to instructions, crossed the open field under a scattering fire, and having moved through the woods until within perhaps seventy-five yards of the first battalion, was confronted by Colonel Upton with the command *Lie down!* LIE DOWN!—which was obeyed with the utmost alacrity. Major Ells was wounded very soon after the third battalion commenced to follow, and his command devolved upon Captain Jones. Upon reaching the woods, this battalion also had orders to lie down. The rebel fire came through the woods from all parts of the line, and most of the losses in these two battalions occurred while lying here. “Put up your saber,” said Colonel Upton to a young officer, “I never draw mine until we get into closer quarters than this. See the Johnnies! See the Johnnies! Boys, we’ll have these fellows yet!” said he, pointing to the front, where a long string of them came running through the lines toward us. They were the very men who had delivered the first two volleys in our front, and (there being a lull in the firing at the moment) they came tumbling over the breastwork in a crowd, within two or three rods of where Kellogg’s body lay. We had too much on hand just then to run after safely bagged prisoners, and when they got to the rear the Third Division (who, by the way, having at first advanced on our right, had broken and run to the rear through our first battalion as it was charging, and were consequently in a convenient position to make the “capture,”) put

a guard over them and triumphantly marched them to Army Headquarters; and in due time General Meade issued an order complimenting the *Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps* for having captured between three and four hundred prisoners, which they never captured at all.* The lines now became very much mixed. Those of the first battalion who were not killed or wounded gradually crawled or worked back; wounded men were carried through to the rear; and the woods began to grow dark, either with night, or smoke, or both. The news of Kellogg's death quickly found its way everywhere. The companies were formed and brought up to the breastwork one by one, and the line extended toward the left. As Lieutenant Cleveland was moving in with the last company, a squad of rebels rose directly in front, fired a volley very wildly, and dropped. The fire was vigorously returned, and the enemy soon vacated the breastwork in our immediate front, and crept off through the darkness. Thousands and thousands of bullets "*zipped*" back and forth over the bodies of the slain—now striking the trees, high up, with a "*spud*," and now piercing the ground under feet. Upton stood behind a tree in the extreme front and for a long time fired muskets as fast as the men could load and hand them to him. Some sudden movement caused a panic and they started to flee, when he cried out with a voice that no man who heard it will ever forget,—"*Men of Connecticut, stand by me! We MUST hold*

* Every surviving man of the Second Connecticut Artillery will bear witness that the Ninth New York Artillery, (which belonged in the Third Division,) came pell mell through our regiment toward the rear as we were charging,—and that the capture of these prisoners was made by our regiment alone. Colonel Upton, who saw the whole of it, said that the matter should be rectified, and the credit given to the Second Connecticut. But it never was.

this line!" It brought them back, and the line was held. Firing was kept up all night long, by a few men at a time, to let the enemy know that we were there and awake, and thus to deter them from attempting to retake the line, which they could easily have done. Major Hubbard sent word twice to Colonel Upton that if the enemy should attempt to return, he could not possibly hold it. Upton's reply was "He *must* hold it. If they come there, catch them on your bayonets, and pitch them over your heads." At the first ray of dawn it was strengthened and occupied by skirmishers; and during our stay at Cold Harbor, which lasted until midnight of June 12th, it remained our front line;—the rebel front line being about thirty-five rods distant, and parallel with it.

On the morning of the 2d, the wounded who still remained were got off to the rear, and taken to the Division Hospital, some two miles back. Many of them had lain all night, with shattered bones, or weak with loss of blood, calling vainly for help, or water, or death. Some of them lay in positions so exposed to the enemy's fire that they could not be reached until the breastworks had been built up and strengthened at certain points, nor even then without much ingenuity and much danger; but at length they were all removed. Where it could be done with safety, the dead were buried during the day. Most of the bodies, however, could not be reached until night, and were then gathered and buried under cover of the darkness.

On the morning of the 3d, the regiment was again moved forward, under the personal command of Colonel Upton, from the same spot whence the fatal charge had been made thirty-six hours before; but this time we proceeded by a circuitous route, which kept us tolerably well protected. Several, how-

ever, were killed and wounded during this movement, and after we had taken position. The line was pushed to the left, considerably nearer the Richmond road than we had been before, and there speedily covered by breastworks. This, I presume, was *our* part of the movement of June 3d, which the larger histories regard as *the* battle of Cold Harbor. Perhaps it was. It has always seemed, however, to the survivors of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, (Upton's Brigade, Russell's Division, Wright's Corps,) that the affair of June 1st was entitled to more than the two or three lines of bare mention with which it is tossed off in Greeley's American Conflict, Deming's Life of Grant, Howland's Grant, and probably every other of the more important and comprehensive histories of the war.

Artillery and picket firing continued through the entire twelve days during which the lines at Cold Harbor were held, and casualties occurred in the regiment almost daily. On the 4th, the accumulated letters of many days arrived, in the first mail received since our departure from the Defences. Many, oh! how many letters came for those who were beneath the soil! The great New York dailies—the "Tribune," "Times," and "Herald,"—came to hand, full of war news; but for once we were the possessors of important news in advance of these almost omniscient journals.

The ranking officer* of the regiment, after the death of Colonel Kellogg, was Lieutenant Colonel James Hubbard,—to whom Governor Buckingham immediately forwarded a commission as Colonel. Hubbard, however, was unwilling to assume the responsibility of the command. In common with

* Major Nathaniel Smith was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel upon the change to Artillery, and resigned for disability May 6, 1864.

all the officers and men, he was *worn out*. The purely murderous charge of June 1st was our first, and thus far our only fighting experience, and Lieutenant Colonel Hubbard drew the hasty inference that all the fighting was likely to consist in a similar walking right into the jaws of hell. (He afterwards found that this was a mistake. During the ten months which followed, the regiment was in the hottest of many a hot fight, and did its whole duty; but it never found another Cold Harbor.) Colonel Upton advised him to head a recommendation from his officers for the appointment of Ranald S. Mackenzie, a graduate of West Point, and Captain of Engineers, who was then on some duty at Army Headquarters. Hubbard called a meeting of his officers and laid the matter before them. They unanimously opposed the proposition; but he assured them he should decline the Colonelcy; and at his request, all the officers joined him in recommending to Governor Buckingham the appointment of Captain Mackenzie. The recommendation was forwarded "through the regular channel," favorably endorsed by Upton, Russell, Wright, Meade, and Grant; and on the 6th of June Colonel Mackenzie appeared and assumed command.



CHAPTER VII.

PETERSBURG.

If a change of base in the presence of the enemy is "the ablest maneuver taught by military art," as Napoleon asserts, and as the apologists of McClellan loudly declared when he was found at Harrison's Landing in 1862, it would seem to settle, beyond dispute, the question of the military capacity of Grant. He had successfully effected that maneuver three times since crossing the Rapidan on the 4th of May,—first to Fredericksburg, then to Port Royal, then to White House,—and now, simultaneously with the withdrawal of the troops from Cold Harbor, the base was removed for the fourth time, and established at City Point. And it was the *last* time. From that point the Army of the Potomac was fed and supplied until rebellion became a "Lost Cause."

New and strong lines of breastworks were built at Cold Harbor during the 10th, 11th, and 12th of June, and it began to be the general opinion that the place was to be permanently occupied and fortified. By the term "general opinion," I mean the opinion along the line; and that was not always well founded. Things had changed in the Army of the Potomac since the Peninsular Campaign, and it was not now the custom to inform the rank and file, and the newspapers, and the enemy, of intended movements. Work was continued on

the breastworks, by large details of soldiers, until almost the hour of leaving Cold Harbor,—probably to protect the withdrawing troops, in case of attack. It was nearly midnight on the 12th of June when we found ourselves in motion on the road to White House; and innumerable were the conjectures as to our destination. The night was intensely dark, and after having marched a mile or two we became entangled with the Second Corps, (which was also in motion,) in such a manner that there would have been ugly work in the event of an attack. But at length the difficulty was overcome, and we moved rapidly on until morning, when the sun indicated that our destination must be some other place than White House, for we were marching southeast instead of northeast. By seven o'clock that evening we had marched thirty miles, and were encamped a mile and a half south of the Chickahominy, and six miles from Charles City Court House. On the 14th we marched at seven o'clock, A. M., and encamped about noon not far from the river. On the 15th we moved a mile and a half. On the 16th, moved again a short distance; heard firing for the first and only time since leaving Cold Harbor; threw up a line of breastworks, and took a bath in the river. It was the only luxury we had had for weeks. It was a goodly sight to see half a dozen regiments disporting themselves in the tepid waters of the James. But no reader can possibly understand what *enjoyment* it afforded, unless he has slept on the ground for fourteen days without undressing, and been compelled to walk, cook, and *live* on all-fours, lest a perpendicular assertion of his manhood should instantly convert it into clay. Troops were embarking all day at the Landing, and at midnight we went aboard,—half the companies on one transport and half on another,—and soon were so quietly and

pleasantly gliding up the broad and beautiful river that imagination and memory could make it seem, for a moment now and then, like some pleasure excursion on the Hudson or Long Island Sound. But it wasn't! We knew too well where we had been, and too little where we were going, to draw any protracted comfort from such imaginations.

Companies C, D, F, I, L, and M disembarked soon after sunrise at Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox; while the other transport, being a little too late for the tide, landed A, B, E, G, H, and K at Bermuda Hundred, whence, after a march of three miles, they joined the others, and bivouacked until noon. In the afternoon we moved two miles further, and encamped in the woods, in the neighborhood of the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, and the First Connecticut Artillery. At one o'clock next morning we moved out, marched a mile or two in the darkness, halted and stood in ominous silence for a few minutes, while mounted officers rode silently by; after which we returned by the same way to camp. It has always been supposed that this move was intended for a charge; which, for some reason not known, (but which would doubtless have been deemed abundantly sufficient by the regiment, if *their* opinion had been asked,) was not made.

Reveille was sounded next morning* at three o'clock, rations issued, and orders received to be ready to move at four; but the "pack-up" bugle did not sound until five. Such delays may or may not cost a campaign; they are always welcome to soldiers while cooking their breakfast. After marching back for some distance toward the Point of Rocks, and crossing the Appomattox by a pontoon, we moved directly toward the city

* June 19, 1864.

of PETERSBURG,—whose towers and spires appeared in view before noon. It seemed as though forty minutes' march would bring us into its streets. But, ah! there were obstacles in the way, which it required forty weeks, hundreds of miles of marching, and thousands of lives, to remove before it could be done. A hundred hours earlier, the inhabitants of that city had never heard a hostile shot, and had perhaps deemed themselves as much out of the way of contending armies as Albany or Hartford. But they were henceforth to pay for their past immunity. The roar of war that now broke upon their ears never died away, by day nor night, until the union armies, ten months afterward, chased the retreating rebels through the western gates of the city, and hunted rebellion down.

In the afternoon we moved* to Harrison's Creek, and relieved a portion of Hinks' Brigade of Colored Troops, who were holding a line of rifle pits which, together with two guns, they had captured four days before. While halting a few minutes near one of their regiments we had a good opportunity to converse with and observe them, which was well improved. Many of them were men of fine *physique*, and soldierly bearing; and as we contemplated their stacks of muskets, and then surveyed the rebel lines just ahead, (which we knew *somebody* must take,) there was not a man of the "superior Anglo-Saxon race" in all the division, with brains enough to put two ideas together, who would have deemed

* The term "we," which so frequently occurs in this volume, is used sometimes for the regiment, sometimes for the brigade, division, corps, or army, according to circumstances. And the writer himself does not always know how large a "we" it is. The whole of Russell's Division moved in at Harrison's Creek; but whether the other two divisions of the corps were there, the limited range of vision enjoyed by a regimental officer did not enable the writer to know.



CAPTAIN OREN H. KNIGHT.

"niggers" unfit for soldiers. "Well, you colored fellows have had a pretty rough job, I reckon," said one of our men, in a tone of respectful and neighborly inquiry; (for observe, when white soldiers stand side by side with black ones, *facing rebel breastworks*, and not knowing what an hour may bring forth, they never "damn the niggers," nor insult them in any way. *Such* proofs of what Pollard calls "superiourity" are only exhibited by warriors who fight battles at extreme long range—a range of five or six hundred miles—and who have meaner than "nigger" blood in their veins.) "Yes, we have," was the reply, "as rough as we care for. We have to die for eight dollars a month, while you get thirteen for the same business. That's what *we* call rough. It's poor encouragement, anyhow." Was not that a reasonable answer? It certainly would have been if it had come from a white man.

The day was Sunday,—and what a Sunday! Shells whistled and muskets rattled, both to the right and left, as far as the ear could reach. Petersburg and its inner defences were in plain sight; and if our troops had not captured the city, we had at least got so near that it would be an uncomfortable place for trade and residence, unless we could be pushed further off. After dark, (for no such move could be made by daylight,) the regiment moved down a steep bank in front of Harrison's house, relieved the Eleventh Connecticut, and took position on the eastern edge of a broad, level wheat field. The minie balls that came singing along overhead with a *Kee-oo! oo-oo*, told that the enemy held the opposite side of the wheat field; and no time was lost in "covering." Spades did not come for a long time, and only a few of them at last. Tons of loamy earth were thrown, all night long, with coffee pots, bayonets, hands, and shovels whittled out of hard tack

boxes. Pickets were sent ahead several rods into the field, and three men stationed at each post. The "posts" were holes dug in the ground by bayonets and fingers. The deeper the hole, the higher the bank of earth in front; and the pickets very naturally kept digging to strengthen their position. The tall wheat rustled with ripeness as they moved through it, to and from their posts. Are these men, who lie here and there, dead or asleep? Here is one who, at all events, has kinked and spoiled a good deal of wheat in settling down to his rest. Is he a reb, or one of our men? It is difficult to tell, on account of the darkness,—but that is the Union blue. Take hold of his arm. Ah! there is a certain *stiffness* that decides the point at once. He probably answered to his name this morning at the roll-call of the Eleventh Connecticut; but he will not do so to-morrow morning.

The first and second battalions dug all night. The third went to the rear about nine o'clock, and lay in some old rifle pits; but were ordered to the front again just after midnight to help dig. The city clocks could be heard tolling the night hours away, for they were not so far off as Camp Dutton from Litchfield Hill. The morning* revealed a magnificent line of earthworks which had grown up in the night for our protection. Had they sprung by magic, like the palace of some Arabian fable? No. Our worn and weary men knew where they came from.

This was the most intolerable position the regiment was ever required to hold. We had seen a deadlier spot at Cold Harbor, and others awaited us in the future; but they were agonies that did not last. Here, however, we had to *stay*,—hour after hour, from before dawn until after dark, and that

* June 20, 1864.

too where we could not move a rod without extreme danger. The enemy's front line was parallel with ours, just across the wheat field; then they had numerous sharpshooters, who were familiar with every acre of the ground, perched in tall trees on both our flanks; then they had artillery posted *everywhere*. No man could cast his eyes over the parapet, or expose himself ten feet in rear of the trench without drawing fire. And yet they *did* thus expose themselves; for where there are even chances of being missed or hit, soldiers *will* take the chances rather than lie still and suffer from thirst, supineness, and want of all things. "Keep down?" roared Major Skinner at a man who seemed bent on making a target of himself. "Tell John Meramble to stop putting his head over," said Colonel Mackenzie, "or he will get it knocked off." Harvey Pease, of Company H, straightened himself up and essayed to walk, but was struck in the head before he had taken five steps, and fell like a log. Matthias Walter, of Company D, was wounded in the thigh by a sharpshooter. John Grieder, of D, received a fatal wound in the thigh from a piece of 3-inch shell. Corporal Disbrow, of H, was hit in the shoulder; and other casualties occurred, until there were eleven in all. There was no getting to the rear until zigzag passages were dug, and then the wounded were borne off. A new relief of pickets had gone on just before daybreak, and each man was notified to have two canteens of water, because they must remain until night. Reader, do you like to drink warm water? Then enlist in the next war, and stay twelve hours in a hole in the ground, without shelter from the fierceness of a Virginia sun in June, with bullets passing two feet above your head, with dead bodies broiling all around you, and with two tin canteens of muddy water. "But couldn't they get out if they were

sick?" No, my innocent friend, not even if they were *homesick*. And what is worse, they had no ice, no night-shirts, no shoe-blackening; and to complete their misery, they were completely destitute of finger-cups and napkin rings!

The day wore on, and welcome darkness came at last, giving us a chance to stand erect. Our occupation continued during the night and the next day,—the regiment being divided into two reliefs, the one off duty lying a little to the rear, in a corn field near Harrison's house. But it was a question whether "off" or "on" duty was the more dangerous. During the day* Colonel Mackenzie directed his staff officers to occupy separate shelter tents, and to leave him in one by himself, in order to diminish the "chances" of injury. When one of them looked into his tent an hour afterward, he pointed to a hole through his straw hat, remarking that if anyone else had been there, somebody would have been hurt. Frequent shells came just overhead and plunged into the cornfield behind us. Company E had a man killed, and K had several wounded. A 3-inch shell struck right among the boys of Company H, and threw dirt into their coffee, but did not explode. The only shot that was ever unmistakably meant for the author of this history, so far as he knows, was on that day. There was a well in front of Harrison's house, covered by a roof which was supported by four posts. The writer was sitting and drinking with his head leaning against one of these posts, when a musket ball buried itself with a "*tunk*" in the wood, just about four inches too high to prevent the writing of this history. I have ever since had some desire to see that well. If the post is still there, I am quite sure it contains lead.

At eight in the evening we were relieved by the Eighth

* June 21, 1864.

Connecticut, and there saw the brave and noble Lieutenant Seth F. Plumb, of that regiment, for the last time. Moving by the left-in-front, (which, by the way, was the order of march all the way from Spottsylvania to Petersburg,) we crossed the City Point Railroad, passed Grant's Headquarters, and marched by a semi-circular route toward the east, south-east, south and west, until three in the morning, when we bivouacked, not much farther from Petersburg than before. How can we march so far and yet go so little way? was the question here, as it had been between the Tolopotomy and Cold Harbor. At eight o'clock in the morning* we entered the woods, and after sundry moves and halts, came to a square, open field, surrounded on all sides by thick woods, where the brigade was disposed in two lines. An officer and twenty men were immediately sent out by Mackenzie, with orders to push into the woods directly in front, and find the left of the Second Corps pickets. They were soon found, and the line was extended from the left by details from our regiment. Upton and Russell were both out in the jungle on foot, to see the connection made. Soon afterward, the first line of the brigade, which contained our regiment, was advanced into the dense wood, perhaps two hundred yards,—the second line being not far behind; and a few minutes later, the pickets were engaged in a sharp skirmish with Hill's rebel division close in our front, which resulted in a loss to the Second Connecticut of six killed, seven wounded, (several of them mortally,) and six missing,—some of whom were afterward heard from at Andersonville. Mackenzie had two fingers shot off and afterward amputated. A good deal of maneuvering followed, which was difficult to understand. We retired to the

* June 22, 1864.

open lot, moved about a regiment's length to the right, and advanced again, somewhat further than before, into a wilderness of woods, bushes, brambles, and vines, so thick that a man could hardly see his neighbor. This position became a permanent picket line, while the main line was established the next day* along the open field in the rear, and daily strengthened until it became impregnable. Here, as at Cold Harbor, there was no telling where we were until the day after the fight. Kellogg, Wadhams, and the multitude who fell with them on the 1st of June, never knew that they fell at "Cold Harbor,"—indeed, most of them never heard that name, which has since become so familiar to their surviving friends. And so with the victims and the survivors of June 22d. Pine woods, with a jungle of undergrowth, extended to an unknown distance in every direction, and the only data from which any sort of reckoning could be made, were the sun and the moon and the firing. Time revealed the fact that we were about three miles south of Petersburg, and a mile east of the Weldon Railroad, which the enemy held.

Here, then, the Army of the Potomac settled down to stay. The little barricade of rails where Knight, Hempstead, Guernsey, and many others had found their deaths, grew day by day into breastworks, parallels, batteries, and mighty forts, which all the artillery of the world could not shake. The enemy began to fortify with equal strength, and henceforth there was more digging than fighting. The seventeen days following the 22d of June furnished several episodes which *might* have grown (but happily did not) into events that would have required a chapter instead of a few lines,—such, for example, as moving out on the night of the 23d, and massing for a

* June 23, 1864.

charge ; building breastworks all night on the 24th ; marching to Reams' Station on the 30th, to support troops that were tearing up eight miles of track ; and being under arms before daylight, on the 6th of July, in anticipation of an attack. Nevertheless, these were days of comparative rest, quiet, and comfort. Camps were regularly laid out, and well policed. The band and drum corps encamped with the regiment, which was an infallible sign that danger had evacuated. Each company dug a well in the clay, and provided it with an old fashioned "sweep ;" — and inasmuch as the deepest well drained all the rest, they were constantly scooping out deeper and deeper. The commissary wagons came up, and rations consisted of hardtack, salt pork, coffee, sugar, potatoes, pepper, salt, and rice. The sutlers also—those noble patriots—drew near, and the soldiers renewed their almost forgotten acquaintance with sardines, bologna, bolivars, condensed milk, (sixty cents per can,) canned fruits, and a kind of bog hay tea, which, after all, was *tea*. The region abounded in young pines, from one to three inches in diameter, and every man had a bedstead constructed of these pine "poles," while the long, needle-shaped pine leaves made bedding which, if not luxurious, was certainly better than none. And thus the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery played its part on the theater of war, until a sudden bugle blast on the night of the 9th of July announced a shifting of the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

WASHINGTON, SNICKER'S GAP, AND WASHINGTON AGAIN.

Hark !

Wasn't that the pack-up call ?

This was the inquiry, mental or audible, throughout camp about ten o'clock on the evening of July 9th. The men had betaken themselves to their pine "poles," and were just dropping off to sleep, when a bugle note sounded through the woods. Was it from our Brigade Headquarters, or some cavalry camp in the neighborhood ? There it is again ! It is *pack-up* ; and to leave no doubt of it, up rides Captain Roome, the new Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade, to Colonel Hubbard's quarters, and says, "Colonel, you will move out immediately by your right. Follow the One Hundred and Twenty-first."

"Take everything ?" inquires the Colonel.

"Yes, everything. We are going to City Point," is the reply.

In half an hour we were on the road, in darkness and dust, toward City Point. And such dust ! The soil had been pulverized and re-pulverized by the immense travel and dry weather, until it seemed resolved into its ultimate atoms. It was not dust. It was something finer. One step of a horse's foot in it would raise a cloud of eight thousand cubic feet,

which would hang suspended in the still air for an hour. It may be judged, therefore, what sort of a "dust" was raised by a division of five thousand men, with artillery, ambulances, baggage wagons, field and staff horses, pack mules, and what not; and what sort of diet was thereby furnished for the lungs.

Just before starting, Companies B, D, and H were made happy by orders to remain, and report in the morning to General Hunt, Chief of Artillery. But the order was countermanded in half an hour, and the three companies trudged on in dust and sorrow, after the regiment. Colonel Abbott had been trying hard, (so it was said,) ever since the investment of Petersburg, to get our regiment transferred to his command; but this order and counter order was the nearest we ever came to heavy guns after leaving the Defences. Oh, woful paradox! While we were the Nineteenth *Infantry*, we handled mortars, howitzers, and hundred pounders; but the Second *Artillery* used no weapons, from Spottsylvania to Lee's surrender, but their muskets and walking apparatus. "Where's your horses?" banteringly asked an F man one day of the First Maryland dismounted cavalry, whom we were passing. "They have gone to fetch up your heavy guns," was the pungent reply. The laugh was palpably at the expense of the "foot artillerist."

Morning* found us—the First and Second Divisions of the Sixth Corps, perhaps twelve thousand men in all,—embarking at City Point as fast as the transports could get up to the dock, load, and move off. And it takes longer to ship that number of men by regiments than most civilians would suppose. While waiting, the opportunity for a wash was eagerly siezed,—and City Point, for one day at least, had more bathers than Long Branch or Newport. Officers who had any money

* July 10, 1864.

bought a new shirt, threw away the old one, and came out in paper collars "so galliant and gay." Colonel Mackenzie now re-appeared, with a rag around his abbreviated fingers, and took command. Our picket detail, which had been left behind, and were on duty all night, ignorant of our departure, made a forced march when at last relieved, and arrived at two P. M.,—soon after which the regiment was gliding down the James, on the "City of Albany." How comfortable, how *luxurious* it was to be moving without the labor of marching, without dust, without the incessant command to "close up," and without having to carry one's weapons, house, bedding, food, drink, and cooking utensils! And yet, if a person unacquainted with any except the Hudson River style of steamboat travel, had attempted to go from one end of our boat to the other, he would have wondered where the comfort was. He would have trodden upon the limbs, or kicked oaths out of the heads, of more than a hundred soldiers.

But what was the destination and object of this movement down the James?

General Jubal Early had suddenly appeared with a rebel army, of unknown numbers, on the Potomac, destroyed a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, carried consternation into Pennsylvania and exchanged it for beef and horses, overwhelmed Wallace at Monacaey, cut the railroad between Washington and Baltimore, and was marching straight for the Capital, which was defended by almost nothing except hundred-days men, whose term of service was just expiring. This movement, then, was to head him off. And it was none too soon; for while we were steaming down the James and up the Chesapeake, Jubal's infantry were within six miles of the Capitol. All the world except ourselves knew that the Third

Division of the Corps had preceded us by a day or two, and that a portion of it had assisted Wallace at Monocacy in checking the enemy's advance. We passed Alexandria just after sunrise of the 12th, reached Washington at six o'clock, and marched directly up Seventh Street. In order to understand how difficult it was for Company and Regimental Commanders to keep their men in hand, the reader must contrast the toil and privations of the trenches at Petersburg, with the luxury, liberty, and whiskey of Washington. Straight up Seventh Street the column was driven, without looking to the right or left,—across the gazing Avenue, by the Post Office and Patent Office, and out to Tenallytown, with only two or three very short rests. The rests were long enough, however, to reduce the number of men *somewhat*. Indeed, the military genius of a Napoleon could not have taken a division from the foot of Seventh Street to Tenallytown in the heat of that day without loss. Such a task would almost have perplexed Mr. Pollard, the historical howler over the grave of the Lost Cause.

Early was in front of Fort Stevens when we arrived, and brisk firing was going on between his pickets and General Augur's hastily gathered troops, which consisted partly of hundred-days men, invalid corps men, citizens, and clerks detailed from the government offices. A skirmish occurred just after dark, which resulted in a loss to our side of two hundred and eighty killed and wounded, and a retreat of the enemy, with equal loss. At ten in the evening the regiment marched two or three miles up the road, by Fort De Russy, to Fort Kearney, and after much shifting, lay down on their arms to sleep. In the morning, Companies C and H were sent to man a battery, but returned in half an hour. Early had learned of the presence of the Sixth Corps, and also of the

Nineteenth, (Emory's,) which had opportunely arrived from New Orleans; and he concluded not to capture the Capital and Capitol, Congress and Archives, Arsenal and Navy Yard, Lincoln and Cabinet, until (as Pollard says,) "another and uncertain time." He had begun his retreat toward Snicker's Gap, and pursuit was instantly made by the Sixth and a division of the Nineteenth Corps, under command of General Wright. Our brigade moved up the river at 2:20 P. M., and bivouacked late in the evening near Potomac Cross Roads. Colonel Mackenzie began about this time to be disagreeable. He ordered Sergeant Soule to report to his Captain as a private for permitting Corporal Wheeler to go for a canteen of water; and kept Company G standing at "attention" through one rest because some hungry patriot sang out "coffee." Next morning* we moved at half-past five, but not much progress was made for some hours, on account of a handful of rebel cavalry who annoyed our advance and covered the enemy's retreat. Two of them were captured. But after noon the pace was quickened, and it being intensely hot, the march was very severe. Mackenzie stormed at the Company Commanders on account of the straggling, but it was no use. The men fell out incessantly. At seven in the evening we were only two hours behind the greybacks, whose rear guard, as we learned from citizens, had skirmished over that region during the afternoon. The Commissary wagons, which had followed on from Washington, came up at Poolesville, where we remained thirty hours. Rebel orders were found here, among the rubbish of their deserted camps, detailing men to thresh wheat. Here, too, the division witnessed the hanging of a deserter and spy from the Sixty-seventh New York. On

* July 14, 1864.

the 16th we forded the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and after marching through Leesburg and a mile beyond, encamped in plain sight of the rebels. During this entire march they kept moving as fast as we approached, manifesting little or no disposition to dispute our progress; and there was a delay in the pursuit which Mr. Greeley, in his History of the American Conflict, characterizes as "timid and feeble." It was certainly neither timid nor feeble after Ricketts came up with his (Third) Division, on the 17th. Starting before sunrise, the entire force moved all day and had nearly all passed through Snicker's Gap at sunset. The top of the Blue Ridge, overhanging the Gap, afforded an excellent position for counting our troops, and several rebels, thus occupied, were captured. As we reached the middle of the Gap, we caught our first glimpse of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, with which we were destined, before long, to have an intimate and bloody acquaintance. Lively artillery firing could be seen upon a knoll a couple of miles to the west, and sharp musketry heard to the right of it. We cleared the Gap, filed to the right into a blind, steep, and narrow defile, which suddenly became almost impassably blocked by troops who had been driven by the enemy, and were in confused retreat. Having forced a passage through them, we reached an open field sloping to the Shenandoah river, and encamped. Nothing remarkable occurred the next day, except an issue of three days' rations, including beans and dried apples, with instructions to make them last *five* days. On the 20th, we forded the Shenandoah,—which was about four feet deep, and as wide as the Housatonic at New Milford,—and moved toward Berryville, left in front. The Second Connecticut was the advance regiment of the advance brigade, and a portion of it was deployed as

skirmishers, and marched through the fields parallel with the column, and about forty rods on the right of it. Few of the regiment will ever forget the shower that soaked us that day. A halt was made in the woods not far from Berryville, and foraging parties detailed, who secured a large quantity of bacon, vegetables, and meal. There must have been some conflict or misunderstanding in the foraging orders, for Lieutenant Warren Alford, who was on his way to camp with several head of cattle and a barrel of flour, was directed by General Russell to take them back where he found them. Cavalry scouts reported no enemy within eight miles; and at midnight the column moved eastward. The river was forded again, by bright moonlight, and the Gap passed before day. It seems to have been the presumption (an erroneous one) that Early, having succeeded in decoying a large army into the Valley on a wild goose chase, was now hurrying back to Petersburg, to enable Lee to strike a heavy blow at Grant before the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps could be moved back to City Point. This, then, was the explanation of our return through Snicker's Gap.

The march back to Washington was severe enough to be called a forced march. Moseby's guerillas were close upon our rear, and although straggling was continually punished by rail-carrying, yet a vast number of stragglers were "gobbled" by the enemy, and doubtless found their way to Andersonville or some other prison. Tenallytown was reached, by way of Chain Bridge, on the 23d; and the stiff, lame, sore, tired, hungry men found thirty-six hours' rest, new clothing, new shoes, soft bread, and surreptitious whiskey,—for all of which they were truly thankful;—also *cross-cannon* to adorn their hats,—for which they would have been *more* thankful if

this brazen badge had not been, to them, such a bitter mockery!

But suddenly it seemed as though the cross-cannon were to be no longer a mockery. The powers at Washington had been pretty well shaken up by the thunder of the enemy's guns at the gates of the Capital, and they resolved that the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps should not embark for Petersburg again without leaving at least a few troops to reinforce the invalids and hundred-days men. For this purpose the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery was detached from the Sixth Corps, and ordered to report to General De Russy, at Arlington. Good bye, Upton's Brigade! We have followed your triangular flag, with its red cross, through fire and blood for sixty-six days, and there are not so many of us above ground as when we joined you at Spottsylvania. Good bye, boys of the Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, and the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania. We have become attached to you, body and soul; but it will not cost us a tear to have the *bodily* attachment broken off. Good bye, fellows; hope you have got through the worst of it, and we too.

The regiment moved* through Georgetown, across Aqueduct Bridge, up to Fort Corcoran; and by noon the companies were distributed at the same eleven forts which they had garrisoned for forty-eight hours before going to the front in May. The Ohio regiment of hundred-days men, which had relieved us in May and was still there, with its gawky officers, moved out and turned over its comfortable barracks, bunks, cook-houses and light duties, to those who were able to appreciate them.

* July 25, 1864.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCHING AND COUNTERMARCHING.

CHIEF JUSTICE.—I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF.—Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.—KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

If the Sixth Corps had gone to Petersburg, as was expected, the Second Connecticut Artillery would probably have remained henceforth in the Defences of Washington until the close of the war. But it was now discovered that Early, instead of returning to reinforce Lee at Petersburg, had faced about at Berryville, as soon as we had ceased chasing him, and attacked the troops under Crook, in the neighborhood of Winchester. Crook was defeated and driven into Maryland, and Early again stood defiantly on the Potomac, ready to carry the war into Pennsylvania, and "connect" with the northern wing of the rebellion, (which was eagerly waiting an opportunity to rise in arms against the government,) or to descend again on Baltimore and Washington. So the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, after lying at Tenallytown three days, moved—not southward, but northward. And the Second Heavies—well, it came a *little* harder than anything they had experienced hitherto. Their stay in those eleven forts in May had



CAPTAIN FREDERICK M. BERRY.

been short enough,—but that in July was shorter. The men who had rolled into those cosy bunks with the declared intention of “sleeping a week, steady,” were on their cursing way through Tenallytown again in twenty-four hours, marching with accelerated pace toward Frederick, to overtake the brigade of the red cross, to which they had so lately bidden an everlasting adieu. Oh bitter cup!

The Corps was overtaken the next day* between Rockville and Frederick; and we proceeded in search of Early and his rebels, whose whereabouts were very movable. We crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry by pontoons on the 29th of July, and encamped at Halltown, just behind Bolivar Heights. But lest we should become weary of staying at one place *too* long, the entire force, now augmented by Hunter's and Crook's commands, was headed eastward the next day, and again moved through that wonderful notch cut for the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge. Our regiment was for a short time halted on the very top of Bolivar Heights where the nature of the position afforded an unobstructed view of the entire force, in three columns, moving in from the west and converging on the Heights. It was a grand spectacle, and will always be remembered by those who beheld it. Probably no other occasion during the war presented so large a number of moving troops to a single glance of the eye. After lying in the steep streets of Harper's Ferry until midnight, waiting for other divisions to cross the pontoon, we got under way, and after a march not so hard as usual—but still hard enough,—encamped on the 3d of August on the north bank of the Monocacy, about four miles south of Frederick City. It was the pleasantest camping ground we had

* July 27, 1864.

ever seen. The clear, sparkling river ran along the lower edge of it, and the surrounding woods abounded in saplings, poles and brush, for which soldiers can always find so many uses. Regular camp calls were instituted, company and battalion drills ordered, and things began to assume the appearance of a stay. Indeed, soldiers might very reasonably look for a considerable stay, when time could be found to indulge in a military funeral; after so many officers and men had been buried without funeral, coffin, shroud, or audible word of prayer. The occasion was the death of an officer belonging to the division; the full brigade was in attendance, and a sermon was preached by our chaplain, Rev. Winthrop H. Phelps.

But it was only forty-eight hours before the blast of the brigade bugle blasted all hopes of permanency on the Monocacy. At ten o'clock on the night of August 5th, the unwelcome note echoed through the camp, and at once the brigade packed up, fell in, forded the river, and moved off through woods and darkness, no one knew whither,—until the morning light revealed, in the distant foreground, the well known notch in the Blue Ridge that marks the locality of Sandy Hook and Harper's Ferry. The meaning of this move was, that Major General Sheridan had been appointed to take command of the Middle Military Division, and was concentrating his forces in the vicinity of Halltown, three miles south of Harper's Ferry, preparatory to active (yes, *very* active) operations against the impudent Early, who was already advancing again into the north, and had just burned the town of Chambersburg. Of course this concentration of union troops compelled a similar movement on the part of the enemy;—and two large and compact armies now faced each other at Halltown. The

situation, both in a military and a political view, was hardly less important to both sides, and interesting to all the watching world, than that at Petersburg. There, Grant and Lee looked each other in the eye;—here, Sheridan and Early. Lincoln had already been re-nominated, and it was above all things the desire of the rebel authorities at Richmond to win decisive victories and successfully invade the northern states *in time* to prevent his re-election in November. His defeat at the polls would certainly have been the defeat of our armies, and the triumphant establishment of the rebel government. It was not difficult, therefore, to foresee ugly work in the Shenandoah Valley.

We reached Halltown and went into camp on the 6th of August. From this time until the 19th of September there was much drill, discipline, re-organization, and bringing up of recruits and convalescents from the hospitals. There was also much shifting of position, marching, and skirmishing. On the 10th of August Sheridan moved his entire force toward Winchester, Clifton and Berryville, intending to fight the enemy somewhere near the locality of the engagement which took place on the 19th of the succeeding month. On the 11th all the crossings of the Opequan were siezed, very much as they were on the subsequent occasion mentioned,—the Sixth Corps moving from Clifton to the crossing of the Berryville pike. But the enemy had retreated. Pursuit was instantly made up the valley pike through Kearnstown, Newtown and Middletown, and on the next night our army lay on both sides of Cedar Creek, and the enemy's just north of Strasburg. At this point Sheridan learned, (through a despatch brought in great haste from Washington by Col. Chipman, who rode by way of Snicker's Gap, escorted by a regiment of cavalry, to

deliver it,) that Kershaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps, with twenty guns, and two brigades of Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry, were on the way to re-inforce Early. In consequence of this information we started back on the 16th of August toward Halltown, which Sheridan declared to afford the only defensive line for a small against a larger force, in the Shenandoah Valley. Passing Clifton on the 17th we reached Flowing Spring, two miles south of Charlestown, on the 18th, and remained there until the night of the 21st. On the morning of the 21st, about nine o'clock, when preparations were making for a regular Sunday inspection, the enemy appeared very suddenly in front of the corps and drove in our pickets. The lines were instantly formed, and everything made ready for a general engagement, which it seemed as though the enemy, now greatly strengthened, had determined upon. But it did not take place, although obstinate skirmishing continued all day, and the men were kept in constant readiness. At midnight we moved quietly back to Halltown, the pickets of the enemy closely following. Forward again to Charlestown we went on the 28th, and to Clifton on the 2d of September, where we encamped and remained for two weeks, drilling and preparing for the grapple which was hidden in the immediate future.



CHAPTER X.

WINCHESTER.

Thou springing grass, that art so green,
Shalt soon be rosy red, I ween,
My blood the hue supplying:—
We'll drink the next glass, sword in hand,
To him who for the fatherland
Lies dying, lies dying.

The official name of the engagement which this chapter recites, is *Opequan*,—the name of the river or creek which the entire army crossed to the attack. But inasmuch as the fighting was pushed to the gates of the city of Winchester, the rebels sent “whirling through Winchester,” and the wounded carried to Winchester,—the soldiers persist in calling it the **BATTLE OF WINCHESTER**.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, the advance was in motion. Our brigade started from Clifton about daylight, and having struck the Berryville pike, moved five or six miles toward Winchester, and halted for an hour about two miles east of the Opequan, while the Nineteenth Corps was crossing. The Cavalry had previously moved to secure all the crossings, and firing was now heard all along the front, and continually increasing. The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, following Wilson's Cavalry, which fought the way, crossed at and near the pike bridge, our brigade wading

the stream a few rods north of it. West of the creek, the pike passed through a gorge over a mile long, from which the rebels had been driven by the cavalry. The Nineteenth Corps and a portion of our own had moved through it and formed a line of battle some distance beyond, under a heavy artillery fire, when our division emerged from the gorge and filed to the left into a ravine that ran across the pike, where it was held in readiness as a reserve. This was about half past nine. The fighting now waxed hotter, louder, nearer: nevertheless, some of the men found time while their muskets were stacked in this ravine, to dig potatoes from a neighboring field. At length the enemy made a vigorous charge upon the center of the front line, at the point where the Third Brigade of the Second Division joined the left of the Nineteenth Corps. The line broke, and retreated in complete disorder, each broken flank doubling and crowding back on itself, and making for the rear. The enemy pushed his advantage and came rolling into the breach. It was the critical moment of the day,—for if he had succeeded in permanently separating the two parts of the line, there would have been no possible escape from utter defeat for Sheridan's army. At this juncture General Russell, who was watching from the rise of ground just in front of the ravine where his division lay, exclaimed, "Look here! it is about time to do something! Upton, bring on your brigade." The brigade was at once moved out of the ravine, passed through a narrow strip of woods, crossed the pike, halted for a moment in order to close and dress up compactly, then went at a double quick by the right flank into the gap that had been made in the first line, and made a short halt, just in rear of a piece of woods, out of which the remnants of the Second and Third Divisions were

still retreating, and on the other side of which was the advancing line of Rodes' and Gordon's rebel divisions. The first fire that struck our brigade and regiment during the day was while coming to this position. General Russell was killed by a shell at the same time, having been previously wounded and refused to leave the field. It was this movement of our brigade that checked the enemy until the lines were restored and the two or three thousand fugitives brought back. Some of our men began to fire, but were quickly ordered to desist. After a very few minutes the brigade was pushed forward, the left half of it being somewhat covered by woods, from which position it instantly opened a terrific fire, while the Second Connecticut, which constituted the right half, passed to the right of the woods into an open field of uneven surface, and halted on a spot where the ground was depressed enough to afford a little protection, and *only* a little; for several men were hit while lying there, as well as others while getting there. In three minutes the regiment again advanced, passed over a knoll, lost several more men, and halted in another hollow spot similar to the first. The enemy's advance had now been pushed well back, and here a stay was made of perhaps two hours. Colonel Mackenzie rode slowly back and forth along the rise of ground in front of this position, in a very reckless manner, in plain sight and easy range of the enemy, who kept up a fire from a piece of woods in front, which elicited from him the remark, "I guess those fellows will get tired of firing at me by and by." But the ground where the regiment lay was very slightly depressed, and although the shots missed Mackenzie, they killed and wounded a large number of both officers and men behind him. Lieutenant Candee merely raised himself from the ground on

his elbow to look at his watch, but it was enough to bring his head in range of a sharpshooter's ball, and he was instantly killed. About three o'clock, an advance of the whole line having been ordered by Sheridan, the regiment charged across the field, Mackenzie riding some ten rods ahead, holding his hat aloft on the point of his saber. The distance to the woods was at least a quarter of a mile, and was traversed under a fire that carried off its victims at nearly every step. The enemy abandoned the woods, however, as the regiment approached, in consequence of which the line obliques to the left, and halted. Companies F and D were here detached and taken off to the right, on a small reconnoissance, but were soon brought back, and the regiment proceeded to the right of the woods and partly through them, and advanced to a rail fence which ran along the side of an extensive field. Here, for the first time during the whole of this bloody day, did the regiment have orders to fire; and for ten minutes they had the privilege of pouring an effective fire into the rebels, who were thick in front. Then a flank movement was made along the fence to the right, followed by a direct advance of forty rods into the field. Here was the deadliest spot of the day. The enemy's artillery, on a rise of ground in front, plowed the field with canister and shells, and tore the ranks in a frightful manner. Major Rice was struck by a shell, his left arm torn off, and his body cut almost asunder. Major Skinner was struck on the top of the head by a shell, knocked nearly a rod, with his face to the earth, and was carried to the rear insensible. General Upton had a good quarter pound of flesh taken out of his thigh by a shell, and was laid up for some weeks. Colonel Mackenzie's horse was cut in two by a solid shot, which just grazed the rider's leg, and let him down to

HEAVY ARTILLERY.

the ground very abruptly. Several other officers were also struck: and from these instances, as well as from the appended list of casualties, some idea may be gained of the havoc among the enlisted men at this point. Although the regiment had been under fire and losing continually from the middle of the forenoon until it was now almost sunset, yet the losses during ten minutes in this last field were probably equal to those of all the rest of the day. It was doubtless the spot referred to by the rebel historian Pollard, when he says, "Early's artillery was fought to the muzzle of the guns." Mackenzie gave the order to move by the left flank, and a start was made; but there was no enduring such a fire, and the men ran back and lay down. Another attempt was soon made, and after passing a large oak tree a sheltered position was secured. The next move was directly into the enemy's breastwork. They had just been driven from it by a cavalry charge from the right, and were in full retreat through the streets of Winchester; and some of their abandoned artillery, which had done us so much damage, stood yet in position, hissing hot with action, with their miserable, rac-a-bone horses attached. The brigade, numbering less than half the muskets it had in the morning, was now got into shape, and after marching to a field in the eastern edge of the city, bivouacked for the night, while the pursuit rolled miles away up the valley pike.

Roll call revealed the fact that the regiment had lost one hundred and thirty-six in killed and wounded,—fourteen of whom were officers. Company A, out of its entire list of officers and non-commissioned officers, had left only First Sergeant Henry Williams,—who had command of the Company during nearly the whole of the fight,—and two corporals. Company

H had three noble officers killed, including Captain Frederick M. Berry, of whom Colonel Kellogg once said that he was the most perfect *officer, gentleman, and man*, all things considered, in the regiment. Companies A, B, and E suffered heavily; C and G still more; and D, F, and I most of all.

But, unlike Cold Harbor or Petersburg, there was *victory* to show for this fearful outlay. And it was the first cup of palpable, unquestionable, unmistakable VICTORY that the Second Connecticut, with all its marching and fighting, had ever tasted.

In a war so vast, so protracted, so sanguinary, and so complex, as the war against the Slaveholders' Rebellion, it is too much to claim that any one army corps, or any one battle, was indispensable to the result. And yet, the issue hung for a long time in so even a balance that the most far-seeing were in doubt; and there must have been *some* particular event that turned the scale. What event was it? What day, what battle, and what particular move in that battle? Let us see if the SECOND CONNECTICUT HEAVY ARTILLERY may not claim to have done at least as much as any other regiment, toward making rebellion kick the beam.

Those who have good memories will agree that the crisis seemed to have come in the autumn of 1864, and that the Shenandoah Valley was, to all human appearance, the valley of decision. If Sheridan had been routed at Winchester, Early would have been across the Potomac at once, marching unopposed upon Washington and Baltimore, which would assuredly have fallen into his hands. Gold would instantly have jumped to five hundred or fifteen hundred, and the war would have been what the Chicago Democratic Convention

had just declared it to be—A FAILURE. That is, it would have been a failure for the government of the United States, and a complete triumph for the domineering lords of the South, who would have established their Confederacy upon the ruins of the Republic. If Sheridan had been defeated at Winchester, there would of course have been no victory for him at Fisher's Hill, three days later, nor any at Cedar Creek, a month later: but on the contrary, Early would have been devastating the free states, and helping to defeat Lincoln.* At any rate, it will be admitted that Sheridan's three victories in the Shenandoah in 1864—Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek—were at that time *universally* regarded as precursors, if not procurers, of Lincoln's re-election, and the overthrow of rebellion. And time proved that they were. And now the question comes, What decided the battle of Winchester? We had probably more men, while Early had the advantage of position and of the defensive. The contest lasted all day, and fortune certainly seemed at one time to favor Early. What brigade was it that snatched victory out of his hand? We will let Sheridan himself tell. Below will be found in full his official report of the Battle of Winchester, which we present without note or comment, except this,—that Upton's Brigade was composed of the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, Sixty-fifth New York, Ninety-five Pennsylvania, Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, and a battery of four field pieces. The Second Connecticut, however, constituted *fully one half* of the brigade,—these other regiments being mere remnants, having been in every fight

* Just before the battle of Cedar Creek, Early declared that he would be in Pennsylvania on election day, (Nov. 8,) or would be in hell.

since the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rappahannock. The only liberty we take with this report is to put a part of it in small capitals.

REPORT MADE BY MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN
TO THE JOINT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON THE
CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September the army moved to the attack. Torbert was directed to advance with Merritt's division of cavalry, from Summit Point, carry the crossings of Opequan creek, and form a junction at some point near Stevenson's depot with Averill, who moved from Darksville. Wilson was ordered to move rapidly up the Berryville pike, from Berryville, carry its crossing of the Opequan, and charge through the gorge or canon; the attack to be supported by the 6th and 19th corps, both of which moved across the country to the same crossing of the Opequan. Crook moved across the country to be in reserve at the same point.

Wilson, with McIntosh's brigade leading, made a gallant charge through the long canon, and, meeting the advance of Ramseur's rebel infantry division, drove it back and captured the earthwork at the mouth of the canon; this movement was immediately followed up by the 6th corps. The 19th corps was directed, for convenience of movement, to report to General Wright on its arrival at Opequan creek. I followed up the cavalry attack, and selected the ground for the formation of the 6th and 19th corps, which went into line under a heavy artillery fire.

A good deal of time was lost in this movement through the canon, and it was not till, perhaps, 9 o'clock a. m., that the order for the advance in line was given. I had from early in the morning become apprised that I would have to engage Early's entire army, instead of two divisions, and determined to attack with the 6th and 19th corps, holding Crook's command as a turning column to use only when the crisis of the battle occurred, and that I would put him in on my left, and still get the valley pike. The attack was therefore made by the 6th and 19th corps, in very handsome style, and under a heavy fire from the enemy, who held a line which gave him the cover of slight brushwood and cornfields.

The resistance during this attack was obstinate and, as there were no earthworks to protect, deadly to both sides.

The enemy, after the contest had been going on for some time, made a counter charge, striking the right of the 6th corps and left of the 19th, driving back the centre of my line.

IT WAS AT THIS JUNCTURE THAT I ORDERED A BRIGADE OF RUSSELL'S DIVISION OF THE 6TH CORPS TO WAIT TILL THE ENEMY'S ATTACKING COLUMN PRESENTED ITS FLANK, THEN TO STRIKE IT WITH VIGOR. THIS WAS HANDSOMELY DONE, THE BRIGADE BEING LED BY GENERAL RUSSELL AND ITS COMMANDER, UPTON, IN PERSON; THE ENEMY IN TURN WAS DRIVEN BACK, OUR LINE RE-ESTABLISHED, AND MOST OF THE TWO OR THREE THOUSAND MEN WHO HAD GONE TO THE REAR BROUGHT BACK.

I still would not order Crook in, but placed him directly in rear of the line of battle; as the reports, however, that the enemy were attempting to turn my right kept continually increasing, I was obliged to put him on that flank instead of the left, as was originally intended. He was directed to act as a turning column to find the left of the enemy's line, strike it in flank or rear, break it up, and that I would order a left half wheel of the line of battle to support him. In this attack the enemy was driven in confusion from his position, and simultaneously with it Merritt and Averill, under Torbert, could be distinctly seen sweeping up the Martinsburg pike, driving the enemy's cavalry before them in a confused mass through the broken infantry. I then rode along the line of the 19th and 6th corps, ordered their advance, and directed Wilson, who was on the left flank, to push on and gain the valley pike, south of Winchester; after which I returned to the right, where the enemy was still fighting with obstinacy in the open ground in front of Winchester, and ordered Torbert to collect his cavalry and charge, which was done simultaneously with the infantry advance, and the enemy routed.

In summing up his operations in the Valley, Sheridan afterward adds:

AT WINCHESTER, FOR A MOMENT, THE CONTEST WAS UNCERTAIN, BUT THE GALLANT ATTACK OF GENERAL UPTON'S BRIGADE OF THE 6TH CORPS RESTORED THE LINE OF BATTLE, UNTIL THE TURNING COLUMN OF CROOK, AND MERRITT'S AND AVERILL'S DIVISIONS OF CAVALRY, UNDER TORBERT, "SENT THE ENEMY WHIRLING THROUGH WINCHESTER."

CHAPTER XI.

FISHER'S HILL.

The mercury of loyal hope at Washington went up many degrees on the 20th of September, upon the receipt of the news from Winchester; while the temperature at Richmond,—judging from those rebel thermometers, the “Enquirer,” “Sentinel” and “Examiner,”—underwent a corresponding sinking. The industrious Pollard, of the “Examiner,” attempted to alleviate the gloom and dismay of the rebel capital by belaboring Dame Rumor, after the manner of Virgil and Shakespeare. His vigorous cudgeling of that noisy female

Who from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind her post-horse, still unfolds
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,—
Upon whose tongue continual slanders ride,

made excellent reading for the union soldiers when it came to hand, but did not raise the value of Confederate notes, even in the smallest degree. The rebel papers were all compelled to admit that Early had been *somewhat* unsuccessful at Winchester, but claimed that he had inflicted a loss on Sheridan at least three times greater than he had himself sustained, and had only “retired” to FISHER’S HILL, which was the very Gibraltar of the Valley;—a position so impregnable,

(they said,) that all the armies of Yankeedom could not dislodge him. Little did they dream that their long-haired, butternut-coated soldiers would be sent packing therefrom in forty-eight hours. How it was done is set forth, without any poetry or paint, in the following report made by Sheridan to Congress :

SHERIDAN'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th of September the army moved rapidly up the valley pike in pursuit of the enemy, who had continued his retreat during the night to Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg.

Fisher's Hill is the bluff immediately south of and over a little stream called Tumbling river, and is a position which was almost impregnable to a direct assault, and, as the valley is but about three and a half miles wide at this point, the enemy felt himself secure on reaching it, and commenced erecting breastworks across the valley from Fisher's Hill to North mountain; so secure, in fact, did he consider himself that the ammunition boxes were taken from the caissons and placed for convenience behind the breastwork.

On the evening of September 20th Wright and Emory went into position on the heights of Strasburg; Crook, north of Cedar Creek; the cavalry to the right and rear of Wright and Emory, extending to the back road. This night I resolved to use a turning column again, and that I would move Crook, unperceived, if possible, over on to the face of Little North mountain, and let him strike the left and rear of the enemy's line, and then, if successful, make a left half wheel of the whole line of battle to his support. To do this required much secrecy, as the enemy had a signal station on Threetop mountain, from which he could see every movement made by our troops; therefore, during the night of the 20th, I concealed Crook in the timber north of Cedar Creek, where he remained during the 21st. On the same day I moved Wright and Emory up in front of the rebel line, getting into proper position after a severe engagement between a portion of Rickett's and Getty's divisions of the 6th corps and a strong force of the enemy.

Torbert, with Wilson's and Merritt's cavalry, was ordered down the Luray valley in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, and, after defeat-

ing or driving it, to cross over Luray pike to New Market and intercept the enemy's infantry should I drive it from the position at Fisher's Hill.

On the night of the 21st Crook was moved to and concentrated in the timber near Strasburg, and, at daylight on the 22d, marched to and massed in the timber near Little North mountain. I did not attempt to cover the long front presented by the enemy, but massed the 6th and 19th corps opposite the right centre of his line. After Crook had gotten into the position last named I took out Rickett's division of the 6th corps and placed it opposite the enemy's left centre, and directed Averill, with his cavalry, to go up on Rickett's front and right and drive in the enemy's skirmish line, if possible. This was done, and the enemy's signal officer on Threetop mountain, mistaking Rickett's division for my turning column, so notified the enemy, and he made his arrangements accordingly, while Crook, without being observed, moved on the side of Little North mountain, and struck the enemy's left and rear so suddenly and unexpectedly that he, (the enemy,) supposing he must have come across the mountain, broke, Crook swinging down behind the line, Ricketts swinging to and joining Crook, and so on the balance of the 6th and 19th corps, the rout of the enemy being complete.

Perhaps a few words of explanation concerning the organization of armies may be useful to our lady readers and others not familiar therewith. A Brigade is usually composed of two, three, or four regiments, with a battery of two or four guns. Each gun is drawn by six horses, so harnessed that any one of them can be cut loose without interfering with the remainder. A Division is composed of three or four brigades, and a Corps of three or four divisions. With the progress of a campaign, and especially where marching and fighting are going on, the numbers are continually reduced by wounds, disease, details, desertions, captures, and accidents; in consequence of which the number of brigades, divisions, &c., is also reduced by consolidation. The regular commander of a regiment is a Colonel; of a brigade, a Brigadier General; and of a division, corps, or army, a Major

General. But the losses of campaigning are not confined to the rank and file, and a single fight will sometimes give a new commander to every regiment, brigade and division engaged. At Cedar Creek, for example, every officer in the brigade above Captain E. W. Jones was killed or wounded, and for a large part of the day he had command of the brigade.

In Sheridan's report, it must be understood that "Wright" means the Sixth Corps, "Emory" the Nineteenth Corps, and "Crook" two divisions that formerly formed a part of the old Eighth Corps. Of the three divisions of the Sixth Corps, the First was commanded (after the death of Russell,) by General Frank Wheaton, the Second by General Getty, and the Third by General Ricketts.

It would seem, from the foregoing report, that the brunt of the fighting at Fisher's Hill did not fall on Wheaton's division. Nevertheless, the Second Connecticut had five killed and nineteen wounded, while the entire loss of the Sixth Corps was only two hundred and thirty-seven. So that the loss in our regiment was fully *eight per cent.* of that of the entire corps, although the regiment probably did not constitute more than four per cent. of the corps,—perhaps less. Among the killed was Q. M. Sergeant David B. Wooster, of Company D, one of the best men that ever entered the service. The Nineteenth Corps lost sixty, and Crook probably less:—so that the victory at Fisher's Hill was very easily and cheaply bought,—in comparison with the price paid for some other victories.

But Sheridan's report merely considers the affair as a whole; and it will therefore be necessary for us to review it from a regimental stand-point. The regiment moved from bivouac near Winchester before daylight on the 20th, and by the middle of the afternoon encamped just south of Cedar Creek,

remaining until the afternoon of the next day, when it moved off to the right of the pike, taking a circuitous route through wooded ravines and over wooded hills, and at length came out upon open fields about a mile and a half west or southwest of Strasburg. This was on the evening of the 21st. Here lines of battle were formed, and a stay was made of about two hours; after which the march was continued by the right flank, up a steep and winding hill-side, until midnight, when the regiment halted under arms until daylight on the very top of a hill fully as high as Fisher's Hill, and separated from it by Tumbling River. The enemy's stronghold was on the top of the opposite hill, directly across the stream. In the morning breastworks were commenced, part of the men building while the rest remained in line of battle. Lively skirmishing was going on all day, and once or twice things were hastily put in readiness to meet an anticipated charge,—which, however, did not come. About three o'clock in the afternoon, orders were given to pitch tents,—but while the men were at it a general advance was ordered. The regiment had but just commenced to move directly forward when the rebels, (who knew every inch of the ground, and could tell where our lines *ought* to be, whether visible or not,) began to drop shells into their new breastworks and upon the very spot where they had begun to pitch tents. The regiment moved down the steep hill, waded the stream, and moved up the rocky front of the rebel Gibraltar. How they ever got up there is a mystery,—for the ascent of that rocky declivity would now seem an impossibility to an unburdened traveler, even though there were no deadly enemy at the top. But up they went, clinging to rocks and bushes. The main rebel breastwork, which they were so confident of holding, was

about fifteen rods back from the top of the bluff, with brush piled in front of it. Just as the top was reached, the Eighth Corps struck the enemy on the right, and their flight was very disordered and precipitate. The Second Connecticut was the first regiment that reached and planted colors on the works from the direct front.* After firing until the rebels were so far off that it was a waste of powder, the pursuit was resumed, and kept up all night; although but little progress was made, on account of the blockade of the road, both by the pursuing army, and the property abandoned by the enemy. The movements and experience of the regiment from this time until October 8th are admirably set forth in the following extracts from letters written to the "Winsted Herald" by Alfred G. Bliss, a private in Company E.

The chase was continued through the night, with intervals of rest. We passed through Woodstock the morning of the 23d, and rested and drew rations a short distance beyond. After the rest the march was continued. Passed through the village of Edinburg, and camped for the night a short distance beyond. The 24th we passed through Hawkinsburg—a knot of ancient houses. Shortly beyond we came to Mount Jackson, a neat little village at the termination of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Here the rebels had left many of their wounded, some of which were in the depot, some in private houses, but most of them in hospital barracks, where it seems that they have had a general hospital ever since Hunter's retreat. Beyond the town the rebels made a show of fight, but before our line was perfectly formed they skedaddled, fearing a repetition of Strasburg. After leaving Mount Jackson we marched very fast, and at sunset arrived at New Market, which is quite a town, and must have been a business place before the war. Camped for the night about two miles

* The men were so bewildered by the daily and nightly marching and fighting that some of them lost their reckoning, and there has ever since been a dispute whether the Fisher's Hill affair came off on the 21st or 22nd. It was on the 22nd, at about five o'clock in the afternoon.

beyond the town. Sunday, the 25th, the march was resumed. To guard against surprise, the troops marched in twelve columns,—the artillery and wagon trains occupying the pike, the troops on either side. The day was cool and pleasant, and it was truly a magnificent sight to see the army marching in twelve parallel columns, the colors flying, the skirmishers deploying just ahead, the road strewn with evidences of the hasty flight of the rebels—broken arms, abandoned wagons, &c. We encamped for the night at Harrisonburg, a large town making pretensions of being a city. Here the rebels had left 500 of their wounded, in different public buildings. A paper entitled the Rockingham Gazette was issued here. A few days before our arrival the editor recommended that General Lee march his army through Pennsylvania, destroying all property as he went, and when North he could make peace at his own terms. Upon looking for the editor, it was ascertained that General Wright had his headquarters at the house of the man he was looking for, and was guarding his property. The editor was ordered to print copies of Gen. Grant's order in relation to rebel deserters. While here many deserters came in who said they deserted from Petereburg, and had come north thus far, telling the inhabitants along the road that they were going to join Early. They state that many would desert had they the opportunity, and that strict orders were given to shoot any men who pass beyond the pickets. From them we also learn that the rebels feel a deep interest in our coming election, and that they are all anxious that "Little Mac" be elected. While on this subject I would state that the "hero of the seven days retreat" is fast becoming unpopular in the army. Not that the soldiers dislike the man so much as the company he keeps. They consider such men as Ben Wood, Vallandigham and Voorhees to be their enemies as much as the armed rebels in their front. At daylight the morning of the 26th, we resumed the march, and at noon stopped at Mount Crawford, a little village about nine miles below Harrisonburg. Here we remained until noon the next day, when (the cavalry having returned from the raid up to Port Republic) we retraced our steps and stopped for the night at our former camp near Harrisonburg, where we are now lying.

Harrisonburg is a place of some importance, and its public buildings were filled with rebel wounded, many of whom signified their readiness to take the oath of allegiance, and expressed their belief that "the confederacy had gone up the spout." While in this vicinity the chivalry displayed their fiendish proclivities, and proved themselves fit champions of the cause they have espoused, by cutting the throats of those of our men who were so unfortunate as to fall

into their clutches. This cowardly and inhuman mode of warfare seems peculiarly adapted to the men who are fighting to perpetuate the blighting curse of slavery. Among the victims of the miscreants was an Aid of General Sheridan, who was murdered near Mount Crawford, and in retaliation for this inhuman deed, (which no doubt was perpetrated by citizen guerrillas,) all the buildings in that section were burned.

The morning of Oct. 6th, we marched at daylight, retracing our steps down the Valley: the cavalry followed in our rear, burning grain, barns, mills, and in fact all property which could be of any service to the enemy. This act was a military necessity, from the fact that Early subsisted entirely upon the productions of the Valley, and more especially as this is a rendezvous for guerrillas. The destruction of grain and forage alone will in a great degree hinder future raids north by this route. During the day we passed through New Market, and camped for the night near Mount Jackson, having made a march of thirty-five miles.

Continued the march the 7th, and, as the day previous, refugees seeking freedom, avoiding rebel conscription, and the miseries of the "confederacy," were constantly joining us. As we progressed it became an exodus, black, white, rich and poor, old and young, all sizes and conditions, some on foot, some in wagons, carriages and carts, drawn by horses, mules, oxen, and occasionally the head of the family may be seen astride a bull which is drawing a cart containing the family and effects, and other equally nondescript conveyances, but the majority depend upon government wagons for transportation. At the various houses on the road we see families with goods packed, waiting transportation, and the army wagons are filled with contrabands mostly, either old and decrepid or very young, the robust having been sent to Richmond. Ask them where they are going, and they reply, "Anywhere, only to get out of this." The contrabands informed us that they were told that "the yankees had horns and would kill them if they caught them." One informed me that "his massa said that he must keep clear of the yanks, for if they caught him they would put him in the front line at Petersburg, and he would be surely shot," he told "massa if dat was so he would neber lebe him;" but, said he, "I know better, and was the first niggar to run away—massa couldn't fool dis chile." During the 7th, we passed Mount Jackson, Hawkinsburg and Woodstock, camping for the night at the latter place. At daylight the 8th we took up the line of march again. We find the bridges have been destroyed by guerrillas. At Edinburg the ladies besought Captain McNeil, with

tears in their eyes, to spare the bridge at that place, but no entreaties would move the ruffian. We rest for the night at Strasburg, having passed over the battle-field at Fisher's Hill, when we are again struck with the impregnability of that place, and almost wonder how we drove the rebels from that stronghold.



CHAPTER XII.

CEDAR CREEK.

We now come to the most remarkable battle of the War. On the 10th of October the Sixth Corps left Strasburg and moved to Front Royal, on its way to Alexandria,—whence it was to embark for Petersburg. It was believed that the punishment inflicted on the rebels at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and all through the Valley, would incline them to give up the project of carrying the war across the Potomac. This was evidently the opinion of Grant, Sheridan, and the authorities at Washington; and thus it happened that we were on the way back to City Point, leaving the Valley in the care of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps and the cavalry. After resting near Front Royal until the morning of the 13th, the corps started to cross the Blue Ridge; but instead of going through Manassas Gap, as was at first intended, the route was changed for the one *via* Ashby's Gap, a few miles further north,—and we moved in that direction. We had passed through White Post and Millwood, and the advance had almost entered the Gap, when there was a sudden "right about,"—and the whole corps moved back and encamped at Millwood. "What's up now?" was the universal question. And when the answer was given that Early, strongly reinforced, had followed us up

again, and was in his Gibraltar at Fisher's Hill, and his outposts challenging another "set-to,"—the next universal and wondering question was,—“Hasn't old Jewball had drubbing enough yet?”

He doubtless had. But Mr. Davis' government was in a fearful strait; and the suddenness and vigor of Early's return to the "scratch" proved that even before the roar of battle at Fisher's Hill had died away, it had been decreed that one more desperate attempt should be made to defeat Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. It is true that military judgment would not have warranted the attempt. There was not one chance of success in a hundred. But the *political* necessities of the staggering, gasping Confederacy overbore all considerations of military prudence. Sheridan's brilliant victories were being celebrated all over the North with noisy cannon and ringing bells. Sheridan's victories were daily strengthening the republicans and discouraging the democrats. Sheridan's victories were a most effective reply to the declaration of the Chicago Democratic Convention, that the war was "*a failure.*" The powers at Richmond therefore resolved that more men should die in the Shenandoah Valley. They resolved that the misfortunes of Early MUST be retrieved, at whatever cost, and that a rebel army should be pushed into the northern states in time to "assist" the democrats in defeating Lincoln. This was the explanation of our "right-about" at Ashby's Gap. But how did they expect to accomplish this perilous feat? We shall soon see.

The corps moved westward early in the morning,* struck the Valley pike at Newtown, rejoined the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps at Middletown, and the whole army encamped

* October 14, 1864.

between Middletown and Strasburg, along the northern bank of a tributary of the Shenandoah, called CEDAR CREEK. The Eighth Corps was on the left, the Nineteenth in the center, and ours on the right, and somewhat in the rear. For the next few days there was much quiet, and a good deal of speculation among the troops as to what would be the next shift in the scenes. The enemy was close in front, just as he had been for weeks preceding the battle of Winchester; but this attitude, which might once have been called defiance, now seemed to be mere impudence,—and it was the general opinion that Early did not wish nor intend to fight again, but that he was to be kept there, with a small force, as a standing threat, in order to prevent Sheridan's army from returning to Grant. And yet there was something mysterious in his conduct. He was known to be receiving reinforcements, and his signal flags on Threetop Mountain, (just south of Fisher's Hill,) were continually in motion. From the top of Massanutton Mountain,—the peak at the north end of the range that separates the Luray from the Main Valley,—his vedettes could look down upon the whole union army, as one can look down upon New Haven from East Rock; and there is no doubt that the exact location of every camp, and the position of every gun and every picket post were thoroughly known to him. Nevertheless, it seemed the most improbable thing in the world that he could be meditating either an open attack or a surprise. One would have supposed that the more he saw of our camp, the less inclined he would have been to disturb it. The position was strong, the Creek and its crossings in possession of our pickets, both along the front and well out on either flank. How, then, could his battalions get near enough to do us damage without creating a noise on the picket line? We

will let the enemy himself tell how it was done—and undone. The following description of our surprise, rout and subsequent victory is given by Pollard, in his history of *The Lost Cause*. All of it is probably true, except the statement that Early “had less than ten thousand men.”

On the 18th of October, Early was again at Cedar Creek, between Strasburg and Winchester. He had less than ten thousand men, and about forty pieces of artillery. His force was inadequate for open attack, and his only opportunity was to make a surprise. The enemy was posted on a line of low hills, the Eighth corps on the left, the Nineteenth corps in the center, and the Sixth corps on the right, somewhat in rear and in reserve. Early's dispositions for attack were to make a feint with light artillery and cavalry against the enemy's right, while the bulk of his forces marched towards the left where the Sixth corps was posted.

The movement commenced a little past midnight. Whilst demonstrations were made against the Federal right, whence the sounds of musketry already announced a fight on the picket line, the flanking columns of the Confederates toiled along seven miles of rugged country, crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah by a ford about a mile to the east of the junction of Cedar Creek with that stream. The march was performed in profound silence. Many places had to be traversed by the men in single file, who occasionally had to cling to bushes on the precipitous sides of the mountain to assist their foothold. At dawn the flanking column was across the ford: Gordon's division in front, next Ramseur's, and Pegram's in reserve. A heavy fog yet favoured them. The enemy's pickets had not yet taken the alarm; some of them had reported that they heard a heavy, muffled tramp and rustling through the underbrush, but no attention was paid to a supposed fancy, and no reconnoissance was sent out. Early had brought his column, unperceived, to the rear of the left flank of the Federal force; and it remained now but to close in upon the enemy, and fight rapidly.

The surprise was complete. The Eighth corps was unable to form a line of battle, and in five minutes was a herd of fugitives. Many of the men awoke only to find themselves prisoners. The Nineteenth corps was soon involved in the rout. The valorous Confederates pressed on, driving the whole Federal left and centre, slaying many of the enemy in their camps, capturing eighteen pieces of artillery,

fifteen hundred prisoners, small arms without number, wagons, camps, everything on the ground.

The retreat of the enemy was now a general one, the Sixth corps doing what it could to cover it. At Middletown an attempt was made to form a line of battle; but the Confederates threatened a flank movement, got possession of the town, and put the enemy on what was supposed to be his final retreat to Winchester.

The vigour of the pursuit was lost here. The fire and flush of the valorous charge was quenched, as the men now betook themselves to plundering the Federal camps, taking no notice of the enemy in the distance beyond some skirmishing and desultory artillery fire. But the enemy had no idea of continuing his retreat to Winchester. At the first good ground between Middletown the troops were rallied, a compact line formed, and the enemy soon put in a condition to resist further attack or take the offensive.

The Northern newspapers, with their relish for dramatic circumstances, had a singular story of how the sudden apparition of Gen. Sheridan on a black horse flecked with foam, which he had galloped from Winchester, where he had slept the previous night, reassured his fugitive army, and restored the battle. But the fact is that Sheridan did not appear on the field until the army had reorganized a new line of battle and made its dispositions for attack, which he did not change in any respect. The counter-charge was made at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Confederates were not prepared for it; they had been demoralized by pillage; when urged forward they had moved without enthusiasm; and when in the afternoon Gen. Early decided to attempt an advance, he was compelled to move cautiously, feeling his way with artillery.

At the first contact with the enemy, Gordon's division broke; Ker-shaw's and Ramseur's followed in retreat, and the field became covered with flying men. The artillery retired, firing slowly, and sustained only by Pegram's old brigade and Evan's brigade. Across Cedar Creek the enemy's cavalry charged in rear of the Confederate train without provoking a shot; and a bridge on a narrow part of the road between the creek and Fisher's Hill having broken down, guns and wagons were abandoned. Many ordnance and medical stores, and twenty-three pieces of artillery, besides those taken in the morning by Early, were captured. About fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, which fully made up for those lost by the enemy in the morning. The day was completely turned against the Confederates, and night closed with the enemy's infantry occupying their old camps, and his cavalry pursuing the wreck of Early's army.

Mr. Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, thus describes the surprise:

Our forces were encamped on three crests or ridges: the Army of West Virginia (Crook's) in front; the 19th corps (Emory's) half a mile behind it; the 6th corps (Wright's) to the right and rear of the 19th. Kitching's provisional division lay behind Crook's left; the cavalry, under Torbert, on the right of the 6th. It is a fact, though no excuse, that they had no more apprehension of an attack from Early than from Canada.

Early had arranged his army in two columns, in order to strike ours at once on both flanks. He had of course to leave the turnpike and move over rugged paths along the mountain-side, climbing up and down steep hills, holding on by bushes, where horses could hardly keep their feet, and twice fording the north fork of the Shenandoah—the second time in the very face of our pickets. For miles, his right column skirted the left of Crook's position, where an alarm would have exposed him to utter destruction. So imperative was the requirement of silence that his men had been made to leave their canteens in camp, lest they should clatter against their muskets. The divisions of Gordon, Ramseur, and Pegram thus stole by our left; those of Kershaw and Wharton simultaneously flanking our right.

At 2 a. m., the pickets of the 5th N. Y. heavy artillery (Kitching's division) heard a rustling of underbrush and a sound as of stealthy, multitudinous trampling; and two posts were relieved and sent into camp with the report. Gen. Crook thereupon ordered that a good lookout be kept, but sent out no reconnoitering party; even the gaps in his front line caused by detailing regiments for picket duty were not filled; and, when the crash came, the muskets of many of our men were not loaded. There was some suspicion and uneasiness in Crook's command, but no serious preparation.

An hour before dawn, the Rebels had all reached, without obstruction or mishap, the positions severally assigned them, and stood shivering in the chill mist, awaiting the order to attack. No sound of alarm, no hum of preparation, disquieted them. At length, as the gray light of dawn disclosed the eastern hill-tops, a tremendous volley of musketry, on either flank and away to the rear, startled the sleepers into bewildered consciousness; and the next moment, with their well known battle-yell, the charging lines came on.

"Tell the brigade commanders to move their men into the trenches," said Gen. Grover, calmly; and the order was given; but it was

already too late. The Rebels, disdaining to notice the picket-fire, were themselves in the trenches on both flanks before our soldiers could occupy them in effective force. On our side, all was amazement and confusion; on theirs, thorough wakefulness and perfect comprehension. In fifteen minutes, the Army of West Virginia was a flying mob; one battalion of its picket-line had lost 100 killed and wounded, and SEVEN hundred prisoners. The enemy, knowing every foot of ground as familiarly as their own door-yards, never stopped to reconnoiter or consider, but rushed on with incredible celerity.

The Second Connecticut had its full share of the varied fortunes of that wondrous day.* The exact number present

* Many readers of this book are well acquainted with the topography of South Cornwall, and can obtain a pretty good idea of the surprise at Cedar Creek from the following comparison: Imagine our army encamped all the way from Stephen J. Gold's residence on the left, to that of Dwight Pierce on the right, fronting southward. The Eighth Corps lies on Cornwall Plain, the Nineteenth Corps on the "Captain Miles place," and the Sixth Corps further west. Let Coltsfoot Mountain be Massanutton Mountain, the Main (Shenandoah) Valley toward Cornwall Bridge, and the Luray Valley toward the Crooked eSSes. The road to West Cornwall is the Valley Pike, and West Cornwall is Winchester. Our cavalry are encamped on either flank, and our pickets are posted along the Great Brook, in front of the army. Cornwall Bridge is Strasburg, and Early's army lies, at nightfall, in the neighborhood of Edward Gold's sawmill. He sends out a small force both of infantry and artillery toward Major Pierce's to "slam away" just at daybreak, in order to draw our attention in that direction, and then stealthily moves his whole army eastward, by all sorts of paths, along the lower part of Coltsfoot Mountain, then across into Kellogg's pine woods, (all the time keeping clear of our pickets,) then along the hillside until he reaches the old burying ground. Not a suspicion exists of their deadly presence until lumps of iron and lead from the rear come tearing through the tents of the 8th Corps, some of whose occupants are not yet even awake. It is a poor time to "fall in," "dress," and "in each rank count twos."

This striking similarity of topography was observed at the time of the battle. It should be borne in mind, however, that the Cornwall representation is on a much smaller scale than the Cedar Creek ground:—a scale of perhaps one to four or five.

for duty on that morning cannot be given,—for there was no time for roll-calls,—but the Morning Report of a day or two previous showed

OFFICERS.	ENLISTED MEN.
Present 25	Present 708
Absent 25 .	Absent 648
<hr/> 50	<hr/> 1356

These six hundred and forty-eight absent men were scattered all over. Every hospital at City Point, Alexandria, Washington, Baltimore, Annapolis, Sandy Hook, Georgetown, Philadelphia, Newark, New York and New Haven had a share of them, sick, wounded, convalescent, or on duty as nurses: besides which there were prisoners, stragglers, men on sick furlough, men absent without leave, and men on detached service. Of the seven hundred and eight reported present, probably not more than two-thirds were "Present for duty;"—that is,—there were not more than four hundred and seventy-two muskets—probably not so many—that went into the fight. The remaining two hundred and thirty-six are to be accounted for in various ways. They were detailed in the medical, commissary, quarter-master and ordnance departments; also as pioneers, blacksmiths, butchers, cattle-drivers, stretcher-bearers, teamsters, ambulance-drivers, officers' cooks, guards and orderlies at brigade, division and corps headquarters. Some were sick in the field hospital. Company L and part of Company E were on picket. Then there were the drummers, fifers, and band. Nor were all the twenty-five "present" officers available for action with the regiment. Out of that number must be deducted Lieutenant Cleveland, who was on duty as Inspector General on the staff of General

Hamblin, the Brigade commander; Surgeon Plumb and Assistant Surgeons Hassard and Andrews, all of whom were sure to have a multitude of new patients on their hands in a few minutes; Quarter-master Huxley and Chaplain Phelps; and Lieutenants Henry Skinner and Austin P. Kirkham, both of whom were on picket, and were taken prisoners early in the morning. The appended list of casualties will show, therefore, that our losses at Cedar Creek were greater, in proportion to the number engaged, than in any other fight, not even excepting Cold Harbor.

There had been beautiful autumn weather and unusual quiet for two or three days. On the afternoon of the 18th, Squire Terry of New Milford, and another gentleman arrived as Commissioners to take the vote of the regiment for President and Vice President. The Companies were brought up to head-quarters, one by one, and addressed by one of the Commissioners as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—We have been instructed by Governor Buckingham, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature, to receive the votes of such of you as are registered voters in the state of Connecticut. We are not here to electioneer, but simply to take your votes. On that table, (pointing at a hard-tack box that stood bottom upward on four stakes driven into the ground,) you will find a pile of ballots containing the names of presidential electors who, if elected, will vote for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. On *that* table you will find ballots containing the names of presidential electors who, if elected, will vote for George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton. On *that* table you will find envelopes. Examine the tickets as much as you please, and put the one which you desire to vote into an envelope, seal it, and hand it to Squire

Terry, giving him at the same time your full name, company, and the town in which you would be entitled to vote if at home. We shall deliver these envelopes to the state canvassers, and they will be opened, and duly counted with the vote of the state.

The polls were then opened, and the soldiers enjoyed what was, under the circumstances, a great luxury. Some voted for McClellan and Pendleton, but a large majority went for Lincoln and Johnson. The Commissioners, who were the guests of the camp that night, were much enamored of army life, and expressed some regret that they could not see a *fight* before going home. But of that there was unfortunately no prospect. There were no orders to be under arms an hour or two before daylight, as had been frequently the case;—in fact, nothing indicated any stir on our part, and it seemed very certain that Early would prefer to keep at a respectful distance. And so, after a pleasant evening, which was enlivened with much political discussion, everybody laid his head upon the lap of mother earth, and slumbered;—except Captain Gold, who meandered around camp in the fog all night, with a vague presentiment of danger. Indeed, it is said that the Captain was never known to be asleep during his whole term of service.

Most of the regiment were up next morning long before Reveille, and many had begun to cook their coffee, on account of that ominous popping and cracking which had been going on for half an hour off to the right. They did not exactly suppose it *meant* anything, but they had learned wisdom by many a sudden march on an empty stomach, and did not propose to be caught napping. The clatter on the right in-



CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. HOSFORD.

creased. The musket shots reverberated through the fog, and at last, "Whang! ng-ng-ng" went a piece of artillery. And then another. And then a smart cannonading, and more musketry. It began to be the wonder why no orders came. But suddenly every man seemed to lose interest in the right, and turned his inquiring eyes and ears towards the *left*. Rapid volleys and a vague tumult told that there was *trouble* there. "Fall in!" said Mackenzie. The "Commissioners" looked wildly toward the right, then toward the left, then turned pale, and then advanced vigorously toward the *rear*. "Shoulder! Arms! Battalion! Left! Face! File Left! March! Double Quick! March!" The brigade moved briskly off toward the east, crossing the track of other troops and batteries of artillery which were hurriedly swinging into position, while ambulances, orderlies, staff officers, camp followers, pack horses, cavalymen, sutlers' wagons, hospital wagons, and six-mule teams of every description came trundling and galloping pell mell toward the right and rear, and making off toward Winchester. It was not a hundred rods from our own camp to the place where we went into position, on a road running north. General Wright, the temporary commander of the army, bareheaded, and with blood trickling from his beard, sat on his horse near by, as if bewildered, or in a brown study. The Sixty-Fifth New York was on our left, and then came the Second Division. The First Brigade,* (Penrose's,) was on the right of ours, and then came the Third Division. The ground was cleared in front of the road, and sloped off some thirty rods, to a stream, on the opposite side of which it rose for about an equal distance, to a piece of woods, in which the advance rebel line had already taken

* Also called the Jersey Brigade.

position. Truly does Pollard say that "a heavy fog favored them." The newly risen sun, huge and bloody, was on their side in more senses than one. Our line faced directly to the east, and we could see nothing but that enormous disc, rising out of the fog, while *they* could see every man in our line, and could take good aim. The battalion lay down, and part of the men began to fire,—but the shape of the ground afforded little protection, and large numbers were killed and wounded. Four-fifths of our loss for the entire day occurred during the time we lay here—which could not have been over five minutes;—by the end of which time the Second Connecticut found itself in an isolated position, not unlike that at Cold Harbor. "Go and ask Penrose where he's going with that Brigade,"—said Colonel Mackenzie to the writer hereof. (The Jerseys had withdrawn from our right, and were moving directly across our rear to the left, with Penrose on foot, some distance ahead of his line.) "Colonel Penrose! Mackenzie wants to know where you are going with that Brigade." "I'm not going anywhere. I'm wounded!"—was the energetic reply,—which was carried to Colonel Mackenzie. Just then Lieutenant Cleveland rode up on a keen jump and said, "Colonel Mackenzie! General Wheaton wants you to move directly to the rear by right of companies!" Mackenzie replied, "My God! I cannot! This line will break if I do." "Well," said Cleveland, pointing to the left,—“there goes the Sixty-Fifth, and the First Brigade is gone.” A few seconds later, Mackenzie's horse, "old Pop," was struck square in the head, and after spinning around two or three times on his hind legs, went down—dead as a stone; and the Colonel, who had previously got a shot through the heel, went off over his head. The fog had now thinned away somewhat, and a

firm rebel line, with colors full high advanced, came rolling over a knoll just in front of our left, not more than three hundred yards distant. "Rise up! Retreat!" said Mackenzie,—and the battalion began to move back. For a little distance the retreat was made in very good order, but it soon degenerated into a rout. Men from a score of regiments were mixed up in flight, and the whole corps was scattered over acres and acres, with no more organization than a herd of buffaloes. Some of the wounded were carried for a distance by their comrades who were at length compelled to leave them to their fate in order to escape being shot.

About a mile from the place where the retreat commenced, there was a road running directly across the valley. Here the troops were rallied, and a slight defence of rails thrown up. The regimental and brigade flags were set up as beacons, to direct each man how to steer through the mob, and in a very few minutes there was an effective line of battle established. A few round shot ricocheted over head, making about an eighth of a mile at a jump,—and a few grape were dropped into a ditch just behind our line, quickly clearing out some soldiers who had crawled in there;—but this was the extent of the pursuit. Mackenzie and Hamblin now left for the hospital to have their wounds dressed, and the whole brigade, (and a very small brigade it was!) was deployed as skirmishers, under Colonel Olcott, of the One Hundred and Twenty-First New York. Three lines of skirmishers were formed, and each in turn constituted the front line, while the other two passed through and halted; and so the retreat was continued for about three miles, until a halt was made upon high ground, from which we could plainly see the Johnnies sauntering around on the very ground where we had slept.

It must have been after noon when we left that position, and moved eastward through the wood, by Sheridan's order, to join the Second Division, and meet the enemy. There has always been so much dispute as to whether Sheridan really had anything to do with the afternoon formations, that it is best to give his own testimony in the matter. He says:

At about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 19th October, an officer on picket at Winchester reported artillery firing, but, supposing it resulted from a reconnoissance which had been ordered for this morning, I paid no attention to it, and was unconscious of the true condition of affairs until about nine o'clock, when, having ridden through the town of Winchester, the sound of the artillery made a battle unmistakable, and on reaching Mill creek, one-half a mile south of Winchester, the head of the fugitives appeared in sight, trains and men coming to the rear with appalling rapidity.

I immediately gave directions to halt and park the trains at Mill creek, and ordered the brigade at Winchester to stretch across the country and stop all stragglers. Taking twenty men from my escort, I pushed on to the front, leaving the balance, under General Forsyth and Colonels Thom and Alexander, to do what they could in stemming the torrent of fugitives.

I am happy to say that hundreds of the men, who on reflection found they had not done themselves justice, came back with cheers.

On arriving at the front, I found Merritt's and Custer's divisions of cavalry, under Torbert, and General Getty's division of the 6th corps, opposing the enemy. I suggested to General Wright that we would fight on Getty's line, and to transfer Custer to the right at once, as he (Custer) and Merritt, from being on the right in the morning, had been transferred to the left; that the remaining two divisions of the 6th corps, which were to the right and rear of Getty about two miles, should be ordered up, and also that the 19th corps, which was on the right and rear of these two divisions, should be hastened up before the enemy attacked Getty.

I then started out all my staff officers to bring up these troops, and was so convinced that we would soon be attacked, that I went back myself to urge them on. Immediately after, I returned and assumed command, General Wright returning to his corps, Getty to his division, and the line of battle was formed on the prolongation of General Getty's line, and a temporary breastwork of rails, logs, &c., thrown

up hastily. Shortly after this was done, the enemy advanced, and from a point on the left of our line of battle I could see his columns moving to the attack, and at once notified corps commanders to be prepared. This assault fell principally on the 19th corps, and was repulsed.

I am pleased to be able to state that the strength of the 6th and 19th corps, and Crook's command, was now being rapidly augmented by the return of those who had gone to the rear early in the day.

Reports coming in from the Front Royal pike, on which Powell's division of cavalry was posted—to the effect that a heavy column of infantry was moving on that pike in the direction of Winchester, and that he (Powell) was retiring and would come in at Newtown—caused me great anxiety for the time; and although I could not fully believe that such a movement would be undertaken, still it delayed my general attack. At 4 o'clock p. m. I ordered the advance.

This attack was brilliantly made, and as the enemy was protected by rail breastworks, and at some portions of his line by stone fences, his resistance was very determined. His line of battle overlapped the right of mine, and by turning with this portion of it on the flank of the 19th corps, caused a slight momentary confusion. This movement was checked, however, by a counter-charge of General McMillan's brigade upon the re-entering angle thus formed by the enemy, and his flanking party cut off.

It was at this stage of the battle that Custer was ordered to charge with his entire division, but, although the order was promptly obeyed, it was not in time to capture the whole of the force thus cut off, and many escaped across Cedar creek. Simultaneous with this charge, a combined movement of the whole line drove the enemy in confusion to the creek, where, owing to the difficulties of crossing, his army became routed.

About two o'clock we were posted, in two lines, in the southwestern edge of a piece of woods, in front of which was an open, side-hill field, at the top of which, along a stone wall, was the rebel skirmish line, while the main line was not a great distance back of it. Their assault had already been made, and repulsed by the Nineteenth Corps. About three o'clock, we could hear the cheering to the right, as Sheridan rode along the line,—but that personage did not get within

sight of our regiment. By this time Hamblin and Mackenzie had returned to take part in the "left half wheel" which had been ordered. The lines moved forward over the ascending ground, under a galling but not very destructive fire from the rebel skirmishers, who soon gave up the stone wall to us, and retreated on their main line. A square musketry fight was kept up here for ten minutes, when the enemy left:—not, however, before inflicting considerable damage on us. Here Colonel Mackenzie was again struck by a solid shot or shell which just grazed his shoulder. A remarkably large number of our officers were wounded at this point, but none fatally, nor even *very* severely. (In the morning the casualties among officers had been few and severe,—Hosford being killed, and Fenn and Gregory losing each an arm.)

The enemy attempted to rally behind another fence, a little further back, but after a moment or two gave it up and "retired." Not only in front of our regiment, but all along as far as the eye could reach, both to the right and left, were they flying over the uneven country in precisely the same kind of disorder that we had exhibited in the morning. The shouts and screams of victory mingled with the roar of the firing, and never was heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The sight of so many rebel heels made it a very easy thing to be brave, and the union troops pressed on utterly regardless of the grape and canister which, to the last moment, the enemy flung behind him. It would not have been well for them to have fired *too* much if they had had ever so good a chance, for they would have been no more likely to hit our men than their own, who were our prisoners, and scattered in squads of twenty, squads of ten, and squads of *one*, all

over the vast field. At one time they made a determined stand, along a ridge in front of our brigade. A breastwork of rails was thrown together, colors planted, a nucleus made, and both flanks grew longer and longer, with wonderful rapidity. It was evident that they were driving back their men to this line without regard to regiment or organization of any kind. This could be plainly seen from the adjacent and similar ridge over which we were moving,—the pursuers being in quite as much disorder (so far as organizations were concerned,) as the pursued. That growing line began to look *ugly*, and somewhat quenched the ardor of the chase. It began to be a question in many minds whether it would not be a point of wisdom to “survey the vantage of the ground” before getting much further. But just as we descended into the intervening hollow, a body of cavalry, not large, but compact, was seen scouring along the fields to our right and front like a whirlwind, *directly* toward the left flank of that formidable line on the hill. When we reached the top there was no enemy there! They had moved on, and the cavalry after them. Thus the chase was continued, from position to position, for miles and miles, for hours and hours,—until darkness closed in, and every regiment went into camp on the identical ground it had left in such haste in the morning. Every man tied his shelter tent to the very same old stakes; and in half an hour coffee was boiling and salt pork sputtering over thousands of camp fires. Civil life may furnish better fare than the army at Cedar Creek had that night, but not better appetites; for it must be borne in mind that many had gone into the fight directly from their beds, and had eaten nothing for twenty four hours.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,—

no matter how stout your bank deposits are, those *appetites* were a greater luxury than you can buy.

But why did they wait half an hour before getting under way with their supper? will perhaps be asked. Because it takes some time to find *wood*, on a cleared field where a body of men as large as the whole city of Waterbury are set down without any wood-pile or coal-bin,—and in the dark, too. And it takes some time to get *water*, where there are two hundred men over a well, and not a gill of water to a man. And it takes some time to draw and distribute *rations*, when details from every company in a whole brigade are crowding and jamming at the tail-board of two or three commissary wagons.

Late in the evening, after many were sound asleep, the regiment was ordered to be formed in line without arms. When the command to “fall in” was heard, the general question was, “Well, old Jubal hasn’t forgotten anything and come back after it, has he?” The clause, “without arms,” however, showed that he had not; although the soldiers expressed their perfect willingness to fight him in that way, if he found himself still unable to restrain his pugnacity. The line being formed, Captain Jones—now in command of the regiment—said, “Soldiers:—I have just received a despatch from General Sheridan’s Head-quarters which announces that we have this day taken not less than two thousand prisoners, forty-seven guns and caissons, a large number of battle-flags, all the wagons and supplies taken from us this morning, besides horses, mules, wagon trains and material of all kinds in unknown quantities; and that our victory is complete. I now propose three cheers for Sheridan, ourselves, our army, and the Union!” They were given with indescribable heartiness,

while all the camps far and near joined in full chorus. The battalion was dismissed, and thus ended the day that had witnessed a battle which was, in many respects, without a parallel in ancient or modern history.

I said that every man tied his shelter tent to the same old stakes. Alas! not every man. The victory at Cedar Creek was no exception to the rule that every human good must be born out of sorrow. The killed, wounded and missing of the Sixth Corps were two thousand two hundred and fifteen, of which the Second Connecticut had its full share. Men from every Company started out, the first thing after reaching camp, to look for our dead and wounded, many of whom lay not fifty rods off. The slightly wounded who had not got away, had been taken prisoners and sent at once toward Richmond,—while the severely wounded had lain all day on the ground, near where they were hit, while the tide of battle ebbed and flowed over them. Some of the mortally wounded were just able to greet their returning comrades, hear the news of victory, and send a last message to their friends, before expiring. Corporal Charles M. Burr, of Company E, went into the fight with Company B, (his own Company being on picket,) and was shot above the ankle, just after the battalion had risen up and started to retreat. Both bones of his leg were shattered, and he had to be left. In a few minutes the rebel battalion which I have already mentioned came directly over him in pursuit, and was soon out of his sight. Then, being alone for a short time, he pulled off the boot from his sound leg, put his watch and money into it, and put it on again. Next, a merciful rebel lieutenant came and tied a handkerchief around his leg, stanching the blood. Next came the noble army of stragglers and bummers, with the question,

“Hello, Yank, have you got any yankee notions about you?” at the same time thrusting their hands into every pocket. They captured a little money and small traps, but seeing one boot was spoiled, they did not meddle with the other. Next came wagons picking up muskets and accoutrements, which lay thick all over the ground. Then came ambulances and picked up the rebel wounded, but left ours. Then came a citizen of the Confederacy, asking many questions; and then came three boys, who gave him water. And thus the day wore along until the middle of the afternoon, when the tide of travel began to turn. The noble army of stragglers and bummers led the advance,—then the roar of battle grew nearer and louder and more general,—then came galloping officers and all kinds of wagons,—then a brass 12-pounder swung round close to him, unlimbered, fired one shot and whipped off again,—then came the routed infantry, artillery and cavalry, all mixed together, all on a full run, and strewing the ground with muskets and equipments. Then came the shouting “boys in blue,”—and in a few minutes Pat. Birmingham came up and said, “Well, Charley, I’m glad to find you alive. I didn’t expect it. We’re back again in the old camp, and the Johnnies are whipped all to pieces.”

Captain Benjamin F. Hosford was shot in the morning through the head, and instantly killed. His brother and other men of Company D carried the body about half a mile on the retreat, and were compelled to leave it there. At night it was found that the rebels had taken a ring from his finger, the straps from his coat, and the shoes from his feet. Corporal Henry L. Vaill, of Company C, was found alive, stripped of everything, and so were many others.

The next day the dead were buried, the wounded more

thoroughly cared for, the Morning Report Books straightened out, the extent of loss ascertained, and lists of casualties forwarded to brigade head-quarters. Company D mustered only nineteen muskets, and its commanding officer was Sergeant Hough. The other companies were reduced to nearly the same extent. The loss in officers was so great that for a few days there were but six officers on duty with twelve companies; while little short soldiers who had always been at the left end of the companies, suddenly found themselves corporals and sergeants. We remained at Cedar Creek until the 9th of November, when, on account of the scarcity of wood, and the long distance from our base at Harper's Ferry, the army was moved to Camp Russell, near Kearnsstown, about four miles south of Winchester, where it remained until the 2nd of December. The Morning Report for November 20th showed three hundred and seventy-nine men and seventeen officers present for duty, and the regiment was recruited daily both in numbers and condition. Jubal occasionally came up to the front and barked, but there was no more bite in him. Thanksgiving day brought a turkey dinner and no drill,—two very uncommon luxuries;—and with regular mails, fair rations, good night rests, and stone chimneys, the army settled down in comparative comfort, the chief ingredient of which was the conviction that there was to be no more fighting in the Valley of the Shenandoah. And there never was.



CHAPTER XIII.

PETERSBURG AGAIN.

Now that the rebels had been thrice defeated in the Valley, and Lincoln re-elected, there remained neither any military nor political temptation for another invasion of the northern states. It was absolutely certain that it would not be again attempted; and therefore the Sixth Corps was ordered to City Point again. On the 1st of December Wheaton's Division marched to Stephenson's Depot and took the cars for Washington, arriving at daylight the next morning. From the Baltimore depot we marched straight to the river and went aboard. Some few, however, marched crooked. It was rather difficult to get horses across the plank, and still more so to get some of the men across. But at length it was done, and the division steamed down the river,—our regiment on the Massachusetts, Mackenzie and (Brigade) staff on the Winona, Wheaton and staff on the Idaho. Arriving in front of Alexandria, the boats came to anchor, and lay in tantalizing sight of that town for twenty-four hours,—which the men considered a criminal waste of time. They could have done a great many "errands," and occupied the time usefully, or at least enjoyably, if they could have got ashore; but it was probably feared

that all would not get aboard again in time, (and they *probably* would not,)—therefore this Soldier's Paradise was kept at a distance which lent not so much enchantment as impatience to the view. On the 3d, other transports had received their loads and the fleet moved on—but toward what destination nobody knew. That information had not even been vouchsafed to regimental commanders; and Lieut. Colonel Hubbard was in the same boat with his men, both literally and figuratively. Opinion was divided between Wilmington and City Point, with the odds in favor of the latter place; and many were on the watch when we were off Fortress Monroe, to decide the point. Suddenly the tiller was put hard to starboard, and the question was settled. It *was* City Point.

We landed on the 4th, encamped over night a mile from the Landing, and the next morning took the cars on "Grant's Railroad" for Parke Station. And where, pray, was "Parke Station?" There was no such town in this region last July, and there is no such town on the map of Virginia. Perhaps not; but there was such a place on Grant's Railroad, and an immense freight and passenger business was done there too. It was on almost the very spot where we had skirmished, and buried Colt of F Company and Hyatt of K Company on the 22d of last June. Then, it was an unbroken forest. Now, hundreds of acres were cleared, and dotted with camps. A corduroy road ran by, and a telegraph, and Grant's Railroad. No other such railroad was ever seen before, or ever will be again. It was laid right on the top of the ground, without any attempt at grading, and you might see the engine and the rear car of a long train, while the middle of the train would be in a valley, completely out of sight. Having reached Parke Station, we moved to a camp near Battery Number

Twenty-Seven, and went into the snug and elegant little log houses just vacated by the Ninety-Fourth New York, who were about starting with their corps, (the Fifth) and part of the Second Corps, on a movement toward the left for the purpose of destroying more of the Welden Railroad. This was a new kind of situation for the "Second Heavies." The idea of being behind permanent and powerful breastworks, defended by abattis, ditches and what not, with approaches so difficult that ten men could hold five hundred at bay, was so *novel* that the men actually felt as if there must be some mistake, and that they had got into the wrong place.

On the afternoon of the 9th, the First and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps were marched to the left, beyond the permanent lines, and off in the direction of the Weldon Railroad, to prevent any attack on the Fifth and Second Corps, now returning from their expedition. After going about six miles we halted for the night, in a piece of woods. It was bitter cold when we left camp, but soon began to moderate, then to rain, then to *sleet*;—so that by the time we halted, every thing was covered with ice, with snow two inches deep on the ground, and still sifting down through the pines. It was the work of an hour to get fires going,—but at last they began to take hold, and fuel was piled on as though it did not cost *any thing*. Clouds of steam rolled out of the soaked garments of the men, as they stood huddled around the roaring, crackling piles,—and the black night and ghostly woods were lighted up in a style most wonderful. It was a grander picture than Leutze or Bierstadt ever conceived. And the price of admission was very reasonable indeed,—only fifteen dollars a month, and refreshments thrown in. The storm continued all night, and many a man waked up next morning to find

his legs firmly packed in new-fallen snow. And yet, sleep was sweeter there

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody;—

for *weariness* is what gives sleep its finest flavor. At daylight orders came to pack up and be ready to move at once; which was a difficult order to execute, on account of many things, especially the shelter tents;—for they were as rigid as sheet-iron, and yet had to be rolled up and strapped on the knapsacks. Nevertheless, it was not long before the regiment was in motion; and after plodding off for a mile to the left, a line of battle was formed, vedettes sent out, trees felled and breast-works built, and at dinner time the men were allowed to build fires and cook breakfast. Then after standing until almost night in the snow, which had now turned to *slush*, the column was headed homeward. Upon arriving, it was discovered that some of the Jersey Brigade had taken possession of our log snuggeries, and that their officers had established their heels upon the mantels in our officers' quarters, and were smoking the pipes of comfort and complacency, as though they had not a trouble in the world, and never expected to have. But they soon found that possession is not nine points of *military* law, by any means. An order from Division Headquarters soon sent them profanely packing,—and the Second Heavies occupied.

From this time until the 6th of February, the regiment had no fighting to do, and no very startling experiences of any kind. Some mention, however, of the more noteworthy occurrences of this period will be acceptable, at least to my soldier

readers ; and it will perhaps be well to transcribe them direct from some of the diaries in my possession. The following entries are copied, mostly without alteration, from the diaries of several officers and men, besides my own.

Dec. 11. Twenty-nine convalescents returned.

Dec. 12. Fifty convalescents returned.

Dec. 13. Captain A. H. Fenn returned and reported for duty, although it is not seven weeks since he lost his arm at Cedar Creek. What *has* become of the adjutant's desk? It was turned over to the quarter-master at Camp Russell, but does not come.*

Dec. 14. Good deal of anxiety in camp about Sherman's march coastward. A Richmond minister told his congregation last Sunday that God had a hook in Sherman's nose, and was leading him to destruction. *Nous verrons.*

Dec. 15. We now have to furnish four officers and one hundred and twenty-five men daily for picket. They are posted out by the rebel lead mines. They frequently see the Johnnies and talk with them.

Dec. 16. Heavy cannonading. Sergeant Soule and squad of carpenters detailed for duty at Division Head-quarters. They will fix things up gorgeous. This is the regiment they have to apply to when they want things done *nice*.

Dec. 18. One hundred guns from Fort Sedgwick in honor of Thomas' victory over Hood. They must enjoy the salute in Petersburg.

Dec. 21. Rain played lullaby on the tent all last night.

* It never did come. The loss was a great misfortune, for it contained many regimental documents that would have been of great value in preparing this history.

Quarters* well ventilated this morning, because rain washed mud off logs. Put it on again. Plenty of water to mix mortar with. Kelley, McKinney, Tuttle, Twiss and Jo. Fenn mustered as First Lieutenants by Captain Tyler, Commissary of Musters.

Dec. 23. Went clear up to Hancock's Station, *via* corduroy, to have a brigade drill under Mackenzie.

Dec. 26. Sherman presents Lincoln, with a X-mas gift of Savannah, one hundred and fifty guns, and twenty five thousand bales cotton. Much rejoicing thereat. Story afloat that Lee is going to do something surprising on New Years' day.

Dec. 21. Muster day. Very busy with the pesky rolls. Captain Marsh's rolls first in, of course.

1865.

Jan. 1. Gad Smith and John Wheeler returned.

Jan. 2. Wheeler mustered as First Lieutenant, and goes on Brigade Staff, as A. A. A. G., *vice* Ed. Hubbard, who is discharged and goes home.

* The quarters were pine log houses, about six by seven feet, arranged in regular order, like a camp of canvas tents. The cracks between the logs were plastered with the clay which was found on the spot. A hard rain would wash it off, but it was not a very great task to put it on again. It was only necessary to dig a hole in the ground, about as large as a half-bushel, pour in water, stir it up, and daub it on with a pudding stick. The interiors of some of the houses were elegantly papered with Harper's Weeklies, Frank Leslies, and such like sheets, which, being added to every few days, at length made almost as warm a dwelling as one of brick or lumber. The fire places and chimneys were first built up by a framework of sticks, which were filled with mud. Then, when a fire was built, the sticks would burn away, and leave the clay standing. The houses had no roofs except the shelter tents that belonged to the occupants; and when a regiment left a camp, either for good or for twenty-four hours, they of course had to unroof their houses.

Jan. 3. Eight Companies on fatigue duty. News received of Butler's fizzle at Wilmington.

Jan. 4. Three inches snow. Good many men sit by their fires all night because too cold to sleep.

Jan. 5. Muddy. New Springfields came to take the place of Enfields. Farewell, old Enfields! Every one of you could tell thrilling tales if you could speak. And you *can* speak!

Jan. 6. All our Division moved down corduroy, a mile to left, and formed square to witness execution of Peter McCox, deserter from Company A, Fourth New Jersey, First Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps. Stood "in place rest" an hour, waiting. Prisoner unable to walk—brought clear round the square in ambulance, preceded by band playing Dead March in Saul. Coffin placed on the ground in front of open grave. Prisoner seated on foot of coffin. Proceedings, findings and sentence of Court Martial read in front of each regiment. Prisoner blindfolded, and firing party of twelve men drawn up in front, in single rank, about twenty paces off. Captain of Provost Guard gave the order "Fire!" Good many men turned away their heads. Prisoner fell back and off on the ground, leaving one leg on the coffin. Division then wheeled into column by companies, marched by the coffin, and then home.

Jan. 7. Inspection. Mackenzie appeared in stars. Cleanest man in each regiment to go to Division Head-quarters, to compete for a twenty days' furlough. One man from each of B, D, K, E and M Companies sent to Brigade Head-quarters. Sam. Terrell the lucky man, out of the whole division.

Jan. 9. Rebels made charge on Third Division picket line, a little to our left. Promptly met and defeated. Caused no disturbance in camp.

Jan. 10. Snowdy returned. Our daily picket detail is now five officers and one hundred and five men. Pretty rough. Makes a man's turn come pretty often.

Jan. 11. Got eighteen potatoes from Brigade Commissary. Major Jeffrey Skinner appointed to command the Sixty-Fifth New York, while Colonel Fisk is absent on leave.

Jan. 12. Noisy picket firing. Curtis made regimental Ordnance Officer. Captain Cleveland Ordnance Officer on Wheaton's staff.

Jan. 14. Picket firing in our front.

Jan. 15. Commenced to have brigade guard-mounting. General Mackenzie rode over to Inspection on his Nankeen, in that new gawky hat, and inspected the regiment at a support. Niram Buttolph, of Company G, sent to Division Headquarters, and got the Division furlough. General Wheaton said he was the handsomest soldier he ever saw. Cleveland and Fenn are Majors.

Jan. 16. Received four hundred and eighty-nine sets of "Mann's Patent Accoutrements." Boys don't like 'em. Call 'em "belly trunks." Company F is at Fort McMahon.

Jan. 17. Salute of one hundred guns for Terry's capture of Fort Fisher and twelve hundred prisoners. Captain Woodman made A. A. A. G., and Johnny Wheeler A. A. D. C.

Jan. 18. Lieutenant Oscar Platt discharged. Ab. Dunham and Mr. Dewell arrived. Their goods are at City Point, awaiting transportation. Thirty-eight convalescents and substitutes arrived in evening.

Jan. 20. Mackenzie on fifteen days' leave. Lieut. Colonel Olcott, One Hundred and Twenty-First New York, commands brigade. Lieut. Colonel Skinner returned to regiment.

Jan. 22. In the evening went with Captain Marsh and

Chaplain to Major Jones' quarters to hear a large discussion on the resurrection. Later, went over to Captain Marsh's and talked of war, love, and the kindred destructive arts.*

Jan. 23. Large lot of deserters came in on the left. They come thicker since the fall of Fort Fisher, Charleston and Savannah. Wonder what is going on at the right;—furious cannonading,—heaviest we ever heard; fairly shook the earth.

Jan. 24. It was the battle of the monitors. Rebels tried to take City Point. We should have been in a pretty fix if they had succeeded! Inspection. Grannis (of D Company) sent to Brigade Head-quarters as cleanest man, but Olcott villainously threw him out, and sent a One Hundred and Twenty-First man to Division Head-quarters.

Jan. 26. Hubbard mustered as Colonel and relieves Olcott in command of Brigade. Skinner mustered as Lieut. Colonel, and commands regiment.

Jan. 29. Inspection. Zelotes Grannis got it this time. Iselton of H, Dugette of L, Atwood of A, and a B man also received furloughs.

Feb. 1. Orders received at three a. m. to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Ed. Sedgwick mustered as Second Lieutenant of Company C. Somebody checkmated.

Feb. 2. James W. Dixon, son of Senator Dixon, has been kindly given to the regiment, and mustered into a vacant Lieutenancy, to serve on the staff of General Wright. General Wright must have a poor opinion of his corps, if he cannot by this time find timber in it good enough to make Aides de Camp of without going to Connecticut. There are plenty of men in this regiment yet uncommissioned, and yet unkilld, as respectable, as able, and *probably* as brave, as can be found

*Curtis' diary. (Of course.)

anywhere,—and they deem it rather shabby treatment, after they have marched through fire and blood for months, after many of them have been perforated with rebel bullets, and are now on duty with scarcely healed wounds, for General Wright to fill a vacancy in the Second Connecticut by the “donation” (that is what they call it) of a boy who has remained with his mother all through the war, until the fighting is all over, and the whole world knows that the rebellion is in the article of death. But then, you know, his father has been of enormous service to the country. Soldiers must take what they can get. They must put their heels together, keep their eyes to the front, and ask no questions. If I ever get home with a whole cuticle, I will be grateful evermore.

Feb. 4. Brisk firing on right. Officers' recitation at Brigade Head-quarters two evenings per week.

On the morning of February 5th, we had orders to be in readiness to move with four days' rations, leaving our pickets out, and leaving the minimum force necessary to hold the lines. Companies A, K, and portions of H and E were detailed to remain, (which was not an unpleasant “detail.”) The Fifth Corps was fighting on the left, in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run, and it was guessed (and truly) that we were to go in that direction. After remaining in readiness until four o'clock in the afternoon, the First Division moved off to the left, and after going about five miles, bivouacked for the night. It was bitter cold sleeping that night,—so cold that half of the men stood or sat around fires all night. In the morning the movement was continued, and the day* was mostly consumed in maneuvering. We were there for the

* February 6.

purpose of protecting the left flank of the Fifth Corps, which had been fighting all day. A little before sundown we crossed HATCHER'S RUN, and moved by the flank directly into a piece of woods, the Second Brigade, under Hubbard, leading the division, and the Second Connecticut, under Skinner, leading the brigade. Wounded men were being brought by to the rear, and the noise just ahead told of mischief there. As the brigade was moving into the woods, staff officers came riding along the column with the order "Load your pieces, load your pieces without halting." Colonel Hubbard filed to the left at the head of the column, along a slight ridge, and about half the regiment had filed, when troops of the Fifth Corps came running through to the rear, and at the same moment General Wheaton rode up with, "Oblique to the left, oblique to the left!" and making energetic gestures toward the rise of ground. The ridge was quickly gained, and fire opened just in time to head off a counter fire and charge that was already in progress; but between the "file left" and the "left oblique," and the breaking of our ranks by troops retreating from in front, and the vines and underbrush (which were so thick that they unhorsed some of the staff officers,) there was a good deal of confusion, and the line soon fell back, about ten rods, where it was reformed, and a vigorous fire poured—somewhat at random—a little to the left of our first position. The attempt of the enemy to get in on the left of the Fifth Corps was frustrated. Our casualties were six wounded, (some of them probably by our own men,) and one missing. The position was occupied that night and the next day, until about sundown, when the brigade shifted some distance to the right and again advanced, under an artillery fire, to within a short distance of the rebel batteries, and built breastworks. One shot on this occasion

was particularly memorable. The regiment was moving across a cleared field, by the flank, when a solid shot came through the woods from *directly* in front, and passed the column apparently so near as to singe the left ears of the whole line. If it had come ten feet farther toward the right it might have "flanked" the entire regiment and cut a swath from one end to the other. The rebel picket shots whistled overhead all the time the breastworks were building, but mostly too high to hurt anything but the trees. At midnight the division moved back to quarters, arriving at sunrise. Again we found our domiciles appropriated, this time by a regiment of engineers,—but out they went, and in went we; and having taken a ration of whiskey, which had been ordered by Grant, or somebody else, in consideration of three nights and two days on the bare ground, in February, together with some fighting, and a good deal of hard marching, and hard work,—the men lay down to sleep as the sun rose up, and did not rise up until the sun went down. And now having disposed of the fight at HATCHER'S RUN, let us return for a while to our Diaries. These Diaries set forth the thing in its true light, and afford a far more correct idea of army life than can be otherwise obtained, except by experience.

Feb. 8. In the evening moved a mile to the right and bivouacked in the woods. Cold night. Kept warm by large fires, and didn't spare fuel.

Feb. 9. Moved to a new camp near WARREN'S Station, about a mile to left of Parke Station. Relieved One Hundred and Tenth Ohio and Sixty-Seventh Pennsylvania of the Third Division, who moved leftward. Snug loggeries. Boys soon got their cloth roofs on. Our camp is just west of the Weldon

Railroad Track, and within a stone's throw of Grant's Railroad. Big frame Look-out a mile to left, near FORT FISHER.

Feb. 10. Ten convalescents arrived.

Feb. 12. White gloves on inspection. (Immensely conducive to the suppression of the rebellion, especially when the expense comes out of the pockets of private soldiers, and officers get promotions on the strength of "the superb appearance of the troops." What business have private soldiers with money, anyhow?) Four officers and one hundred men on picket now-a-days. Hubbard blew up Marsh, and Marsh tendered resignation.

Feb. 14. Order from Brigade Head-quarters directing Commanding Officer Second Connecticut Volunteer Artillery to account for serious discrepancy between tri-monthly report and requisition for rations. How particular some folks are! Commanding Officer Second Connecticut Volunteer Artillery pitches into Commandants of Companies, Commandants of Companies pitch into First Sergeants and Q. M. Sergeants, First Sergeants and Q. M. Sergeants pitch into Corporals, and so on all through "the regular military channel," down to cooks and niggers.

Feb. 17. Wheaton on leave. Mackenzie in command of Division.

Feb. 18. Hubbard corps officer of the day. Forty deserters have come in on Sixth Corps front during his tour of forty-eight hours. Not an unusually large number. No night passes without more or less of them. Hope Grant wont move this army. If we stay here, the Johnnies will all come over before the 4th of July.

Feb. 19. Inspection. Dwyer, (D) cleanest man in the division, and gets the furlough.

Feb. 20. Noisy night on picket. Lieutenant Lucas came in for a detail of men to bring in the muskets and equipments of a large lot of deserters. Twenty-nine of them came in and gave themselves up to our regimental pickets.

Feb. 21. One hundred gun salute for fall of Charleston and capture of two hundred guns. Nails thirty-five cents per pound at sutler's.

Feb. 22. Company F relieved from Fort McMahon. Rumors of an attack to be made between here and Fort Howard. If the attack comes off, the orders are for our troops to retreat and let the enemy get clear in. Orders to sleep all the time with clothes on and everything packed, ready to be off in three minutes.

Feb. 23. Formed at breastwork at 4 a. m. in mud and rain. Stood there until 7 o'clock, without any umbrellas. There is but one umbrella in the Army of the Potomac, and that is not in our division. Captain Gold discharged yesterday, but wont go, because it looks like a fight, and he wants to make observations, for future reference. Five Frenchmen transferred from Company E to Seventh Connecticut Volunteers. They spoke no English, and so got into the wrong regiment.

Feb. 24. One hundred gun salute for fall of Fort Anderson. Ninth Corps opened all their guns in evening. Rebels replied. Noisy.

Feb. 28. Deserter came in and reported that it is reported that Beauregard and Hardee have mopped out Sherman.

March 3. Five deserters came in on our regimental front, and brought us yesterday's Richmond "Examiner." We often get our latest New York news in this way. A six mule team, wagon and several Johnnies came in to day. They were out

on neutral ground gathering wood, and suddenly the Johnnies got the team headed for our lines, then jumped in, whipped up the mules and came in "kiting." The rebels fired after them, but they lay down in the wagon. They took the mules to Meade's Head-quarters, and got pay for them. Pretty good speculation.

March 4. Order read on Dress Parade informing line officers that they are diminutive potatoes compared with former officers of the regiment. The commanding officer trusts that he will not have occasion to abuse them in this way again, &c., &c., which it is to be devoutly hoped he wont. Great hellabelloo among line officers. Several of them very busy writing up their resignations. Gad Smith ugly. Coe put under arrest.

March 5. Paymaster Gribben paid the regiment. What large Companies! Inspection. Charles Iselton was the cleanest man, but by mistake Corporal Hall, of E, was forwarded from Brigade Head-quarters, and thrown out because he was a Corporal. So the Second Heavies lost the furlong this time. Captain Gad returned from General Court Martial to-day, and we celebrated it by a "go round" of the original sulphuric attitude. Cooper squelped me over the head, and I knocked him about the mazzard.* Company D gave fifteen dollars for the Sedgwick Monument, and Company M thirty-three dollars.

March 9. General Meade's daughter was married in the rustic church and play-house, built by engineer regiment near our division hospital. Have we a woman among us?

March 11. Two years and six months to-day since leaving Camp Dutton. Oh Lord, how much longer? Doctor Andrews

* ———'s diary.

returned to duty with regiment, relieving Lambert of Sixty-Fifth New York.

March 12. Inspection. Iselton gets it this time. Wonder what the other regiments in this division think, when we get it every week? Either we are very clean, or they very un-clean.

March 14. G. M. Woodruff and Mr. Perkins arrived and took the vote of the regiment for state election. A large majority went for Buckingham. Captain Deane arrived. First time he has been on duty since Cold Harbor. Ugly hole in his forehead.

March 17. Formed behind the breastwork to repel an expected assault. It came not.

March 17. Saint Patrick's day celebrated by horse race at Second Corps Head-quarters. Mackenzie relieved by Hamblin and ordered to a Cavalry command in the Army of the James. He takes Fenn and Wheeler along.

March 18. Army theatricals in the Engineers' church every night except when there are religious services.

March 19. Inspection. Hamlin calls our muskets "miracles." Ira Jones, (H,) goes to Division Head-quarters as cleanest man.

March 20. Division reviewed by General Meade and Rear Admiral D. D. Porter. Hot as July. Stood "in place rest" for an hour, waiting. Many fell out, sun-struck.

March 21. No more leaves or furloughs to be granted. Dunham appointed Brigade Purveyor, vice Tibbs and Miller, discharged. Deane detailed as A. A. I. G., vice Fenn.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORT FISHER, CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG, AND SAILOR'S CREEK.

It was now the 24th of March. The weather was fast improving, and signs of coming great events multiplied. No positive orders of a very important nature had been received; but the discontinuing of furloughs plainly meant something in the aggressive line, while the condition of things on the other side, as revealed by the tattered and cadaverous deserters who now came over to us not only in the night but also in broad daylight, made it evident that Lee must do something of dreadful note, or else give over the contest. What would be the particular manner of his *coup* was a question much discussed, but not settled until the *coup* occurred. Very early on the morning of March 25th, after a noisy night all along the picket line, heavy firing was heard on the right; but there was nothing uncommon about that, and little notice was taken of it, until orders came from Brigade Head-quarters to "move out instantly." Shortly after, General Hamblin arrived, to expedite matters, and in a few minutes the brigade was on the corduroy, moving rapidly to the right;—which was, of itself, quite a noteworthy circumstance,—for we usually went to the left, when mischief was brewing. "Oh, we shan't get into a fight," said the men,—“we always have to go the

other way, to find *our* fighting." These remarks were of course made in a partially jocular vein; but they were, nevertheless, entirely true. Indeed, that very day proved both parts of the proposition, viz., first, that the Second Connecticut never fought to the right, and, secondly, always did fight to the left.

The firing subsided after we had gone a mile or so, but there was much moving of troops, and evidently something the matter ahead. The rebel batteries had range on portions of the column and fired at us as we were on the corduroy, dropping several shots only a few feet away. One struck within a rod of our regiment, splashing into a small puddle of water and burying itself in the earth directly under a soldier of the division, who was sitting on the ground and fixing his shoes. He did not stir for a second or two,—but then, picking up his musket and shoe, he started on a half dozen double quicks, and it is to this day a mooted question with our men whether that man has stopped running yet. After moving a little further, a staff officer rode up with the information that the rebels had surprised and captured Fort Stedman, on the Ninth Corps front, and a quarter of a mile of breastworks, including three batteries,—but that they had been retaken, together with eighteen hundred prisoners;—and that therefore our assistance would not be required.

This, then, was the rebel spasm that had been looked for. It was Lee's last desperate attempt to throw the giant that was crushing the breath out of the Confederacy. He had massed thousands of men, (Greeley says twenty thousand,) on Hare Hill, directly opposite, to support the attack, and immediately follow it up if successful. It *was* successful. The rebel works were only six hundred feet from Fort Stedman. The move-

ment was so well executed that two thousand rebels were in our works, and had our guns turned upon our own lines before there was any show of resistance;—and if the attack had been followed up, it would have cut almost the entire Army of the Potomac from its base at City Point, and might have utterly annihilated Grant and his principal army. Why was it not followed up? Here,* as at Cedar Creek, the most difficult part of a most hazardous undertaking was accomplished, when lo! the easily gotten victory was still more easily plucked from rebel hands.

Mr. Pollard, the entertaining historian of the Lost Cause, in speaking of Confederate disasters, says that “instead of being ascribed to the mysterious dispensations of Providence, they are more properly named as the results of human mismanagement,—and may be distinctly and sufficiently traced to human causes.” Mr. Pollard seems to believe that if *he* had been at the Confederate helm, he could have guided and propelled the

* The Confederates occupied their breastworks for a distance of a quarter of a mile, with comparatively a slight loss and with the loss to the enemy of one principal fort (Steadman), and some five hundred prisoners. Had this opportunity been taken advantage of, there is no telling the result; but the troops could not be induced to leave the breastworks taken from the enemy, and to advance beyond them and seize the crest in rear of the line they had occupied. They hugged the works in disorder until the enemy recovered from his surprise; and soon the artillery in the forts to the right and left began their murderous fire on them. When fresh troops were brought up by the enemy, their advance was almost unresisted, and an easy recapture of the fort was obtained, the Confederates retiring under a severe fire into their old works. Nearly two thousand men took shelter under the breastworks they had captured, and surrendered when the enemy advanced, and the result was a Confederate loss much greater than that of the foe. This affair demonstrated to all that the day of offensive movements on the part of the Confederates was gone.—
POLLARD'S LOST CAUSE.

ship against every adverse wind that Providence could bring to bear. Suppose he could;—was there not a Providence that persisted in keeping him away from the helm? We who do not hold Virginia Slavery and the Slaveholders' Rebellion to have been causes that merited the Divine favor, find no difficulty in ascribing the failure at Fort Stedman, the failure at Cedar Creek, the failure of Early to capture Washington, the failure of the rebel gunboats to take City Point, the failure of England and France to recognize the Confederacy, the failure of the draft riots instigated by Horatio Seymour in New York, the failure to burn New York city, the total failure of Rebellion and Slavery together,—to the direct providence of Him of whom it is written,—“He shall break in pieces the oppressor: his enemies shall lick the dust.”

After a rest of half an hour, and a look at the eighteen hundred prisoners at the Ninth Corps Head-quarters, the division took the corduroy again and moved homeward. But instead of going into camp, there was an ominous halt of a few minutes in rear of our quarters, and then the march was continued toward the left, where a brisk artillery fire was going on. Grant knew that the massing of troops for the assault at Fort Stedman must have left the rebel lines with little or no protection in some places, and he resolved at once to find the weak spots. Accordingly, an advance was ordered in front of FORT FISHER, near the tall frame Lookout, about a mile to the left of Warren's Station. Our troops were posted under cover during nearly all the afternoon, while the large guns threw shot and shell at each other over our heads. At length a train of ambulances moved up from the right, and halted just in rear of the division. There was no mistaking that symptom.

The sun had already begun to grow large and red with its nearness to the western horizon when the brigade was moved down in front, within twenty rods of the rebel picket line, and halted behind a slight rise of ground, just high enough to intercept their fire. After standing there for some ten minutes, waiting for orders, Colonel Hubbard rode slowly along to the right flank of his line, and said in a low tone to the writer, "If they don't put us in soon, we shan't have much fighting to night." After he had gone back, Sergeant Major E. Goodwin Osborne stepped up and asked what the Colonel said, and was informed. "There is time enough yet," he replied, in a low but foreboding tone. The parting sunset ray had not vanished before his lifeless form was borne on a rubber blanket toward the rear, across the very spot where he had uttered these prophetic words.

The fire from our batteries suddenly ceased. General Hamblin rode up to Hubbard and said, "Colonel, move directly forward. Conform your movement to the Second Division, on your left." The front line, consisting of the Second Connecticut and the Sixty-Fifth New York, advanced on the rifle pits as steadily as though on a battalion drill, while the rest of the brigade followed in a second line. There seems to have been a vacant space in their line of rifle pits,—or else the Second Division, and the greater part of our brigade, must have entirely flanked their pickets on the left. At any rate, the only part of our regiment that went over any rifle pits was the extreme right,—perhaps one or two companies. When we were within fifty feet of them the rebels jumped over in front, threw down their muskets, threw up their arms, and yelled, "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" and then passed through to the rear in large numbers, as fast as they could move. The right

flank was a little demoralized by its success in taking these rifle pits, and by the fire which came from the pits farther to the right, which the enemy still held;—nevertheless, the regiment moved on, across a swampy run, then over ascending ground, among stumps and scrub oaks, for twenty or thirty rods, and there halted and lay down. This distance was all traversed under a combined artillery and musket fire, the former coming from a battery about half a mile to the right and front, which was very effectively served. It apparently had three guns in use; and the air was *blue* with the little cast-iron balls from spherical-case-shot which shaved the ground and exploded among the stumps just in rear of the line, at intervals of only a few seconds. Probably the musket fire came entirely from the enemy's pickets, who still remained on the right. Twenty of the Second Connecticut were wounded,—seven of them mortally,—in reaching, occupying and abandoning this position, which, proving entirely untenable, was held only a few minutes. The line faced about and moved back, under the same mixed fire of solid shot, spherical-case and musketry, across the swampy run, and halted not far in front of the spot whence it had first moved forward. Other troops, on the right, now engaged the battery, and captured the rest of the picket line; and after half an hour the brigade again moved forward to a position still further advanced than the previous one, where a permanent picket line was established. Thus ended the eventful 25th of March. Its dawn ushered in the surprising attack on Fort Stedman, and its close found miles of the rebel picket lines in our possession, thousands of prisoners in our hands, and the grip of the Union armies upon Petersburg greatly tightened. At midnight the brigade returned to camp, leaving a strong

picket. The picket detail from our own regiment, which had been on duty all day in front of our own camp, had its share in the work and success of the day,—occupying the rebel rifle pits that night, and capturing more than their number in prisoners.

The Fort Fisher picket was relieved about noon of the next day, and returned to camp. All hands were compelled to come out on inspection and dress-parade that afternoon; and immediately afterward a detail of one hundred and fifty men relieved our regular pickets in front, who had been out since the morning before, i. e., thirty-six hours. At midnight a working party was also sent out to move forward our picket abattis to the new line. At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, mounted Orderly Keith came with orders to have the regiment fall in at four, and stand by the breastworks. Lively firing was going on all along, but nothing momentous occurred, and at sunrise the line broke ranks, and fell to cooking coffee. The experience of the regiment for the next six days cannot be set forth in a more readable manner than as it stands recorded in the spicy diary of Lieutenant Homer S. Curtis, who became Acting Adjutant after the affair at Fort Fisher, although still retained as Ordnance Officer.

March 27. Brisk skirmish and a charge just before light on 2nd Div. picket line. Some movement near the Look-out today that looked like a charge—but none came off. Picket firing all day. Our picket not relieved. Got 4000 E. B. Cartridges from Div. Ord. Officer. Charley Goslee runs the Adj't's Dept. pretty much. Capt. Woodman, (A. A. A. G.) ordered detail of 5 officers and 200 men for night fatigue. Batt. drill 1 hour p. m.

March 28. Springlike, hazy, fair. Fatigue detail came

into camp at 3 a. m., and the entire force was called up and got under arms at 4. Some officers not very punctual. Tuttle, Fenn, &c., got rats from the Col. We stood till sunrise, and returned to quarters. Very funny, especially for the boys that have not had any sleep in 3 nights. Plenty of swearing. I went over to brigade guard mount—and made a bull of it considerable. Johnny a very showy Sergeant Major, but just a bit careless or so. Parts of Sheridan's Cavalry—24th and 25th Corps, moving by to the left. Good news. Occupation of Goldsboro by Sherman, and junction of Terry, Schofield and Sherman. Our loss on the 25th is found to have been 500,—reb. loss 6000.

March 29. Orderly came from Brig. Hdqrs. at 1 a. m., with orders for detail of 5 officers and 200 men for reserve picket, and orders for regt. to be under arms from 4 o'clock till sunrise, I got up and made the details, and had just lain down when Maj. Fenn came riding up and ordered the regt. out instant. So we got out and stood in line until broad daylight. Cap. Redway B. Of. of Day. Very quiet all along the lines through the day. Troops and trains moving to left all day. Gen. Mackenzie with his Cavalry Corps, 2000 strong, went by. Johnny Wheeler called at B. Hdqrs. We were ordered and re-ordered to pack up and be *all* ready to move—but staid the day out in camp finally. Tremendous cannonade after taps, eve'g. We hustled out into line double quick—stood an hour or so—then went in.

March 30. Got out about 5 o'clock a. m., and stood in line about an hour, in a right smart of rain. Post guard-mount. Swept out huttie, built fire and took a doze. The Adj't's tent is a leaky old concern, and so cribbed up that one cannot move at all. Col. H. says we are to make a charge at daylight.

March 31. Rained all last night, and until 10 a. m. Orders came at 11 o'clock last night to pack up everything, shelters and all, for a march. This was accomplished in a few minutes, and we stood ready to form line some time—when Capt. Gordon came over to advise us that the movement was temporarily suspended, and that the men might lie down to sleep, but not unpack knapsacks. Got orders, soon after, for picket detail of 4 officers and 147 men. Also to form line at 3 o'clock a. m. We got out and stood shivering in the rain until daylight, when we went in and put up canvas. Heavy firing on left all a. m. At 2 p. m. orders came to pack up everything all ready for a move. We go this time—sure—to see what the racket is down on the left. Moved out, as per order—formed line—stacked arms—unslung knapsacks and went back to qrs. to wait for orders to move, and to draw rations. Waited patiently until retreat—until tattoo—and then got orders to take in guns and packs, and sleep in clothes, all convenient for getting out quickly. 1000 rumors around—all lies of course, except the one about the strengthening of the reb lines in our front. Stories of the 5th Corps swinging across the S. S. R. Road and occupying it, besides also threatening the reb right flank. Bosh! If there were anything in it we should have official despatches a plenty. Good night.

April 1. Lovely day. We got out at 3 o'clock a. m. and got up all the men. Sent 150 out as picket reserve—formed line with the remaining 3 Co's.—but soon a staff officer came over and ordered them out to the line. So every man but the guard went out. Col. Hubbard had the camp patrolled for bummers, but got only a lean haul. Cos. returned after sunrise. New picket went out at 9 a. m.,—150 men, under Lucas, Anderson, Hoyt and Griswold. Smart firing in the morning

on the left, but it soon died away, and it remained very quiet all the rest of the day. At 2 p. m. I rode out to new picket line, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in advance of the old one. Found everything lovely—boys gay—rebs civil. Saw “Richmond Sentinel” of this morning—exchanged by Fenn of “G” for “Herald”—no news in it. We had a dress parade, and the day altogether has seemed like one of the old Fort days—but it cannot last long—and even as I write, the Q. M. has orders to pack up all his stores.

10 o'clock p. m. Col. has just had all the Comdts. of Cos. up at his qrs., giving them instructions for the morrow. We are to move out by the left flank some time in the night, and form line near Fort Fisher—by brigades, in two lines. Our brigade is on the right of the Corps, our regt. on the right of the brigade, in the front line. The whole army is to charge simultaneously at 4 o'clock in the morning, and Col. says we are to take Petersburg! I am very hopeful.

The events of the next twenty-four hours justified the hopefulness of Lieutenant Curtis.

On the 1st of April, Sheridan, with cavalry and infantry, won a great victory at Five Forks, over the divisions of Pickett and Bushrod Johnson. Mr. Pollard tells us that on that occasion five thousand rebels, “having got the idea that they were entrapped, threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners.” Indeed, the rebels all along the line seemed about this time to have “got the idea,” badly,—and General Grant determined to strengthen their hold upon it by a shotted salute in honor of Sheridan's victory at Five Forks. It was about eleven o'clock on the evening of the 1st of April, and all quiet, when BANG! went a gun from Fort Wadsworth.

Heavy firing at a distance of three miles or more will not start soldiers from their bunks. Every shot may destroy a regiment or sink a ship,—it will not destroy their repose. But Fort Wadsworth was too near camp,—only fifty paces off—and the men were constrained to look out and see the cannonading of which that shot was the opening gun. Waterloo's opening roar and Hohenlinden's far flashes were but the work of pop guns in comparison with the artificial earthquakes that shook Petersburg and its bristling environs, and the lightnings which came in such quick succession that the jaws of darkness were not able to devour them up. Mr. Pollard says of it:

On the night of the 1st April, Grant celebrated the victory of Five Forks, and performed the prelude of what was yet to come by a fierce and continuous bombardment along his lines in front of Petersburg. Every piece of artillery in the thickly studded forts, batteries, and mortar-beds joined in the prodigious clamour; reports, savagely, terrifically crashing through the narrow streets and lanes of Petersburg, echoed upwards; it appeared as if fiends of the air were engaged in a sulphurous conflict.

At about midnight the regiment was called up and ordered to pack up everything. Knapsacks, however, were to be left behind; and to secure greater silence, canteens were to be worn on the right side. Six Companies and a half fell in, (the rest being on picket,) and proceeded to brigade headquarters, and thence to the neighborhood of Patrick's Station. All mounted officers were ordered to leave their horses inside the earthworks; and the division moved out in front, a little to the left of the Look-out. A heavy picket fire was opened; under cover of which the lines were formed, three or four deep in all except our brigade, which had only two, although on the right of the division, and our regiment (of course) in

the front line. The charge was expected to come off at four o'clock, but day began to dawn before the signal gun was fired. Skinner had command of the right wing of the battalion, Jones of the left wing, Hubbard of the whole. The advance was made *en echelon* by brigades, with a great rush and yell—although a part of the First Brigade, (the Jerseys,) broke and ran ingloriously. The advance was over precisely the same ground as on the 25th of March, and the firing came from the same battery and breastworks, although not quite so heavy. Lieut. Colonel Skinner and seven enlisted men were wounded—none of them mortally. A shot, which, judging from the hole it made, was something smaller than a minnie ball, struck Skinner on the side, under the right arm, went through an overcoat, wadded blouse, and vest, pierced the skin and traveled seven inches on the ribs, then came out and sped on, and may have wounded another man, for aught that is known to the contrary. There was but little firing on our side,—but with bayonets fixed, the boys went in—not in a very mathematical right line, but strongly and surely,—on, on, until the first line was carried. Then, invigorated and greatly encouraged by success, they pressed on,—the opposing fire slackening every moment,—on, on, through the abbattis and ditch, up the steep bank, over the parapet, *into the rebel camp* that had but just been deserted. Then, and there, the long tried and ever faithful soldiers of the Republic saw DAYLIGHT!—and such a shout as tore the concave of that morning sky, it were worth dying to hear. On the ground where so long the rebels had formed and drilled their battalions, our line was now re-formed, and then pushed on, over the hills and far away,—across a pike and past a telegraph, which was quickly cut,—then on, until at length Colonel

Hubbard found himself and his half battalion alone on the Boydtown plank road. After cutting off and burning a small wagon train loaded with medical stores, we marched back to the rebel camp, where we found the remainder of our brigade holding the right of the captured line. The rest of the corps was in line two miles further to the left, where it had some sharp fighting. Our skirmishers took several works and guns, but for want of support had to relinquish them, and the rebels, following up their slight advantage, turned the guns on us, making it very uncomfortable for a few minutes,—our flank being quite uncovered,—when, suddenly, hurrah! a column of reinforcements comes over the hill by Fort Fisher! The rebels turn their guns in that direction, but to no purpose;—for the Twenty-Fourth Corps marches steadily forward, goes into line by regiments, advances a heavy skirmish line, and then a superb line of battle,—whereupon the enemy abandon their works and flee. This advance of the Twenty-Fourth Corps was one of the most magnificent sights our soldiers ever saw: it drove the rebellion before it as the hurricane drives dead leaves. Our men watched the charge until the line was a mile to the right, then moved inside of our own works, and rested an hour. While there, Grant, Meade and Wright rode up and were greeted with cheers that had in them the prophetic ring of the final and all-comprehending victory so soon to come. Unanimous cheers, too, they were. The regiment, as well as the entire army, had always had a sufficient number of croakers, who, although fighting and suffering as volunteers on the right side, were always prophesying the ultimate success of the other side;—but now, the utter collapse of the rebellion was so near that no one could fail to see it, and the croakers were compelled to cheer, in spite of themselves.

Generals, too, in this rejoicing hour, dispensed with their usual reticence, and seemed to think that it would not be prejudicial to good order and military discipline even to let enlisted men know what was going on "in high military circles." Every private soldier in the ranks was possessed of the intelligence that General Grant says that Sheridan is coming up the South Side without opposition; General Wright reports that he cannot find any forces to the left,—so General Grant tells him to move on Petersburg and "take it as soon as God will let him."

The Corps followed the Second Corps—all except our brigade, which was detached and ordered to report to General Parke, Commanding the Ninth Corps. We marched to the right, by the old camp near Warren's Station, and up the corduroy to the rear of Fort Hell, where a rest of an hour was made, in a fiercely hot sun. Then the brigade advanced through a covered way, past Fort Hell, and out in front to the works that had been captured early that morning by Hartman's Division of the Ninth Corps. There the men lay down in muddy trenches, among the dying and the dead, under a most murderous fire of sharpshooters. There had been charges and counter charges,—but our troops held all they had gained. At length the hot day gave place to chilly night, and the extreme change brought much suffering. The men had flung away whatever was fling-away-able during the charge of the morning and the subsequent hot march,—as men always will, under like circumstances,—and now they found themselves blanketless, stockingless, overcoatless,—in cold and damp trenches, and compelled by the steady firing to lie still, or adopt a horizontal, crawling mode of locomotion, which did not admit of speed enough to quicken the circulation of the blood.

Indeed, it was very cold. Some took the clothing from the dead, and wrapped themselves in it; others, who were fortunate enough to procure spades, dug gopher holes, and burrowed. At daylight, Colonel Fiske and the Sixty-Fifth New York clambered over the huge earthwork, took possession of Fort Hell, opened a picket fire and fired one of the guns in the Fort, eliciting no reply. Just then a huge fire in the direction of the city, followed by several explosions, convinced our side that Lee's army had indeed left. The regiment was hastily got together,—ninety muskets being all that could be produced—and sent out on picket to relieve the Two Hundredth Pennsylvania. The picket line advanced, and meeting with no resistance, pushed on into the city. What regiment was the first to enter the city is, and probably ever will be, a disputed question. The Second Connecticut claims to have been in first,—but Colonel Hubbard had ordered the colors to remain behind when the regiment went out on the skirmish line—and consequently, the stars and stripes that first floated over captured Petersburg belonged to some other regiment. Colonel Hubbard was, however, made Provost Marshal of the city, and for a brief while dispensed government and law in that capacity. But city life was not conducive to good order and military discipline, and the brigade shortly moved out and marched gaily down to the old camp, four miles away. After remaining there two hours, everything of a portable nature was packed up, a farewell leave taken of the Camp near Warren's Station, and the line of march taken up due west. The brigade now furnished a striking illustration of the difference between the marching and fighting strength of an army. It had come down from Petersburg to camp numbering three hundred;—now, nearly two thousand men, all

of the Second Brigade, started in pursuit of the retreating rebellion.

While passing through the heaviest of the rebel works, the brigade met President Lincoln and Admiral Porter, under convoy of a squadron of cavalry,—and saluted the dear old Uncle, who looked pale and thin. The Corps was overtaken toward evening, and the night passed in bivouac. Reveille sounded at 3.30 the next morning, and Pack up at 5.30,—and after a march of about three miles, over a somewhat different country from that along Grant's Railroad—in that it was hilly and stony,—a halt was made of two hours or more, during which the official announcement of the capture of Richmond was made by General Hamblin, and received with almost interminable shoutings, and a crashing of brass bands the like of which was never heard before. Rebel Generals and staff officers, and squads of greybacks were brought in all through the day. Soon after noon the column was again put in motion, and after a heavy march through the swamps, went into camp at eight in the evening. During this afternoon our regiment passed the body of a negro whose throat had been cut by the rebels, and heard of a white man close by, who had been murdered in the same manner. The place where this night was spent was called Berill's Ford. On the morning of the 5th the march was resumed, and continued all day, with a halt of two hours at noon, during which two days' rations of hard tack, sugar and coffee were issued;—and the corps encamped late in the evening in the neighborhood of Jetersville, in Amelia County. Orders were here issued by General Meade, hinting at long marches, and directing that rations be economized.

And now came the day of the last fight for the Second

Connecticut. It was the 6th of April, 1865. Reveille sounded at 4.30, and at 5.30 the lines were formed for an advance upon the enemy, who were in force immediately in front. The affair is thus described by Lieutenant Curtis:

After marching back two miles on the road by which we came on the previous evening, we halted for half an hour, and were then ordered back to the ground from which we had just come. We had just halted there, after a muddy, slippery march, and were mourning that Lee had outwitted and escaped us, when, hark! Firing in advance and to the right. All right. We'll have him yet. We moved on and struck the Danville Railroad at Amelia Court House, marching alongside of it for two miles, and on it for a mile more, toward Burkesville. Here we met Johnny Wheeler, wounded, and Mackenzie and his Cavalry. We struck off West-North West from the railroad and marched steadily forward, hour after hour, toward a distant cannonade. At four o'clock we began to overtake the cavalry, who reported everything going on well. We passed fifteen hundred prisoners just taken from Messrs. R. E. Lee & Co. The firing grew heavier and nearer, and at five o'clock we reached the cavalry battle field of the morning. Although tired and "played out," there was no halt for us—but we moved forward into position, advancing beyond our batteries, which were playing a lively tune from a hill close by. When formed, the line was advanced—sometimes by brigade front and sometimes by a flank—but always *on*, until we crossed SAILORS' CREEK* and came to a halt under a steep bank, from the crest of which the rebels poured down a murderous fire. Two lines were formed, the Second Connecticut Volunteer Artillery and Sixty-Fifth New York

* A small tributary of the Appomattox.

in the second line.* Everything being ready, "Forward!" sounded along the whole line, and away we went up the hill, under a very hot fire. It was tough work to get over the crest, but at last we got the Johnnies started, and made good time after them. The Second Heavies captured Mahone's Head-quarters train, and many prisoners, besides one battle flag. We were badly broken, but after running on for some distance were finally halted and re-formed. Colonel Hubbard and Major Jones came up in time to present us to Generals Sheridan, Wright, Wheaton and Hamblin, who all rode along to the front. We also advanced soon after, and found things in a promising condition. General Ewell and staff and several thousand other prisoners had been taken, together with wagon trains, guns, caissons, and small arms without number. One of the prisoners told us that they had but three guns left. Our loss in the charge was seven wounded, three of them mortally, viz., Emory W. Castle and Erastus W. Converse, of D, and Charles Griswold, of F. At ten o'clock we moved up a mile further to the front, and bivouacked for the night.

When the long and firmly treading battalion of the Nineteenth Connecticut moved from Camp Dutton to Litchfield Station, on the 15th of September, 1862, followed by hundreds of relatives and friends, none but God knew what was to be its history. We have now found out. The regiment has fought its last battle, and made up its Roll of Honor. It will be found in the next two chapters.

* For a wonder.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEAD OF THE REGIMENT.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,—
From forms unseen their dirge is sung;—
Their Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

[In this chapter the word "Killed" is used in all cases where death occurred on the day of battle. Where it occurred after the day of battle, the soldier is said to have "Died of Wounds," and the date of decease is given in every case where known.

Where the place of final burial is not mentioned, it is either known or supposed to have been on the field. These statements of course cannot be made complete. There have doubtless been removals of the remains of soldiers since the war, of which the writer has not been apprised.

Where the projectile which caused death or wounds is not mentioned, it is known or supposed to have been a minie musket ball.]

FIELD AND STAFF.

KILLED.

COLONEL ELISHA S. KELLOGG. Cold Harbor.

[For biographical sketch of the life of Colonel Kellogg, see chapter XIX.]

MAJOR JAMES Q. RICE. Winchester. (See pages 53 and 96.)

The following is an extract from a sketch in Morris and Croffut's "Connecticut during the Rebellion":

Major Rice had been a faithful soldier. He was a native of Sullivan County, New York, and a resident of Litchfield County for ten years before the war. The call of 1862 found him conducting a flourishing academical school at Goshen, assisted by his accomplished wife, a daughter of Gen. Cook, of that town. He raised a company of intelligent and worthy young men, and joined the Nineteenth. The next month he was on the staff of Gen. Slough at Alexandria, captain of the picket and patrol of that city. He gave the highest satisfaction. In the carnage of Cold Harbor he issued orders to the men in the midst of the storm, in the same clear, unruffled voice they used to hear on their brilliant dress parades at Fort Ellsworth. In the battle of Winchester he was instantly killed. His remains received a soldier's burial on the field, but were afterwards removed to Goshen, and committed to the earth with Masonic honors.

SERGEANT MAJOR E. GOODWIN OSBORNE. Fort Fisher.

None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise.

At Cold Harbor, being then Adjutant's clerk, he was directed by Colonel Kellogg to remain with the headquarters wagon; but just before the charge was made he took his musket from the wagon where it was stowed, joined the regiment, and participated in the fight. About three weeks before the charge at Fort Fisher, he was detailed as a musician, at the request of Frank J. Thomas, the leader of the regimental band. This

was a position which most private soldiers would gladly have accepted, on account of its lighter duties and comparative freedom from danger. But Osborne was unwilling to blow a horn, while his comrades carried muskets. He asked to be returned to his company, which Colonel Hubbard granted; and soon afterward promoted him to be the ranking non-commissioned officer of the regiment. At Fort Fisher he was shot entirely through the body. Some men attempted to raise him up, but he said, "Don't raise me. I shall live but a few moments;" and expired as he was being borne from the field.

COMPANY A.

KILLED.

First Sergeant Joseph P. Parks. Cold Harbor. Head.

Corporal Albert A. Jones. Cold Harbor. Breast.

Corporal Benjamin Meeker. Cold Harbor. Head.

Lyman J. Smith, jr. Cold Harbor. Head. Buried in Litchfield.

Robert Watt. Cold Harbor. Breast. Buried in Litchfield.

John Iffland. Cold Harbor. Fell on the top of rebel breastworks, struck with many balls.

Willard H. Parmelee. Cold Harbor. Breast.

Almon D. Bradley. Cold Harbor. Breast. Buried at Litchfield.

Oliver Hitchcock. Cold Harbor. Breast.

William Barton. Cold Harbor.

William Brashing. Cold Harbor. Head.

George Everett. Cold Harbor. Head. Shell.

Stephen Fallen. Cold Harbor. Bowels.

Patrick Ryan. Cold Harbor. Head.

Robert Scull. Cold Harbor. Head.

Homer F. Tilford. Cold Harbor. Head and breast. Shell.

James Bradley. Cold Harbor. Right arm.

Joseph Gardner. Winchester. Head.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Captain Luman Wadhams. Cold Harbor. Abdomen. Died June 3, 1864, either at White House, Va., or on the way there in a government wagon. Buried at Litchfield. (See page 55.)

Corporal George Wilson Potter. Cold Harbor. Breast. Died June 2, 1864. Buried at Bantam Falls.

Corporal Charles Adams, jr. Cold Harbor. Shoulder and both thighs. Died June 6, 1864. Buried at Litchfield.

Corporal Apollos C. Morse. Cold Harbor. Breast. Died at Field Hospital, June 2, 1864. Buried at Northfield.

Andrew J. Brooker. Cold Harbor. Both legs and several other places, with shrapnel; lay on the field all night before any one could get to him. Died at Hospital, Alexandria, June 6, 1864. Buried at Wolcottville.

Truman Mallory. Cold Harbor. Head, shrapnel wound. Died June 14, 1864.

George Savage. Cold Harbor. Both arms torn by a shell, and both amputated at the shoulder; also wounded by musket ball in foot. Died on the way to White House.

Amos H. Stillson. Cold Harbor.

Ranson E. Wood. Cold Harbor. Hit in head, breast and arm with five balls. Died June 6, 1864, on the way to White House.

John Benedict. Cold Harbor. Breast. Buried in Warren.

Horatio P. Bennett. Winchester. Abdomen. Died Sept. 20, 1864.

Corporal Franklin M. Bunnell. Winchester. Thigh. Died Oct. 25, 1864, at Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore. His wound was received early in the day, but he kept on with his Company until it reached the fence, just before the close of the fight.

Corporal John L. Wilcox. Cedar Creek. Right side and back; the shot was not found until the third day: when it was removed he bled anew, and died on the way from the Valley to Baltimore, Oct. 28, 1864. Buried at Wolcottville.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

David M. Candee. Cold Harbor. Died at Andersonville, Oct. 23, 1864.

Benjamin H. Rathbun. Cold Harbor. Died at Andersonville, Nov. 15, 1864.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Watson Parmelee. Nov. 11, 1862. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria; first death in Company A. Typhoid fever.

William S. Wilson. Dec. 28, 1862. Typhoid fever. Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Harwinton.

Henry M. Miner. Feb. 14, 1863. Typhoid fever. Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Northfield.

Nelbert P. Newberry. April 18, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Litchfield.

Corporal Joseph E. Coe. March 22, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Harwinton.

Norman L. Barber. Oct. 12, 1863. Diphtheria. Died and was buried at Harwinton. He was sick for a long time in the Defences, and reached home but a day or two before his death.

Julius Winship. Nov. 30, 1863. Erysipelas. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

Edward F. Perkins. Aug. 25, 1864. Typhoid fever. Buried at Litchfield.

Lewis Ludington. Oct. 20, 1864. Typhoid fever. Hospital, Baltimore.

Sylvester Lampson. Oct. 27, 1864.

Simeon W. Loud. April 17, 1865. Small pox. Died at Small Pox Hospital, Alexandria.

COMPANY B.

KILLED.

Corporal Walter C. Sparks. Cold Harbor.

Corporal Monroe Whiteman. Cold Harbor. Forehead.

Corporal Myron R. Sterry. Cold Harbor.

Robert W. Bragg. Cold Harbor.

Francis Burger. Cold Harbor.

Daniel O. Page. Cold Harbor.

Samuel V. Benedict. Cold Harbor.

James Caul. Cold Harbor. Head.

John Handel. Cold Harbor. Body.

Ezra B. Morris. Cold Harbor.

Adam O'Strander. Cold Harbor. Body.

Franklin D. Stevens. Cold Harbor.

John B. Stohl. Cold Harbor.

George A. Skiff. Cold Harbor.

Elias P. Scott. Cold Harbor.

Charles H. Segur. Cold Harbor.

Henry Voelker. Cold Harbor.

Henry Wiesing. Cold Harbor.

Daniel Glaven. Winchester. Ball entered the mouth, and came out back of head.

Lucien O. Spencer. Fisher's Hill. Shot through head.

Corporal John Best. Fort Fisher. Solid shot through body.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Wilson W. Scoville. Cold Harbor. Arm. Died Aug. 14, 1864.

John W. Coons. Cold Harbor. Died in Hospital, April 22, 1865.

Henry Tanner. Cold Harbor. Died at White House or Washington, June 15, 1864.

Chester A. Johnson. Cold Harbor. Thigh,—gangrened. Died at Falls Village, while on furlough, Aug. 14, 1864.

Amos Woodin. Cold Harbor. Side and shoulder. Grape shot. Died June 2, 1864.

Second Lieutenant George B. Hempstead. Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Died at Hospital, City Point, June 28, 1864. Shot entered right breast, and lodged in his watch, on opposite side. He made entries in his diary up to the day preceding his death, one of which described his wound, and "did not consider it dangerous." When the war broke out he was in Georgia, and was compelled, by circumstances, to enlist in a rebel regiment, which was afterward stationed at Newport News. While there, he escaped in a boat,—under pretense of going fishing, and although shot at, succeeded in reaching a United States vessel, and reported to General Butler. He

enlisted in Company A, and was one of the best men in the regiment.

Sergeant John McGraw. Cold Harbor. Shot in breast, June 3, 1864. Died June 5, 1864, at Field Hospital.

Second Lieutenant William H. Cogswell. Winchester. Died Oct. 8, at Taylor Hospital, Winchester. Left leg amputated above knee. He was of Indian blood, had served in three months troops, and had been captured and paroled by the rebels.

Corporal Jacob F. Rapp. Fisher's Hill. Head, foot and knee. Died at Salisbury, Conn., Dec. 30, 1864.

Sergeant Henry S. Wheeler. Cedar Creek. Shot in leg while bearing the colors. Died at Carver Hospital, Baltimore.

Robert Ames. Cedar Creek. Left hip. Died at Hospital, Newtown, Va.

MISSING.

Corporal William Dunn. Cold Harbor. His musket found with stock shattered.

David Lacy. Cold Harbor. Only his cap found.

PRISONER.

Reuben R. Speed. Cold Harbor. Exchanged and sent from Andersonville. Died at Hospital, Annapolis, April —, 1865.

DIED OF DISEASE.

John H. White. Nov. 17, 1862. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Charles D. Hall. Dec. 11, 1862. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

James Ostrander, jr. Dec. 23, 1862. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Sergeant Moses Cook, jr. April 18, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

Peter Ostrander. Dec. 30, 1863. Congestion of Lungs. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Carl Volusen. Feb. 27, 1864. Small pox. Hospital, Alexandria.

Thomas Hyer. Aug. 4, 1864.

Almeron Burton. Oct. 1, 1864. Hospital, Washington.

William S. Horton. Nov. 2, 1864.

Henry Winters. Nov. 6, 1864. Field Hospital, Cedar Creek.

Patrick Delaney. Nov. 15, 1864.

Gurdon C. Davidson. Dec. 5, 1864. Typhoid fever. Sheridan Field Hospital, Winchester.

Hiram Fanning. Feb. 26, 1865. Knight Hospital, New Haven.

COMPANY C.

KILLED.

Sergeant David J. Thorpe. Cold Harbor. Head. Fell very near Colonel Kellogg.

George W. Pierce. Cold Harbor. Heart. Killed at beginning of charge.

John H. Ure. Cold Harbor. Head. Nothing known of his remains after the battle.

Ezra B. Bouton. Cold Harbor. Killed June 3. Forehead.

Corporal Orson M. Miner. Petersburg. June 22, 1864. Heart. Buried on skirmish line.

Corporal William H. Beach. Winchester. Body. First man hit in this battle. Buried at Goshen.

Peter Burke. Winchester. Cut almost asunder by a shell.

Jeremiah McCarty. Winchester. Throat, head and heart. Hit with several balls.

Corporal George W. Cleaveland. Cedar Creek. Heart. Color corporal when killed ; was also wounded at Petersburg, June 22, and at North Anna, May 24. Buried at Goshen.

Corporal William H. Bray. Cedar Creek. Head. Buried in Connecticut.

Cyrus M. Bartholomew. Cedar Creek. Abdomen. While being borne wounded from the field by comrades, he was

again struck and died in their arms: was also wounded at Cold Harbor in leg and shoulders. Buried at Goshen.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Christian Bjornsern. Cold Harbor. Foot. Shell. Leg amputated. Died June 18, 1864.

Lucius B. Palmer. Cold Harbor. Shoulder. Died June 9, 1864.

Corporal Erastus Cleaveland. Cold Harbor. Died Aug. 22, 1864, at Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore.

Anson F. Balcom. Winchester. Foot. Piece of Shell. Died of Lockjaw, Oct. 12, 1864, at Field Hospital, Winchester.

Corporal Henry L. Vaill. Cedar Creek. Shot in neck and lungs about sunrise and remained all day in the enemy's hands, who robbed him of everything. Died Nov. 4, 1864, at Taylor Hospital, Winchester.

Albert M. Scoville. Cedar Creek. Bowels. Supposed to have died at Newtown, Va., Oct. 20, 1864.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Alfred Blackman. Andersonville. Scorbutus.

DIED OF DISEASE.

First Lieutenant William McK. Rice. Nov. 8, 1864, at Blooming Grove, N. Y. Chronic Diarrhea, contracted in the trenches at Petersburg.

Sergeant Matthew H. Huxley. Jan. 28, 1864. Camp fever. Regimental Hospital, near Alexandria. Buried at Goshen.

Daniel E. Lyman. Nov. 2, 1862. Typhoid fever—sick three days. First death in the regiment. Buried at Goshen.

Arthur G. Kellogg. Nov. 17, 1862. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Terryville.

William S. Robinson. Jan. 16, 1862. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Goshen.

Orlando Evans. Feb. 18, 1863. Consumption. New Haven. Buried at Torrington.

John H. Stewart. June 3, 1863. Measles. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Youngest man in Company C.

Corporal Uri Wadhams. Sept. 25, 1863. Diphtheria—sick twenty-four hours. Buried at Goshen.

William H. Norville. Nov. 30, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

William H. Herald. Feb. 26, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Goshen.

George W. Brown. March 13, 1864.

Giles A. Cone. April 5, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

William Butler. April 9, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

William H. Hart. June 24, 1864. Hospital, Alexandria.

Andrew H. Sanford. June 5, 1863. Fever and disorder. Hospital, Alexandria.

James M. Hayes. July 24, 1864. Worn out by marching. Hospital, Alexandria.

Henry M. Woodruff. July 22, 1864. Worn out by marching. Died in New York while on his way home on furlough. Buried at Hartford.

Corporal Willard N. Wadhams. July 27, 1864. Fever. Hospital, Philadelphia. Color corporal.

Royal G. Andrus. July 27, 1864. Hospital, Washington.

Harlow S. Johnson. Sept. 22, 1864. Fever and diarrhea.

Milo Young. Sept. 1, 1865. David's Island Hospital, New York.

James Rogers. May 5, 1865.

John J. Abbott. Aug. 20, 1864. Accidentally shot in tent near Petersburg. Foot amputated. Died *en route* to Washington.

COMPANY D.

KILLED.

Pomeroy Beecraft. Cold Harbor.

Philo A. Fenn. Cold Harbor. Shot in head, by a sharpshooter, June 12, while on duty as a sharpshooter.

Henry W. Miller. Cold Harbor. Forehead torn off by a shell.

John Murphy. Cold Harbor. Heart.

George Comstock. Petersburg. June 22, 1864. Head.
Real name George Roberts.

Walter M. Fox. Petersburg. June 22, 1864.

Richard Beebe. Winchester. Shell.

Hiram F. Coley. Winchester. Shell. Buried at Thomaston.

James Slater. Winchester. Heart: was also wounded at Cold Harbor, and had returned to regiment only three days before his death.

Quarter Master Sergeant David B. Wooster. Fisher's Hill. Heart: was also wounded at Cold Harbor. Buried at Northfield.

Captain Benjamin F. Hosford. Cedar Creek. Head. His brother and other men carried his body half a mile to the rear, where they were compelled to leave it, to save themselves. After the victorious return, however, they found and buried

it, at midnight lest an immediate pursuit should prevent them. The remains were subsequently re-interred at Winsted. [See pages 44 and 130.]

Corporal Edward C. Hopson. Cedar Creek. Shoulder and thigh. Buried at Poultney, Vt.

Corporal William Wright. Cedar Creek. Head.

John H. Conklin. Cedar Creek.

Daniel Van Allen. Cedar Creek. Heart.

Charles R. Warner. Cedar Creek. Body.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

George L. Beach. Cold Harbor. Thigh. Shell. Died at Washington, June 14, 1864. Buried at Plymouth.

Corporal Edgar J. Castle. Cold Harbor. Body and lungs. Died June 8, 1864, on transport en route to Washington.

Thomas Mann. Calf of leg. Died at Washington, June 8, 1864.

Walter Stone. Cold Harbor. Ankle amputated. Died July 24, 1864, at Blackwell's Island Hospital, N. Y.

Hiram Mattoon. Cold Harbor. Leg amputated. Shot June 10, in knee. Died June 14, 1864, at Washington.

Corporal Charles E. Guernsey. Petersburg, June 22. Shoulder and thigh. Died June 28, 1864, at City Point. Supposed to have been shot by carelessness of our men: was in the hands of rebels for some time, who took his watch, and gave him water.

Jacob Demuth. Petersburg, June 22. Back. Died June 24, 1864. Was shot while cooking coffee.

John Grieder. Petersburg, June 20. Thigh. Died July 3, 1864.

George H. S. Goodwin. Winchester. Thigh. Died Sept. 24, 1864. Supposed to have died en route to Hospital, and been buried by roadside.

George E. Clark. Winchester. Leg.

Henry Gilbert. Cedar Creek. Head. Died Dec. 20, 1864.

Henry Lynch. Cedar Creek. Hip. Died Oct. 31, 1864.

Emery W. Castle. Sailor's Creek. Thigh, and ankle amputated. Died April 23, 1865, at Hospital, Annapolis.

Erastus W. Converse. Sailor's Creek. Hip. Died at Burkesville, April 9, 1865.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Benjamin Filley. Petersburg, June 22. Supposed to have died at Florence.

James Strawn. Petersburg, June 22. Diarrhea. Died at Andersonville, Aug. 2, 1864. Reported by Dorence Atwater.

Charles D. Hanson. Cedar Creek. Died Feb. 25, 1865, at Andersonville. Buried at Hartford.

MISSING.

Walter Oates. Cedar Creek. Doubtless died in rebel prison.

William S. Barnes. Cedar Creek. Doubtless died in rebel prison.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Corporal Frederick B. Webster. Nov. 5, 1862. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Harwinton.

Corporal William W. Johnson. Jan. 30, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Terryville.

Burritt H. Tolles. Jan. 12, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Plymouth.

Charles J. Cleveland. Jan. 30, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Terryville.

George H. Holt. Feb. 26, 1863. Diphtheria. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried in Connecticut.

Franklin W. Hubbard. April 10, 1862. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Terryville.

Sergeant Edgar B. Lewis. Sept. 6, 1863. Diphtheria. Private house, Alexandria. Buried at Greenwood Cemetery.

Josiah J. Wadsworth. Sept. 19, 1863. Spotted fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Hartford.

William W. Richardson. April 24, 1864. Fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

James H. Pritchard. July 1, 1864. Brain fever. Hospital, City Point. Bass Drummer.

Sergeant Salmon B. Smith. Aug. 11, 1864. Typhoid fever. Hospital, David's Island, N. Y. Buried at Thomaston.

David Davenport. Oct. 26, 1864. Hospital, Philadelphia.

Horatio G. Perkins. Jan. 9, 1865. Fever and chronic diarrhea. Hospital, Baltimore.

COMPANY E:

KILLED.

Corporal Frederick W. Daniels. Cold Harbor. Breast.

Corporal Alonzo J. Hull. Cold Harbor. Breast.

Corporal Willard Hart. Cold Harbor.

Corporal Henry A. Rexford. Cold Harbor.

Frederick D. Painter. Drummer. Cold Harbor. Leg taken off by a shell, some distance in the rear.

Myron Ferris. Cold Harbor.

Lewis Downs. Cold Harbor.

Alfred Comins. Cold Harbor. Bowels.

John M. Teeter. Cold Harbor. Breast.

George A. Tatro. Cold Harbor. Head.

Charles H. Stanley. Cold Harbor. Bowels. Grape shot.

Ruel H. Perkins. Cold Harbor.

Daniel McDonald. Cold Harbor.

James Mooney. Cold Harbor. Killed June 2.

Walter Martin. Cold Harbor.

William Kelley. Cold Harbor. Foot. Killed June 2.

Patrick Kaine. Cold Harbor.

Jared P. Evarts. Petersburg, June 21. Bowels.

John McDonough. Cedar Creek.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Sylvester Barrett. Cold Harbor. Died July 24, 1864, at White House.

Quarter Master Sergeant James A. Green. Cold Harbor. Heel. Died July 6, 1864. Buried at Colebrook.

Elizur Maltbie. Cold Harbor. Ankle amputated. Died July 2, 1864, at David's Island Hospital, N. Y. Buried at Norfolk.

Stephen J. Green. Cold Harbor. Died July 5, 1864, at David's Island Hospital, N. Y. Buried at Colebrook.

Birdseye Gibbs. Petersburg, June 20. Throat. Died at Field Hospital, June 27, 1864.

Captain Oren H. Knight. Petersburg, June 22. A minie musket ball struck him in the head, inflicting a wound which was at the time reported "not dangerous." It was sufficient, however, to superinduce disease, and from the effects of both, he died on or about the 8th of July, 1864, at a hospital in New York. Buried at Salisbury.

Corporal George H. Pendleton. Winchester. Breast. Died Oct. 3, 1864, at Taylor Hospital, Winchester. Buried at Norfolk.

Corporal John H. Boughton. Winchester. Arm amputated. Died Oct. 7, 1864, at Taylor Hospital, Winchester.

Asa Humaston. Winchester. Groin. Died Sept. 20, 1864.

David Backus. Cedar Creek. Died Nov. 3, 1864.

MISSING.

Second Lieutenant Calvin B. Hatch. Cold Harbor.

Corporal James R. Baldwin. Cold Harbor.

James Simpson. Cold Harbor.

John J. Toole. Cold Harbor.

John Scully. Cold Harbor.

Boughton D. Knapp. Cold Harbor.

Henry C. Kent. Cold Harbor.

John Cook. Cold Harbor.

Bernard Carbury. Cold Harbor.

Martin Blake. Cold Harbor.

Sherman Apley. Cold Harbor.

Charles Bohan. Petersburg. June 22.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Michael Donahue. Petersburg, June 22. Died at Salisbury, Dec. 12, 1864.

Allen B. Young. Cedar Creek. Died Nov. 10, 1864.

Matthew Fitzgerald. Cedar Creek. Died at Salisbury, Jan. 5, 1865.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Second Lieutenant Hiram D. Gaylord. Nov. 18, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Norfolk.

George W. Hurlbut. March 29, 1863. Diphtheria. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Danbury Quarter, near Winsted.

William S. Hurlbut. Oct. 25, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Danbury Quarter, near Winsted.

Darwin E. Starks. Aug. 23, 1863. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Winchester, Ct.

Jerome Preston. Oct. 24, 1862. Inflammation of bowels. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Ashley Falls, Mass.

Julius Woodford. Jan. 3, 1864. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Winsted.

William R. Hubbard. Feb. 28, 1864. Bilious fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Winsted.

Joseph Robinson. Sept. 17, 1864. Chronic diarrhea and exhaustion. Field Hospital, Charlestown, Va.

Julius Rogers. Sept. 21, 1864.

Manwaring Green. Oct. 18, 1864. Killed by accident on Shore Line Railroad, near New London, Conn.

Edwin E. Rowe. March 27, 1865. Congestion of lungs, brought on in battle of Fort Fisher. He died of fighting, yet without a wound. Buried at Winsted.

Charles Long. July 12, 1864.

COMPANY F.

KILLED.

Sergeant Samuel E. Gibbs. Cold Harbor. Bowels. Buried in Colebrook.

John E. Hall. Cold Harbor. Back. Killed June 3.

William H. Colt. Petersburg, June 22. Upper abdomen.

Sergeant Lorenzo P. Light. Winchester. Abdomen.

Sergeant Alfred C. Alford. Winchester. Head. Buried at Riverton.

Timothy O'Callaghan. Winchester. Head.

George Simons. Cedar Creek. Body.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

George N. Andrus. Cold Harbor. Heel torn off by solid shot, June 3. Died June 28, 1864.

Cornelius H. Merrell. Fisher's Hill. Leg, below knee. Died Oct. 23, 1864.

Edmund Dougherty. Winchester. Breast. Died Sept. 27, 1864.

Charles A. Griswold. Sailor's Creek. Thigh. Died at Field Hospital, April 7, 1864.

Jay J. Cushman.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS, OR AFTER RELEASE.

Robert Cabill. Cedar Creek. Exchanged, and died two days after reaching New York.

Solomon G. Hayward. Cedar Creek.

MISSING.

John Busby. Petersburg, June 22. (Suspected of having deserted on the march during the preceding night.)

DIED OF DISEASE.

Harlan D. Benedict. Dec. 16, 1862. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Augustus H. Barrett. Dec. 30, 1862. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at New Hartford.

Albert Beckwith. Jan. 1, 1863. Chronic diarrhea. Hospital, Alexandria.

Richard S. Thompson. Jan. 10, 1863. Chronic diarrhea. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Colbrook.

Corporal William G. Henderson. May 4, 1863. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at New Hartford Center.

Philander Emmons. April 22, 1865. Hospital, City Point. Had also been wounded.

Peter Riley. March, 1864.

Lorenzo K. Lamoine. 1864.

Harvey Ford. April 27, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Cornwall.

Philander Eggleston. April, 1864. Hospital, New York.
Buried at New Hartford.

Horatio G. Eggleston. April, 1864. Regimental Hospital
near Alexandria. Buried at New Hartford.

Henry Van Dusen. Jan. 2, 1865.

Charles Tuttle. Jan. 2, 1865, at Hospital, City Point.

Jefferson T. Lent. July 8, 1865. While on the way from
Georgetown to Chain Bridge, July 6, as mounted orderly, he
was running horses with William H. Tiffany, when his horse
fell, throwing him, and falling upon him, causing his death in
forty-eight hours. He had gone unhurt through every battle
of the regiment. His mother came from New York hoping to
find him alive, but his Company had already embalmed the
body and sent it home. He was only about seventeen years
old, and a general favorite.

COMPANY G.

KILLED.

Quarter Master Sergeant Joseph B. Payne. Cold Harbor. Thigh.

Wilson Waterman. Winchester. Leg amputated, but died immediately.

Chauncey L. Warner. Winchester. Knee. Piece of Shell.

Henry Peck. Winchester. Head. Shell.

Corporal Charles J. Reed. Cedar Creek. Breast.

Corporal George W. Page. Cedar Creek. Neck. Buried at Cornwall Bridge. (These two Corporals were found dead, and locked in each other's arms.)

Elisha Soule. Cedar Creek. Head. While lying down near the road in the morning, a musket ball took away the top of his head, leaving a piece of skull in his cap. He was found alive at night, stripped of everything, and did not expire until ten the next morning.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Horace Sickmund. Cold Harbor. Knee. Not supposed to be mortally wounded. Died July 14, 1864, at Hospital, Washington. Buried at Cornwall Bridge.

Corporal Patrick Troy. Winchester. Arm amputated. Seemed on the way to recovery, but had a relapse. Died Oct. 20, 1864, at Hospital, Baltimore. Buried at Falls Village.

James H. Vanburen. Winchester. Leg twice amputated. Shell. Died Nov. 1, 1864, at Hospital, Sandy Hook.

Quarter Master Sergeant Charles Ingersoll. Winchester. Leg. Had also been wounded at Cold Harbor. Died Oct. 1, 1864, at Hospital, Sandy Hook. Buried at Amenia, N. Y.

George Clinton. Winchester. Leg amputated. Died at Sandy Hook.

James M. Palmer. Cedar Creek. Neck and shoulder. Shell. Died at Camp, Oct. 22, 1864.

Barney Kinney. Cedar Creek. Leg amputated. Died at Field Hospital, Nov. 11, 1864.

Corporal Dwight B. Studley. Fort Fisher. Side and left fore-arm. Grape shot. Not at first supposed to be mortally wounded. Died at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, April 14, 1864. Buried at Ellsworth, Conn.

Sylvester Prout. Fort Fisher. Leg amputated. Died at Camp, March 26, 1864.

MISSING.

Robert Bard. North Anna River. May 24, 1864.

Corporal James Stanley. Hatcher's Run.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Myron H. Hubbell. Nov. 24, 1862. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Cornwall.

Philo Cole. Jan. 6, 1863. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried in Cornwall.

Lucien Rouse. Jan. 9, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Warren. Body sent home by Company.

Merritt Stone. Jan. 15, 1863. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Litchfield. Remains sent home by Company.

Charles C. Herman. Jan. 19, 1863. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Salisbury, Conn.

Harvey Clark. Jan. 18, 1863. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Kent.

John H. Bradley. March 10, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

Paschal P. North. June 25, 1864. Hospital, Washington.

Herman E. Bonney. June 28, 1864. Hospital, Philadelphia. Buried at Cornwall Bridge.

Lewis Sawyer. July 26, 1864. Hospital, Washington. Buried at Cornwall Bridge.

Henry H. Waters. Aug. 24, 1864.

Albert A. Peck. Aug. 24, 1864. Exhaustion from marching. Hospital, Washington.

Allen Williams. Aug. 28, 1864. Hospital, Blackwell's Island.

John M. Hamblin. Oct. 16, 1864. Buried at Warren. Died while on furlough.

William White. Dec. 16, 1864. Fever. Lincoln Hospital, Washington.

Sergeant Albert Robinson. March, 1865. Hospital, Annapolis. Buried at Cornwall Bridge. Discharged for disability, but died before reaching home.

John Lapham. Nov. 9, 1864. Killed by Railroad accident near Philadelphia, returning from furlough.

William Slover. Drowned in Potomac, near Georgetown, watering mules. Buried in Kent.

COMPANY H.

KILLED.

Henry C. Straight. Cold Harbor. Head.

Charles W. Jackson. Cold Harbor. Head.

Theodore A. Barnes. Cold Harbor. Head.

Second Lieutenant Horace Hubbard. Winchester. His back was fearfully torn by a shell, and he lived but a short time. He sent dying messages to his friends at home, and said he believed it was all for the best. "Tell the boys of Company D, (in which he was formerly First Sergeant,) that I always meant to do right by them, and to forgive me if I have not." He was buried exactly where he fell, but since the war his remains have been removed to Plymouth.

First Lieutenant Franklin M. Candee. Winchester. Buried in Bristol. [See page 95.]

Edward Mead. Cedar Creek. Breast. Stripped by rebels on the field.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Jerome Johnson. Cold Harbor. Thigh. Died at Field Hospital, June 16, 1864.

Harvey Pease. Petersburg. Died at Field Hospital, June 21, 1864. [See page 75.]

Captain Frederick M. Berry. Winchester. He lay near Candee when that officer was killed, and taking the valuables from the body, went on with the regiment in the charge that followed. As his Company emerged from the woods that bordered the plain on the east, with Winchester on the left, he gave the command "By the right flank, march!" and was at that moment struck just below the knee, and fell with a groan. He died at Taylor's Hotel Hospital, Winchester, and was buried in Kent, Conn. Colonel Kellogg used to say that Capt. Berry had more excellencies and less faults than any other officer in the regiment.

Daniel Payne. Cedar Creek. Died Nov. 17, 1864, at Sheridan Field Hospital, Winchester.

MISSING.

Patrick Lynch, Cold Harbor.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Herbert H. Reed. Spottsylvania. Died of starvation, at Andersonville, July 4, 1864.

Moses L. Wigglesworth. Spottsylvania. Died of disease and starvation, at Andersonville, Aug. 26, 1864.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Henry A. Calhoun. Dec. 22, 1862. Measles. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Washington, Conn.

William C. Warner. Dec. 23, 1862. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Washington, Conn.

William H. Dains. Jan. 16, 1863. Measles. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Washington, Conn.

Lewis St. John. March 17, 1863. Camp fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Kent, Conn.

Sheldon Clark. April 10, 1863. Lung fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Washington, Conn.

Sergeant Garwood R. Merwin. 1863. Typhoid fever. Private house, Alexandria. Buried at New Milford.

Ira S. Bradley. Feb. 21, 1864. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Roxbury, Conn.

Henry Bridge. August 1, 1864. Worn out in the Shenandoah Valley. He was fifty years old. After bravely and faithfully going through the campaign from Spottsylvania to Harper's Ferry, he fell out when the regiment was up the Valley, and never returned. His place of death and burial not definitely known;—somewhere near Harper's Ferry.

Sylvester C. Platt. Aug. 5, 1864. Chronic dysentery. Died at Hospital, New York. Place of burial not certainly known.

Joseph R. Loveridge. Sept. 12, 1864. Chronic dysentery. Hospital, Washington. Seventeen years old.

Willis Hartwell. Oct. 28, 1864. Fever. Hospital, Martinsburg. Probably buried at Martinsburg.

COMPANY I.

KILLED.

Friend F. Kane. Cold Harbor. Head.

Almon D. Galpin. Cold Harbor. Head.

Charles Barney. Winchester. Shell.

William Fitzgerald. Cedar Creek.

Samuel B. Ferris. Cedar Creek.

Addison Cook. Cedar Creek.

David Cramer. Fort Fisher.

Thomas Wheeler. Fort Fisher.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Curtis Wheeler. Cold Harbor. Through both thighs by same ball. Died at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, June 13, 1864.

Sergeant Walter J. Orton. Winchester. Left arm and anterior walls of thorax. Exhaustion in consequence of secondary hemorrhage. Died at Sheridan Field Hospital, Winchester, Oct. 7, 1864. Buried at Woodbury.

Corporal Charles F. Flushman. Winchester. Abdomen. Died at Sheridan Field Hospital, Winchester, Sept. 21, 1864.

Seymour Lobdell. Cedar Creek. Died Nov. 16, 1864.

Sergeant George E. Judson. Cedar Creek. Left hip. Died at Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Oct. 31, 1864. Buried at Southbury, Conn.

Charles Bennett. Cedar Creek. Bowels. Died in an ambulance, on the way to Winchester, Oct. 21, 1864.

Corporal Patrick Brady. Cedar Creek. Died at Hospital, Martinsburg, Nov. 1, 1864.

Ham A. Barnes. Wounded or injured at Noel's Station, near North Anna River, May 26, 1864, while tearing up railroad track. Died at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Rhode Island, June 14, 1864.

George W. Locklin. Winchester. Thigh. Died at Hospital, Baltimore, Oct. 20, 1864, of his wound and fever.

MISSING.

Timothy F. Walsh. Hatcher's Run. Feb. 6, 1865.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Albert Woodruff. Cedar Creek. Died at Salisbury, June 8, 1865.

Marshall Lines. Cedar Creek. Died at Andersonville, Feb. 8, 1865.

DIED OF DISEASE.

John S. White. Nov. 13, 1862. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

James C. Polley. Nov. 19, 1862. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Harvey H. Fox. Feb. 4, 1863. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Woodbury.

Corporal Henry F. Hard. Dec. 15, 1863. Died while at home on furlough. Buried at Woodbury.

Charles L. Thomas. Jan. 16, 1864. Lung fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Woodbury.

Corporal Horatio S. Thomas. Feb. 20, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Woodbury.

Banks Lounsbury. Feb. 23, 1864. Black measles. Alexandria.

Timothy Elwell. March 3, 1864. Fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

James Sidney. March 10, 1864. Pleurisy. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria.

Isaac Briggs. June 22, 1864. Emory Hospital, Washington. Wounded in foot at Cold Harbor.

Corporal Edward Bell. Oct. 17, 1864. Chronic diarrhea. Hospital, Martinsburg.

Joseph Colonel. Oct. 19, 1864. Hospital, Annapolis.

Corporal Cornelius Goebel. Feb. 25, 1865. Fever. Bridgeport, Conn., while on furlough.

John K. Northrop. Dropped dead in the street in New York, while on his way home on furlough.

COMPANY K.

KILLED.

Sergeant George H. McBurney. Cold Harbor. Head and body.

John Warner. Cold Harbor. Bowels. Shell.

Robert Sothergill. Cold Harbor. Neck.

David D. Lake. Cold Harbor.

Andrew Jackson. Cold Harbor.

Edmund Hickey. Cold Harbor.

Peter Gallagher. Cold Harbor.

Henry B. Bristol. Cold Harbor. Side torn out by shell.

Isaac Baldwin. Cold Harbor.

Franklin Andrus. Cold Harbor. Shell.

Henry H. Hyatt. Petersburg, June 22. Neck.

Lucien Button. Winchester. Head. Piece of shell.

Alexander D. Kasson. Cedar Creek. Head.

John H. R. Hipwell. Cedar Creek.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Jacob Wentworth. Cold Harbor. Leg. Died June 20, 1864.

Edward B. Griffin. Cold Harbor. Breast and shoulder. Shell. Died June 2, en route to White House, and buried by roadside.

Charles Reed. Cold Harbor. Died June 2, 1864.

Asahel N. Perkins. Cold Harbor. Thigh and arm. Died Oct. 14, 1864, at Hospital, Baltimore.

John Munson. Cold Harbor. Ankle. Grape shot. Foot amputated. Died Aug. 30, 1864, at Hospital, New Haven.

William B. Leach. Cold Harbor. Died June 19, 1864.

Patrick Kennedy. Cold Harbor. Side. Died at Hospital, David's Island, New York, June 16, 1864.

Owen Cromney. Cold Harbor. Shoulder. Died July 24, 1864.

Alfred June. Petersburg. June 20. Shot by sharpshooter in back and hips. Died June 21, 1868.

First Lieutenant James P. McCabe. Winchester. Sharpshooter's ball, smaller than minie, entered left hip and came out right hip. It also passed through a compactly rolled rubber blanket, which, when unfolded, showed more than *twenty* holes made by the same shot. Died at West Goshen, Oct. 3, 1864.

Albert J. Miner. Cedar Creek. Thigh. Died Nov. 1, 1864. Buried at New Haven.

Charles A. Johnson. Cedar Creek. Shot through both hips by sharpshooter. Died Oct. 20, 1864.

Charles Haviland. Cedar Creek. Thigh. Died Nov. 15, 1864.

MISSING.

Charles H. Russell. Cold Harbor. Had previously deserted and been retaken.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS.

Sergeant Lant Ryan. Petersburg, June 22. Died at Andersonville.

Amaziah Downs. Cedar Creek. Died at Salisbury, Dec. 18, 1864.

Noble Andrus. Cedar Creek. Andersonville. Reported dead by Clara Barton.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Corporal Wesley T. Glover. Dec. 28, 1862. Typhoid fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Woodville, Conn. His name is inscribed on a soldiers' monument in Terryville.

Charles B. Ferris. Jan. 5, 1863. Brain fever. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

Sergeant William S. Watson. Jan. 28, 1863. Died in his tent at Fort Worth, near Alexandria, after three days' illness of brain fever. Buried in Connecticut.

Fifer George A. Hoyt. June 6, 1863. Fever. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Plymouth.

Leander Ide. Feb. 9, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried in Connecticut.

George W. Harrington. Feb. 25, 1864. Regimental Hospital near Alexandria. Buried at Sherman, Conn.

Eben Norton. June 12, 1864. Fever. Hospital, Alexandria. Buried at Plymouth.

John Burch. July 31, 1864.

Anton Barth. Nov. 11, 1864.

Wolcott Cook. Jan. 16, 1865. Chronic diarrhea. Sixth Corps Hospital, City Point.

Corporal Sidney A. Law. Jan. 29, 1865. New Milford. Buried at New Milford.

Henry Colby. June 17, 1864. Hospital, Rhode Island. Shot himself through the hand at North Anna River, intentionally, (as was supposed,) and died of the wound.

COMPANY L.

KILLED.

John Martin. Cold Harbor. First man killed in L Company. Buried by Lieutenant Snowden.

August Berg. Winchester.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

William Day. Winchester. Hip. Died —, 1864.

John Pollard. Skirmish near Tolopotomy, May 31, 1864. Head. Died June 17, 1864, at Hospital, Philadelphia. Left family destitute.

Corporal Norman Mansfield. Skirmish on Tolopotomy, May 31, 1864. Leg amputated. Died June 16, 1864.

Sergeant George Parker. Cold Harbor. Side. Probably died at New Haven.

Amos L. Ives. Cold Harbor, —, 1864.

DIED IN REBEL PRISONS, OR AFTER RELEASE.

Fred. Hooker. Cedar Creek. Died Dec. 1, 1864.

George Grover. Cedar Creek.

Patrick Butler. Taken by Mosby at Leesburg after the regiment had returned from Snicker's Gap. Died in Danville prison, March 4, 1865.

Corporal William Dixon. Taken prisoner at Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Exchanged and died at Parole Camp, Dec. 24, 1864.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Corporal Henry A. Hubbell. July 3, 1864. Hospital, City Point. Diarrhea. Buried at New Haven.

Corporal William Morton. March 7, 1865.

Horace B. Wood. Dec. 12, 1864.

Fred. Slade. Sept. 21, 1864. Died at Frederick City, Md. Real name, Alfred Slade. Left a family in England. He was very slightly wounded in the hand at Cold Harbor,—but his death was caused by disease and marching.

William Malloy. August 21, 1864.

Thomas B. Foster. March 17, 1865. Hospital, Alexandria.

Charles Davenport. March 21, 1865.

COMPANY M.

KILLED.

Patrick Keegan. On picket at North Anna river. May 24, 1864. First man killed in the regiment.

Samuel S. Osborne. Cold Harbor. Leg. Shell. Also, a tree top, cut off by a shell, fell upon him.

Abner W. Scott. Winchester. Name inscribed on soldiers' monument in Terryville.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

John Fay. Fort Fisher. Thigh. Died April 10, 1865.

Thomas Doyle. Winchester. Breast. Died Sept. 22, 1864.

Thomas Colburn. Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Died in Hospital, Connecticut.

MISSING.

Aaron Joseph. Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

William Bergen. Petersburg, June 22, 1864.

DIED OF DISEASE.

John Thomas. Feb. 13, 1864. Regimental Hospital, near Alexandria.

Lorin L. Morris. Nov. 16, 1864. Hospital, Winchester.

James H. Case. March 5, 1864. Regimental Hospital, Alexandria.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SURVIVING WOUNDED.

This Chapter does not pretend to give all that might be of interest concerning the wounded. In the nature of the case, that would be an impossibility. All the facts that could be obtained, however, after the most laborious research, are set down.

By the term "Surviving Wounded," which heads this chapter, is meant those who survived until the muster out of the regiment. Since that time many have died, some of them doubtless from the effect of wounds or army hardships;—but to inquire them out for the purposes of this history would be an impracticable undertaking. Whether we have war or peace, *that* list must ever increase, and ever be incomplete, until "the last man" shall bring up the rear of that long column of which Daniel E. Lyman, the first man, led the advance.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel (afterwards Brigadier General and Brevet Major General) Ranald S. Mackenzie. [See Chapter XVII.]

Major William B. Ells. Cold Harbor. A musket ball passed through the bone of the right leg, between the knee and ankle, in such a manner as to inflict permanent injury. The perios-

teum has never re-formed, and the major, after four full years, is still compelled to use a cane or crutches.

Major (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel) Jeffrey Skinner, was twice wounded; first by a shell at Winchester, [see page 96,] and at the capture of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, by a musket ball in the side. In the first instance he was absent from duty not more than a month, and only six weeks after receiving the latter wound, although it was quite severe.

Captain (afterwards Major) Chester D. Cleveland, then Ordnance Officer of First Division, Sixth Corps, was slightly wounded in the arm at Cedar Creek, but did not report it.

Sergeant Major (afterwards Second Lieutenant) Frederick A. Lucas, received a wound in the left thigh at Cedar Creek, which disabled him for several months. He returned to the regiment just in time to receive another wound, (a slight one) in the affair at Hatcher's Run. He was promoted for gallantry at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, and Colonel Mackenzie told the writer, just after those battles, that he never saw a braver man than Sergeant Major Lucas.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant Theodore F. Vaill. Fort Fisher. Flesh wound, left hip, by cast iron ball from spherical case shot.

COMPANY A.

At Cold Harbor.

Quarter Master Sergeant George W. Mason. Head. Very severe, and at first supposed to be mortal,—but after many months he recovered, and was mustered as Captain and Assistant Quarter Master in the general service, having been

commissioned thereto by President Lincoln before he was wounded.

Watson Cogswell. Left arm. [Also see Winchester.]

Samuel Gunn. Shoulder.

Corporal Curtis P. Wedge. Right hand.

Corporal Seth Whiting. Hand.

Edward Hull. Buttocks.

Lyman F. Morehouse. Wrist.

James Ferris. Leg amputated.

Robert W. Coe. Arm amputated. Also, wounded in toe.

Charles Belcher. Shoulder.

John Benedict. Breast.

Michael Bray. Hip.

John Bailey. Arm.

Charles Carter. Shoulder.

Robert Crawford. Arm.

Edson S. Dayton. Thigh.

Myron E. Kilbourn. Finger amputated.

John Lawlor. Both thighs.

David McBath. Arm.

Norman B. Perkins. Hand.

Harvey B. Perkins. Side.

James M. Prindle. Fingers.

Jason St. John. Knee. Had previously been wounded in the other knee, when a member of the Eight Connecticut Volunteers.

Reuben A. Swift. Cheek and thigh.

George F. Waugh. Breast.

David P. Wetmore. Leg.

First Lieutenant Hubbard E. Tuttle. Head.

First Lieutenant Bushrod H. Camp. Leg.

At Winchester.

Frederick T. Jennings. Left hand and head. Wounded while passing over the knoll between the two ravines.

Captain Alexander B. Shumway. Leg. Wounded where the regiment was first moved into action.

Second Lieutenant Daniel E. Marsh. Arm. Wounded in the first ravine.

Watson Cogswell. Arm.

Corporal Henry T. Cable. Abdomen. Severe. Wounded while going from the first to the second ravine.

Edmund P. Aiken. Head.

James Moll. Leg. Real name James Moore. It was entered wrong at first, and like that of Hiram U. Grant, had to remain wrong.

Edmund Haley. Leg.

At Fisher's Hill.

James L. Osborn. Side.

At Cedar Creek.

Sergeant William S. Smith. Head. Also, at Fort Fisher in foot, slightly.

Thomas Morris. Face.

Joseph Moody. Ankle.

At Fort Fisher.

Corporal Horace N. Williams. Mouth. Ball could not be found, and after four months was taken out from the back of

his neck. The muscles of one eye were cut or destroyed, so that it cannot be shut.

COMPANY B.

At Skirmish on Toloptymy, May 31, 1864.

Mortimer M. Lillibridge. Foot.

William H. Surdam.

At Cold Harbor.

George W. Mansfield. Leg. Also wounded at Fisher's Hill in leg, and had thumb shot off at Sailors' Creek. Was scalded to death by collision on Housatonic Railroad, on his way home, after being discharged. Had never been home since enlisting.

Daniel O. Page. Paroled prisoner.

Sergeant George L. Johnson. Hip.

Augustus Adams. Leg.

Horace Ball. Breast.

Richard Brown. Head.

Sheldon Carley. Head.

Newton W. Cogswell. Arm.

John Coons. Breast and back.

Ezra Clark. Neck.

William Connell. Arm amputated.

John Decker. Right hand.

Daniel Dunlavey. Left hand.

Henry Dryer. Foot.

John Funk. Neck.

Solomon Hinkley. Hand and head.

Roger Lyddy.

Peter Malath. Thigh.
Godfrey Miller. Ankle.
George McLane. Hand.
John McMahon.
Joel Snyder. Neck.
Henry Tanner. Thigh.
Daniel Taylor. Hand.
Charles O. Whaples. Thigh.
Francis Burger.

At Winchester.

Captain William H. Lewis, jr. Wrist.
Sergeant (afterwards Lieutenant) William S. Cooper.
Peter Flood. Leg, flesh wound.
Gilbert McMahon. Leg.
Lewis Morey. Left arm.

At Fisher's Hill.

Luther E. Speed. Neck.
John McGovern. Finger amputated.
George W. Mansfield. Leg. [Also see Cold Harbor.]

At Cedar Creek.

First Sergeant James Parks. Left leg. Piece of shell.
Sergeant Curtis Hall. Right shoulder.
John Hughes. Fingers.
Robert Ames. Hip.

At Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Corporal Daniel T. Clark.

At Sailors' Creek.

George W. Mansfield. [Also see Cold Harbor.]

COMPANY C.

At the North Anna.

Charles G. Adams. Hip broken tearing up Railroad near Noel's Station. Draws pension. Returned to duty before the close of the war.

At Skirmish on the Toloptymy.

James A. Bryan. Leg.

At Cold Harbor.

Patrick Harvey. June 3. Leg. Also wounded in leg at Winchester.

James P. Quinn. Foot.

Erastus Ruscoe. Arm.

Corporal Harrison Whitney. Left elbow. Draws pension.

Peter Bunts. Arm amputated.

George Manning. Heel.

Anson Johnson. Leg.

Henry W. Richards. Arm.

Royal Stone. Neck.

Enos Benedict. June 3. Leg. Also at Cedar Creek, ankle.

Newton Calkins. June 7. Hand.

At Petersburg.

Seelye Richmond. June 22. Arm.

At Winchester.

Patrick Harvey. Leg.

Leonard Hower. Shoulder. Still suffers.

Sergeant Joseph Sherry. Left arm broken; never healed.
Draws pension.

Sergeant (afterwards Second Lieutenant) Calvin L. Davis.
Color bearer. Right shoulder and arm.

Thomas B. Stewart. Lost both feet. Shell.

Lucien N. Whiting. Arm. Flesh wound.

First Lieutenant Dwight C. Kilbourn. Both arms. Flesh
wound. Shell.

Anson F. Balcom. Foot. Flesh wound.

Walter E. Foster. Hip. Slight.

At Fisher's Hill.

Henry Barnes. Leg.

At Cedar Creek.

John Quinn. Hand. Died in California since the war.

Edmund Thorn. Foot and right hand.

Corporal Frederick A. Hills. Right shoulder joint. Lost
use of arm. Draws pension.

Thomas O. Murphy. Neck.

James Moran. Both hips.

Captain (afterwards Major) A. H. Fenn. Right arm ampu-
tated. Walked three miles to Hospital after being wounded.

First Lieutenant Morris H. Sanford. Arm.

George W. Brown. Arm.

Henry D. Pierce. Arm.

At Hatcher's Run.

Charles G. Wheeler. Breast and arm. Draws pension.

Orange S. Brown. Finger.

At Fort Fisher.

William E. McKee. Brigade Commander's Orderly. Hip.

COMPANY D.

At the North Anna.

George W. Butler. Finger off.

At Cold Harbor.

Quarter Master Sergeant David B. Wooster. Thigh, slight.
Afterward killed at Fisher's Hill.

Charles Warner. Hand. He was from Watertown, and was
not the Charles R. Warner killed at Cedar Creek.

Benjamin Williams. Leg. Flesh wound.

Justin O. Stoughton. Shoulder and back.

Nathan H. Geer. Leg *thrice* amputated. Died at Hartford
since the war,—in 1866.

Corporal Albert Alfred. Hand. Severe.

Lawrence A. Hunt. Face and mouth.

Everett Griswold. Hand. Finger amputated.

Chauncey Culver. Side and breast. Severe.

William Elliott. Back. Shell. Severe.

Jonathan Hall. Head. Spent ball in forehead.

Wallace E. Beach. Arm.

George T. Cook. Shoulder.

Zelotes F. Grannis. Head.

William H. Harrison. Arm.

Kelsey D. Clark. Head.

James Slater. Leg. (Afterward killed at Winchester.)

At Petersburg.

Matthias Walter. June 20. Thigh. Severe.

At Winchester.

Corporal Ira H. Stoughton. Hip. Canister.

Corporal John A. Castle. Lung, and from shoulders to groin. Very severe.

Emery B. Taylor. Leg.

William H. Whitelaw. Thigh and head.

David Davenport. Leg. Slight.

Seeley Morse. Thigh.

G. E. Clark. Leg. Slight.

Philip H. Golde. Arm.

Robert Tompkins. Face.

George H. Bates. Side and back. Shell. Severe.

George Hancock. Mouth.

Frederick R. Keith. Wrist.

At Fisher's Hill.

Charles L. Bryan. Hand. Slight. [See Cedar Creek.]

Swift McG. Hunter. Shoulder.

Thomas Bulluss. Shoulder.

Edward W. Conklin. Leg and Buttocks.

Mark B. Stone. Arm.

Sergeant Samuel Brown. Heel.

James Boyce.

Sergeant Charles P. Traver. Color bearer. Arm. Promoted to Second Lieutenant for gallantry.

At Cedar Creek.

Charles L. Bryan. Leg. Severe. Took part in the final battles, but died since the war (Feb. 1866) of the effects of chronic diarrhea. Buried in Watertown.

Corporal Henry N. Bushnell. Neck. Severe.

Corporal David A. Bradley. Neck. [See Fort Fisher.]

William Lindley. Finger.

Henry Tolles. Head.

Sergeant (afterwards Second Lieutenant) Amzi P. Clark. Foot.

John L. Conklin.

Nehemiah Dutton. Side. Severe.

Robert Lowrie. Breast. Severe.

First Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Gad N. Smith. Leg.

Corporal John Curtin.

Corporal Ira Chapman. Arm.

Edward Dwyer. Heel.

Stephen C. Smith. Finger.

Henry Smith. Leg.

At Fort Fisher.

Sergeant David A. Bradley. Thigh. Severe.

George E. Atwood. Ankle.

Harvey Bronson. Shoulder. Severe.

William A. Stoddard. Leg.

COMPANY E.

At Cold Harbor.

Ernest Basney. Arm.
August Hain. Lung.
Peter Jordan. Jaw and hand.
Richard Gingell. Hand.
Patrick Lynch. Arm.
Jacob Leroy. Arm and finger.
Chauncey S. Loomis. Head.
Charles G. Mason. Leg.
Henry G. Mitchell. Arm and leg.
John O'Connell. Arm and leg.
Nathan Perry. Wrist and right shoulder.
Edward L. Riker. Arm.
William H. Seymour. Thigh.
Henry P. Warner. Foot.
Marcus J. Whitehead. Shot himself in hand.
Henry Wenzel. Head, thigh and knee.
Erastus Woodworth. Leg.
Charles Walsh. Neck and wrist.
Christopher Arnold. Arm.
Edward Beach. Hip. [See Cedar Creek.]
Samuel U. Brewer. Leg.
Corporal David Miller. Hand.
Corporal William A. Hosford. Shoulder.
Charles B. Howard. Lung.
Philip D. Carroll. Hand.

At Petersburg.

Robert Bulcraft. June 22. Thigh.
Charles Walsh. June 26. Foot.

At Winchester.

Edmund B. Sage. Groin.

Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) William S. Cooper. Thigh.

——— Clark. Foot.

James Maloy. Thigh.

Martin Keaton. Leg.

Elbert B. Rowe. Knee.

Julius Collins. Groin.

At Fisher's Hill.

John Campbell. Leg.

At Cedar Creek.

Corporal Charles M. Burr. Leg amputated. [See page 129.]

At Hatcher's Run.

Charles Walsh. Side.

Peter Larive. Finger.

COMPANY F.

At the North Anna.

Charles J. Thompson. Right arm.

At Cold Harbor.

Alexander Waters. Right hand.

James O. Hotchkiss. Left arm.

William Malthouse. Left leg.

John W. Shaw. Right leg.

William Burke. Breast and arm.

Bernard Kelly. Hand.

Thomas Smyth. Hand.

Alexander McCormick. Leg.

Timothy F. Kelly. Hand. [Also see Winchester.]

At Petersburg.

Sergeant E. D. Lawrence. Shoulder. Severe. June 22.

Sergeant James H. Hakes. Hand. Slight. April 2, 1865.

At Winchester.

First Lieutenant Warren Alford. Slight.

Corporal Byron O. Hawley. Leg.

Corporal Ira D. Jones. Arm.

Corporal Thomas Noonan. Abdomen.

Parley B. Gammons. Thigh.

John Johnson. Foot.

Timothy F. Kelley. Right side.

James F. Keith. Back.

Ephraim Tucker. Arm.

Michael McMahon, 3d.

Edwin Walden. Thigh.

Horace F. Calkins. Shoulder.

Joseph McManus. Right side. Slight.

George Simons. Hand. (Afterwards killed at Cedar Creek.)

At Fisher's Hill.

Corporal James H. Hakes. Shoulder. [Also see Petersburg.]

John Rodemyer. Heel.

At Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Jesse Turner. Leg and buttocks.

Otis Billings. Leg.

Elisha L. Bancroft. Leg.
Dwight Case. Several wounds—arm, side and thigh.
Wayne B. Castle. Arm and side.
Robert Cahill. Leg. Also taken prisoner.
Morris E. Munger. Toe amputated.
Rufus B. Smith. Arm.

At Sailors' Creek.

James Hyde. Arm. Slight.
Corporal Seth Haskins. Shoulder. Severe.

COMPANY G.

At Cold Harbor.

Charles Ingersoll. Shoulder. (Afterward mortally wounded at Winchester.)

John Harris. Arm.

Andrew J. Bolles. June 5. Foot.

Horace Sickmund. June 3. Knee.

John Christie. June 8. Hand.

First Sergeant Henry Dean. Leg and thigh. Very severe.

John O'Dougherty. Arm.

Timothy Leonard. Hand.

John R. Thompson. Arm.

Wesley Bunnell. Hand.

John Byrnes. Arm.

Michael Curley. Leg amputated.

George Barton. Head.

John Hawver. Shoulder.

At Petersburg.

Patrick Murphy. Hand. Slight. April 2, 1865.

At Winchester.

Sergeant Julius A. Glover. Shoulders and head.

Corporal Alfred L. Benedict. Ankle.

Michael Gallagher. Arm.

William Frazier. Hip.

Asa Lee. Leg.

George A. Case. Leg.

At Cedar Creek.

Corporal Matthew P. Bell, jr. Thigh and back. Very severe.

Corporal Edward Hawver. Thigh.

William C. Bowne. Leg.

Peter Gilmet. Foot.

Lewis Hamlin. Arm.

John Curtin. Arm.

Ira Chapman. Arm.

At Fort Fisher.

Sergeant Charles R. Swift. Shoulder. Severe.

Corporal William Clinton. Leg. Slight.

COMPANY H.

At Cold Harbor.

Sergeant Lewis W. Mosher. Elbow. Shell.

Corporal Henry A. Burton. Left hand.

Corporal Uriah F. Snediker. Neck. Severe.

Charles H. Butler. Hand. Slight. [Also see Winchester.]

George Chamberlain. Leg. Slight.

John Harris. Toe amputated.

Henry M. Marshall. Right fore-arm.

Henry Paine. Heel.

Frank J. Warner. Arm and hand.

Hugh O'Donnell. Head. Slight.

Daniel T. Somers. Foot. Severe.

Alfred N. Whittlesey. Shoulder. Very severe.

Charles McDermott. June 8. Hand. Accidental.

States B. Flandreau. Side. Shell. Slight. Had served in a rebel regiment.

Edward Harrington. Mouth.

At Petersburg.

Corporal William E. Disbrow. June 20. Hit while carrying Harvey Pease to the rear. [Also see Winchester.]

At Winchester.

Second Lieutenant James M. Snowden. Left wrist.

Charles H. Butler. Lost right leg.

Corporal William E. Disbrow. Shoulder.

Charles E. Gilbert. Thigh. Severe.

Apoilos Jennings. Hand. Slight.

Henry W. Mallett. Hand.

Corporal Henry S. Gridley. Fore-arm.

Louis Weber. Nose.

Jeremiah Thompson. Thigh. Very severe.

Charles A. Way. Wrist. [Also see Sailors' Creek.]

Alfred Cables. Knee. Slight.

Lucius S. Sherman. Foot.

Hiram Cables. Several places with shell. Shoulder and hand.

At Cedar Creek.

First Lieutenant John M. Gregory. Right arm amputated at shoulder.

Sergeant Robert Erwin. Right shoulder. Slight.

Sergeant Minor A. Strong. Right thigh. Severe.

Sergeant Irwin C. Buckingham. Thigh.

Corporal Horace N. Sanford. Shoulder and leg. Slight.

Joseph S. Knowles. Lower jaw shattered.

Franklin Nichols. Back. Severe.

Alanson Peet. Right arm. Slight.

Edward O'Brien. Abdomen.

Homer S. Sackett. Chest.

William Smith. Foot.

Charles Hurd.

At Sailors' Creek.

Charles A. Way. Arm. Slight.

Frank J. Warner. Slight.

COMPANY I.

At the North Anna.

Charles Smith. Buttocks.

At Cold Harbor.

Charles S. Tyrrell. Back. [Also see Winchester.]

Corporal Benjamin Wellman. Left cheek and back. [See chapter XIX.]

Abner Bennett. Arm amputated.

Samuel Eastman. June 3.

Daniel P. Galpin. Ankle. [Also see Winchester.]

Sergeant Thomas Shaw. Arm. [Also see Cedar Creek.]

William Gregg. Lost right arm.

Levi Hotchkiss. Hand and arm.

John Hutchinson. Left breast. [Also see Cedar Creek.]

Israel Lucas. Head.

Seymour Lobdell. Thigh. (Afterwards killed at Cedar Creek.)

At Petersburg.

Corporal William H. Smith. June 22. Foot.

Ruel Hazen. June 22. Face.

At Winchester.

Second Lieutenant Orsamus R. Fyler. Wounded in leg very much in the same manner as Major Ells at Cold Harbor. Perioosteum still unhealed.

Sergeant Cyrus T. Nicholson. Jaw and neck.

Sergeant Marcus D. Smith. Right fore-arm.

Corporal George W. Root. Leg.

Charles Botsford. Leg.

David Cramer. Foot. (Afterwards killed at Fort Fisher.)

John Harrigan. Elbow.

Thomas Harper. Leg.

Andrew Knoph. Leg.

Amos A. Lucas. Knee.

Theodore Lockwood. Leg.

William H. Reynolds. Knee.

Sergeant Hubbard Hotchkiss. Hand.

Henry Taylor. Breast.

John Turley. Shin.

Daniel B. Galpin. Leg.

William Webster. Knee.

Corporal Charles S. Terrell. Thigh.

Timothy F. Walsh. Knee. (Afterwards missing at Hatch-
er's Run.)

Corporal Charles T. Squires. Foot.

At Fisher's Hill.

William O'Brien. Breast.

At Cedar Creek.

Captain Walter Burnham. Thigh. Spherical case shot.

Sergeant Thomas Shaw. Arm.

Sergeant David W. Manning. Thigh.

Sergeant Warden Stammer. Leg.

John B. Parker.

William Davis. Hand.

John Hutchinson. Leg amputated.

David Backus.

Frederick R. Hard. Leg.

Edwin Holland. Leg.

John McQueeney. Head.

Jeremiah Newcomb. Leg.

Andrew Tiernay. Arm.

Daniel S. Taylor. Arm.

Theron M. Woodruff. Face.

Albert Woodruff.

Charles Wright. Shoulder.

Corporal Bela Potter. Leg.

At Fort Fisher.

Henry C. Rogers. Hand. Severe.

At Sailors' Creek.

Charles Fox. Arm. Slight.

COMPANY K.

At Cold Harbor.

Edgar J. Stewart. Back. Piece of shell.

Corporal James Tracy. Head and arm.

John A. Ludford. Right arm amputated.

Francis Sothergill. Arm.

Thomas Coleraine. Back. Sent to White House and never heard from again.

George A. Wood. Hip and arm. Sent to White House and never heard from,

William H. Stevens. Thigh.

Chauncey Stevens. Leg.

George Brown. Shoulder.

William W. Wheeler. Arm and shoulder.

Corporal Enoch M. Warhurst. Head.

Philo H. Bassett. Arm and breast.

Corporal Patrick Farrell. Head.

Stephen P. Harlow. Leg.

Homer W. Hodge. Arm.

Charles A. Hoyt. Leg.

Bernard C. Keegan. Lost leg.

George E. Taylor. Arm.

Evelyn L. Thorpe. Arm.

At Petersburg.

Truman Favereau. Thigh. June 22.

Michael Convey. June 22.

George H. Knapp. Left shoulder. June 22.

John Ette. Right elbow. June 21.

At Winchester.

William S. Hines. Head.

At Fisher's Hill.

Allen S. Tuttle. Finger.

At Cedar Creek.

William Hart. Hip.

Erwin Monroe. Left hip. Slight.

John Burns. Both legs.

Daniel Briggs. Thigh.

Anglebert Hermann. Breast.

George D. Beman. Right leg, amputated below knee.

COMPANY L.

In Skirmish near the Tolopotomy.

Corporal James Wilson. Neck.

Henry McGinety. Leg.

At Cold Harbor.

Captain James Deane. Forehead.

Sergnant (afterwards Lieutenant) Austin P. Kirkham. Head.

Corporal (afterwards Sergeant Major) John L. Parmelee. Leg.
James Gillen. Hand.
Edward Thomas, 1st. Leg.
William Vrooman. Groin.
George Reed. Foot.
Thomas Dailey. Thigh. June 3.

At Petersburg.

Sergeant George Parker. Side. June 20.
Corporal George Babcock. Hand. Slight. April 2, 1865.
John Owens. Hand. Slight. April 2, 1865.

At Winchester.

Sergeant Andrew Clark. Leg.
Charles H. Ryan. Arm.
James Hyatt. Thigh.
Peter D. Nelson. Arm.
William Hall. Side.
James McDonald. Arm.
Frank Sabine. Shoulder.

At Cedar Creek.

Second Lieutenant James M. Snowden. Arm.
Sergeant William A. Slenker. Leg.

At Hatcher's Run.

Jesse Cady. Thighs.

At Fort Fisher.

Corporal John Holt. Mouth. Slight.
Second Lieutenant Admatha Bates. Foot. Slight.

COMPANY M.

At the North Anna.

James Graham. Thigh.

At Cold Harbor.

Sergeant Silas A. Palmer. Finger.

Sergeant William E. Canfield. Hand. Slight. June 3.

Corporal Amaziah Livingston. Leg and arm.

Myron W. Schultz. Face.

Patrick Kennedy. Leg.

John Burns. Arm. June 3.

At Petersburg.

Thomas Colburn. Shoulder. June 20.

James Parker. June, 1864.

At Winchester.

Charles Brant. Back and hand.

Thomas Doyle. Back.

Martin H. Grube. Abdomen.

William Hoffman. Wrist.

Theodore Drune. Leg.

At Fisher's Hill.

Corporal William Munson. Leg.

At Cedar Creek.

Charles Allen. Leg.

Sergeant Henry Maskell.

Charles C. Bosworth. Wrist.

George Dayton. Leg.

James Fitzsimmons. Arm and breast.

Peter Ward. Leg and breast.

Henry Strih. Jaw.

Patrick Feneren. Ear.

Peter Hayden. Head. [Also see Hatcher's Run.]

Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) Azarie N. Lamoreux. Shoulder. Solid shot. Knocked him some distance, but did not seriously injure him.

At Hatcher's Run.

Starr L. Booth. Leg.

Peter Hayden. Head. Slight.

At Fort Fisher.

Sela Wheeler. Neck. Severe.

James Fay. Thigh. Severe.



CHAPTER XVII.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE
OPERATIONS OF THE REGIMENT FROM MARCH 1, 1864, TO
MARCH 1, 1865.

If a person unacquainted with Connecticut war history were to glance at the pages of the Annual Reports of the Adjutant General of Connecticut for 1865 and 1866, he would be very likely (unless he looked carefully at figures) to credit the *First* Artillery with much fighting, and the *Second* Artillery with but little. Colonel Abbott's reports of the operations of the First Artillery at the front from the time of leaving the Defences of Washington, (which was a week earlier than we left, in May, 1864,) to the close of the war, occupy seventy-one pages in those volumes, while the Second Artillery reports occupy but nineteen pages. And yet, the respective losses by fighting in these two regiments during the whole of that time were as follows :

FIRST ARTILLERY.				SECOND ARTILLERY.			
Killed,	-	-	21	Killed,	-	-	234
Wounded	-	-	84	Wounded,	-	-	470
Missing,	-	-	none	Missing,	-	-	24
Died in rebel prisons,			none	Died in rebel prisons,			22

The First Artillery was the larger regiment of the two.
Of officers, the First Artillery lost only two killed and five

wounded,—all of them line officers, and all but one below the rank of Captain.

Our loss in officers was ten killed, including one Colonel, one Major, and four Captains; twenty-three wounded, including one Colonel, (three different times,) one Lieutenant Colonel, two Majors, one Adjutant, and six Captains; two taken prisoners; and one missing.

Now this preponderance of losses in the Second Artillery explains, in some degree, the preponderance of *official report* in the First Artillery. Their report is none too long, but ours far too brief. That regiment was stationary during nearly the whole time, under the same commanding officer; its adjutant, sergeant major and clerks in continuous and undisturbed possession of all regimental records and documents; and its communications never broken. With us the case was different. Our regiment was under the command of no less than six different officers,—while the command of companies ran through the entire roster of officers and sergeants. Sometimes an officer suddenly found himself in charge of two companies,—and was required to account for the ordnance and other property of both, and also to forward all the regular reports for both. First Sergeants were killed with the company records, torn and scattered by musket balls or obliterated by blood, on their persons. One Sergeant Major was killed, and another severely wounded. Important papers were unavoidably left in the Adjutant's quarters at Cedar Creek, and upon returning at night it was found that the rebels had used some of them to kindle fires with, and ransacked and scattered the rest in all directions,—instead of following up their victory. This delay of theirs was providential for the country, but bad for the records of the Second Connecticut.

It must be evident from these facts, that the making out and prompt forwarding of full and correct reports was a difficult matter. When Colonel Mackenzie was in command it was not only difficult but impossible. Unlike Colonel Kellogg, or any other Commanding Officer of the regiment, he always made an Orderly of his Adjutant, and called him incessantly, day and night, to run all over camp, and elsewhere on all sorts of small errands, which might as well have been done by some one else, and which might better have not been done at all. And as though that were not enough, the Adjutant was detailed in the Valley as Regimental Ordnance Officer, and required, in addition to his proper duties, to account to the Government for all the muskets, accoutrements and ammunition of the regiment, which were changing daily.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, a full report of our operations in the Valley had been worked at, a few minutes at a time, for several months, until it was about ready to be signed and forwarded to the Adjutant General of Connecticut,—when the regiment was ordered back from the Valley to City Point. The regimental field desk, almost ready to tumble in pieces with campaigning, containing the aforesaid Report, and other official documents, was turned over to the Quartermaster's Department for transportation, and that was the last ever seen of it. Some of the papers enclosed therein—including Mackenzie's commission as Colonel—were picked up in the streets of Washington.

And now, the REPORT to the Adjutant General had to be made out again, *de novo*;—and that without any data, except such as could be picked up among the Companies. Colonel Hubbard, now in command, directed the Chaplain, Rev. Winthrop H. Phelps, to undertake the task. After an immense

amount of labor and research, the Chaplain completed it; and through some inadvertence it was forwarded without the signature of Colonel Hubbard. This was too much for the red-tapists of Hartford. They had nice writing tables, nice arm chairs, nice pens, inkstands, paper, windows and gas burners, to do *their* fighting by, and these things perhaps made them over nice on very small points. The report was sent back, *down to the extreme front*, for an official signature, at the imminent risk of its finding the commanding officer killed, the whole regiment captured, or a corporal in command who could not write. Colonel Hubbard said he would not forward the report again, and did not. The Adjutant General of Connecticut thus refers to the matter in his report for 1865 :

A report of the operations of this regiment during the year was received, signed by the Chaplain. As this could not be considered OFFICIAL, the report was returned for the signature of the commanding officer of the regiment. I have delayed as long as possible for its return, but it has not come to hand. The muster-rolls and returns do not give any account of the movements of the regiment. It will, therefore, be necessary to omit any history at this time—but in the next annual report the history can be given for the two years.

Also thus, in his report for 1866 :

No complete report of the operations of this regiment has been received at these head-quarters, from its commanding officer, since June 8th, 1864, and I am therefore unable to furnish as complete a history of its operations as is desirable, or to place on the official records as full a report of its many engagements as the long and arduous services of both officers and men so truly merit.

The following is the Official Report in question, with the exception of a list of casualties,—which, being included in other lists in this volume, is here omitted :

HISTORY OF THE SECOND CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, FROM MARCH 1, 1864, TO MARCH 1, 1865.

At the commencement of this period, as for several months previous, this regiment was doing garrison duty near Alexandria, Virginia, in Forts Ellsworth, Williams, and Worth,—fortifications of the Defences of Washington South of the Potomac. At that time its aggregate of present and absent was one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. On the 15th of May it relieved the First Massachusetts Artillery and Second New York Artillery, and went into the eleven forts further up the line, vacated by those regiments, with head-quarters at Fort Corcoran, opposite Georgetown. During the night of the 16th, however, it also received orders to prepare for the front, and at midnight of the 17th moved out and entered upon more active service, with one thousand six hundred and fifty present for duty. The activity of the service is fully shown by the following list of marches and engagements.

The distances given in the list only approximate correctness, being ascertained from a reliable map and inquiries on the marches; and will probably fall short of rather than exceed the truth. No more will the total of the distances specified give the total of miles travelled, as no account is made of the movements of the regiment between these marches.

The time mentioned is not the marching time, but the whole between the hour of starting and stopping.

MARCHES.

First—From the forts to the Army of the Potomac, at Spottsylvania,—distance seventy miles, time sixty-six hours—

May 18th, 19th, and 20th. Forty miles of this distance was by boat; and two-thirds of the first night were engaged in preparations and marching.

Second—From Spottsylvania to the North Anna River, at Jericho Ford,—distance thirty-five miles, time forty-eight hours—May 22d and 23d. Marched the whole of the first night.

Third—From the North Anna River to Hanover Town,—distance thirty-five miles, time twenty-seven hours—May 26th and 27th. Marched again the whole of the first night, and made in seventeen consecutive hours twenty-seven miles.

Fourth—From Hanover to near Mechanicsville,—distance ten miles, time fourteen hours—May 30th.

Fifth—From near Mechanicsville to Cold Harbor,—distance ten miles, time nine hours—June 1st. Called up at midnight to be ready.

Sixth—From Cold Harbor to near Point of Rocks,—distance sixty-four miles, time one hundred and eleven hours—June 12th to 17th. This march was by way of Charles City (near it) and Bermuda Hundreds, and the distance—twenty miles—between the latter places was by boat. Marched the whole of the first night and the next day, and made thirty miles in the time.

Seventh—From near Point of Rocks to before Petersburg,—distance seven miles, time five hours—June 19th.

Eighth—From North to South of Petersburg,—distance seven miles, time eight night hours—June 21st.

Ninth—From Petersburg to Ream's Station and back, to destroy Weldon Railroad,—distance twenty miles, time twenty-eight hours, including the time engaged in the work—June 29th and 30th. Marched one night on this raid.

Tenth—From Petersburg to Fort Stevens, near Washington,—distance three hundred and one miles, time sixty-three hours—July 9th to 12th. By transports from City Point to Washington. Embraced an exceedingly disagreeable night march.

Eleventh—From Fort Stevens to near Berryville, Va., (Shenandoah Valley,) by way of Poolesville and Leesburg,—distance sixty-one miles, time one hundred and seventy hours—July 13th to 20th, including three days in which we did no marching.

Twelfth—From near Berryville to Washington, by way of Leesburg and Dranesville,—distance fifty-nine miles, time sixty-nine hours—July 20th to 23d. The first twenty-six miles were marched in twenty-one consecutive hours.

Thirteenth—From the fortifications south of the Potomac, opposite Washington to Halltown, Va., by way of Frederick and Harper's Ferry,—distance sixty-six miles, time seventy-two hours—July 26th to 29th. Six night hours.

Fourteenth—From Halltown to the Monocacy River, near Buckeystown,—distance thirty miles, time ninety-four hours—July 30th to Aug. 3d. Marched nearly the whole of the first night, but halted the second and third days.

Fifteenth—From the Monocacy River to Halltown, by way of Jefferson,—distance thirty miles, time twenty-one hours—Aug. 5th and 6th. Marched again the whole of the first night.

Sixteenth—From Halltown to near Strasburg and back to Cedar Creek,—distance forty miles, time eighty-eight hours—Aug. 10th to 13th.

Seventeenth—From Cedar Creek to near Charlestown,—dis-

tance thirty-two miles, time forty-five hours—Aug. 16th, 17th and 18th. Marched all the first night.

Eighteenth—From near Charlestown to Halltown,—distance six miles, time five hours—Aug. 22d, mostly night hours.

Nineteenth—From Halltown to near Charlestown again,—distance six miles, time eight hours—Aug. 28th.

Twentieth—From near Charlestown to Clifton,—distance ten miles, time six hours—Sept. 3d.

Twenty-first—From Clifton to Harrisonburg,—distance eighty-two miles, time one hundred and fifty-one hours—Sept. 19th to 25th. Fought the victorious battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill during the time, and forty-eight of the one hundred and fifty-one hours were engaged in preparing for the latter battle.

Twenty-second—From Harrisonburg to near Front Royal, by way of Middletown,—distance sixty-four miles, time one hundred and five hours, inclusive of one halt of thirty-six hours—Oct. 6th to 10th.

Twenty-third—From near Front Royal to Millwood and back to Cedar Creek,—distance twenty-seven miles, time thirty hours—Oct. 13th and 14th.

Twenty-fourth—From Cedar Creek to near Kearntown,—distance eight miles, time five hours—Nov. 9th.

Twenty-fifth—From Kearntown to Petersburg, by way of Washington,—distance four hundred and twenty-nine miles, time ninety-six hours—Dec. 1st to 5th. The whole of the distance, except eight miles, by boat and rail.

Twenty-Sixth—From Petersburg to Hatcher's Run and back,—distance 14 miles, time fifty-four hours, inclusive of the time in the engagement at the latter place—Feb. 5th to 8th.

ENGAGEMENTS.*

First—North Anna, a skirmish, May 24th and 25th.

Second—Near Mechanicsville, a skirmish, May 31st.

Third—Cold Harbor, a battle, June 1st.

Fourth—Petersburg, a skirmish, June 22d.

Fifth—Winchester, a battle, Sept. 19th.

Sixth—Fisher's Hill, a battle, Sept. 22d.

Seventh—Cedar Creek, a battle, Oct. 19th.

Eighth—Hatcher's Run, a battle, Feb. 6th and 7th.

From the foregoing list of marches it is clearly evident the regiment has had no fixed abiding place, except within the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, to which it was assigned upon reaching the Army of the Potomac, May 20th. And from this it was detached July 25th; when, to the great gratification of the men, it again went into the fortifications around Washington, and thus to its chosen, preferred and rightful branch of the service. But equally to their regret they left those fortifications again twenty-three hours after, for the regiment to resume its former place in that Corps. The time given in the table to the marches possibly may indicate great leisure, but it would be quite otherwise, especially with some of them, if simply the marching time could be given. They were exceedingly exhaustive not only of the

* All the days from the 1st to the 12th of June, (at Cold Harbor,) and the 20th and 21st of June, (at Petersburg,) deserve a place in the Chaplain's list of engagements; as the regiment was under fire during nearly all that time, and meeting with almost hourly losses.

It must also be borne in mind that this report gives only the engagements and marches prior to March 1, 1865. There were subsequently the engagements of Fort Fisher, Capture of Petersburg, and Sailor's Creek; and hundreds of miles of cruel marching.

strength of the men, but consequently of the ranks of the regiment. During the period embraced in this report five hundred have been sent to the Division or General Hospital, sick, and of this number probably full three-fourths had their sickness from this as the primary and principal cause.

Ever will the regiment remember the march—its first of any length—from Belleplain to the Army of the Potomac. Not yet having learned to dispense with extra clothing and the many little comforts and conveniences of garrison life, it had on the start overloaded itself; nevertheless, and though unaccustomed to burden-bearing, it was required at the former place to receive one hundred rounds of cartridges and six days' rations. Failing strength however soon unloaded the overloaded knapsacks; and the amount of personal effects then thrown away has been estimated by officers who witnessed and have carefully calculated it to be from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. To this amount must be added the loss to Government in the rations and ammunition left on the way, thought to be nearly if not fully one-half the amount taken, especially of the ammunition.

While this one march is memorable to the regiment from this over loading and consequent waste, others are memorable from the deprivations endured. On some of the marches it has been one and two days with scarcely any thing to eat. To appease hunger on one occasion beef was killed and served out. This was hastily roasted and eaten without salt or seasoning of any kind to make it healthy or palatable. Raw corn has been eagerly gathered kernel by kernel in empty granaries, and eaten with a relish. Speaking of the hunger and the effects of one of the marches, the diary of one of the surgeons of the regiment says: "This is the day of all days which the

Second Connecticut Volunteer Artillery will always remember. We started at six a. m. on another march. Now the men fall out too fast for both of us to keep track of them, I am hurried from point to point to see men who have fallen by the roadside. It is awful to behold. The men fall like dogs stricken with clubs. No rations for two days. Officers and men are tired out and starved out. At noon we halt in a piece of undergrowth, and rations are dealt out to the men. The sun was very hot, and not less than eight or ten men were sun struck."

These times of suffering, it should however be said, were only occasional—very seldom, and the result of circumstances. They are mentioned not in a spirit of complaint at all or desire to cast censure upon the liberality or faithfulness of Government, but simply that the soldiers' deprivations and consequent trial of patriotism may be known.

As can be readily seen from the foregoing list, the regiment has marched seven hundred and eighty-nine miles, and been transported seven hundred and twenty-nine.

After an exceedingly fatiguing and dusty march, for which the regiment was called up at midnight, and without a day's rest for better than two weeks, it arrived upon the battle ground of Cold Harbor, about one o'clock p. m., and went immediately into line of battle. In a short time the artillery opened on both sides with deafening roar, and for an hour or more the enemy's shell were flying and bursting in all directions. But undismayed and dinnerless, unslinging knapsacks, it rushes forward, with the going down of the sun, on the ordered charge, in three lines of battle. Though the musketry of the enemy is terrific and murderous, and the obstructions formidable indeed, yet it presses on and takes and

holds, till withdrawn in the morning, with the foe on either side, a portion of the enemy's inner line of intrenchments. During this charge several hundred of the enemy surrender to this regiment, but others taking them in receive the praise of their capture.

This was the first time the regiment was under fire, consequently considerable anxiety was felt in reference to the manner in which it would acquit itself. But whatever were the fears and apprehensions in respect to this before the battle, during the battle they all vanished, and the Regiment received the praise of its Brigade and Division Commanders, that veterans could not have done better.

Among the killed, and sending a thrill of sadness through the regiment, was Colonel Elisha Kellogg. His loss was deeply deplored, for he was the father of the regiment. He took it in its earliest youth, ignorant of the very alpha of tactics and restive under military discipline, taught it the one—officers and privates—subdued it to the other, and brought it to the finished attainments of its manhood. The one to whom the regiment had been accustomed to look as authority, by nature in his form, carriage and standard a model soldier, large and kind hearted, had fallen, and a feeling of orphanage came over the regiment. The idolizing command wept for its idolizing commander.

After three and a half months of almost continuous marching, and in a distant locality, which the God of nature has bountifully beautified and enriched, and the hand of man has admirably cultivated and improved, the regiment is again in battle. This time near Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, Va. Sept. 19th, at two o'clock p. m. the bugle notes of the oft heard but dreaded "pack up call" rang through

the camp daily assuming comeliness, and at four o'clock, in darkness visible, the regiment was under way. Nine o'clock found it upon the battle ground, with the battle already progressing by the cavalry. It is soon called from its resting place in a small ravine, over which the shell had been flying, and enters the struggle just as a reflux wave is setting to the rear. On however it goes, closing up and charging, with the advancing line, for hours. Though many of its numbers—numbers greatly reduced by the exhausting marches of the Summer—fall upon the right and left, some never to rise, others to be carried to the rear and thence to the grave, not once does it shrink from making its way across ravines or open fields, driving the foe constantly before it, as is done the whole length of the line. Its gentlemanly and brave Brigade Commander, General Upton, has but to desire two Companies to accompany him quite a distance in advance to flank a portion of the enemy, and they are promptly ready and wholly successful. Companies D and F were designated to go on the undertaking. Night finds the foe driven at all points and fleeing in complete rout, and just out of Winchester the regiment is halted till morning, having fought over three miles of ground that day.

At early dawn the regiment is again, with the whole force, on its way after the fleeing enemy. They are found, soon after noon, in their old strong hold, one of the strongest of the strong—Fisher's Hill. Till the next day p. m. is spent reconnoitering, planning and skirmishing, and then the regiment advances. The skirmish line of the foe is driven from field to field, General Sheridan and staff being on the skirmish line observing and directing. He has but to make known to Lieutenant Colonel Hubbard of this regiment, the Corps Offi-

cer of the Day, his desire for the skirmishers to reach a given point, and on the double quick they advance to it, to his satisfaction. Several Companies of this regiment are among the skirmishers. The next day—the 22d, all things ready, each corps and regiment in its assigned place—the Nineteenth directly in front of the enemy, the Sixth upon the right, and the Eighth upon the right of the Sixth, they await the summons for attack. The Nineteenth keeps up, as it has been doing, a fierce cannonading and maintains a threatening attitude upon the enemy's centre, drawing attention to that point, and in seemingly an unexpected moment, late in the p. m. the Eighth Corps swoops down from its position on the mountain side, upon the left flank of the opposing force. At the same time the Sixth advances, taking the various intrenchments, and suddenly the foe is fleeing in dismay and confusion, to save itself from total capture.

In this attack the course of this regiment was exceedingly difficult. Through a dense wood, down a steep rocky cliff, across a stream and then up the opposite high bank, climbing by help of the bushes, it makes its way, all the while under fire. But before its bold advance and at its near approach the enemy flees.

All that night they pursue the enemy almost wholly bereft of artillery and with greatly depleted ranks, so many had the the Union forces captured in the attack. For three successive days the pursuit is continued. But the foe eludes its pursuers, and the regiment and the Army of the Shenandoah halt around the beautiful place of Harrisonburg, one hundred miles from its base of supplies.

Less than four weeks pass and this fleeing but now re-
ored enemy, with the very first rays of opening day, and

on a densely foggy morning, comes suddenly, in an adroitly planned attack, upon its thus far successful foe; wakes it from its slumbers, and almost unhindered sweeps through its camps, with great slaughter. This regiment is hurried into position, and in its efforts to check the foe, before which the other corps have fled disorganized and routed, resolutely maintains that position till its daring and unconquerable Colonel is ordered to withdraw, as he is being flanked right and left. For a time it is gradually driven yet always further back, where a line is formed which in the p. m. successfully advances and drives the foe, with the aid of the cavalry, with great loss of men, arms, artillery, trains, etc., back even beyond its late position, in a defeat far greater than its morning victory.

Three months and a half and the regiment finds itself again fighting at least a portion of the same troops in the battle of Hatcher's Run, southwest of Petersburg. Called from camp Sunday night, Feb. 5th, it is in reserve till late Monday p. m., when it is ordered to the help of the Fifth Corps at the scene of action. It is hurried in on the double quick, loading as it goes, and while the brigade is forming in line of battle, without support on either side, the enemy, concealed in its movements by a thicket, charge upon it. For a moment it is thrown into confusion, and the whole brigade seems likely to be captured by the flanking and on-coming foe. It however speedily recovers and finds its fire has checked the enemy and driven them back. Night then puts a stop to the battle. The next day the regiment is engaged only as support, and during the night, chilled by the cold, wet by the drizzling rain of the entire day, and through deep mud, it returns to camp.

In this attack the brigade was commanded by Colonel James

Hubbard of this regiment, who was highly complimented by General Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, and General Wheaton, commanding this Division, for the manner in which he handled the brigade, and for its conduct in this crisis of the battle.

Fixed in the mind of the regiment is the 22d of June, when after having marched all night it skirmished with the enemy on the south of Petersburg, in a very dense thicket of small pines and underbrush, and the skirmishers met the foe advancing in line of battle. Through this same thicket, in which it was scarcely possible to make progress, the regiment attempted a night charge, which was relinquished because of the impossibility of keeping the lines connected.

In all these battles the regiment has maintained its good name as a heroic and undismayed regiment, and received the unqualified commendation of its brigade, division and corps commanders.

After the death of Colonel E. S. Kellogg, R. S. Mackenzie of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, was appointed to the vacancy. He was wounded in the hand in the skirmish, June 22d, and in the foot and shoulder at the battle of Cedar Creek, Oct. 19th. General Sheridan made special and honorable mention of him in his report of the latter engagement, and for his bravery in the Valley campaign he has been promoted to a Brigadier Generalship, and is now in command of this brigade.

James Q. Rice, Major, F. J. Candee, First Lieutenant, and H. Hubbard, Second Lieutenant, were killed in the Winchester battle. L. Wadhams, F. M. Berry, O. H. Knight, Captains, and George B. Hempsted and James P. McCabe, Lieutenants,

have died of their wounds. William B. Ells, Major, William H. Lewis, Alexander B. Shumway and W. Burnham, Captains, have been honorably discharged the service in consequence of wounds, also B. H. Camp, J. M. Gregory and M. H. Sanford, Lieutenants. J. Skinner, Major, A. H. Fenn, James Deane, Captains, H. E. Tuttle, G. Smith, James M. Snowden and D. C. Kilbourn, Lieutenants, have recovered from wounds and are now on duty; but Lieutenant O. R. Fyler is still disabled. H. Skinner and A. P. Kirkham, Lieutenants, have been taken prisoners; and Lieutenant C. B. Hatch has not been heard from since the battle of Cold Harbor.

In consequence of their gallant and meritorious conduct in battle Major J. Skinner was breveted Lieutenant Colonel; Captains A. H. Fenn and W. Burnham, Majors, and Lieutenant J. M. Gregory, Captain.

During the greater part of the Winter it has been announced weekly by order, which regiment in the brigade has presented, at the Sabbath inspection, the cleanest appearance and been the most fully equipped. This regiment has thus far received this honor weekly, with but two exceptions. During the same time it has also been the practice to select from the ranks the cleanest and most perfectly equipped soldier in the division, and to reward him with a furlough for twenty days. This honor has also come to this regiment weekly, with only one exception.

Of the two months pay received at Belleplain the regiment expressed through the Chaplain seventeen thousand dollars; and of the four months pay received at Cedar Creek two hundred and seventy-five individuals sent in the same way nineteen thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars. These sums are in addition to the amount sent by mail.

During the year two hundred and thirty-eight of the regiment have deserted.

The casualties in the regiment in the various engagements reach the number of seven hundred and forty-three, and are alphabetically and numerically given.

WINTHROP H. PHELPS,

Chaplain 2d C. V. A.

To Col. JAMES HUBBARD,

Commanding 2d C. V. A.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CATALOGUE OF THE REGIMENT.—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Colonels.

- Leverett Wessells. Resigned Sept. 15, 1863.
Elisha S. Kellogg. Killed in action June 1, 1864.
James Hubbard. Declined Commission.
Ranald S. Mackenzie. Promoted Brig. Gen. Dec. 28, 1864.
James Hubbard. Bvt. Brig. Gen. Must. out August 18, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonels.

- Elisha S. Kellogg. Promoted Colonel Oct. 23, 1863.
Nathaniel Smith. Resigned for disability May 6, 1864.
James Hubbard. Promoted Colonel Jan. 7, 1865.
Jeffrey Skinner. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William B. Ells. Com. vacated, Lieut. Colonel Hubbard having declined Com. as Colonel.

Majors.

- Nathaniel Smith. Promoted Lieut. Colonel Nov. 5, 1863.
James Hubbard. Promoted Lieut. Colonel May 13, 1864.
William B. Ells. Discharged Dec. 24, 1864.
James Q. Rice. Killed in action Sept. 19, 1864.
Jeffrey Skinner. Promoted Lieut. Colonel Jan. 7, 1865.
Edward W. Jones. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Chester D. Cleveland. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Augustus H. Fenn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Adjutants.

Charles J. Deming. Resigned July 20, 1863.
Bushrod H. Camp. Discharged for disability, Nov. 5, 1864.
Theodore F. Vaill. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Quarter-Masters.

Bradley D. Lee. Promoted Captain Feb. 17, 1864.
Edward C. Huxley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Chaplains.

Jonathan A. Wainwright. Resigned Jan. 20, 1863.
Winthrop H. Phelps. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Surgeon.

Henry Plumb. Discharged August 12, 1865.

First Assistant Surgeons.

John W. Lawton. Must. out to enter U. S. A. April 4, 1863.
Robert G. Hazzard. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Second Assistant Surgeons.

John W. Lawton. Promoted 1st Asst. Surgeon, Oct. 28, 1862.
Robert G. Hazzard. Promoted 1st Asst. Surgeon, July 21, 1863.
Judson B. Andrews. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Captains.

William Bissell. Resigned July 21, 1863.
James Hubbard. Promoted Major Nov. 5, 1863.
James Q. Rice. Promoted Major Feb. 17, 1864.
William B. Ells. Promoted Major Feb. 6, 1864.
Jeffrey Skinner. Promoted Major May 13, 1864.
Edward W. Jones. Promoted Major Oct. 8, 1864.
Edward F. Gold. Discharged Feb. 21, 1865.
George S. Williams. Resigned March 16, 1864.
Eli Sperry. Resigned March 30, 1864.

Edward O. Peck. Resigned July 25, 1863.
Luman Wadhams. Died of wounds June 3, 1864.
William T. Spencer. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
William H. Lewis, jr. Discharged Jan. 25, 1865.
Bradley D. Lee. Com. revoked March 22, 1864, appointed A.
C. S. of Volunteers.
Edward W. Marsh. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
James Deane. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Benjamin F. Hosford. Killed in action Oct. 19, 1864.
Frederick M. Berry. Died of wounds Sept. 28, 1864.
Augustus H. Fenn. Promoted Major Jan. 7, 1865.
Walter Burnham. Discharged Feb. 23, 1865.
Oren H. Knight. Died of wounds July 6, 1864.
Alexander B. Shumway. Discharged Feb. 4, 1865.
Robert A. Potter. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Morris H. Sanford. Discharged (as First Lieut.) Jan. 13, 1865.
Chester D. Cleveland. Promoted Major Jan. 7, 1865.
Gad N. Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Daniel E. Marsh. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Hubbard E. Tuttle. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James N. Coe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Theodore F. Vaill. Must. out (as First Lieut.) August 18, '65.
Michael Kelley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry S. McKinney. Mustered out August 23, 1865.
Orlow J. Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Skinner. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

First Lieutenants.

Luman Wadhams. Promoted Captain August 11, 1863.
Frederick A. Cook. Resigned June 5, 1863.
William T. Spencer. Promoted Captain August 11, 1863.
William H. Lewis, jr. Promoted Captain Nov. 20, 1863.
Benjamin F. Hosford. Promoted Captain March 15, 1864.
James Deane. Promoted Captain Feb. 19, 1864.
Gideon D. Crane. Resigned Dec. 26, 1862.
Frederick M. Berry. Promoted Captain March 26, 1864.
Lyman Teater. Resigned March 2, 1863.

Augustus H. Fenn. Promoted Captain March 31, 1864.
Walter Burnham. Promoted Captain April 21, 1864.
Oren H. Knight. Promoted Captain June 21, 1864.
Alexander B. Shumway. Promoted Captain July 11, 1864.
Robert A. Potter. Promoted Captain August 12, 1864.
Morris H. Sanford. Promoted Captain Oct. 22, 1864.
Chester D. Cleveland. Promoted Captain Oct. 22, 1864.
Wilbur W. Birge. Discharged Sept. 7, 1864.
John M. Gregory. Discharged Jan. 10, 1865.
James N. Coe. Promoted Captain Feb. 4, 1865.
Oliver P. Loomis. Discharged August 30, 1864.
William McK. Rice. Died of disease Nov. 8, 1864.
Gad N. Smith. Promoted Captain Nov. 30, 1864.
Theodore F. Vaill. Promoted Captain March 2, 1865.
Philip E. Chapin. Discharged Oct. 17, 1864.
Edwin S. Hubbard. Discharged Dec. 31, 1864.
Franklin J. Candee. Killed in action Sept. 19, 1864.
Warren Alford. Discharged for disability April 20, 1865.
James P. McCabe. Died of wounds Oct. 3, 1864.
Edward C. Huxley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Orlow J. Smith. Promoted Captain March 30, 1865.
Henry Skinner. Promoted Captain March 30, 1865.
Daniel E. Marsh. Promoted Captain Jan. 7, 1865.
Hubbard E. Tuttle. Promoted Captain Jan. 7, 1865.
Michael Kelley. Promoted Captain March 2, 1865.
Orsamus R. Fyler. Discharged (as 2d Lieut.) March 9, 1865.
Joseph E. Fenn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry S. McKinney. Promoted Captain March 2, 1865.
William L. Twiss. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John E. Wheeler. Discharged May 15, 1865.
James W. Dixon. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Dwight C. Kilbourn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Homer S. Curtis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James M. Snowden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Lewis Munger. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles A. Reynolds. Decl'd and Com. revoked March 31, '65.
John E. Sedgwick. Must. out (as 2d Lieut.) August 18, 1865.

David C. Munson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Orville B. Tiffany. Declined and Com. revoked March 27, '65.
Salmon A. Granger. Declined and Com. revoked April 27, '65.
William A. Hosford. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Heman Ellis. Declined and Com. revoked March 27, 1865.
Henry R. Hoyt. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Hower W. Griswold. Decl'd and Com. revoked March 27, '65.

Second Lieutenants.

Alexander B. Shumway. Promoted First Lieut. July 8, 1863.
Oren H. Knight. Promoted First Lieut. March 21, 1863.
Morris H. Sanford. Promoted First Lieut. August 11, 1863.
Robert A. Potter. Promoted First Lieut. August 11, 1863.
Chester D. Cleveland. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 20, 1863.
Oliver P. Loomis. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 6, 1864.
John M. Gregory. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 6, 1864.
Walter Burnham. Promoted First Lieut. Dec. 26, 1862.
George E. Betts. Resigned Nov. 25, 1862.
James N. Coe. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 6, 1864.
Wilber W. Birge. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 6, 1864.
Edward W. Marsh. Promoted Captain Feb. 17, 1864.
Wm. McK. Rice. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 6, 1864.
Hiram D. Gaylord. Died Nov. 19, 1863, while First Sergeant.
Edwin S. Hubbard. Promoted First Lieut. March 31, 1864.
Dwight C. Kilbourn. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 4, 1865.
William H. Cogswell. Died of wounds, Oct. 6, 1864.
Michael Kelley. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 18, 1864.
Orsamus R. Fyler. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 18, 1864.
George B. Hempstead. Died of wounds June 30, 1864.
James P. McCabe. Promoted First Lieut. March 31, 1864.
Calvin B. Hatch. Missing since June 1, 1864.
Hubbard E. Tuttle. Promoted First Lieut. Oct. 8, 1864.
Orlow J. Smith. Promoted First Lieut. July 11, 1864.
Edward C. Huxley. Promoted First Lieut. March 31, 1864.
Horace Hubbard. Killed in action Sept. 19, 1864.
George K. Hyde. Discharged Oct. 23, 1864.

Franklin J. Candee. Promoted First Lieut. March 31, 1864.
Daniel E. Marsh. Promoted First Lieut. Oct. 8, 1864.
Warren Alford. Promoted First Lieut. March 31, 1864.
John E. Wheeler. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 30, 1864.
Henry S. McKinney. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 30, 1864.
David R. Norman. Dismissed Sept. 1, 1864.
James M. Snowden. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 4, 1865.
Lewis Munger. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 4, 1865.
Oscar Platt. Discharged Jan. 18, 1865.
Henry Skinner. Promoted First Lieut. August 12, 1864.
Homer S. Curtis. Promoted First Lieut. Feb. 4, 1865.
William L. Twiss. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 30, 1864.
Austin P. Kirkham. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph E. Fenn. Promoted First Lieut. Nov. 30, 1864.
Charles P. Travers. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Frederick A. Lucas. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles A. Reynolds. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Salmon A. Granger. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
John E. Sedgwick. Promoted First Lieut. March 2, 1865.
David C. Munson. Promoted First Lieut. March 2, 1865.
Orville B. Tiffany. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Homer W. Griswold. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Amzi P. Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William S. Cooper. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry S. Dean. Declined Commission.
Charles F. Anderson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry R. Hoyt. Promoted First Lieut. March 2, 1865.
George D. Stone. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Admatha Bates. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
William A. Hosford. Promoted First Lieut. March 2, 1865.
Heman Ellis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph Pettit. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
David E. Soule. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Seneca Edgett. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Frederick M. Cook. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
A. N. Lamoreux. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Calvin L. Davis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Majors.

Wilbur W. Birge. Commissioned.
Bushrod H. Camp. Commissioned.
Theodore F. Vaill. Commissioned.
Lewis Munger. Commissioned.
Frederick A. Lucas. Commissioned.
E. Goodwin Osborne. Killed.
John S. Parmelee. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Quarter-Master Sergeants.

Edward W. Marsh. Commissioned.
Edward C. Huxley. Commissioned.
Edward F. Carrington. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George W. Kingsley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Commissary Sergeants.

Franklin M. Candee. Commissioned.
Prosper W. Smith. Mustered out Sept. 11, 1865.

Hospital Stewards.

James J. Averill. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Orson Buell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Senior Principal Musicians.

Hicks Seaman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Wilson B. White. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Frank J. Thomas. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Junior Principal Musicians.

Wilson B. White.
Albert R. Nettleton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

COMPANY A.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—William Bissell.

First Lieutenant—Luman Wadhams.

Second Lieutenant—Alexander B. Shumway.

Sergeants.

Dwight C. Kilbourn. Commissioned.

George B. Hempstead. Commissioned.

Calvin B. Hatch. Commissioned.

Joseph P. Parks. First Sergeant. Killed.

Henry Williams. First Sergeant. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Corporals.

William H. Hull. Discharged for disability Feb. 17, 1865.

Hiram S. Spencer. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.

Joseph E. Coe. Died.

Ferris Pond. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.

Henry F. Cable. Discharged for disability.

Charles W. Hinsdale. Mustered out July 7, '65; Q. M. Sergt.

George W. Mason. Q. M. Sergt. Com. as Capt. and A. C. S.

Beebe S. Hall. Discharged for disability Feb. 12, 1863.

Musicians.

Albert R. Nettleton. Transferred to Field and Staff.

Frekerick S. Fenton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Wagoner.

Edward S. Hempstead. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Charles Adams, jr. Died of wounds; Corporal.

Norman B. Barber. Died.

Charles S. Barber. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Nelson Barker. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Howard W. Baldwin. Disch'd for disability April 11, 1863.
Nelson H. Barnes. Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863.
Charles Belcher. Discharged for disability.
Hiram Bradley. Discharged for disability April 11, 1863.
George Bradley. Mustered out June 14, 1865.
Leonard O. Bradley. Discharged for disability April 29, '63.
Joseph D. Bradley. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Andrew J. Brooker. Died of wounds.
Thomas W. Beach. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
Lewis Bissell. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.
Leonard C. Bissell. Discharged for disability May 8, 1863.
John S. Bishop. Mustered out July 7, 1863.
Apollos W. Buell. Discharged for disability Feb. 9, 1863.
Franklin M. Bunnell. Died of wounds; Corporal.
Lyman S. Catlin. Commissioned in Colored Troops.
Henry H. Catlin. Discharged for disability June 3, 1863.
Edward Coe. Commissioned in Colored Troops.
Robert W. Coe. Discharged for disability April 26, 1865.
Watson Cogswell. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Russell Curtis. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.
John Flesar. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
Henry G. Gibbs. Disch'd for disability April 11, '63; Corporal.
Silas M. Griswold. Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Samuel Gunn. Mustered out July 11, 1865.
William J. Hall. Discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1863.
George N. Hannahs. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Anson W. Healey. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Henry W. Hotchkiss. Mustered out June 14, 1865.
Edward Hull. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Joseph S. Hubbard. Mustered out May 14, 1865.
John Iffland. Killed.
Frederick T. Jennings. Mustered out June 28, 1865.
Albert A. Jones. Killed; Corporal.
Myron E. Kilbourn. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
James B. Lyons. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles Merriman. Mustered out July 3, 1865.

Henry W. Miner. Died.
Lyman F. Morehouse. Discharged for disability June 21, '65.
Apollos C. Morse. Died of wounds; Corporal.
Nelbert P. Newberry. Died.
Eben L. Oakes. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.
E. Goodwin Osborne. Killed; Sergeant Major.
Luther Pratt. Discharged for disability March 27, 1865.
Watson Parmelee. Died.
Willard H. Parmelee. Killed.
Edwin F. Perkins. Died.
Norman B. Perkins. Discharged for disability.
William H. Plumb. Mustered out July 12, 1865.
Seth C. Pond. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.
Gideon D. Pond. Discharged for disability Dec. 18, 1862.
Edwin W. Pond. Mustered out July 8, 1865.
George W. Potter. Died of wounds; Corporal.
Isaac L. Sanford. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Garwood T. Sanford. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Harry Scoville. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.
Whiting P. Smith. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
William S. Smith. Mustered out May 31, 1865; Sergeant.
Lyman J. Smith, jr. Killed.
George D. Stone. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Jackson Tompkins. Discharged for disability April 29, 1862.
Theodore F. Vaill. Sergeant Major; Commissioned.
Willard J. Watrous. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
David P. Wetmore. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
Seth Whiting. Discharged for disability — 1865; Sergeant.
William S. Wilson. Died.
John L. Wilcox. Died of wounds; Corporal.
Julius Winship. Died.
Curtis P. Wedge. Mustered out June 19, 1865; Corporal.
Robert Watt. Killed.

The Recruits of Company A.

Atwood A. Aiken. Mustered out August 1865.
Newton T. Abbott. Discharged for disability June 16, 1865.

Minott M. Atwood. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Josiah Atwood. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Ames. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edmund P. Aiken. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
William Barton. Killed.
John Bailey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward A. Banks. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
Edwin A. Banks. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Horatio N. Bennett. Killed.
William H. Brewer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Benedict. Mustered out July 14, 1865.
John A. Belden. Mustered out June 2, 1865.
Frederick W. Brashing. Killed.
Charles F. Blackman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Almon D. Bradley. Killed.
Frederick G. Buell. Mustered out August 15, 1865.
James Bradley. Killed.
Charles Carter. Mustered out Sept. 9, 1865.
Thomas Cashman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles T. Conger. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert Crawford. Mustered out August 18, 1865; Corporal.
Robert Cogswell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
David M. Candee. Died at Andersonville.
Joseph Cushner. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edson S. Dayton. Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1865.
Robert Ellill. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Stephen Fallen. Killed.
James A. Ferris. Discharged for disability August 4, 1865.
Charles F. Goslee. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Gibbons. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John L. Gibbons. Transferred to the Navy.
Joseph Gardner. Killed.
Albro W. Hopkins. Discharged for disability April, 1865.
Oliver Hitchcock. Killed.
Abram Hunter. Mustered out May 20, 1865.
Edward Haley. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
David J. Jennings. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Sheldon B. Jones. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Johnson. Mustered out August 28, 1865.
Marcellus J. Judd. Discharged for disability June 10, 1865.
Jacob June. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Sylvester Lampson. Died.
Herman S. Lathrop. Mustered out June 23, 1865.
Lewis S. Ludington. Died.
Simeon W. Loud. Died.
John Lawler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Daniel M. Leighton. Mustered out June 21, 1865.
Thomas Lyons. Mustered out June 17, 1865.
Matthew McEnroe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph Moody. Mustered out May 14, 1865.
John L. Mintsch. Mustered out June 17, 1865.
Benjamin Meeker. Killed; Corporal.
James Moore. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Truman Mallory. Died of wounds.
David McBath. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Morris. Mustered out August 18, 1865; Corporal.
James Oswald. Mustered out.
James L. Osborn. Mustered out May 26, 1865.
Henry Osborn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James M. Prindle. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Pierce. Mustered out June 14, 1865.
Patrick Ryan. Killed.
Benjamin H. Rathbun. Died at Andersonville.
Nehemiah Reynolds. Mustered out June 3, 1865.
Thomas Ryan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Willis T. Richardson. Discharged for disability Feb. 4, 1865.
Jason St. John. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
Amos H. Stillson. Died of wounds.
Clarence Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert Scull. Killed.
Michael Shearer. Mustered out May 20, 1865.
George Savage. Died of wounds.
Reuben A. Swift. Discharged for disability, Nov. 1, 1864.
Homcr F. Tilford. Killed.

Ransom E. Wood. Died of wounds.
Horace N. Williams. Disch'd for disability Aug. 8, '65. Corp.
Luther L. Weeks. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
George F. Waugh. Mustered out June 10, 1865.

Deserters.

Henry L. Bly.	James Harris.
John J. Cogswell.	Charles P. Lamb.
Jeremiah Greany.	Thomas Ledger.

COMPANY B.

Captain—James Hubbard.

First Lieutenant—Frederick A. Cook.

Second Lieutenant—Oren H. Knight.

Sergeants.

William H. Cogswell. Commissioned.
Admthatha Bates. Commissioned.
Ambrose N. Negus. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Moses Cook, jr. Died.
James Parks. Disch'd for disability June 23, '65; 1st Sergt.

Corporals.

Charles B. Benedict. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
George L. Johnson. Must. out June 6, '65; Sergt.; Q. M. Sergt.
Ambrose Hufcut. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.
James S. Thayer. Discharged for disability Jan. 24, 1863.
John McGovern. Mustered out July 1865; Reduced.
Francis J. Young. Transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.
George W. Mansfield. Discharged for disability August, 1865.

Musicians.

John H. Ward. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Bradford B. Brown. Drummed out of service, for desertion,
Dec. 8, 1863.

Wagoner.

Nathaniel Roraback. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Augustus Adams. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Lewis Burton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Joseph D. Bierce. Discharged August 14, 1863.

Elisha A. Briggs. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.

Henry Burgess. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

John H. Bruce. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.

Frank Benedict. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.

John H. Brazee. Discharged Sept. 10, 1863.

James Burns. Mustered out June 15, 1865.

Martin A. Besler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Sheldon Carley. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

James Caul. Killed.

Michael Casey. Discharged for disability May, 1865.

Thomas Casey. Discharged for disability Nov. 6, 1862.

Daniel T. Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865; Corporal.

Joseph E. Dwy. Mustered out July 12, 1865.

Gurdon C. Davidson. Died.

Austin Frink. Discharged Feb. 12, 1863.

Frank Friar. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.

John Funk. Discharged May 29, '65, by order of War Dept.

Franklin S. Graves. Mustered out July, 1865; Corporal.

Wesley Gibbs. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Sergeant.

James Gibbons. Transferred to the Navy.

Daniel Glaveen. Killed.

Solomon Hinckley. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

John Handel. Killed.

Luther Hall. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Curtis Hall. Sergt.; Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Benjamin E. Halleck. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Dwight Halleck. Mustered out July 7, 1865; Corporal.

Charles D. Hall. Died.

William H. Ingraham. Discharged for disability Jan. 12, 1862.

Chester A. Johnson. Died of wounds.
 Lewis Morey. Discharged for disability June 9, 1865.
 Henry M. Marshall. Discharged for disability Feb. 12, 1863.
 George Methven. Discharged for disability Jan. 3, 1865.
 John McGraugh. Sergeant; Killed.
 Peter Ostrander. Died.
 Adam Ostrander. Killed.
 William O'Rourke. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 James Ostrander, jr. Died.
 Watson W. Peck. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
 Daniel O. Page. Killed.
 Charles Powell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Jacob F. Rapp. Died of wounds.
 Henry Sterry. Discharged for disability April 3, 1863.
 Myron R. Sterry. Corporal; Killed.
 George L. Sterry. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Charles H. Segur. Killed.
 Luther E. Speed. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Warren Silvernail. Discharged for disability Nov. 3, 1862.
 Joel Snyder. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
 James Surdam. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 John W. Turner.
 Henry Voelker. Corporal; Killed.
 Caralf Volusen. Died.
 John H. White. Died.
 Henry S. Wheeler. Sergeant; Died of wounds.
 Monroe Whiteman. Corporal; Killed.
 William Waters, jr. July 7, 1865.
 Amos Wooden. Died of wounds.
 Henry Wiesing. Killed.

Deserters.

Corporal Franklin Miller.	Sheldon Daskam.
Joseph Brennan.	Patrick Eliwood.
William Beecraft.	William H. Hotchkiss.
George A. Caul.	Thomas Lee.

The Recruits of Company B.

Henry L. Ayers. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert W. Ames. Died of wounds.
Charles H. Ball. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Best. Killed.
Francis Burger. Killed.
Samuel V. Benedict. Killed.
Ambrose Brazie. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Richard A. Brown. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Baldwin. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Silas Burton. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert W. Bragg. Killed.
Almeron Burton. Died.
William Bradley. Transferred to the Navy.
Newton W. Cogswell. Disch'd by order War Dept. May 27, '65.
John W. Coons. Died of wounds.
Ezra Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Cooper. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
Patrick Canfield. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Connell. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
Joseph Compton. Mustered out March 10, 1865.
John Crothers. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Collins. Transferred to the Navy.
Thomas Carroll. Transferred to the Navy.
Thomas Carral. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John A. Decker. Discharged for disability June 9, 1865.
William Dunn. Missing.
Daniel Dunlavey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Delaney. Died.
Philip Davis. Transferred to the Navy.
Hiram Fanning. Discharged for disability Feb. 23, 1865.
John C. Foote. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Flood. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Fox. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Finn. Transferred to the Navy.
Paul Gaetel. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Thomas Hyer. Died.
Walter D. Hoag. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Huskinson. Mustered out June 17, 1865.
William S. Horton. Died.
Charles S. Higgins. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
William Howard. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Louis Kreager. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Mortimer M. Lillibridge. Disch'd for disability June 13, '65.
Thomas G. Lombard. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
David Lacy. Missing.
George Lowe, 1st. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
George Lowe, 2d. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Peter Malath. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Ezra B. Morris. Killed.
Gilbert McMahon. Mustered out June 4, 1865.
Godfrey Miller. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John McMahon. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Moore. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Murphy. Transferred to the Navy.
John Manross. Discharged for disability Feb. 3, 1865.
Correl F. North. Q. M. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John O'Brien. Mustered out May 23, 1865.
William F. Ohman. Discharged for disability May 22, 1865.
Daniel T. Phillips. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles Powell. Mustered out Oct. 18, 1865.
John Quirk. Mustered out July 28, 1865.
Allen Rogers. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
Reuben R. Speed. Died after release from Andersonville.
William H. Surdam. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Stevens. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Franklin B. Stevens. Killed.
Walter C. Sparks. Corporal; Killed.
Wilson W. Scoville. Died of wounds.
George F. Sherwood.
James Sheridan. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Lucius O. Spencer. Killed.
George A. Skiff. Killed.

Elias P. Scott. Killed.
 John B. Stohl. Killed.
 Henry Tanner. Died of wounds.
 Horace N. Thorpe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Chester A. Weller. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles O. Whaples. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, '65.
 Henry Winters. Died.

Deserters.

Horace Ball.	Roger Lilly.
Isaac Beardsley.	George W. McLean.
Benjamin Case.	William Moore.
William R. Curtis.	Henry Ostrander.
Henry Dryer.	John Ross.
William W. Foster.	Daniel E. Taylor.
James Graham.	Corporal Charles Turner.
John Hughes.	

COMPANY C.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield,
 September 11, 1862.

Captain—James Q. Rice.

First Lieutenant—William T. Spencer.

Second Lieutenant—Morris H. Sanford.

Sergeants.

William McK. Rice. Commissioned.
 George K. Hyde. First Sergeant; Commissioned.
 James P. McCabe. Commissioned.
 Matthew H. Huxley. Died.
 Orsamus R. Fyler. Commissioned.

Corporals.

Homer W. Griswold. First Sergeant; Commissioned.

Uri Wadhams. Died.

David C. Munson. Sergeant; Commissioned.

George W. Newcomb. 1st Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, '65.

Frederick A. Lucas. Sergt.; Sergt. Major; Commissioned.

David J. Thorp. Killed.

Martin L. Judd. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

William W. Hyde. Discharged for disability August 8, 1863.

Musicians.

Hicks Seaman. Junior Primary Musician; Must. out July 7, '65.

Andrew E. Workman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Wagoner.

George D. Bentley. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Chares G. Adams. Corporal; Mustered out July 20, 1865.

William L. Adams. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Avery M. Allyn. Mustered out June 20, 1865.

Milo F. Barber. Discharged for disability April 18, 1864.

Frederick Barber. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Edward M. Balcom. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Cyr. M. Bartholomew. Killed.

William H. Beach. Corporal; Killed.

Zophar Beach. Mustered out June 20, 1865.

Darius C. Beach. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

James M. Benton. Mustered out May 18, 1865.

John R. Blakeslee. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

George P. Blakeslee. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Virgil R. Bissell. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Philo Cleveland. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Albert B. Cleveland. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

George W. Cleveland. Color Corporal; Killed.

Erastus Cleveland. Died of wounds.

Orrin H. Cooke. Mustered out June 22, 1865.

George W. Curtiss. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Daniel B. Curtiss. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Calvin L. Davis. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Edward M. Dunbar. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Joseph Durocher. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Orlando D. Evans. Died.
Seymour H. Eldridge. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Friend. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Hobart Griswold. Corporal; Mustered out 1865.
William Herald. Died.
Samuel Hunter. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward C. Huxley. Regtl. Q. M. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Cornelius A. Hammond. Discharged for disability Nov. 9, '62.
Frederick O. Hills. Corp.; Disch'd for disability Aug. 19, '65.
Henry H. Ives. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
James Jukes. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Arthur G. Kellogg. Died.
Daniel E. Lyman. Died.
Orson M. Miner. Corporal; Killed.
Avery F. Miner. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Dennis Murphy. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
McKenzie Millard. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
James Moran. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Charles E. Morse. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William E. McKee. Discharged for disability June 24, 1865.
Correl F. North. Transferred to Co. B as Q. M. Sergeant.
Carlton N. Nichols. Discharged for disability April 29, 1865.
Theod. A. Pendleton. Q. M. Sergt.; Mustered out July 7, '65.
Henry D. Pierce. Mustered out July 8, 1865.
Joseph P. Reed. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Owen Reddy. Mustered out May 29, 1865.
William T. Robinson. Died.
Secley Richmond. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Joseph Sherry. Sergt.; Discharged for disability Aug. 1, '65.
Charles J. Soudant. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Henry A. Stoddard. Discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1862.
George C. Stewart. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John H. Stewart. Died.

Royal Stone. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Alonzo Smith. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George C. Thompson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry L. Vaill. Corporal; Died of wounds.
Wright Waterhouse. Corporal; Mustered out July 12, 1865.
William U. Wadhams. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Willard N. Wadhams. Corporal; Died.
Henry M. Woodruff. Died.
Lucien N. Whiting. Discharged for disability Jan. 31, 1865.
Harrison Whitney. Corp.; Disch'd for disability June 2, '65.
Charles G. Wheeler. Corporal; Mustered out June 2, 1865.
Milo Young. Died.

The Recruits of Company C.

William E. Albin. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles H. Albin. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John J. Abbott. Died of accidental wounds.
Royal G. Andrews. Died.
Eugene G. Austin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Bidwell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Alfred Blackman. Died at Andersonville.
Peter Burke. Killed.
James A. Bryan. Mustered out May 21, 1865.
Richard Butler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Barnes. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Butler. Died.
Peter Bunts. Mustered out July 20, 1865.
Ezra B. Bouton. Killed.
Chauncey E. Brown. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
George W. Brown. Died.
Enos S. Benedict. Discharged for disability June 22, 1865.
Orange S. Brown. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Bray. Killed.
Christian Bjornsern. Died of wounds.
Newton A. Calkins. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
George C. Curtis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Adelbert M. Calkins. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Marshall A. Calkins. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Alfred Calkins. Mustered out June 14, 1865.
Joseph H. Canfield. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Giles A. Cone. Died.
Charles Clark. Discharged for disability June 30, 1865.
William Dover. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
John Delowry. Discharged for disability June 12, 1865.
Watson E. Foster. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Patrick Harvey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Franklin Hoxie. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Hart. Died.
Leonard Hower. Mustered out August 21, 1865.
Seth M. Hersey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Eugene Hyatt. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James M. Hayes. Died.
Anson W. Johnson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward B. Janes. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Harlow Johnson. Died.
Hezekiah Johnson. Discharged for disability June 23, 1865.
William Kelley. Killed.
James Karney. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Lynn. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Abraham W. Losey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Wolcott Little. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Frederick G. Lampson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas O. Murphy. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Jeremiah McCarty. Killed.
Thomas Milnes. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Timothy Mahar. Corporal; Mustered out July 18, 1865.
John McDonald. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George W. Manning. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Norville. Died.
Andrew H. Nichols. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Patrick O'Connor. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George O'Brien. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Henry W. Ostrum. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Prindle. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

George Pierce. Killed.

Lucius B. Palmer. Died of wounds.

James P. Quinn. First Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, '65.

John Quinn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

James W. Roswell. Mustered out June 13, 1865.

Hawley Reed. Mustered out June 13, 1865.

Erastus Ruscoe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Charles Ruscoe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

James Rogers. Died.

Jarvis M. Richards. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

John W. Steele. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Thomas B. Stewart. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Albert M. Scoville. Died of wounds.

Andrew H. Sanford. Died.

John Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Edwin Thorn. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865.

George Taylor. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Freeman M. Thurston. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

John H. Ure. Killed.

Edward White. Mustered out June 20, 1865.

George E. Warren. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Albert F. Williams. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

William S. Wilson. Mustered out August-18, 1865.

Peter O. Wilson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Deserters.

Henry Benson.

James Hill.

Jerome Chapman.

John Jones.

William Curtland.

Philip Manly.

James Dayton.

Edward Northrop.

John Devirne.

Henry W. Richards.

Charles Flannigan.

Henry Sminer.

John H. Hayes.

Robert Scott.

Andrew Harris.

COMPANY D.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield,
September 11, 1862.

Captain—William B. Ells.

First Lieutenant—William H. Lewis, jr.

Second Lieutenant—Robert A. Potter.

Sergeants.

Thomas D. Bradstreet. Disch'd for disability March 9, 1863.

Theodore C. Glazier. Discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1862;
afterwards Commissioned in U. S. C. T.

Horace Hubbard. Commissioned.

Andrew J. Tuite. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Edgar B. Lewis. Died.

Corporals.

Salmon B. Smith. Sergeant; Died.

Samuel Brown. Sergeant; Mustered out June 1, 1865.

Lewis Munger. Sergeant; Sergeant Major; Commissioned.

James McCormick. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

William W. Johnson. Died.

David B. Wooster. Q. M. Sergeant; Killed.

Emery B. Taylor. Sergeant; Mustered out May 18, 1865.

Frederick B. Webster. Died.

Musicians.

Belden S. Brown. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

John S. Atwood. Discharged for disability June 3, 1865.

Wagoner.

Henry Pond. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Albert F. Alfred. Discharged for disability May 31, 1865.

William C. Atwood. Commissioned in U. S. C. T.

- Norman W. Barnes. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry C. Barnum. Discharged for disability July 11, 1864.
George H. Bates. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George L. Beach. Died of wounds.
James A. Beach. Mustered out June 3, 1865.
Wallace E. Beach. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John D. Benjamin. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Harvey Bronson. Mustered out June 25, 1865.
Charles L. Bryan. Mustered out July 13, 1865.
David A. Bradley. Sergt.; Disch'd for disability July 18, '65.
Henry N. Bushnell. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John D. Castle. Discharged for disability June 9, 1865.
Emory W. Castle. Died of wounds.
Edgar J. Castle. Died of wounds.
James H. Cable. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Martin H. Camp. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John C. Chase. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles G. Cleveland. Died.
Amzi P. Clark. Commissioned.
Hiram T. Coley. Died of wounds.
George T. Cook. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
David Davenport. Killed.
Philo A. Fenn. Killed.
Joseph B. Fenn. First Sergeant; Commissioned.
Benjamin Filley. Died a prisoner.
Joseph Gooley. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George H. S. Goodwin. Died of wounds.
John Grieder. Died of wounds.
Zelotes F. Granniss. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles E. Guernsey. Corporal; Died of wounds.
Albert J. Hotchkiss. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George H. Holt. Died.
Edward C. Hopson. Corporal; Killed.
Charles I. Hough. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Franklin W. Hubbard. Died.
Swift McG. Hunter. Mustered out May 30, 1865.
William Lindley. Discharged for disability April 11, 1863.

Timothy Malone. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Thomas Mann. Died of wounds.
Hiram Mattoon. Died of wounds.
Jerome Munger. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Ralph W. Munson. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Murphy. Killed.
Simon J. O'Donnell. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George L. Penfield. Mustered out July 12, 1865.
Horatio G. Perkins. Died.
James H. Pritchard. Died.
Daniel O. Purcell. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Walter Stone. Died of wounds.
Mark B. Stone. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Ira H. Stoughton. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Justin O. Stoughton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
James Straun. Died at Andersonville.
Charles W. Talcott. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Samuel R. Terrell. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Burritt H. Tolles. Died.
Henry Tolles. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Josiah J. Wadsworth. Died.
Matthias Walter. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Charles R. Warner. Killed.
Charles Warner. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
William H. Whitelaw. Discharged for disability May 18, '65.
William Wright. Corporal; Killed.
William Weston. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Deserter.

Abraham Dobson.

The Recruits of Company D.

George E. Atwood; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Dwight S. Atwood; missing.
Henry Ashburn; mustered out August 18, 1865.
George W. Butler; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Richard Beebe; killed.

Charles Barley; mustered out May 18, 1865.
Joseph Boyce; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Pomeroy Becraft; killed.
William P. Burr; mustered out August 18, 1865.
William J. P. Buck; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles F. Brown; mustered out June 15, 1865.
Thomas Bulluss; Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
William L. Barnes; died a prisoner.
John H. Conklin; killed.
Erastus W. Converse; died of wounds.
Edgar W. Conklin; mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Comstock; killed.
John L. Conklin; mustered out August 18, 1865.
George G. Conklin; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Carr; mustered out August 18, 1865.
George E. Clark; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Carlos Curtis; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Chauncey Culver; mustered out June 20, 1865.
Joseph Cleveland; transferred to the Navy.
Hiram E. Castle; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Kelsey D. Clark; mustered out August 18, 1865.
William N. Cockefair; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Johnson S. Dow; mustered out July 6, 1865.
Nehemiah H. Dutton. mustered out August 15, 1865.
Edward Dwyer; Corporal; mustered out August 15, 1865.
Jacob Demuth; died of wounds.
William Elliot, jr.; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Walter M. Fox; killed.
Nathan H. Geer; discharged for disability May 31, 1865.
Philip H. Golde; mustered out June 4, 1865.
Everett Griswold; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Charles B. Guttman; returned as a deserter to a Pa. regt.
William H. Harrison; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Henry Jones; transferred to the Navy.
Elmore Hotchkiss; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Lawrence A. Hunt; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles D. Hanson; died a prisoner.

Jonathan Hall; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Francis Howard; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Olet F. Hanson; transferred to the Navy.
William Hilliker; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Samuel Hine; mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Holland; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Francis Hawley; discharged for disability Oct. 3, 1864.
Morris B. Hanford; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Frederick R. Keith; First Sergeant; must. out August 18, '65.
William Kapser; mustered out June 10, 1865.
Edwin Lyon; transferred to the Navy.
George A. Lyon; mustered out August 18, 1865.
George L. Lyon; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Lynch; died of wounds.
Robert Lowrie; mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Lindley; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Seeley S. Morse; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry W. Miller; killed.
John Moore; transferred to the Navy.
John M. Moseley; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Munger; mustered out June 13, 1865.
Samuel Nelson; transferred to the Navy.
Walter Oates; mustered out July 3, 1865.
Frederick Olroyd; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Frederick Patchen; mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Peterson; transferred to the Navy.
Tompkins J. Patterson; transferred to the Navy.
William W. Richardson; died.
William Russell; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Chauncey F. Reed; mustered out June 19, 1865.
Charles H. Sherwood; discharged for disability Sept. 21, 1865.
William Smith; discharged for disability June 19, 1865.
Peter Schultz; transferred to the Navy.
Stephen C. Smith; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Austin Shelley; discharged for disability July 8, 1865.
James Slater; killed.
Henry Smith; mustered out August 18, 1865.

Robert Tompkins; mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Frank J. Thomas; Sgt.; Leader of Band; must. out Aug. 18, '65.
 Daniel Van Allen; killed.
 Alexander Vogel; mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Truman D. Wooster; discharged for disability Jan. 12, 1865.
 Benjamin Williams; mustered out May 18, 1865.
 John L. Wheeler; mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Wirt; mustered out August 18, 1865.

Deserters.

Irwin C. Beach.	Mortimer Holcomb.
Daniel Boyce.	Francis McLaughlin.
Charles F. Cain.	Charles H. Webb.
Henry J. Hubbard.	

COMPANY E.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield,
 September 11, 1862.

Captain—Jeffrey Skinner.

First Lieutenant—Benjamin F. Hosford.

Second Lieutenant—Chester D. Cleveland.

Sergeants.

Hiram D. Gaylord. Commissioned.
 Orlow J. Smith. First Sergeant; Commissioned.
 Salmon A. Granger. First Sergeant; Commissioned.
 George White. Discharged per order March 9, 1865.
 Henry Skinner. Commissioned.

Corporals.

David Miller. Mustered out June 30, 1865.
 Sherman H. Cowles. Discharged for disability May 31, 1863.
 William S. Cooper. Sergeant; Commissioned.
 Stephen W. Sage. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Mason Adkins. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Frederick W. Daniels. Killed.

Charles A. Reynolds. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Ruel H. Perkins. Killed.

Musicians.

Wilson B. White. Jun. Prin. Musician; Must. out July 7, '65.

Myron Ferris. Killed.

Wagoner.

Alfred G. Bliss. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Sherman A. Apley.

James R. Baldwin. Corporal; Missing.

Edward Beach. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Edwin S. Beecher. Discharged March 25, 1863.

Patrick T. Birmingham. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Almeron Bunnell. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Charles M. Burr. Corp.; Discharged for disability May 23, '65.

Edwin R. Canfield. Q. M. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, '65.

John Christina. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Edward F. Carrington. Reg. Q. M. Sgt.; Must. out July 7, '65.

Phillip D. Carroll. Sergt.; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Frederick M. Cook. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Alfred Comins. Killed.

Robert A. Cutler. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Henry A. Dayton. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Adam J. N. Dilly. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Edwin Downs. Discharged for disability May 1, 1863.

Lewis Downs. Killed.

Bernard W. Doyle. Mustered out July 20, 1865.

Adam Feathers. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Oliver C. Fitch. Discharged Nov. 20, 1862.

Birdsey Gibbs. Killed.

George N. Gibbs. Discharged for disability March 31, 1864.

Richard C. Gingell. Discharged for disability.

James A. Green. Discharged for disability July 5, 1864.

Manwaring Green. Accidentally killed.

Anthony B. Guernsey. Discharged Nov. 2, 1862.

William Hall. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles H. Hart. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Luther W. Hart. Discharged Nov. 25, 1863.
Timothy A. Hart. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Willard Hart. Killed.
George W. Hurlbut. Died.
William S. Hurlbut. Died.
William R. Hubbard. Died.
Asa Humiston. Died of wounds.
Alonzo J. Hull. Corporal; Killed.
Jule Jackson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Matthew Jackman. Mustered out Sept. 10, 1865.
Henry C. Kent. Missing.
Isaac R. Knapp. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Elizur Maltbie. Died of wounds.
Walter Martin. Killed.
Charles G. Mason. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Herman P. Moore. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry Overton. Transferred to the Navy.
George H. Pendleton. Corporal; Died of wounds.
Joseph Pettit. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Charles Henry Pine. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
Jerome Preston. Died.
Henry A. Rexford. Killed.
Theodore Robbins. Corporal; Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Edmund B. Sage. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Seymour. Discharged for disability March 25, 1865.
Lucius S. Skinner. Mustered out July 11, 1865.
John Smith. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Prosper W. Smith. Regtl. Com. Sgt.; Must. out Sept. 11, '65.
Phillip Stabell. Musician; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Darwin S. Starks. Died.
George A. Tatro. Killed.
John M. Teeter. Killed.
Benjamin B. Thayer. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William H. Turner. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Hubbard E. Tuttle. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Wells Tuttle. Mustered out July 12, 1865.
 Hubert A. Warner. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Marcus J. Whitehead. Discharged for disability June 2, '65.
 Warren M. Wood. Disch'd June 13, '65, by order of War Dept.
 Julius Woodford. Died.
 Wallace W. Woodruff. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Deserter.

William Gager.

The Recruits of Company E.

Jackson Ayres. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
 Jacob P. Arnold. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Christopher Arnold. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 John H. Boughton. Corporal.; Died of wounds.
 Henry Bush. First Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Ernst A. Basney. Discharged for disability Oct. 14, 1864.
 Joseph E. Baton. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Robert J. Bulcroft. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
 Samuel U. Brewer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Sylvester Barrett. Died of wounds.
 Martin Blake. Missing.
 Thomas H. Birge. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 James E. Billings. Discharged for disability April 20, 1865.
 Henry Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Welles Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Benjamin G. Carman. Mustered out May 12, 1865.
 Bernard Carbury. Missing.
 John J. Cummins. Transferred to the Navy.
 Julius Collins. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Campbell. Discharged for disability June 15, 1865.
 William Downer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles N. Decker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Michael Donahue. Died a prisoner at Salisbury.
 David Durand. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Jared P. Evarts. Killed.
 John D. Ellis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Heman Ellis. Commissioned.

Matthew Fitzgerald. Died a prisoner.
Stephen J. Green. Died of wounds.
Francis Gallagher. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas H. Gilbert. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles Griffin. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Augustus Hain. Discharged for disability Oct. 1, 1864.
William A. Hosford. Transferred to Co. D and Commissioned.
Erle Hamilton. Band ; Mustered out Sept. 9, 1865.
Charles B. Howard. Discharged for disability June 27, 1865.
Peter Jordan. Discharged for disability Jan. 10, 1865.
Louis Jaeger. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Boughton D. Knapp. Missing.
John Koons. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Keegan. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Patrick Kaine. Killed.
Jacob Leroy. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
John Lemley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Lynch. Discharged for disability May 23, 1865.
Chauncey S. Loomis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Leonard. Mustered out July 3, 1865.
Henry G. Mitchell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John McDonough. Killed.
James Mooney. Killed.
John McPherson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward Moggon. Mustered out June 21, 1865.
James Maloy. Sergeant ; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles Martin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John McDonald. Mustered out June 9, 1865.
John O'Connell. Discharged for disability May 22, 1865.
Frederick D. Painter. Killed.
Nathan Perry. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph Robinson. Died.
Edward Reicker. Discharged for disability April 29, 1865.
Jacob Riley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles H. Rowe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Rowe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Julius Rogers. Died.

Edward Rugg. Mustered out August 18, 1864.
 Elbert B. Rowe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Rankin. Discharged for disability June 9, 1865.
 Philip Shelley.
 John Sculley. Missing.
 John Scott. Dishonorably disch'd July 15, '65, for cowardice.
 James Simpson. Missing.
 Charles H. Stanley. Killed.
 Levi B. Stone. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Thomas Tracy.
 Edward H. Turner. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 Ebenezer C. Terrell. Discharged.
 John J. Toole. Missing.
 Talmer Tatro. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Henry Van Dusen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Warner. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Erastus Woodworth. Killed.
 Prelott Wilbur. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Michael Welch. Mustered out July 10, 1865.
 Henry P. Warner. Mustered out May 22, 1865.
 Henry Wenzel. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Thomas Welch. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles H. Walsh. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Allen B. Young. Died a prisoner at Salisbury, Nov. 10, 1864.
 Charles H. Ziegelmeier. Mustered out June 28, 1865.

Deserters.

George W. Boger.	Robert Livingston.
William Brown.	Lorenzo Moseley.
Charles Collins.	Augustus V. Mercken.
William Drew.	John Miller.
John Dunigan.	Philip Nagle.
Pierre Gigin.	John Neickel.
John Jackson.	Henry Saggan.
John Keon.	Charles Warren.
George Kenna.	William J. Wood.
Michael Klein.	George Williams.

COMPANY F.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—Edward W. Jones.

First Lieutenant—James Deane.

Second Lieutenant—Oliver P. Loomis.

Sergeants.

Warren Alford. Commissioned.

Samuel E. Gibbs. Killed.

Alfred C. Alford. Killed.

Carlton Seymour. Commissioned in Colored Troops.

William L. Twiss. Commissioned.

Corporals.

John E. Wheeler. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Edward S. Roberts. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Roswell G. Benham. Regtl. Q. M. Sergt.; Disch'd June 15, '65.

Norman M. Rust. Commissioned in Colored Troops.

Edward D. Lawrence. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Thomas B. Spencer. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Ruel S. Rice. Discharged for disability April 11, 1863.

John Rodemyer. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Musicians.

Watson H. Deming. Discharged Nov. 26, 1862.

John L. Merrill. Mustered out June 23, 1865.

Wagoner.

Henry H. Griffin. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

George N. Andrus. Died of wounds.

Abernethy Baker. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Elisha L. Bancroft. Mustered out May 18, 1865.

Augustus E. Barrett. Died.
Albert Beckwith. Died.
Hopkins J. Benham. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles Burr. Discharged for disability July 30, 1863.
Harlan D. Benedict. Died.
Albert F. Bradley. Discharged for disability June 21, 1865.
Albert P. Briggs. Discharged for disability May 5, 1863.
Henry C. Butler. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Burke. Mustered out June 3, 1865.
Horace F. Calkins. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Wayne B. Castle. Discharged for disability June 3, 1865.
William H. Colt. Killed.
John Carroll. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Abram Coons. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry G. Dailey. Discharged for disability March 9, 1865.
Miles H. Day. Discharged for disability Feb. 13, 1863.
Edward E. Dayton. Discharged for disability May 15, 1864.
Eugene Decker. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Watson W. Deane. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Alfred M. Dowd. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Horatio N. Eggleston. Died.
Philander Emmons. Died.
George L. Fairchild. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William G. Gardner. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Gorman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
James H. Hakes. Sergt.; Disch'd for disability June 15, '65.
Seth Haskins. Col. Corp.; Disch'd by order War Dpt., May 4, '65.
Solomon G. Hayward. Died a prisoner.
Alg'n G. Henderson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William G. Henderson. Died.
Bennett Hines. Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Ira D. Jones. Sergeant; Mustered out June 11, 1865.
Lorenzo Light. Sergeant; Killed.
Joseph M. Marsh. Discharged for disability Feb. 18, 1863.
Patrick McGrath. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward McGrath. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Andrew McGrath. Transferred to Co. L.

Joseph McManus. Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Cornelius H. Merrell. Died of wounds.
Henry C. Merrell. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Charles H. Mitchell. Discharged for disability Dec. 20, 1864.
Edwin R. Mitchell. Corporal; Mustered out July 19, 1865.
Pierre Mundry. Discharged for disability April 8, 1863.
Morris E. Munger. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George Munson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Thomas Noonan. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Joseph Nul. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Roswell Root. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward H. Roys. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles N. Rust. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Daniel Ryan. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Patrick Ryan. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John W. Shaw. Discharged for disability August 1, 1865.
George Simons. Killed.
Edward P. Smith. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Homer D. St. John. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Allen B. St. John. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Richard S. Thompson. Died.
William H. Tiffany. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Orville B. Tiffany. First Sergeant; Commissioned.
Ephraim Tucker. Mustered out March 28, 1865.
Harvey Tucker. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Jesse Turner. Sergeant; Mustered out June 17, 1865.
Jefferson M. Tyler. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George W. Warren. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
John C. Weeks. Disch'd by order of War Dept., May 29, '65.

Deserter.

John H. Batterman.

The Recruits of Company F.

George D. Allen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Allen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Myron C. Benson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Stanton S. Belden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Ammi Bailey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph Busby. Missing.
Otis Billings. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
John Brown. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Olaph Benson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Chester Barnes. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Alexander Bierce. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Jay J. Cushman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Cruess. Mustered out August 8, 1865.
Dwight Case. Discharged for disability June 3, 1865.
John R. M. Cleaveland. Discharged for disability Feb. 8, '64.
Timothy B. Cannon. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Calnen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert Cahill. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Decker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edmund Doherty. Died.
Philander Eggleston. Died.
Harvey Ford. Died.
Charles W. Griswold. Died of wounds.
Parley B. Gammons. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John E. Hall. Killed.
Byron O. Hawley. Corp.; Disch'd for disability June 29, '65.
James Hyde. Mustered out July 14, 1865.
James O. Hotchkiss. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
Charles Herville. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Howard. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Johnson. Discharged for disability June 4, 1865.
Timothy F. Kelly. Discharged for disability June 25, 1865.
John Kelley. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
John Korn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Guilford M. Kirkham. Band; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Keith. Discharged for disability May 14, 1865.
Lorenzo K. Lemoine. Died.
Michael Lloyd. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Lomax. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Louis Langelile. Transferred to the Navy.
Jefferson T. Lent. Killed by accident.

Oscar M. Mitchell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Henry J. McLean. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Benjamin A. Murphy. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George F. McNary. First Sergeant; Must. out Aug. 18, 1865.
 Thomas McMahon. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Michael McMahon, 1st. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Michael McMahon, 2d. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Michael McMahon, 3d. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Sherman Messenger. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Alexander McCormick. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Malthouse. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William C. Morris. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Timothy O'Callaghan. Killed.
 Robert H. Rust. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Peter Riley. Died.
 John Riley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Scoville. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George W. Scoville. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, '65.
 Henry O. Sweet. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles Spreyer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Rufus B. Smith. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Thomas Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles Thompson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Henry Van Deusen. Died.
 Robert J. Van Deusen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Martin Wilcox. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Elisha Wells. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Edwin Walden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Edward Wadsworth. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Williams. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Alex. Waters. Q. M. Sergt.; Disch'd for disability May 18, '65.
 John Williamson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Deserters.

Patrick Burke.	James Mahoney.
Henry H. Heofman.	General H. Morgan.
Thomas Kelly.	John O'Brien.
Lack Murray.	Charles Van Roden.

COMPANY G.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—Edward F. Gold.

First Lieutenant—Lyman Teator.

Second Lieutenant—J. Milton Gregory.

Sergeants.

Michael Kelley. Commissioned.

Gad N. Smith. Commissioned.

Henry S. Dean. 1st Sergt.; Declined Com.; Disch'd disability.

Silas A. Palmer. Transferred to Co. M.

Ira Chapman. Disch'd by order of War Dept., June 10, 1865.

Corporals.

Julius A. Glover. Sergeant; Disch'd for disability July 5, '65.

Charles P. Traver. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Henry P. Milford. Q. M. Sergt.; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Albert Robinson. Discharged for disability Dec. 21, 1864.

Joseph B. Payne. Q. M. Sergeant; Killed.

Gilbert E. Lake. Discharged for disability April 11, 1863.

William S. Shepard. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Musicians.

Myron Hubbell. Died.

James H. Van Buren. Died of wounds.

Wagoner.

Rufus S. Frink. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

George M. Bennett. Discharged for disability Dec. 31, 1862.

William H. Bowen. Mustered out June 1, 1865.

Alfred L. Benedict. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Mathew P. Bell, jr. Sergt.; Disch'd for disability June 22, '65.

Frederick F. Butler. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Franklin B. Bierce. Mustered out May 30, 1865.

Henry W. Baker. Discharged for disability Sept. 11, 1863.
Daniel Buxton. Discharged for disability Jan. 21, 1863.
Russell T. Barnum. Discharged for disability Jan. 5, 1865.
George W. Bague. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Jerome Chipman. Discharged for disability Feb. 22, 1865.
George V. Capron. Mustered out June 12, 1865.
Nelson Clark. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Chase. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Curtin. Discharged for disability March 15, 1865.
William Clinton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Michael Curley. Discharged for disability March 15, 1865.
Philo L. Cole. Died.
James B. Capron. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Harvey Clark. Died.
Josiah B. Corban. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
John O. Doherty. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Miles E. Dean. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Patrick Delaney. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Frazear. Discharged for disability June 8, 1865.
John Grady. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Frederick D. Holmes. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles C. Hinman. Died.
Edmund E. Hoffman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward Hover. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Wesley L. Holmes. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
William H. Ingraham. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles Ingersoll. Sergeant. Died of wounds.
Nelson T. Jennings. Mustered out June 6, 1865.
George L. Janes. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Nathan H. Jewitt. Discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862.
Barney Kinney. Died of wounds.
David Kimball. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
David Killmer. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles King. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Walstein Lounsbury. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Sidney Lapham. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Lapham. Died.

Elijah C. Mallory. Discharged for disability Jan. 21, 1863.
Ralph J. Miner. Discharged for disability March 8, 1863.
Rollin R. Northrop. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George D. Palmer. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry Peck. Killed.
George W. Page. Killed.
John F. Peck. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Albert A. Peck. Died.
Charles J. Reed. Killed.
Lucien G. Rouse. Died.
Charles R. Swift. Sergeant; Mustered out June 9, 1865.
Frederick Skepard. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Lewis J. Sawyer. Died.
Thomas Sherman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Dwight B. Studley. Died of wounds.
Charles H. Smith. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865.
Merritte H. Stone. Died.
George W. Studley. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Elisha Soule. Killed.
Henry Shadt. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Patrick Troy. Corporal; Died of wounds.
Elmore E. Waldron. Discharged for disability Nov. 1, 1864.
Allen Williams. Died.
Horace Williams. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Young. Discharged for disability May 10, 1863.

Deserters.

Robert A. Bard.	Dayton S. Reed.
Edward H. Cross.	Isaac L. Reed.

The Recruits of Company G.

Edward F. Brague. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Herman E. Bonney. Died.
George Burton. Disch'd by order of War Dept., April 14, '65.
Niram Buttolph. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles H. Bentley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Byrnes. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Wesley Bunnell. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Andrew J. Bolles. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John H. Bradley. Died.
George W. Baldwin. Mustered out June 9, 1865.
Albert H. Bailey. Mustered out June 12, 1865.
George Clinton. Died of wounds.
John Christie. Discharged for disability May 17, 1865.
Frank L. Cadwell. Band; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George A. Case. Discharged for disability June 15, 1865.
Henry E. Fenn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles I. Fenn. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Linus S. Goodrich. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Eli Grover. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Gilmet. Discharged for disability May 31, 1865.
Michael Gallagher. Discharged for disability Feb. 28, 1865.
Thomas H. Graham. Mustered out May 19, 1865.
Frederick Hyer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Hosmer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Hawver. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John W. Hamblin. Died.
Lewis Hamblin. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Michael Henry. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James Hicks. Mustered out May 30, 1865.
Hubert D. Hoxley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Zina D. Hotchkiss. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Dwight A. Hotchkiss. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Joray. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles Keech. Discharged for disability Jan. 13, 1865.
Timothy Leonard. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Asa Lee. Discharged for disability Jan. 8, 1865.
Stephen McMasters. Discharged for disability Sept. 8, 1864.
John M. McLaughlin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Murphy. Mustered out August 7, 1865.
Paschal P. North. Died.
Sylvester Prout. Died of wounds.
Nathan Payne. Discharged for disability Feb. 13, 1864.
William S. Palmer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James M. Palmer. Died of wounds.

Frederick J. Pierce. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, '65.
 Henry W. Parker. Transferred to the Navy.
 Gilbert G. Rose. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
 Erastus Rusco. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George Roberts. Transferred to the Navy.
 John Reynolds. Drum'd out of service for cowardice, Sept. '64.
 James Stanley. Mustered out May 30, 1865.
 Orville Slover. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Swift B. Smith. First Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, '65.
 Horace C. Sickmund. Died of wounds.
 William A. Slover. Died.
 Michael Shannon. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Thomas Sizer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Albert N. Smith. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
 George C. Short. Transferred to the Navy.
 John R. Thompson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Tully. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Thompson. Transferred to the Navy.
 Quincy Thayer. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 George E. Wansor.
 Lockwood Waldron. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William White. Died.
 Charles A. Wheeler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Chauncey L. Warner. Killed.
 Wilson G. Waterman. Killed.
 Henry H. Watrous. Died.

Deserters.

Lorenzo Buttolph.	John McCool.
John Byford.	Mark Shay.
John Burns.	Dwight Smith.
William Burgess.	John H. Taylor.
Lawrence Canfield.	Benjamin Wilson.
James Lynch.	John W. Williams.
Joseph Muller.	Charles Way.
Thomas McCauley.	

COMPANY H.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—George S. Williams.

First Lieutenant—Frederick M. Berry.

Second Lieutenant—Walter Burnham.

Sergeants.

Daniel E. Marsh. Commissioned.

Charles W. Robertson. Discharged for disability Feb. 6, 1863.

Garwood R. Merwin. Died.

Charles F. Anderson. First Sergeant; Commissioned.

Romulus C. Loveridge. Commissioned in Colored Troops.

Corporals.

David E. Soule. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Henry C. Noble. Sergeant; Disch'd for disability Feb. 4, '64.

Minor A. Strong. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Lewis W. Mosher. Sergt.; Disch'd for disability May 24, '64.

Homer S. Curtis. Sergeant; Commissioned.

Irwin C. Buckingham. Sgt.; Disch'd for disability May 24, '64.

Edward F. Lyon. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Horace E. Jones. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Musicians.

Andrew E. Bailey. Mustered out May 18, 1865.

Orlo H. Buckingham. Corp.; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Wagoner.

Harmon T. Edwards. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Privates.

Charles Brinell. Discharged for disability May 29, 1865.

Henry A. Burton. Corp.; Disch'd for disability June 7, '65.

Gustavus H. Black. Mustered out June 16, 1865.

Ira S. Bradley. Died.
Edgar W. Calhoun. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry A. Calhoun. Died.
Russell B. Camp. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Alfred Cable. Discharged for disability June 1, 1865.
Sheldon Clark. Died.
Hiram Cable. Discharged for disability May 18, 1865.
George Chamberlain. Discharged for disability June 3, 1865.
William E. Canfield. Transferred to Co. M as Sergeant.
Benjamin F. Dunham. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William E. Disbrow. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William H. Dains. Died.
George S. Erwin. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Oliver B. Evitts. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Sheldon Fox. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry Fry. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Francis L. French. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry S. Gridley. Corp.; Disch'd for disability April 3, '64.
Horatio S. Hoyt. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry R. Hoyt. Transfd. to Co. M.; 1st Sgt.; Commissioned.
Austin R. Humplrey. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Harrington. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Cyrus Howland. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Herman Hoffman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles W. Jackson. Killed.
Elroy S. Jennings. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Jerome Johnson. Died.
Andrew S. Kinney. Mustered out Feb. 6, 1863.
Joseph S. Knowles. Discharged for disability April 6, 1865.
Frederick J. Logan. Discharged for disability April 12, 1863.
Daniel G. Marshall. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John N. Meramble. Color Corporal; Must. out July 7, 1865.
Jairus W. Monroe. Discharged for disability March 9, 1863.
Henry S. Morehouse. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Anson B. Nichols. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Franklin Nichols. Corporal; Disch'd for disability May 23, '65.
George D. Potter. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

George H. Potter. Corporal; Mustered out June 12, 1865.
Alanson Peet. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Loren Peet. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Herbert A. Reed. Died a prisoner.
Nathan H. Root. Transfd. Co. M as 1st Sgt.; Mus. out Jy. 7, '65.
Henry C. Straight. Killed.
Reuben H. Sherwood. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Lucius S. Sherman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Homer S. Sackett. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Stephen V. Snediker. Mustered out May 21, 1865.
Uriah F. Snediker. Corp.; Disch'd for disability June 6, '65.
Orville A. Sawyer. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Lewis St. John. Died.
Horace N. Sanford. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Daniel T. Somers. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Jerome Titus. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Seth N. Taylor. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William H. Thompson. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward E. Thompson. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
William C. Warner. Died.
Frank J. Warner. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles A. Way. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
John F. Williams. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Alfred N. Whittlesey. Discharged for disability June 3, 1865.
Burr Williams. Discharged for disability March 27, 1865.
David V. Wright. Discharged for disability Jan. 23, 1863.
Lewis S. Young. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

The Recruits of Company H.

Newell W. Andrews. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Doctor Bronson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Orson Bucl. Regtl. Hosp. Steward; Must. out August 18, '65.
Charles E. Beeman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Rufus Beeman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John A. Beeman. Discharged for disability May 31, 1864.
Henry Bridge. Died.
Henry D. Burr. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Theodore A. Barnes. Killed.

Charles H. Butler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Frank A. Beardsley. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Jesse A. Barden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Bone. Mustered out June 30, 1865.
Daniel Cahill. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
David B. Disbrow. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert Erwin. Transferred to Field and Staff as Q. M. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
States B. Flandreau. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, '65.
Charles V. Flandreau. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Adam H. Graham. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles E. Gilbert. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John B. Gavitt. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
Charles A. Hurd. Mustered out July 15, 1865.
Edwin Harrington.
John Harris. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John Haley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Hickey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John J. Harrower. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Willis Hartwell. Died.
Charles Iselton. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Ira Jones. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Apollon Jennings. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Keeler. Discharged for disability Jan. 23, 1864.
Michael Kelly. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Joseph R. Loveridge. Died.
Patrick Lynch. Missing.
Charles E. Lampson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William F. Lane. Mustered out July 3, 1865.
Henry Mallett. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry Murphy. Discharged for disability April 18, 1865.
Hiram Murphy. Mustered out June 20, 1865.
Charles McDermott. Mustered out June 30, 1865.
Henry M. Marshall. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward Mead. Killed.
Ernest Michaelis. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Albert N. Marsh. Mustered out July 21, 1865.

Harvey J. Nicholson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George Northrop. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Hugh O'Donnell. Q. M. Sergeant; Must. out August 18, 1865.
 John O'Brien. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 James M. Parsons. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Harry Payne. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
 Sylvester C. Platt. Died.
 Daniel Payne. Died of wounds.
 Marcellus R. Pishon. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 John R. Phelps. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Harvey Pease. Died of wounds.
 John Rogers.
 George Squire. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Homer Sterling. Discharged for disability April 18, 1864.
 Adam Sebastian. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Jonathan T. Salmons. Mustered out June 12, 1865.
 William L. Stoddard. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
 William Smith. Mustered out June 12, 1865.
 James K. Taylor. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Henry J. Thompson. Mustered out June 21, 1865.
 Jeremiah A. Thompson. Mustered out June 17, 1865.
 Henry Thecklenberg. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George Wedge. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Botsford Whitehead. Discharged for disability Feb. 4, 1864.
 Edward H. Willard. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, '65.
 Theodore F. Warner. Mustered out May 14, 1865.
 Moses L. Wigglesworth. Died a prisoner.
 John Williams. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Louis Weber. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Deserters.

Benjamin Bierce.	George Hancock.
Andrew A. Bronson.	William S. Kohler.
John Blaney.	Henry Miller.
James Brown.	William H. Rice.
Ferdinand Cole.	Samuel Turner.
Barney Casey.	George Wood.
Henry W. Davis.	George Willson.
William W. Fox,	

COMPANY I.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—Eli Sperry.

First Lieutenant—Gideon D. Crane.

Second Lieutenant—George E. Betts.

Sergeants.

James M. Bradley. Commissioned in Colored Troops.

Walter J. Orton. Q. M. Sergeant; Died of wounds.

Henry S. McKinney. Commissioned.

Marcus D. Smith. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Corporals.

Cyrus T. Nicholson. 1st Sgt.; Disch'd for disability June 23, '65.

George C. Bradley. Sergeant; Mustered out July 12, 1865.

Herbert V. Peck. Discharged for disability Dec. 5, 1862.

Charles M. Rowley. Mustered out May 18, 1865.

Henry F. Hard. Died.

John S. White. Died.

Dexter C. Northrop. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Musicians.

Frederick M. Minor. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865.

James C. Polley. Died.

Wagoner.

Charles P. DeForest. Discharged for disability April 8, 1865.

Privates.

Charles N. Baldwin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Isaac Briggs. Died.

William Barry. Discharged for disability Jan. 31, 1865.

Edward Botsford. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.

Patrick Brady. Corporal; died of wounds.

Charles Botsford. Mustered out May 18, 1865.

Herman Bachman. Discharged for disability March 9, 1863.

George D. Bennett. Mustered out June 23, 1865.
Charles Barney. Killed.
Henry Dunham, jr. Discharged for disability Feb. 12, 1863.
Charles F. Flushman. Corporal; died of wounds.
Charles H. Fogg. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Harvey H. Fox. Died.
James W. Green. Discharged for disability Feb. 27, 1865.
Almon D. Galpin. Killed.
John F. Harrigan. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Hutchinson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Ruel Hazen. Discharged for disability June 9, 1865.
John S. Hall. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
John T. Hall. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863.
Frederick R. Hard. Discharged for disability May 27, 1865.
Hubbard Hotchkiss. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Levi H. Hotchkiss. Discharged for disability April 26, 1865.
Samuel D. Hayes. Mustered out May 22, 1865.
George E. Judson. Sergeant; died of wounds.
Friend F. Kane. Killed.
Daniel E. Leach. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Amos A. Lucas. Discharged for disability June 22, 1865.
Israel Lucas. Discharged for disability Dec. 18, 1865.
John McLaughlin. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Willis J. Mallory. Mustered out July 8, 1865.
Oscar H. Manchester. Discharged for disability Feb. 7, 1865.
Joseph Miller. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Samuel M. Mallory. Discharged for disability May 8, 1863.
Arthur B. Newy. Drummed out for desertion, Oct. 30, 1863.
Harson B. Northrop. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William O'Brien. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Erastus F. Peck. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Bela Potter. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
William H. Reynolds. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John J. Rogers. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Henry C. Rogers. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
George W. Root. Corporal; mustered out May 28, 1865.
Thomas Shaw. Sergeant; discharged for disability June 1, '64.

Frederick C. Slade. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Chauncey Seeley. Corporal; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Charles T. Squires. Corporal; transfd. Veteran Reserve Corps.
 Andrew Tiernay. Discharged for disability June 7, 1865.
 Charles T. Tyrrell. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Ira Thomas. Discharged for disability March 4, 1864.
 Horatio S. Thomas. Died.
 Charles L. Thomas. Died.
 Daniel S. Taylor. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
 Timothy F. Walsh. Sergeant; Missing.
 Curtis Wheeler. Died of wounds.
 Jared B. Winton. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
 Ambrose H. Wilsey. Disch'd by order War Dept., Aug. 17, '65.
 Benjamin Wellman. Q. M. Sergt.; mustered out July 7, 1865.

Deserters.

Elliott Dibble, Sergeant. George A. DeForest.
 Charles H. Lum, Corporal. Thomas Soothill.
 James Burton.

The Recruits of Company I.

Edward Bell. Corporal; died.
 Ham A. Barnes. Died of wounds.
 Asahel D. Brockett. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles Bennett. Died of wounds.
 Abner Bennett. Discharged for disability Nov. 16, 1864.
 David Backus.
 George I. Babeock, jr. Transferred to Co. L. as Sergeant.
 Harman Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 James Comber. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Levi Callender. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
 Addison Cook. Killed.
 David Cramer. Killed.
 Stephen Carney. Mustered out May 30, 1865.
 Joseph Curnal. Died.
 Lewis Clark. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Francis Dugan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

William Davis. Mustered out July 8, 1865.
Timothy Elwell. Died.
Samuel Eastman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Samuel B. Ferris. Killed.
Charles Fox. Discharged for disability June 17, 1865.
William Fitzgerald. Killed.
William Gregg. Discharged for disability August 23, 1864.
Felix Gillick. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Cornelius Goebel. Corporal; Died.
Thomas Harper. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Holt. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edwin Holland. Discharged for disability June 22, 1865.
James Healy. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
Myron M. Jennings. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Andrew Knoff. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Keeler.
Jason T. Lampson. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Marshall Lines. Died a prisoner.
Charles A. Locklin. Mustered out July 8, 1865.
Davis A. Locklin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Isaac W. Locklin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George W. Locklin. Died of wounds.
Theodore Lockwood. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, '65.
Seymour Lobdell. Died of wounds.
Banks Lounsbury. Died.
John McQueeny. Discharged for disability June 19, 1865.
Hanford Meeker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles S. Meeker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John McDavitt. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
David W. Manning. Corp.; disch'd for disability July 15, '65.
Olin Nash. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John K. Northrop. Died.
Jeremiah Newcomb. Mustered out June 8, 1865.
Stephen Olmsted. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Henry Payne. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John B. Parker. Mustered out June 27, 1865.
George Parsons. Transferred to the Navy.

James Ragan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 James T. Roche. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles Smith. Mustered out June 3, 1865.
 Charles W. Speer. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 James Sidney. Died.
 William Smith. Transferred to the Navy.
 William H. Smith. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 Warden Stammer. Sergeant; mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Smith. Transferred to the Navy.
 James Sweeney. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Edward Sturges. Discharged for disability May 23, 1865.
 Leander Snider. Mustered out Nov. 23, 1865.
 John Simmons. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Stephenson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William B. Shaw. Mustered out June 18, 1865.
 Henry Taylor. Discharged for disability April 29, 1865.
 John Turley. Discharged for disability June 20, 1865.
 Theron M. Woodruff. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Nelson B. Williams. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 John Wright. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 Charles Wright. Discharged for disability July 30, 1865.
 Albert Woodruff. Died a prisoner.
 Daniel P. Wakeman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 John Wells. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William P. Walker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 George R. Walker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
 William Webster. Mustered out June 13, 1865.

Deserters.

George Alford.	James Hill.
Dominick Burns.	Joseph Miller.
Allen Brundage.	James K. Taylor.
Thomas S. Carter.	James W. Weaver.
John Clayton.	Melvin R. Warner.
John Farley.	Irvin E. Warner.
William Headdens.	

COMPANY K.

The original Infantry Company, mustered in at Litchfield, September 11, 1862.

Captain—Edward O. Peck.

First Lieutenant—Augustus H. Fenn.

Second Lieutenant—James N. Coe.

Sergeants.

Bushrod H. Camp. Sergeant Major; commissioned.

John E. Sedgwick, jr. First Sergeant; Commissioned.

Oscar Platt. Commissioned.

William S. Watson. Died.

Edwin D. Beeman. First Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, '65.

Corporals.

James R. Johnson. Discharged for disability Jan. 12, 1864.

Wolcott Cook. Died.

Hiram DuBois. Discharged for disability Nov. 17, 1862.

Alanson A. Negus. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

David D. Lake. Killed.

Truman O. Sanford. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Lant Ryan. Died a prisoner.

Musicians.

James Martin. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

George A. Hoyt, jr. Died.

Wagoner.

Minor C. Wedge. Discharged for disability August 13, 1863.

Privates.

Franklin Andrus. Killed.

Noble Andrus. Missing.

Isaac Baldwin. Killed.

Chester L. Bancroft. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Hiram L. Bronson. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John H. Burns. Mustered out June 24, 1865.
Charles A. Campbell. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Subinit B. Castle. Discharged for disability Nov. 20, 1863.
Cyrene M. Clark. Discharged for disability Feb. 6, 1863.
John H. Cooper. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
George R. Colby. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
Henry Colby. Died.
Daniel Conley. Discharged for disability May 15, 1864.
Frederick A. Dauchy. Discharged for disability Nov. 24, '64.
Frederick Ette. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Ette. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles D. Ferris. Died.
Patrick Farrell. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Edward Griffin. Killed.
Wesley F. Glover. Died.
Charles Gregory. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Elizur A. Hodge. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Hart. Mustered out May 18, 1865.
John Halion. Discharged for disability August 12, 1863.
Stephen P. Harlow. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Thomas Herbert. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Anglebert Herman. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles Hungerford. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Levi N. Jacus. Discharged for disability Jan. 24, 1863.
Alfred June. Died of wounds.
Bernard C. Keegan. Discharged for disability August 11, '65.
Alexander D. Kasson. Killed.
Sidney A. Law. Died.
Arthur Lockwood. Sergeant; Mustered out July 7, 1865.
John A. Ludford. Discharged for disability Feb. 25, 1865.
George H. McBurney. Killed.
Erwin Munroe. Mustered out July 14, 1865.
John Munson. Died of wounds.
Henry Murphy. Discharged for disability Nov. 3, 1862.
Eben Norton. Died.
John O'Connor. Discharged for disability May 18, 1863.

Frank Parker. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
William R. Parmelee. Discharged for disability Dec. 5, 1862.
Abner B. Palmer. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Asahel N. Perkins. Died of wounds.
Asa Pettis. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Charles Reed. Killed.
John Shores. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Allen Sawyer. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Alonzo Stewart. Discharged for disability June 29, 1863.
Edgar J. Stewart. Corporal; mustered out June 9, 1865.
George E. Taylor. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Thomas P. Tompkins. Corporal; Mustered out May 13, 1865.
James Tracy. Discharged for disability June 8, 1865.
Enoch G. Warhurst. Corporal; mustered out July 7, 1865.
John Warner. Killed.
Francis Wedge. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
Lebbeus J. Welch. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Jacob Wentworth. Died of wounds.
Thomas Wheeler. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
Alfred White. Mustered out July 7, 1865.
George A. Wood. Mustered out July 7, 1865.

Deserters.

William H. Knickerbocker.	Jacob Warner.
Jason W. Johnson.	Noah B. Welch.
Ira Warner.	

The Recruits of Company K.

Charles N. Beeman. Sergeant; mustered out August 18, '65.
Orson Buell. Sergeant; transferred to Field and Staff.
Lucien Button. Killed.
George Brown. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles A. Bristol. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Philo K. Bassett. Discharged for disability Dec. 20, 1865.
Daniel Buckley. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Birch. Died.
Anton Barth. Died.

Henry B. Bristol. Killed.
Hubert E. Banker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Daniel Briggs. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Charles A. Bigelow.
John Branan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Lucius Brown. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George D. Beeman. Discharged for disability July 25, 1865.
Andrew Carney. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John H. Call. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Coleraine.
Joseph E. Camp. Missing.
Owen Cromney. Died of wounds.
Robert Clark. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
Michael Convey. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Lyman F. Cole. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
George H. Curtis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Amaziah Downs. Died a prisoner.
John Fitzpatrick. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Truman P. Favereau. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John Foley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Finnegan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Gorham. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Gallagher. Killed.
William S. Hines. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John H. R. Hipwell. Killed.
William Harrington. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George W. Harrington. Died.
Homer W. Hodge. Discharged for disability Jan. 10, 1865.
Edward D. Hall. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edmund D. Hickey. Killed.
Charles Haviland. Killed.
Dennis Haley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry H. Hyatt. Killed.
George Hoxley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Benjamin W. Higby. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Leander Ide. Died.
Charles A. Johnson. Died of wounds.

Andrew Jackson. Killed.
Patrick Kennedy. Killed.
George H. Knapp. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Roswell Kelly. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William B. Leach. Died.
Joseph Lewis. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward Monroe. Discharged for disability Jan. 24, 1864.
Francis McAdam.
Henry Miller.
Charles May. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Ransom L. Maloney. Mustered out June 28, 1865.
George W. Murphy. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles F. Morris. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Albert J. Miner. Died of wounds.
Robert Morris. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry H. Mason. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Martin. Killed.
Dennis Moore. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Oliver P. Platt. Mustered out August 21, 1865.
George Platt. Discharged for disability March 8, 1865.
Austin V. Rogers. Mustered out July 10, 1865.
Charles H. Russell. Missing.
Isaac Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Smith. Mustered out July 3, 1865.
Robert Sothergill. Killed.
Chauncey Stevens. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
Edgar Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William H. Stevens. Discharged for disability June 6, 1865.
James Slatery. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert S. Short. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Francis Sothergill. Mustered out Sept. 5, 1865.
Charles Simoson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Evelyn L. Thorpe. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Abram A. Tolles. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Allen S. Tuttle. Discharged for disability June 23, 1865.
William W. Wheeler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Nathan B. Westbrook. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Deserters.

John Bray.	Daniel Lavell.
Henry S. Cummings.	Oakley Middlebrook.
John Clarke.	John Murphy.
John Campbell.	Frank Morton.
Orrin Ferguson.	James Monrow.
James Finnegan.	Michael Riley.
Solomon Gorham.	Charles H. Trigler.
Charles A. Hoyt.	Samuel Williams.
William Howe.	Benjamin Wells.
James Jones.	William Wenslor.
William Kendrick.	

COMPANY L.

Captain—James Deane.

First Lieutenant—Philip E. Chapin.

First Lieutenant—Edward C. Huxley.

Second Lieutenant—James M. Snowden.

Second Lieutenant—Oscar Platt.

(Composed entirely of Recruits.)

William H. Allen. First Sergeant; must. out August 18, '65.

William Alfreds. Transferred to the Navy.

George I. Babcock, jr. Sergeant; must. out August 18, 1865.

Timothy Brown. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Calvin A. Bowers. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Patrick Butler. Died a prisoner.

James Busse. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

August Berg. Killed.

Thomas Burns. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.

William J. Burke. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

James Bishop. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

George Blackman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

James Barry. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

John Boyce. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

- Jesse Cady. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Dugald Campbell. Q. M. Sergeant; must. out June 10, 1865.
John Calnon. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
John Clow. Discharged for disability Jan. 15, 1865.
William J. Dixon. Corporal; died.
Ezra Daggett. Discharged April 18, 1865.
Charles Davenport. Died.
William Dostman. Sergeant; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Marshall Davenport. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Dostman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Anthony Dougherty. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Oliver Dugette. Corporal; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Day. Died of wounds.
Peter Dolan. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Seneca Edgett. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Thomas B. Foster. Died.
Thomas Farrell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Clark Fox. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Farrell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George R. Grover. Died a prisoner.
Sylvester Graves. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles A. Gouliet. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Charles E. Groat. Corporal; mustered out June 10, 1865.
James Gillin. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles W. Hale. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Robert Harrington. Discharged for disability Nov. 1, 1864.
Noah Hart. Discharged for disability Nov. 15, 1865.
Frederick Hooker. Died.
Henry A. Hubbell. Corporal; died.
William Hall. Mustered out August 18, 1865;
James Hughes. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles Heidenrich. Mustered out May 31, 1865.
James Hyatt. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Amos L. Ives. Died of wounds.
Henry Jones. Transferred to the Navy.
Van Leeson Jenks. Mustered out June 12, 1865.
Richard M. Kelly. Transferred to the Navy.

Austin P. Kirkham. Sergeant; Commissioned.
George McCoy. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
William Molloy. Died.
Norman Mansfield. Corporal; died of wounds.
Thomas McDonald. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Andrew McGrath. Sergeant; mustered out July 7, 1865.
William Morton. Corporal; died.
John Martin. Killed.
John Mullen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Henry McGinety. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas May. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward H. Northrop. Corporal; must. out August 18, 1865.
Peter D. Nelson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Norman. Mustered out June 23, 1865.
John Owen. Mustered out June 9, 1865.
Dominick O'Brien. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Elisha Peck. Mustered out June 17, 1865.
John S. Parmelee. Sergt. Major; transfd. to Field and Staff.
Walter William Payn. Discharged for disability Jan. 18, '65.
George Phelps. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
William Parry. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Parker. Sergeant; disch'd for disability Sept. 24, '64.
John Pollard. Died.
George M. Perkins. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles H. Ryan. Corporal; mustered out June 9, 1865.
William Rodman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Isaac Reimert. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George Reed. Discharged for disability June 5, 1865.
William Ragan. Mustered out June 10, 1865.
Samuel N. Scranton. Corporal; mustered out June 1, 1865.
William A. Slenker. Sergeant; Mustered out August 18, '65.
Watson W. Stone. Disch'd April 2, '64; furnished substitute.
John S. Strickland. First Sergt.; must. out August 18, 1865.
George W. Scott. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.
Edward A. Snow. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Frederick Slade. Died.
Frank Sabine. Discharged for disability April 29, 1865.

George Stringer.

Biard Tuttle. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Edward Thomas, 2d. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

William Travers. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Thomas Taylor. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

William Vrooman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Nelson Vrooman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Adelbert D. Webster. Corporal; mustered out August 18, '65.

John Woods. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

William Williams. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.

James Wilson. Corporal; mustered out August 18, 1865.

Peter Welltrot. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Horace B. Wood. Died.

Christopher C. Wells. Mustered out June 15, 1865.

Morris W. White. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Patrick Wallace.

Deserters.

George Alexander.

John Emerson.

William Brown.

Andrew Edwards.

John Brown.

Joseph Furniss.

Ernest Bauer.

George Ferguson.

Thomas Butterfield.

George Fiss.

James W. Blake.

John Finnegan.

Robert Burk.

George Fairbanks.

David Brown.

Albert Fisher.

Adam Bartholomew.

Thomas A. Goodman.

Byron Booth.

John M. Grant.

Andrew Clark.

Joseph Gettier.

Richard Crawford.

George Green.

John Clark.

John Gilmore.

Richard Darling.

John Greenwood.

Elliott L. Dorman.

Richard G. Hawkins.

Oscar Davidson.

Albert Howe.

John Davidson.

James Haywood.

Edward M. Dunham.

Peter Hanson.

Thomas Daley.

John Hilton.

James Edmonds,

James Hart,

William Hall.	Edward O'Brien.
Charles Hart.	Henry Peters.
Benjamin Hawkins.	David Purdy.
George Jackson.	William Provost.
William Jones.	Joseph Palmer.
Edward King.	John Roberts.
John Keeler.	Patrick Riley.
Patrick Kelly.	Charles Russell.
James Kanar.	James Smith.
George King.	Charles Smith.
John Lewis.	Edward L. Sangston.
Henry Lewis.	Martin Sullivan.
Wendell Lehman.	James Shaw.
William Lee.	George Thompson.
John McQuanne.	Charles Thompson.
Thomas McCarty.	Edward Thomas, 1st.
Alexander McCarty.	William Thompson.
David Miller.	John Tracy, (substitute for
Thomas Maxwell.	Watson W. Stone.)
James McDonald.	James Van Slyke.
Michael Moroff.	Allen G. Winnegar.
Frank McKay.	Thomas Weldon.
Patrick Murray.	John White.
William Myer.	James Watts.
John McIntyre.	John Wright.
Patrick McCormick.	Andrew Wilson.
John O'Brien.	

COMPANY M.

Captain—Edward W. Marsh.

First Lieutenant—James P. McCabe.

First Lieutenant—

Second Lieutenant—Henry Skinner.

Second Lieutenant—

(Composed entirely of Recruits.)

Henry R. Hoyt. First Sergeant; Commissioned.

Silas A. Palmer. Q. M. Sergt.; mustered out May 12, 1865.
Charles Allen. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Bergen. Missing.
George Bunnell. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William T. Blake. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
Charles Brant. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Burns. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Charles C. Bosworth. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Cosgrove. Discharged for disability Nov. 22, 1864.
Edward Corcoran. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Samuel Cummings. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Colburn. Died of wounds.
James H. Case. Died.
Edward Crosby. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
George H. Couch. Mustered out June 22, 1865.
James Doyle. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Thomas Doyle. Died.
Theodore Drune. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
George W. Dayton. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
Alexander Ellcock. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
William Erwin. Mustered out May 30, 1865.
Cornelius L. Everett. Mustered out June 8, 1865.
James Fitzsimmons. Mustered out June 9, 1865.
John Feeney. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Feneren. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Fitzgerald. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
William Fisher. Transferred to the Navy.
Martin H. Grube. Discharged for disability May 30, 1865.
James Gallagher. Mustered out August 12, 1865.
Charles E. Gilbert. Mustered out June 1, 1865.
William Hoffman. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Peter Hayden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
John Jay. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
Patrick Keegan. Killed.
Azarie N. Lamoreux. Sergeant; Commissioned.
Patrick Little. Mustered out August 18, 1865.
James H. Lee. Discharged for disability Oct. 8, 1865.

Amaziah Livingstone. Discharged for disability June 30, '65.

William Munson. Discharged for disability August 8, 1865.

John McFadden. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Henry Maskell. Sergeant; mustered out August 18, 1865.

Samuel S. Osborne. Killed.

James M. Price. Discharged for disability March 21, 1865.

James Parker. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

George M. Price. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Bernard Riley. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Michael Roach. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Ellsworth M. Russell. Mustered out June 28, 1865.

Edwin Rawson. Discharged for disability Feb. 17, 1865.

Myron W. Schultz. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Samuel Simpson. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Merritt W. Sweet. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Charles Smith. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

George Schmidt. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Henry Strih. Discharged for disability June 13, 1865.

Abner W. Scott. Killed.

John Thomas. Died.

Edward S. Tubbs. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

George Taylor. Transferred to the Navy.

Selah T. Wheeler. Mustered out August 18, 1865.

Peter Ward. Mustered out June 10, 1865.

Deserters.

Charles Anderson.

Nicholas Burk.

James Anderson.

John Bruce.

John Anderson.

David Bartly.

Thomas Adams.

Patrick Birmingham.

William Asken.

Vinson Clark.

Thomas Crown.

Thomas Crane.

James Brannon.

Robert Colman.

Andrew Burns.

Joseph Carr.

James Brown.

Joseph M. Cooper.

James A. Brown.

George Cashier.

Joseph Barber.

John Cole.

John Blaney.

William Culver.

John Dow.	William Potter.
Alfred Dickenson.	John Perston.
John Davis.	Edson Patrick.
Thomas Donahue.	William Ryan.
John Dukin.	Henry Roth.
James Devine.	John Rork.
James M. Eagan.	John Robinson.
John Flannigan.	William Rouke.
Ransom J. Fargo.	James Roberts.
Thomas Foley.	James Robinson.
Michael Farrell.	Henry Smith.
James Flinn.	John Smith.
Andrew Flannigan.	James Smith, 1st.
James Graham.	James Smith, 2d.
John Hargent.	John Shaahan.
Frank Henry.	James Spellman.
Patrick Hyland.	John Sweeney.
Patrick Hagan.	Jacob Smith.
George Holland.	William A. Taylor.
William E. Joy.	John Turner.
James Jones.	Charles Thomas.
John Jones, 1st.	George Thompson.
John Jones, 2d.	John G. Terrell.
George Jones.	Horace A. Thompson.
John Kennedy.	Peter Welch.
John King.	Robert Willis.
Arthur Kemp.	George M. Washington.
Patrick Kennedy.	James Wilson, 1st.
John Larkins.	James Wilson, 2d.
Robert Mullen.	Joseph Welch.
John McLaughlin.	John Williams.
Thomas Mack.	George White.
Charles Milton.	John Wilson.
Charles Marsh.	Charles E. Wold.
John McShaahy.	James Winslow.
Terence O'Neil.	James C. Williams.
George Pennington.	Julius Zimmer.

CHAPTER XIX.

BATTLE RECOLLECTIONS AND PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Captain Walter Burnham furnishes the following statements and reminiscences. They were not intended for publication in their present form,—nevertheless, I take that liberty; for which, if Captain Burnham does not forgive me,—everybody else will:

NEW PRESTON, CONN., August 10, 1868.

Friend Vaill: In accordance with your request, I will give you my recollections of Cold Harbor, beginning at the time when we, (the Third Battalion,) were ordered to lie down among the pines.

Shortly after Colonel Upton left, a young Lieutenant came into our midst (from what direction I know not,) and shouted, "Now's the time—I'll lead you," and I on the impulse of the moment jumped up and shouted "forward," when about half of Co. "I," and a few men from H and C Cos. sprang forward and into the Johnnies' breastworks,—the thought that I was a little rash and fast in giving the order came too late—and as most of my men had obeyed the order, I could do no less than follow; which I did and found it to be a safe place, compared with the knoll, although not as comfortable as it might have been under different circumstances, there being some 12 or 14 inches of water in the ditch from which the Johnnies had taken the dirt to cover their breastworks, besides a great number of wounded men (Johnnies) just over the line of works,—some groaning, some crying for water, others call-

ing upon some one to shoot them on the spot and end their misery ; I distinctly recollect one little fellow from a Georgia Regt. who was severely wounded, evidently while attempting to come in a prisoner, as he lay on the north side of the breast-work ; his cries were terrible and heart rending during the entire night : " Why did my parents drive me into this cruel war ? why could not I have staid at home ? Oh ! father, mother, shall I ever see you again ? water, water, water : will some one shoot me ? kill me quick, I cannot endure this," &c., &c., and even under this call it was quite late in the night before this young man was supplied with water, when lying perhaps not more than 20 ft. off, and this to the rear of our line ; but so continuous was the firing no man dared to leave the protection he then had. By morning a great No. had died and we supposed a great many had been removed during the night, as we heard footsteps very distinctly during the entire night. Now under this excitement three-fourths of the men went to sleep and slept as soundly as would have been possible under far more favorable circumstances. I myself took my turn with two other men of my Co. to watch what we supposed to be a Johnny with musket in hand, just over the opposite side of the breastwork, whom we thought to be waiting or rather soliciting an opportunity to pick some of us off ; we watched him till daylight, and found him still sitting by the side of a tree holding his musket between his knees, but dead ; was severely wounded and died during the night. Just at the left of this man we found a Lieut. Col. severely wounded but full of pluck and vim ; wouldn't tell his name, where he was wounded, what Regt., what he wanted, and when taken back to the Hospital refused to take water from the nurses ; don't know whether he lived or died. By the way, shortly after we had gone into the Johnnies' line of works the 10th Vermont came and re-formed directly in rear of where we were and left the field ; this to me seemed a little strange, as it looked as though we were to vacate. Shortly after some one appeared from the swamp in front of us ; we challenged him and found him to be from the 10th Vermont ; he proved to be a Sergt., a

tall strapping 6-footer, courageous, brave, full of pluck and daring. I felt quite satisfied to have him remain, as during the heavy firing occasionally some man would show a disposition to make to the rear, when this fellow's musket would come to his shoulder, with the remark that he would blow the first man's brains out who attempted to leave that ditch; the result was, most of us staid until morning; about daylight we missed the Sergt., and shortly after discovered him rifling the pockets of our own dead men; he was arrested and sent to the Provo's,—he was a brave, courageous fellow, nevertheless. Vaill, do you recollect the 2d morning after the fight, during a season of shelling, the fact of your sitting at the foot of a chestnut tree and a solid shot or shell going through the body of the tree a few feet above your head; also the shelling we received when we were marching down the ravine a little to the right and front of the line; I always supposed I had a narrow escape; a shell exploded just at the right of the line as we were moving by the flank, killed I think a man from D Co. just at our rear; a piece of the same shell struck the top ear of my canteen, thereby entailing a loss of a canteen of water—which I had been at some trouble to obtain.—you know that water didn't come by pipe into the back kitchen in those days; nevertheless I didn't feel like complaining.

Sergeant Edward S. Roberts, of Company F, makes the following statement concerning the battle of Cold Harbor:

After we had crossed the cornfield and lodged in the pines, (the regiment being somewhat scattered,) Captain Jones had to take command of the Third Battalion, Ells being wounded. Soon after, Captain Jones sent for Co. F to reinforce him, he having gained possession of the picket line on the right. Lieutenant Edwin S. Hubbard took the Company by the left flank to the left and front, instead of to the right. We passed down into a little ravine—as we supposed among our own men, when we were challenged. “Halt! who comes there?” Lieutenant Hubbard replied, “Company F, Second Connecticut.” For a moment all was quiet except a buzz of voices along

the line, and then a flash and terrific volley went over our heads. The Company stood low, in or near a small brook, and thus escaped utter destruction. We turned about, as it on a wheel, and then made for the rear in the utmost haste.

Corporal (afterward Quartermaster Sergeant) Benjamin Wellman, of Company I, gives the following history of his experience at Cold Harbor :

I was wounded in the left cheek, the ball passing through under the left ear, while the Third Battalion was advancing. This brought me down, and I was soon so weak that I could not get up. About two hours afterward, while lying here, I was again struck in the back. Sometime in the night there were two Johnnies came up to me belonging to a North Carolina regiment; one of them gave me water, and the other said, "You will be taken care of soon;"—meaning, probably, that I would be taken prisoner. Soon after this, there were about a hundred came along, marching in column; some of them stepped on me. Some time afterward, a Colonel of a New York regiment came up and gave me a little "Commissary," which did me a great deal of good. He said we had taken five hundred prisoners, and told me to keep up good courage. In the morning I was taken to the field Hospital, and on the 3d was put into a government wagon, with seven others, and carried to White House Landing. I returned to the regiment on the 26th of December.

Assistant Surgeon Judson B. Andrews furnishes the following touching narrative :

I need not recall to your mind the general incidents attending the battle of Cedar Creek—the early surprise, the haste of mustering in line, the rapid change of front, and the terrible fire to which our boys were exposed behind that remnant of a stone wall,—all are ineffaceably stamped upon the memory of those who were witnesses. But one incident which perhaps escaped your notice, I will mention. The next morning early I passed over the ground occupied by us the preceding day—behind the wall were thirteen dead of our own regiment; toward the right of the line at the spot held by Company G

lay the bodies of Corporals Page and Reed. You remember them as praiseworthy for their neatness in person and dress, for their regularity and soldierly bearing. During the service they had been bosom friends—side by side they entered the fight, and at the same instant received their death wounds. Together they fell, each in the other's embrace—their countenances wore the placid expression of a mutual friendship; during the whole preceding day they had thus lain and no ruthless hand of a rebel foe had disturbed their repose; their clothing, of which most of our dead were deprived, had not been removed—the shoes alone were gone—and the bright new uniforms, marked with the red chevrons of the artillery were fitting shrouds for their lifeless bodies. The burial party was already at work and soon they were covered in the same trench, while many a rough and war worn veteran's face was washed with tears as he turned away from so affecting a sight.

During the early part of the day of the fight at Cedar Creek, Captain Marsh was struck by a spent ball on the heel of his boot, taking it completely off; a few moments later a spent ball struck the inside of his coat sleeve, right arm, passing through the sleeve and lining under the arm and through the lining of the opposite side, dropping down between lining and sleeve to his wrist. A spent ball also passed through Captain Burnham's overcoat cape just between the shoulders.

There were a great many slightly wounded who were never so reported, and who never were off duty on that account. Some of them were quite as seriously wounded as some who are named in Chapter XVI. In fact, almost every man who went through Cold Harbor, Winchester and Cedar Creek, was either grazed or bruised, or had his garments or equipments shot through. Those who saw Corporal Cooper, of Company K, on the morning after Cold Harbor, will never forget him;

he was nowhere wounded more than skin deep, but his clothes were riddled, and his person grazed, from crown to heels; one shot had gone across the top of his head, through his cap, and shaved off the hair as with a razor. Corporal Lewis Bissell, of Company A, had a singular experience; at Cold Harbor he was struck in the pit of the stomach by a spent ball, which knocked him down and knocked the breath out of him, but did no further damage. He was mustered in at Camp Dutton and was never sick, never on furlough, never missed any march, fight or skirmish, never detailed away from his Company, never wounded, (except as above mentioned,) and never fell out on any march, until the regiment was mustered out. Probably not five other men, out of the more than two thousand, had a similar experience.

The skill with which some scoundrels can assume the appearance of sickness and helplessness, deceiving even surgeons into the belief that they are at the point of death is well illustrated by a Cold Harbor incident. Some time before the charge, two men were carried to the rear, on stretchers, apparently in such a state of exhaustion that they could not stand, nor turn their heads, nor lift an arm; they were carried by some of the musicians,—whose duty it was to perform such work when fighting was going on—and placed in a ravine, about a mile to the rear; they had but just arrived there when a rebel shell burst near the spot, taking off the foot of a drummer boy of Company E, named Frederick D. Painter; the two exhausted ones, who had required four strong men to move them, suddenly found that they had an abundance of strength for emergencies, and moved from the ravine with almost as great velocity as that with which the shell came.

Frederick D. Painter was the assumed name of one of eight or ten boys, not more than thirteen or fifteen years of age, who had enlisted and come to the regiment with the rest of the recruits, as drummer boys. He was the son of a clergyman living in New York state, who at length learned of his enlistment in our regiment, and wrote a letter of inquiry to Assistant Surgeon Andrews, but not until after the boy had been killed by the shell at Cold Harbor.

Some of the other boys were Clarence Smith, of A, Daniel T. Phillips, of B, "Little Dick Butler" and Wallace Ostrum, of C, and Charles Spreyer of F.

James Van Buren, a drummer of G, and one of the original Nineteenth, was fatally wounded by a shell at Winchester, under much the same circumstances as Painter at Cold Harbor.

KELLOGG.

As the surviving soldier of the regiment marshals the scenes of the past, and bids them Pass in Review over the field of his memory, he is sure to observe one personage who towers like Saul the son of Kish above his fellows, and who moves amid the ghostly throng with ineffable majesty. That proud form was not seen in the battle of Winchester. That bold rider did not lead the charge at Fisher's Hill. That soldier knew nothing of the loss and recovery of the day at Cedar Creek. He heard not the shout when the regiment broke the enemy's lines at Petersburg. The sods of a new year had begun to be green above his grave when Lee surrendered unconditionally, and the whole fabric of rebellion tumbled in ruin. And yet there is not a scene, a day, nor a memory,

from Camp Dutton to Grapevine Point, that can be wholly divested of KELLOGG. Like the ancient eastern King, who suddenly died on the eve of an engagement, and whose remains were bolstered up in warlike attitude in his chariot, and followed by his enthusiastic soldiers to battle and to victory,—so this mighty leader, although falling in the *very first onset*, yet went on through every succeeding march and fight, and won posthumous victories for the regiment which may be said to have been born out of his loins. Battalion and Company, officer and private, arms and quarters, camp and drill, command and obedience, honor and duty, *esprit* and excellence, *every* moral and material belonging of the regiment, bore the impress of his genius.

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
O miracle of men! In speech, in gait,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others.

In the eyes of civilians, Colonel Kellogg was nothing but a horrid, strutting, shaggy monster. But request any one of the survivors of the Nineteenth Infantry or the Second Artillery to name the most perfect soldier he ever saw, and this will surely be the man. Or ask him to conjure up the *ideal* soldier of his imagination; still the same figure, complete in feature, gesture, gauntlet, saber, boot, spur, observant eye and commanding voice, will stalk with majestic port upon the mental vision. He seemed the superior of all superiors, and major generals shrunk into pigmy corporals in comparison with him. In every faculty of body, mind, heart and soul, he was built after a *large* pattern. His virtues were large, and his vices were not small. As Lincoln said of Seward, he could

swear magnificently. His nature was versatile and full of contradictions; sometimes exhibiting the tenderest sensibilities, and sometimes none at all. Now he would be in the hospital tent, bending with streaming eyes over the victims of fever, and kissing the dying Corporal Webster,—and an hour later would find him down at the guard house, prying open the jaws of a refractory soldier with a bayonet, in order to insert a gag; or in anger drilling a battalion, for the fault of a single man, to the last point of endurance; or shamefully abusing the most honorable and faithful officers in the regiment.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

But notwithstanding his faults, notwithstanding his frequent ill treatment of officers and soldiers, he had a hold upon their affections such as no other commander ever had, or could have. The men who were cursing him one day for the almost intolerable rigors of his discipline, would in twenty-four hours be throwing up their caps for him, or subscribing to buy him a new horse, or petitioning the Governor not to let him be jumped. The man who sat on a sharp-backed wooden horse in front of the guard house, would sometimes watch the motions of the Colonel on drill or parade, until he forgot the pain and disgrace of his punishment in admiration of the man who inflicted it.

But his commanding skill, and his power over men, availed nothing at Cold Harbor.. His voice could not silence rebel guns, and an ounce of lead laid him low as quickly as though he had been an impotent drummer boy. At dawn of the next day his body, majestic even in death, was placed upon a rubber blanket and borne with labor from the field; and as it

passed along, the men looked down with wonder upon the lifeless clay, half questioning within themselves whether the old lion would not rouse himself and scatter all his and his country's foes.

The following is an extract from a sketch of Colonel Kellogg written by Captain Thomas S. Gilbert, formerly of the First Connecticut Volunteer Artillery, and afterward Commander of the Third Independent Battery,—and published in the "Connecticut War Record" for September, 1864:

By some mischance, a Young American sailor shipped on board an English merchantman. Early in life he had learned the story of his country's flag—how Washington and his compatriots bore it through battle fields to victories; how Hull, Perry, and other Naval heroes, had nailed it to the mast, and compelled the "red cross of St. George" to yield to the new-born "ruler of the waves." To him it was the emblem of victory over wrong—the flag of the free—given to the breeze, when tyranny threatened "the sacred rights of man."

Whoever dared, by word or deed, insult "the flag of stars," failed not to excite the anger of this young sailor. On "British Oak," or British soil, ignorant prejudice, or persistent malice, could not, if he were present, sneer at the grand old flag and go unrebuked. For striking in defence of the flag, he was finally thrust in prison, on a foreign shore. The monarch of the realm was not prouder of crown or sceptre, than this young hero of his chains. 'Twas easy for his fancy to connect these links with other chains, which had rusted in the flesh of historic men. When released, the rest of his life on the sea, he sailed under the flag he loved. This young sailor, Elisha Strong Kellogg, was born in the town of Glastenbury, Connecticut, A. D. 1824. A boyish love of adventure led him to choose the life of a sailor. For many years he was buffeted by waves, and disciplined by hardship, until, like the son of Neptune, he grew in stature robust and vigorous—in mind honest, sincere, and kind; with a certain brusque roughness which (as barnacles cling to the noblest vessel,) pertains to the hardy sailor. His sailor life terminated when the California excitement began—thither with the many adventurous spirits, he went in search of fortune, with indifferent success. With maturity, and much experience, came a desire for repose, and domestic enjoyment. In the vicinity of his native village he settled down to one



COLONEL ELISHA S. KELLOGG.

of the mechanical pursuits of busy New England industry. Aptitude for mechanic art soon made him skillful. He was a cheerful worker at all times. He married the lady he loved, and whose affection he prized more than any earthly thing. Upon a hill, in the town of Winsted, resides the stricken widow, with little Eddie, their only child. In the valley below, there is a mound of earth covering all that was mortal of a loved husband, and affectionate father.

He was a most unselfish man: the story of his life is replete with tender charities and kindly ministrations. On battle fields and in hospitals, the dew of his soul fell on the crushed flowers of humanity, to bless and succor. The stern warrior who could tread with unfaltering steps, and unblanched cheek, along the fiery front of battle, could also bend with tearful sympathy over the victims.

One of his staff, writing of the action at Cold Harbor, says:

He was fully impressed with a sense of what was before us—marked out on the ground the shape of the works to be taken—told the officers what disposition to make of the different battalions; how the charge would be made—spoke of our reputation as “a band-box regiment.” “Now we were called on to show what we could do at fighting; he felt confident we would in this, our first fight, establish, and ever afterward maintain, a glorious reputation as a FIGHTING regiment.”

We were soon ordered to the charge. Colonel Kellogg led us in bravely—coolly, and steadily—taking the first line of works near which he was wounded; he pushed steadily on to the second line—charged, and took them with more than two hundred prisoners—mounting these works he ordered the “boys” on after the fleeing rebels.

Another officer of his staff writes:

I went to the left of the Battalion, and on the way passed Colonel Kellogg; HIS FACE WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD, from a wound in the cheek; he was CHEERING on the men. On reaching the main works which were protected by a mass of felled trees and limbs piled up in front, our boys could not get over them, and there they halted, firing over the obstructions. The galling fire of the enemy at last forced our line to give way. I went over where the centre had rested, and there my worst fears were realized—on the top of the abattis the Col-

onel lay dead ; and near him a score of our brave boys had fallen ; he was shot through the head just above the ear—two shots near together—he was also shot in the arm, and face.

General Upton says :

The conduct of Colonel Kellogg, during the entire day, June 1st, was under my immediate observation ; particularly during the battle. A brave and patriotic officer has fallen in the defence of his country ; he has done much for the honor and reputation of his native State.

MACKENZIE.

Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie was a nephew of the noted rebel, John Slidell. His father was a Captain in the U. S. Navy, and was the one who hung John C. Spencér at the yard-arm for mutiny, twenty-five or thirty years ago. The circumstances under which Colonel Mackenzie became connected with the Second Connecticut are related in Chapter VI. He had chosen the trade of war before the rebellion commenced, and it soon became evident that he had a remarkable taste and aptitude for the business. He arrived and assumed command while we lay at Cold Harbor,—where three hundred of the regiment, including the mighty Kellogg, had just gone down in fight,—and where the survivors were lying so supine and stupid that they could hardly be called survivors. Marching and fighting had thumped and banged nearly every trace of vitality out of them,—and the new Colonel beheld a set of commissioned and non-commissioned beings who seemed to have the languid sense and motion of the Pre-Adamitic animals. If the officers had been chained by the heels to a wagon and snaked all the way from Belle Plain, they could hardly have presented a more draggled, tattered, unwashed, unshaven, unkempt, unofficer-like appear-

ance ; and the men looked no worse than the officers, simply because it was impossible. Being himself in no such exhausted condition, Colonel Mackenzie found not the slightest difficulty in becoming master of the situation. His military experience, and his thorough competency in all respects, would have enabled him, under any circumstances, to command the respect of subordinate officers,—but the condition of things just at that time made it a peculiarly easy task. For some days he did not tighten the screws of his discipline, but contented himself with observing his command, and finding out what kind of stuff it was made of. But it was not long before the regiment began to grieve anew over the loss of Kellogg. That commander had chastised us with whips, but this one dealt in scorpions. By the time we reached the Shenandoah Valley, he had so far developed as to be a far greater terror, to both officers and men, than Early's grape and canister. As though the forced marches of that campaign could not kill off the men fast enough, he always supplemented them with a "rail march" of an hour or two after halting, in which the most honorable of our Litchfield County soldiers—men who enlisted from the most unmixed and exalted patriotism, and who never failed to keep up, and to do their whole duty, except by reason of absolute physical inability—were compelled to participate ; while the *real* shirks generally escaped him by keeping out of sight, and not coming up at all. He was a Perpetual Punisher,—and the Second Connecticut, while under him, was always a punished regiment. There is a regimental tradition to the effect that a well defined purpose existed among the men, prior to the battle of Winchester, to dispose of this commanding scourge during the first fight that occurred. If he had known it, it would only

have excited his contempt, for he cared not a copper for the good will of any except his military superiors, and certainly feared no man of woman born, on either side of the lines. But the purpose, if any existed, quailed and failed before his audacious pluck on that bloody day. He seemed to court destruction all day long. With his hat aloft on the point of his saber, he galloped over forty-acre fields, through a perfect hailstorm of rebel lead and iron, with as much impunity as though he had been a ghost. The men hated him with the hate of hell,—but they could not draw bead on so brave a man as that. Thenceforth they firmly believed that he bore a charmed life.

Colonel Kellogg used to say that he expected to be killed in the first fight into which he went with this regiment ;—and so he was. Colonel Mackenzie used to declare that he expected to be wounded, but that he was not going to be killed. And these expectations were also strangely realized. His fingers were shot off at Petersburg, while his hand was stretched out in the act of giving an order,—but he was in command again in twenty days. At Winchester his leg was skinned by a shell that cut his horse asunder,—but, tying a handkerchief around it, and remarking with grim jocoseness that this was “dismounting without numbers,”* he went on with the regiment, through the battle of Fisher’s Hill and the chase up the Valley, never for a moment relinquishing command until the battle of Cedar Creek, on which day another horse was killed under him, and two wounds,—one received during Early’s early morning call, and the other during Sheridan’s return call in the afternoon—at length cleared him out. That was the last of his immediate command of the regiment. He

A Cavalry phrase.

returned, however, in less than a month, and took command of the brigade, which he retained until appointed to a Cavalry command in the Spring of 1865.

No enlisted man ever saw him laugh or smile, except in a fight,—but there he always wore a broad grin, and seemed running over with delight. In fact, he was apparently very uneasy and very unhappy when not in a fight, and consequently very uncomfortable to those around him. The fact that he had human susceptibilities, however, once cropped out through a little camp incident, which it is worth while to relate. One night while we lay at Cedar Creek, an orderly was directed to tell the Sergeant of the Guard to report at Head-quarters immediately. It was Sergeant Henry P. Milford, of Company G,—a man apparently old enough to be exempt from military duty. The Colonel began to storm and tear about something or other, threatening to reduce him to the ranks, and at last instituting a series of questions which evoked the information that the Sergeant had formerly served in the Navy, on board a man-of-war under Captain Mackenzie, the deceased father of the Colonel. This intelligence at once disarmed Mackenzie of his ferocity, and his tone became decent, respectful, considerate. “Captain Gold,” said he, shortly afterward,—“that man served under my father. I guess I won’t reduce him. We’ll let him keep his sergeant’s berth for the good he has done.”

Since the war, General Mackenzie has been on duty in Texas and at the West. If we are to have another war, it is gratifying to think that he will probably have a command not smaller than an army corps. His consummate ability would achieve success in such a position, if there were any success to be achieved; while his removal from the immediate command of

individual soldiers would be to the advantage of the service. It would be somewhat impracticable to put rails on a whole army corps.

CAPTAIN OREN H. KNIGHT was wounded in the head when out on the skirmish line before Petersburg, June 22, 1864, and died of Traumatic Erysipelas, in Transit Hospital, New York, July 5, 1864. His commission as Captain bears the date of his wound, and he never knew of his promotion.

Believing his wound to be slight, he sacrificed his life to the care of Lieutenant Hempstead and Private John Lawrence, who were wounded at the same time. His sleeplessness, which he thought made it practicable for him to take the care of his friends, was the result of his injury.

The most unpromising officer that left Camp Dutton with the old Nineteenth was First Lieutenant Augustus H. Fenn. He was but eighteen years old, of freckled face and awkward gait, and was regarded with surly contempt by windy and consequential brother officers. Every private soldier, too, had his fling at him. It was considered very impudent in him to be an officer, at all; but he had recruited his forty men, and there he was, with a commission in his pocket from Governor Buckingham. There was no getting away from him, and he was assigned to Company K, which was a kind of regimental Botany Bay. (That Company had been formed by transfer of what the Captains of the other nine Companies *considered* their refuse;—but it was, nevertheless, one of the best, most faithful, truest Companies that ever went into the service.)

But three years of fighting blew away a good deal of showy incompetency, and revealed true merit, wherever it existed. Lieutenant Fenn grew in the estimation of his fellow officers and of all who knew him, until there was no tongue that dared to wag against him. He proved himself one of the best drill masters and disciplinarians in the regiment, and one of the most competent officers in every position. Before going to the front he was made Captain of Company C. On the 22d of June he led his Company into the skirmish at Petersburg as far as it advanced, and was then and there detailed A. A. A. General on Upton's staff, vice Captain Sanborn, of the Fifth Maine; and mounting a horse which had been brought to him, commenced his duties at once. When the regiment left the Sixth Corps at Tenallytown in July he was relieved. In September he was appointed Judge Advocate of the Division Court Martial, which tried twenty-five cases. At Cedar Creek he lost his left arm. The Surgeons at Annapolis proposed to muster him out and discharge him for disability,—but he protested, and wrote to General Mackenzie, urging his interference. The consequence was that he was retained, and in less than *seven weeks* from the time he had an arm taken off at the shoulder, he reported for full duty at the front, and was at once detailed as A. A. A. General of the brigade again; which detail was afterward changed to Brigade Inspector. He subsequently participated in several fights. He was detailed as Judge Advocate five different times; was brevetted Major after Cedar Creek; promoted to Major in January, 1865; brevetted Lieutenant Colonel for Little Sailor's Creek; and Colonel for "services during the war." He is now practicing law in Waterbury, Connecticut. Truly, in his case, the last became one of the first.

Lieutenant John M. Gregory, who lost his right arm at Cedar Creek, (and who, by the way, like Fenn, gained more and more respect as long as he remained in the service,) is now residing at Ellsworth, Connecticut. He has learned to be a very superior left-handed penman.

Captain Burnham was wounded in the after part of the day at Cedar Creek, about six o'clock, (just as the Johnnies' lines were broken) by a cast-iron ball from a spherical case shot, which exploded just in front,—in the right hip. He also received a slight wound at the same time in the left leg just above the ankle, by a piece of shell, and his clothes were rent in different places by the same explosion. Mackenzie was wounded at nearly the same time and place; and it was just about this time when our regiment had become separated from the troops on our right, (including the Thirteenth Connecticut,) that Captain E. F. Gold, who, cool and calm, was walking directly down this vacancy, hat off, sword in hand, seeing Colonel Blinn, of the Thirteenth, approached him, and with that wave of the hand peculiar to the Captain, "wished to suggest the propriety of having this vacancy closed." Colonel Blinn coolly remarked that he would be happy to close it if he had the men.



CHAPTER XX.

STATISTICS, MEMORANDA, INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES, OBSERVATIONS, &C., &C.

Tabular Classification of the total number of Deaths that occurred from muster-in until muster-out:

	KILLED.	DIED OF WOUNDS.	MISSING.	DIED IN REBEL PRISONS OR AFTER RELEASE.	DIED OF DISEASE, ACCIDENTS, ETC.	TOTAL.
Field and Staff.	3					3
Company A,	18	13		2	11	44
Company B,	20	11	2	1	12	46
Company C,	11	5			24	40
Company D,	16	14	2	3	13	48
Company E,	19	10	12	3	12	56
Company F,	7	4	1	2	14	28
Company G,	7	9	2		18	36
Company H,	6	4	1	2	11	24
Company I,	8	9	1	2	14	34
Company K,	14	13	1	3	12	43
Company L,	2	5		3	8	18
Company M,	3	3	2		3	11
	134	100	24	21	152	431

Numerical list of the Surviving wounded.

[NOTE. The object of these figures is to present a comparative exhibit of the casualties sustained by each Company. Therefore all who recovered from wounds received in any battle are reckoned in, although they may have died of wounds received in SUBSEQUENT

battles, or may have died since the close of the war. The same remark will apply to Chapter XVI.]

Field and Staff, 7; Company A, 41; B, 41; C, 36; D, 58; E, 38; F, 38; G, 39; H, 43; I, 55; K, 31; L, 25; M, 27. Total, 470.

Table showing the number and kind of Casualties in each Battle and Skirmish:

	KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS.	WOUNDED, BUT NOT MORTALLY.	MISSING.	PRISONERS WHO SURVIVED.	PRISONERS WHO DIED.
On Picket at the North Anna, May 24, 1864, - - - -	2	5	1		
On Picket on the Tolopotomy, May 30, 1864, - - - -	2	5			
Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864, -	114	179	15		3
Cold Harbor, from June 2 to June 12, 1864, inclusive,	7	11			
Petersburg, June 20, 1864, -	3	4			
Petersburg, June 21, 1864, -	2	1			
Petersburg, June 22, 1864, -	10	9	3		5
Petersburg, June 26, 1864, -		1			
Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, -	42	108			
Fisher's Hill, Sept. 22, 1864,	4	19			
Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864, -	38	96	2		11
Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865,		7	2		
Fort Fisher, March 25, 1865,	7	13			
Petersburg, Capture of the City, April 2, 1865, - -		6	1		
Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865,	3	6			
Spottsylvania and vicinity, -					2
Snicker's Gap and vicinity, -					1
	<hr/> 234	<hr/> 470	<hr/> 24	<hr/> —	<hr/> 22

The number of Recruits received by each Company, after the regiment left the State, and before it joined the Army of the Potomac, (in May, 1864,) was as follows:

Company A, 81; B, 95; C, 90; D, 84; E, 89; F, 77, G, 82; H, 84; I, 94; K, 103; L, 194; M, 160. Total, 1385.

The following officers and men were on picket at Cedar Creek on the morning of the 19th of October, and were taken prisoners. The rebel authorities soon after this time began to treat their captives more humanely, and these men were tolerably well treated. Most of them returned to the regiment about the time of Lee's surrender.

First Lieutenant—Henry Skinner.

Company E.—William H. Fitzgerald, C. Griffin, John Leonard, Michael Welch, A. B. Young.

Company L.—Sergeant Andrew McGraw, Sergeant William Dostman, Corporal Charles Grout, Corporal William Morton, James Busse, James Bishop, Calvin A. Bowers, William Burke, John Calnan, Edward M. Dunham, John Dostman, Anthony Dougherty, Peter Dolan, Charles Davenport, Clark Fox, Thomas Farrell, Patrick Farrell, Jahleel B. Hill, James Hughes, Charles W. Hale, Benjamin Hawkins, Henry McGinety, Edward H. Northrop, Dominick O'Brien, George Perkins, Elisha Peck, William Parry, William Ragan, Thomas Taylor, Morris W. White, Horace B. Wood, Peter Weltrot.

Lieutenant Kirkham was also captured that morning. He returned in May, 1865; and was thenceforth on staff duty at General Hamblin's Head-quarters.

Besides these, there were many taken prisoners from various Companies, in various engagements and marches. Some of them were exchanged and returned to duty with the regi-

ment, and some reached various hospitals and were thence discharged from the service. It is utterly impossible to obtain a complete list of them from the muster rolls in the Adjutant General's office, or any where else. Among them, however, were the following:

Charles Merriman, Company A, captured in the Valley, but released after a few weeks.

Daniel O. Page, Company B, captured at Cold Harbor, and paroled.

John Smith and John H. Call, Company K, captured near Cold Harbor. Call returned to duty in May, and Smith in June, 1865.

Franklin S. Graves, Company B, was captured at Cedar Creek, and after great sufferings in different rebel prisons, was exchanged and reached the regiment shortly after Lee's surrender. During the review of the Sixth Corps in Washington, he fell from the ranks by sun-stroke, and was carried to the hospital for dead. He recovered, however, and it seems that his hardships in war did not deter him from going to the very far West, where he has recently had, among the Indians, an additional rough experience.

Sergeant Minor A. Strong and Corporal Horace N. Sanford, both of Company H, were captured at Cedar Creek, and held a short time.

William F. Lane was taken at Spottsylvania, with Herbert H. Reed and Moses L. Wigglesworth, all of Company H, and confined at Andersonville. (The two last named died there, as reported in Dorence Atwater's list.) Lane was exchanged.

Hiram Murphy and Harry Payne, Company H, were taken at Cedar Creek, and confined at Libby Prison and Andersonville.

Patrick O'Connor, John H. Hayes, Patrick Murphy, George Moore, Philip Myers, and Patrick Shaff,—all of Company C,—were captured at various times.

The following are among those who have died since the close of the war :

Regimental Commissary Sergeant Prosper W. Smith.

Sergeant Ferris Pond, Company A, of disease contracted in the service.

Avery M. Allen, Company C, of disease contracted in the service.

Company A.—Henry G. Gibbs, Thomas Herbert.

Company B.—George W. Mansfield.

Company C.—John Quinn.

Company D.—Charles L. Bryan, Nathan H. Geer, Timothy Malone.

Company G.—Thomas Sherman, John Hawver, Hubert D. Hoxley.

Company H.—George H. Potter.

Company I.—Joseph Miller.

Many enlisted men of the old Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers, before the change to Artillery, received commissions in the U. S. Colored Troops. Among them were Romulus C. Loveridge, Company H ; Edward Coe, Company A ; Carlton Seymour and Norman M. Rust, Company F ; Lyman S. Catlin, Company A ; and James M. Bradley, Company I.

The following is a list of the Ordnance and Ordnance Stores turned over by Lieutenant Philip E. Chapin, of Company L,

to Lieutenant Henry Skinner, on the 29th of July, 1864. It was the Armament of Company L; and the list is given here merely to show what a Company Commander was required to receipt for in those days.

74 Enfield rifled muskets, calibre .577, 73 bayonet scabbards, 74 cap pouches and cone picks, 74 cartridge boxes, 28 cartridge box plates, 73 cartridge belts, 73 cartridge box belt plates, 61 gun slings, 43 waist belts, 13 waist belt plates.

The following is a list of "Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage on hand and to be accounted for by Lieutenant Philip E. Chapin, Commanding Company L, on the 31st of July, 1864."

50 cap letters, 50 cross cannon, 10 forage caps, 50 numbers, 31 trousers, 24 blouses, 98 flannel shirts, 38 pairs drawers, 81 pairs bootes, 116 pairs stockings, 17 rubber blankets, 2 woolen blankets, 61 knapsacks, 90 haversacks, 78 canteens and straps, 35½ shelter tents, 1 Clothing Account Book, 1 Descriptive Book, 1 Order Book.

In the table on page 12, the name of Frederick M. Berry should have been inserted as one of the recruiting officers of Company H.

Captain Michael Kelly received an injury during the charge on the rebel lines, April 2, 1865, which has since resulted in hernia.

It is related in Chapter V how the regiment was paid off at Belle Plain, while *en route* for the front. During the two succeeding days the men sent home, to their relatives and friends, through Chaplain Phelps and the Christian Commission, over seventeen thousand dollars;—while an unknown sum was also sent directly by the men.

The following copies of statements made to the Ordnance Department, concerning property that could not otherwise be accounted for, contain so much regimental history that I deem them worthy a place in this chapter :

I certify on honor that at various times during October and November, 1864, I issued to all the twelve Companies of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery certain Ordnance and Ordnance Stores for which, (except in the case of three Companies,) I have never had receipts, and which I have been unable to invoice to any responsible officer or officers, for the following reasons: the Regiment, (with Sheridan's Army in the Shenandoah Valley,) was, during the time these issues were made, constantly marching or fighting. The casualties were so heavy that during part of this time there were but six officers present with twelve Companies. There have been changes in the command of every one of those Companies since that time, and most of them permanent changes. For these reasons, I could not invoice the property to the responsible Commandants of Companies, nor obtain their receipts. But I made memoranda of the issues and deposited them in my Field Desk. On the 1st of December, 1864, this Desk was turned over to the Q. M. Department for transportation from Winchester, Va., to City Point, Va., and was lost *in transitu*,—and has never been found. Of the officers who should have receipted to me for this property one was killed, six were wounded, and two captured,—and in consequence of the loss of the above-mentioned memoranda, it is impossible for me or any one to tell what Companies had the articles, or how much each Company had.

The following is a list of the articles issued as above stated :
10 Springfield rifled muskets, 1 Enfield rifled musket, 28 bayonet

scabbards, 31 cap pouches, 18 cartridge boxes, 88 cartridge box plates, 30 cartridge box belts, 128 cartridge box belt plates, 24 gun slings, 34 waist belt plates, 24 bayonets, 6 ball screws, 54 screw drivers and cone wrenches, 5 spring vises, 14 tumbler punches, 47 tompons, 54 wipers, 3 cartridge box magazines, 2036 elong. ball cartridges, 52 cones, 12 main springs, 3 tang screws, 12 sear springs, 9 tumbler screws.

THEO. F. VAILL,

1st Lieut. and Adjt., and (from Oct. 12, 1864, until
January 12, 1865,) Acting Ordnance Officer,
2nd Conn. Hy. Arty.

Sworn and subscribed before me, at Fort Baker, Va., this
24th day of June, 1865.

JAMES DEANE,

Capt. 2d C. V. A., and A. A. I. G.

I certify that during the Fourth Quarter of 1864, in obedience to verbal orders from my Regimental Commander, I issued to the Companies and Picket lines of my Regiment, Ammunition Boxes, as follows :

Oct. 14th, 1864, three boxes; Oct. 19th, 1864, six boxes; Oct. 23d, 1864, one box; during Dec., 1864, nine boxes; and that these boxes, being delivered to the men in the presence of the enemy, could not be preserved and returned, but were smashed open by throwing them on the ground, or were opened with hatchets, and thus destroyed without fault on my part.

T. F. VAILL,

1st Lieut. and Adjt., and (from Oct. 12, 1864, until
January 12, 1865,) Acting Ordnance Officer,
2nd Conn. Hy. Arty.

Hdqrs. 2nd C. V. A., Fort Baker, D. C., June 24, 1865.

* Since the war, Sergeant Thayer, of Company E, found a convict at Sing Sing who was formerly a recruit of Company

K. He obtained a furlough just before they were shut off in March, 1865, on pretence of sickness in his family,—and before his furlough expired found himself in Sing Sing for a term of years. He was not one of the Camp Dutton men.

In the Spring of 1868, the author hailed a man in Worth street, New York, thus: "Are you not John Schmidt, of Company M, Second Connecticut?" "Yes," was the reply, "but my name is not Schmidt;"—whereupon he presented his card, which read thus: "Albert Bornowski, dealer in rags, 36 Elm street, New York." He once deserted from his Company, was arrested, confined in the bomb proof at Fort Williams for four weeks, was released and went to the front with the regiment, and remained all through. He justified his desertion on the ground that he desired and was entitled to be transferred to the Navy, in accordance with an order of the War Department, and that his application for transfer was disregarded.

That Navy business made a great deal of trouble.

Once when Companies E. H and I composed the garrison of Fort Hooker, (*alias* Redoubt D,) Captain Williams, that severe disciplinarian, having the good order and quiet of camp at heart, looked out of his quarters just after taps, to see if his subordinates, Lieutenants Barnham and Birge, were walking the streets, (which they were required to do to enforce order.) Apparently well satisfied, he drew in his head and betook himself to repose. Not long afterward, a small poodle, (the property of Aunt Leech, the washer-woman,) came somewhat abruptly through the ventilator over the Captain's tent door,

and *plump* upon the horizontal form of the temporary Post Commander. "Git out! git out!" "*Yow, wow, wow, wow!*" "*Git out!*" "*Yow wow!*" The mingled cries of the Captain and poodle roused the whole camp, and a thorough investigation was instituted. No clue to the guilty perpetrators was ever found, however, and to this day no man knoweth "who frew dat dog."

It will not do to forget Captain Sperry's speech to his Company about the time of his discharge. It was *his farewell*. The "nub" was in the closing up, which ran something thus: "We none of us know what is in store for us; the probabilities are that we shall never all meet in this world again. But when the great Arch Angel Gabriel's trump shall sound, and when his Adjutant shall report, may Company I, of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery be reported "*present or accounted for*."

Some time during the Fall of 1863, just after the regiment had been changed to Artillery, and Companies L and M had been formed, Company M was assigned to Fort Williams, Major Ells, commanding; (that is, not exactly assigned to the Fort, except as its Bomb Proof was needed to confine its runaways, deserters, bounty jumpers, &c.,) but quartered in one of the just completed Barracks, where they were kept under a strong guard for some time; no man being allowed his liberty, under any pretence whatever. This was the condition of things when Captain E. W. Marsh, who had been absent in Connecticut on a very successful recruiting service, and had in the mean time been promoted from Second Lieu-

tenant, and commissioned as Captain, and assigned to M Company, returned. This state of things, of course did not please Captain Marsh, who immediately made application at Head-Quarters to have the guard removed; which request was finally complied with, the idea having been forcibly impressed upon Captain Marsh's mind that *he* would be directly responsible for *every man*. With this understanding the Captain, when his Company was marched out of the Barracks for undress parade, took occasion to make a few remarks suited to their comprehension, saying that he expected to find in M Company a band of patriots, who had the love of their country at heart, and acting upon this principle, had come to shoulder their muskets in defence of the right; he believed that truth, justice and liberty would prevail, and he had seen nothing yet to change his mind. He trusted that all would come forward and do their duty; the guard would now be removed, and he trusted that each man would keep guard over himself and prove a blessing to his Company and to his Regiment; and then gave command to "*break ranks, march!*" Up went the shouts, up went the caps, "Hurrah for Captain Marsh; bully for Captain Marsh; three cheers for the Union," and no end of jubilation.

"Well, Captain," said a brother officer to Marsh, after roll-call the next morning, "How's Company M this morning?"

"Twenty-seven absent without leave," was the desperately calm reply. "I *declare*, Walt., aint that a nipper!"

The bodies of the noble and patriotic twenty-seven were never recovered.

An excellent version of the story which ends with "Stand steady on the left of M Company, you illiterate people," has

been received from a member of the regiment,—but it is a story which requires a verbal narration in order to get the full flavor of it.

The same may be said of “Away you go Capm ——!” also of the experiments of the Surgeons on certain hearty-looking sick men, to ascertain whether they were “playing off.”

My readers will be indebted for the following narration to Captain Gad Smith. Those who have not had anything to do with making out muster and pay rolls, can by no means comprehend it, and had better not read it.

Captain Gold of Cornwall,—one of the noblest soldiers, and commanding one of the best Companies, that ever bore arms in defence of the country,—brave as a lion and heedless of danger, yet tender toward his men as a father to a child—had very little regard for “red tape,” and troubled himself but little about quarterly returns, muster rolls, &c. He left matters of so small importance to his men, while *he* looked to “extending the line.” To a soldier nothing seemed of greater consequence than making out and signing the *Pay Rolls*; and the men who attended to this business were for the time being considered of no less consequence than the General commanding the Army. These rolls, five in number, were made once every two months; three of them sent to Washington, one to Connecticut, and one retained by the Company to copy the next rolls from, allowing of course for such changes as might occur by reason of deaths, transfers, discharges, &c. Of this fact however the Captain never informed himself, and it was to show his utter disregard for these small matters that the following story is often told.

Once when the regiment lay at Clifton, muster day drew near. It seems that while the man who attended to the Captain's papers was absent in hospital, a new man was placed in charge of them, and without knowing much about it went on and made out rolls enough for any two regiments; but instead of retaining one, forwarded them *all* to Washington,—and the job for *that* time was hyper-complete. Two months passed away; muster day was near at hand again, the old Company clerk had returned, and at once proceeded to make his arrangements for writing out his rolls. The retained copy was called for, but could not be found. At last they found that it had been sent away with the rest. Indignant at such gross carelessness, the clerk started to see the Captain. After looking for a long time he finally found him visiting some of his brother officers, and accosted him with “Cap, what in *thunder* are we going to do? At the last muster you retained none of your rolls, and I should like to *know how* we are going to do any thing at all?” The Captain started up, and in a very disinterested manner replied, “Well, that is strange,—very strange. I ’spose I spoke to at least twenty men in the Company about it, and told them to be *very* careful;—I told them that without doubt we should need something for future reference. Say, do you know where Doctor Hassard hung my canteen?”

Early in the Summer of 1865, an order was issued by the Secretary of War providing for the immediate reduction of the Army, and directing that all troops mustered into service previous to Nov. 1862, should be at once discharged. For once the Second Connecticut seemed to be numbered among the blessed,—but of course each regiment was obliged to

remain until *specially* ordered to "make ready for tew go hum." In the mean time our men became uneasy and dissatisfied, blaming first one and then another for the long delay, but finally came to the conclusion that the whole affair was enveloped in mystery too dark for human understanding to fathom. One night during the existence of this state of affairs as Captain Gad Smith was making his rounds as Officer of the Day, he came upon a sentinel asleep at his Post. Not wishing to get the man into trouble, especially since Lee had surrendered, the Captain rode up to him and tapping him with his sabre, said, "What are you *about* here?" Raising his head a little, the soldier answered, "I'd'uno." "Well, what are you here for?" Starting to his feet, he replied, "I s—r, Capen, I'd'uno what I *am* here for;—the guvment ordered us home two months ago."

As a general rule, the qualities which go to make a popular and successful recruiting officer are very different from those required for an efficient commander and disciplinarian in the field. Some of the original Captains of the old Nineteenth were forcible illustrations of this truth. They were amiable gentlemen, of large intellectual and scholastic attainments, and of much civil ability and value;—but when considered from a military point of view, it must be said that their function seemed to have ended when they had raised their Companies. The Roster of original Captains might have been divided into two classes, viz.: Bissell, Gold, Williams, Sperry, and Peck, who excelled in drill, discipline and other soldierly qualities,—and Hubbard, Rice, Ells, Skinner, and Jones, who were very amiable gentlemen.

It is one of the most deplorable evils of war that the noblest and most faithful men are the victims, while a less valuable class manage to keep out of danger. But it is not in human power to remedy this evil; it will always exist until wars are no more. And the best men are not only the victims of marching and fighting, but often also of punishments. The *real* sneaks, shirks and dead-beats keep out of a rigorous commander's sight, and at length turn up at some distant hospital, detailed as nurses, or reported unfit for duty by reason of varicose veins, general debility, or chronic something or other;—while the man who faithfully endeavors to be up on time at a halt, after a march of perhaps a whole day and night, and who fails by four minutes, is likely to be rewarded for *trying* to keep up, by being made to carry a rail on his shoulder and marching back and forth another hour after arriving in camp. It avails nothing to offer as an excuse that he was unable to see a Surgeon, (for they are never too plentiful,) and obtain the required permission to fall out, although compelled by utter loss of strength, or by various necessities, to do so. It matters not that he was on guard or on picket all night before the march began,—or that he was elbowed away from some well or spring by five hundred stronger men, and had to wait for a chance to fill his canteen,—or that a sore foot or lameness rendered it impossible for him to march in the ranks, and he had been caught six paces away from his theoretic place,—or that his bones and blood were full of fever,—or that the march is to be continued, and he needs every moment of the halting hour for finding water, eating and resting. No matter. If it kills the man, the Morning Report will show a loss of one, and that is the end of it. It is easier to punish by wholesale than to inquire into the precise

merits of each case; and a commanding officer who is consumed with a fierce desire for promotion will be pretty careful not to inquire too closely, lest he find his victims innocent, and thus lose the opportunity to show off his discipline. But it is idle to inveigh against this class of the evils of war. War itself is the unspeakable evil. It may be ennobled by a noble cause,—but in itself it is the most contemptible of all trades. It offers a premium for selfishness, and its ordinary preferments are often purchased by cruelty.



CHAPTER XXI.

LEE'S SURRENDER, AND EXEUNT OMNES.

Io! they come, they come! garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour ye wine!
With the offering of bright blood they have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard and field and flood;—Io! they come, they come!

MRS. HEMANS.

The close of Chapter XIV left us in bivouac, resting after the charge, and rejoicing over the victory, at Sailor's Creek. The distant roar of musketry and artillery the next morning told that there was yet heavy work for somebody,—but a few hours proved that it was not for the Second Connecticut. They had faced rebel guns for the last time. Nevertheless, the toils and hardships of war were not all over, even for them.

At nine o'clock on the morning* after Sailor's Creek, the "route step" was again taken, and after crossing the South Side Railroad at Rice's Station, the column at length halted for three or four hours on a hill above Farmville, while the bridges over the Appomattox at that place, which the rebels had burnt behind them, were being rebuilt. Farmville was a village about as large as New Milford. The corps moved through in the bright evening moonlight, with colors flying.

* April 7, 1865.

and bands playing tunes which had probably not been heard there before in some time,—and which (*mirabile dictu*!) did not elicit a single *encore* from the inhabitants. Their virulent sullenness, however, did not spoil the appetites of the soldiers so far but that they were able to worry down the ration of whiskey that was administered all round upon reaching bivouac, just west of the town. An advance of a mile was made the next morning at eight, and after an issue of three days' rations of hard bread, coffee, sugar, and a ration of whiskey, the troops lay for several hours in the hot sun, while (it was said) negotiations were going on between Grant and Lee, several miles to the front. It was a time of feverish excitement, and rumors chased each other along the lines in quick succession. The column moved forward again at noon, and kept in motion until ten at night; and although the desire to "be in at the death" was universal, yet large numbers fell out from exhaustion before reaching bivouac, near "New Store."

And now we come to the last great scene in this fearful drama, in which multitudes have been actors, and the whole world the audience. The plot culminates here and now;—and all that follows is merely epilogue. The Hope that dawned in the souls of millions when Grant assumed command of the Armies of the United States, has grown brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,—and that Day is Sunday, the Ninth of April, 1865.

The Pack-up sounded at half-past four in the morning, and marching commenced at five. After going about three miles a halt of an hour was made for coffee; after which the march was continued, at an easy gait, for four miles more, through a dense wood, to the music of a heavy cannonade to the left and front. Then came another halt of an hour. Such easy march-

ing, such frequent halts, and such long rests, were such a new and strange experience that the dullest man in the Army could not fail to perceive that something far more startling than a battle was on the *tapis*. The line of march was strewn with rebel war material of all kinds—wagons, caissons, ambulances, field desks, arms, and shells, tumbled out by the way in a manner that indicated a most distressful hurry. In some places our men could walk for several rods on rebel muskets. After the second halt the brigade took the Clover Hill road and after proceeding two or three miles further, halted again and cooked coffee. The cannonade had now quieted down. We had rested an hour or more, when a Cavalryman rode along and reported that we had got on three sides of Lee's Army, and that the James River was in its front, so that he must *surrender*. There was a wild hurrah at the prospect. The story had been that we were to march to Appomattox Court House, where Lee was to make his last stand, and give us our Saragossa, or die in that famous quagmire known as the Last Ditch;—and it was a great relief to believe that he might be persuaded to omit both Saragossa and the Last Ditch from his programme. Soon afterward General Hamblin rode down through the brigade with the official confirmation of the story, and a great rushing and shouting and throwing of caps ensued. A lull of half an hour, and again Hamblin rode through—this time bareheaded, and charged, like a Leyden Jar, with the news that GENERAL LEE HAD SURRENDERED HIS ARMY! It were idle to attempt a description of the ecstasy that followed. The transported soldiers made the clouds vocal with their triumphs,—which, caught by courier and telegraph, cannon and church-bell, rolled through the continent before twenty-four hours had passed away.

On the 11th, the corps moved back to the vicinity of Farmville, arriving by way of Kearnsville, at six in the evening, after a weary march of twenty-one miles. Some of the little children of the inhabitants—the poorest clad and most ill conditioned our soldiers ever saw—came around with their baskets and with bits of cloth, asking for scraps of hard bread and other food, to save them from starvation. The boys treated them very gently, dividing their scanty rations with them, and giving them a better dinner than they had probably had for many days. Among them was an old grey-headed woman, eating hard bread with a zest that only hunger could have produced. The regiment passed an old negro who had got out his whole family and was singing and shouting the praises of the “Delivering Army,” which he said was “more numerous than the hosts of David.”

On the 12th, we moved from near Farmville to Rice’s Station, through the *debris* of the rebel wagon trains and divisions. The poor old Confederacy had indeed gone to ignominious smash; and as we passed through Farmville and saw the general wretchedness, we could hardly help pitying the builders of the great Failure of the century. After making such a noise in the world, and presenting so formidable a front, to collapse so totally, and disappear so like a burst bubble! Although we had always predicted this result, yet its actual accomplishment was a surprise and a wonder.

April 13th, we moved from Rice’s Station to Burkesville, in mud unspeakable. Wagons were so badly stuck that eight mules could not draw an empty one out of the mire. Indeed, the campaign from the capture of Petersburg to Lee’s Surrender was a terrible one for mules and horses; and hundreds, yea, thousands of them lay stretched out dead

between Petersburg and the vicinity of the Surrender. At Burkesville the corps lay for ten days, doing no duty more severe than furnishing "geauds" to citizens who came asking for them from all quarters. The news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received on the 16th, and created a grief among the troops more profound, if possible, than that which pervaded the nation at large.

Although Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered, there was still a large rebel army in the field in North Carolina under Johnston, defiantly confronting Sherman,—which must be disposed of before the rebellion could be regarded as completely finished. The Sixth Corps was therefore ordered to Danville, to await developments. The movement thither was commenced on the 23d of April, our brigade taking a pike that ran parallel with the railroad, and reaching Keyesville, twenty-one miles from Burkesville, at night. On the 24th we marched from Keyesville to Cole's Ferry, on the Staunton River—twenty miles. On the 25th, marched from Staunton River to Halifax Court House—twenty miles. The country and people were in better case through Halifax County than any we had seen in Southern Virginia. The fences were twelve or fourteen rails high, and evidences of wealth and thrift abounded. The aggregate of the regiment, present and absent, at this time was forty-nine officers and seven hundred and seventeen men. On the 26th, marched from Halifax Court House to Brooklyn—twenty miles, passing vast numbers of negroes who had not been a hundred hours out of slavery. "You are free, now; you can have anything you want," said Colonel Hubbard to a tidy black girl, who was standing by the road-side as the column passed along. "Well, then, I guess I'll take you;" was the

somewhat unlooked for reply. The regiment however was not ready to spare its commander, and the Colonel rode on. On the 27th, marched from Brooklyn to Danville—twenty miles; thus making the entire distance of one hundred miles in four days and four hours. It was now ascertained that the war had been completely ended by the surrender of Johnston to Sherman, and that this dreadful tramp all the way to Danville had been for nothing. Better so, however, than to have found more fighting there. After a stay of four days, orders were issued for the return of the Corps to Burkesville, and the retrograde movement was immediately commenced. Seven companies of our regiment had the honor of going afoot* as a guard to the wagon train, while the other three companies (F, G and K,) and all the rest of the corps, went by cars.

May 2,—From Danville to Brooklyn.

May 3,—From Brooklyn to Halifax Court House.

May 4,—From Halifax Court House to Staunton River.

May 5,—From Staunton River to Keyesville.

May 6,—From Keyesville to Burkesville.

At Burkesville and vicinity the corps remained for ten days. Negroes had joined the column in large numbers during the march, and now each regiment had a colored appendix, equal, in nearly every case, to an entire company. The inhabitants came in vast crowds, from near and far, with their baskets and two-wheeled carts, to obtain supplies of food, which were issued to them at Burkesville Junction; and our regiment was kept on active duty, guarding the stores that were received and disbursed. Our daily detail consisted of one Officer of the Day, two Officers of the Guard, three Ser-

* May 2, 1865.

geants, five Corporals, and eighty men; besides which, many men were stationed as "geauds" at private residences. The inhabitants had now so far comprehended the situation that they were extremely civil; and Mrs. Flippen frequently sent a propitiatory basket of cherries or boquet of flowers to Headquarters, with the assurance that she could have done much more before the "waw." Marching was resumed on the 17th, and the brigade had made about six miles eastward, when we counter-marched back to Burkesville, and it was announced that we would go by rail on the morrow. On the afternoon of the 18th, we went aboard a long train of dilapidated cars, which had almost tumbled to pieces in the service of the rebellion, and were drawn by a wheezy locomotive, that sneezed instead of whistling, over a rickety road formed partly of old fashioned "strap" rails, spiked upon wood, to the town of Manchester, on the James River, directly opposite Richmond, where the corps remained encamped for five days, during which time all the soldiers were allowed passes to visit Richmond. The burnt district was still smoking with the remains of the great fire of April 2, and the city was full of officers and soldiers of the ex-confederate army. The blue and the grey mingled on the streets and public squares, and were seen side by side in the Sabbath congregations. The war was over.

On the morning of the 24th of May, the corps started on its overland march for Washington. We passed in review before General Halleek in Richmond, and moved on at a gait more like a forced march than anything else, arriving after dark at Hanover Court House. The next day we moved to Chesterfield Station, where, just one year before, we lay for half a day before the terrific night march down the Pamun-

key. What a world of heavy times had befallen us between the first and last visit to Chesterfield Station! Then, our losses were only eight—and they had occurred at the North Anna, hardly twenty-four hours before. Now they were more than seven hundred and fifty.

It rained nearly all night, and the traveling the next day was cruel. Only eight miles were accomplished by a whole day's march, and the bridges were carried away, so that the wagons could not come up. The night and the next day* and night, were passed in the wet woods. On the 29th, we moved to Fredericksburg, on the 30th to Potomac Creek, on the 31st to Wolf Run Shoals, on the 1st of June to Fairfax Court House, and on the 2d to Bailey's Cross Roads, about three miles from Washington, where we went into camp, and received an accession of one hundred and fifty men,—the remnant of the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, who had been transferred to our regiment, and were awaiting our arrival.

On the 8th of June came the grand and final Review of the Sixth Corps. Reveille sounded at three o'clock, and at daylight the Divisions, Brigades and Regiments, in numerical and ranking order,—first the Division of the Red Cross, then of the White Cross, and lastly of the Blue Cross—were on the way to Washington. They crossed Long Bridge and closed-in-mass on Maryland Avenue, the head of the column resting at the Capitol gate, and the rear hardly clearing Long Bridge. At nine o'clock the order was given, "By the head of column take wheeling distance;"—and with cadenced step, and muskets at a right-shoulder-shift, the shining host moved down Pennsylvania Avenue, amid the loud acclaims and wav-

* May 28, 1865.

ing flags and handkerchiefs of thousands of spectators who thronged the walks and peopled the windows and roofs on either side,—and who never for a moment imagined,—dear, innocent souls!—that the soldiers were not *enjoying* the pageant as much as themselves. ENJOYING! Ha, Ha! Every step was a cadenced curse; and if every man who inwardly wished to shoot General Wright could have had his way, that commander would have died ten thousand deaths before night. If any of my readers would like to know *why*,—let him start from Bailey's Cross Roads at four o'clock on a June morning, march eight or ten miles in choking dust to the Capitol, lie broiling in the sun for an hour, all buckled and bandaged and strapped in "full dress"—(while commanding officers are taking their iced consolation in the neighboring hotels and bracing themselves for the arduous task of riding a mile,) and then march with a fourteen-pound musket on his shoulder from the Capitol to the Treasury Building, and from there past the White House grounds at a "shoulder," without a halt, or without breaking the cadenced step, and with the mercury at 100° in the shade, and 200° in the sun. When you have done that, dear reader, you will know *why* the soldiers did not enjoy the Review as much as the spectators. At the upper corner of the Treasury Building the column came to a shoulder, and in front of the White House passed the Reviewing Stand, where, with General Wright and a crowd of celebrities, stood the new President, Andrew Johnson,—the praised and honored chief who was at that hour the Acceptable of all parties, and utterly without an opposition;—now despised and execrated by the whole world. The troops came to a halt soon after passing Seventeenth Street, and soon afterward proceeded to camp, where they

arrived in beautiful disorder and demoralization. Commanding officers dared not halt, for fear of having no men to move on with,—and when the “head of the column” reached camp, the tail of it was in Georgetown and under every bush on the road. The Second Brigade was a very long brigade.

On the 16th of June our regiment bade its final good-bye to the glorious old Sixth Corps, and was ordered to report to General Hancock, commanding the Middle Military Division, for garrison duty. We were assigned to the Third Brigade, Hardin's Division, Twenty-Second Army Corps; and crossing Anacosta Bridge—over which the assassin Booth fled after he had done the deed which clothed America in mourning—the regiment was distributed among eleven forts, viz.: Greble, Carroll, Snyder, Stanton, Ricketts, Wagner, Baker, Davis, Dupont, Meigs and Mahan,—with Head quarters at Fort Baker. Here we remained eleven days, during which nothing noteworthy occurred, except a small mutiny, which was occasioned by the general and daily increasing impatience to get home. The war was over, the rebellion crushed,—we had enlisted for “three years or during the war,” and now why were we kept here? The blame was laid upon Colonel Hubbard, who, as the story went, was intriguing to keep the regiment in the service, in order to obtain his “star,” or in order to prolong his power and pay. It is to be hoped that time enough has now elapsed, and passion subsided sufficiently to allow the truth to be heard in this matter. The writer of this history knows that Colonel Hubbard had sins enough to answer for,—but delaying the muster-out was not one of them. He sent application after application—from Bailey's Cross Roads and from Fort Baker,—to Head-quarters Department of Washington through the “proper military

channel," representing in the most forcible and vehement language that the regiment was composed mostly of farmers, and that it was *extremely* desirable that they should be mustered out at once, in time to assist in haying and harvest in Connecticut. These applications were disregarded,—not even returned approved or disapproved. (The *fact* is that the various regiments of our immense army were being discharged as fast as the cars could lug them home;—but every man thought he ought to go first, and the delay of a week or two seemed almost intolerable.) Colonel Hubbard at length suspected that his applications were purposely detained somewhere on the way, and resolved to take the liberty which Mackenzie had frequently taken. He therefore sent the writer direct to General Augur's Head-quarters with a most urgent written request that the regiment be sent home immediately. The writer saluted General Augur's A. A. G., and delivered the document. Upon glancing at it, that functionary sharply inquired,

Who are you?

I am the Adjutant of the Second Connecticut Artillery,—was the reply.

Where did you bring this from?

From Colonel Hubbard, my regimental commander.

Well, carry it back, and tell your Colonel that he has no business to send communications here except through the proper military channel,—and if he don't know what that is he had better find out.

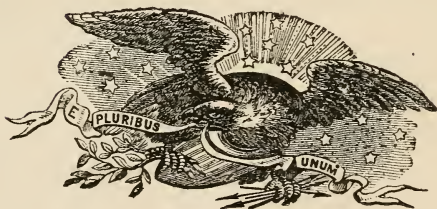
Finding his efforts fruitless, the Colonel gave it up. The men were told that he had done his best to get the regiment discharged, but they would not believe it, and were almost ready to knock any man over who held that opinion. Some

of the "old" men of several Companies agreed that they would not do certain kinds of duty; and twelve men of Company C carried out that determination,—although those of the other Companies, who had promised to follow suit, "went back on them." The men who refused were Court Martialed, and sentenced to one month's hard labor, and a loss of one month's pay; although they escaped the hard labor because the regiment was mustered out before it could be enforced. Indeed it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for any officer that ever served in the regiment, (except Colonel Kellogg,) to enforce it. *The war was over*, and the men were "ugly," in the New England sense. If a commanding officer did not enforce respect and obedience, his men would walk over him rough-shod; and if he *did* attempt to maintain discipline, he was in danger of being lynched,—especially if the soldiers were nursing old grudges against him. Happy, in those days, was the man who was not a commanding officer!

On the 27th of June, the regiment was transferred to the south side of the Potomac, and stationed as follows: seven Companies, under Major Jones, at Fort Ethan Allen; three Companies, under Major Cleveland, at Fort Marcy; Company F, under Captain Tuttle, at Fort Albany, near the Arlington House; and Company B, under Captain Henry Skinner, at Battery Martin Scott, at the east end of Chain Bridge. On the 7th of July the original enlisted men of the Old Nineteenth were mustered out at Fort Ethan Allen by Captain Van Horn, and on the 9th left for New Haven, under the charge of Major Cleveland—one hundred and eighty-three men,—all that remained of the eight hundred and fifty who left Camp Dutton on the 15th of September, 1862. They

were handsomely received and entertained by the city authorities, Mayor Scranton making an admirable speech of welcome, to which Major Cleveland admirably responded. On the 15th of July they were paid off by Major Lupton, that politest of Paymasters, and received their discharges; and the eventful career of the Old Nineteenth was ended. On the 20th of July the remainder of the regiment was consolidated into eight Companies by the transfer of I, K, L and M to the other eight Companies, and the muster-out of their officers as supernumeraries. On the 18th of August the entire regiment was mustered out at Fort Ethan Allen by Captain Van Horn, and immediately made ready for departure. The number, including the installment received from the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, was about five hundred and fifty. Good and brave boys they were,—but somewhat playful,—and it required considerably more skill to get them through to New Haven than the Old Nineteenth men. But the thing was pretty well managed. We left Washington on Sunday morning, and arrived at Philadelphia the following midnight, where the noble people of that noble city—ladies and gentlemen—were up and wide awake to receive and entertain us, at the same tables—sumptuously furnished *at private expense*—at which we had been fed on our way to the seat of war, three years before. Notwithstanding the utmost precautions, a vast quantity of very quarrelsome whiskey leaked into the canteens during the half hour's stay in Philadelphia, in consequence of which one man was lost from the train in the vicinity of Burlington. We reached New Haven on Monday evening, August 20, and passed up Chapel Street amid welcoming crowds of people, the clangor of bells, and a shower of rockets and red lights that made the field-and-staff

horses prance with the belief that battle had come again. After partaking of a bounteous entertainment prepared in the basement of the State House, the regiment proceeded to Grapevine Point, where, on the 5th of September, they received their pay and discharge; and the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery vanished from sight, and passed into History.











University of
Connecticut
Libraries

